THE

NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW,

AND

Digest of Current Literature,

BRITISH, AMERICAN, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.

FOR THE YEAR 1852.

VOL. I.

HOOKHAM AND SONS, 15, OLD BOND-STREET;

OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH; HODGES AND SMITH, DUBLIN; C. B. NORTON, IRVING BOOK STORE, 71, CHAMBERS-STREET, NEW YORK; JAMES MUNROE AND CO. 134, WASHINGTON-STREET BOSTON

Pur. 3962 . d. 5/1.

THE

NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

RETROSPECT OF BRITISH LITERATURE

FOR 1851.

"I HAVE seen," says Du Maurier, speaking of Grotius, "I have often seen this great man just cast his eye upon a page of a huge folio volume, and instantaneously become acquainted with the whole of its contents." We are about to handle the great volume of a whole year's literature; to turn its leaves rapidly, nor pause as they rustle through our fingers; but we pretend not ourselves to possess, and we hope not to find in our readers, minds full charged with universal knowledge—the secret of the faculty that Du Maurier envied and Grotius possessed. If we have pleasure in looking back over the wide expanse, it is that we have won our way through it by patient labour; if we have a hope to interest others as we point out its peculiarities, it is based upon a hardly-earned power to revive fading recollections of the path they travelled, or to indicate those in which they may most pleasantly walk.

Oh! for a tenth muse (a muse who should superintend the condensing, abbreviating, indexing, and classifying department) to help us through this wilderness of printed paper! What a chaos of ideas, what a multitude of hobbies, what a mound of incongruous things! Novels and sermons, poems and bishops' charges, histories, travels, fierce polemics, childrens' books, lives of folks whom no one ever heard of when living, classics, jest books, annuals, political economy, and all those flying sheets that fell frequent as snow flakes during the four great controversies of the year, and which are drifting now to our imminent discomfort—

> Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
> Much future ode and abdicated play,
> Nonsense precipitate like running lead,
> That slipped through cracks and zigzags of the head;
> All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
> Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.

As the lines run in our head we think of Mr. Bayes' meritorious intention of making a funeral pyre of all these, and we wonder whether, if the mass before us were consigned to the baths and washhouses, the world would be one whit less wise, or one unpaternal sigh would follow the last leaf that crumpled in the flame.

But we must not lag upon the threshold of our work. We have to sort and label SIX THOUSAND AND FIFTY-FIVE new books, for such is the number of the literary offspring of the past year. We have to cast aside the rubbish, to cull the flower, to recognize the unsuspected gem, to test the pretensions of intrusive sparklers which call themselves mountains of light, and yet may be but worthless paste; to whisper some word of comfort to the unappreciated tyro whose soul is fluttering like dying birds, to strike a short and trenchant passing blow upon the brazen armour of the veteran book maker,—all this and much more must we do, and in such a short time, that the patience of the reader who pauses to see the task performed may not ooze away ere it be done.

Notwithstanding the six thousand prints and reprints which it has been the publishers' good pleasure to bring forth in this most pretending and presuming of all past years—for none ever heralded its own praises so loudly—the fact is past gainsaying, and we may as well therefore state it at once—the year 1851 will be a blank in literary history. It has left Mr. Macaulay's great romance upon the History of England as it found it—at the point where Lords and Commons elect William and Mary, and where the newly-chosen sovereigns reply, "We thankfully accept what you have offered us." The mighty labour of Grote (the only living banker who

has opened an account with posterity) remains massive and unfinished as we last saw the Cathedral at Cologne; Socrates is still dying at the end of the eighth volume, and eighteen hundred and fifty-one could not bring Mr. Grote upon the stage to shift the scene. The scholar demanded in vain of the waning year some addition to Colonel Mure's fragment upon the language and literature of Greece—something which should bring the great work a step further down than the age of Solon—but the Colonel has not appeared; and although a Mr. Browne has kindly stepped in with a bran new succedaneum, knocked off in a heat, the scholar only shakes his head, and turns his eyes towards the door at which the colonel is still expected to enter. Mr. Hallam has nothing done—Lord Campbell has abdicated the throne of biography, and contents himself with foretelling the future fortunes of criminals, instead of recounting the past adventures of judges—the men whom contemporaries have accredited to posterity, have brought nothing but Mr. Grote's promise to the Exhibition year.

Even they of the second class, whose claims to live beyond their age are doubtfully admitted, or at least partially contested, have been idle or unfruitful. Tennyson had poured out all his sorrow and all his song before the year began, and doubtless he thought it rather hard that he should be roused so rudely from his indolence by the stern drummer of the *Times*, and, under the pretext of provocation afforded by an innocent advertisement of a new edition, tied up to the triangles and so soundly flogged. Bulwer has completed nothing but a comedy which has the signs of death strong upon it, and a pamphlet that was never formed for long life. Thackeray and Dickens, the undisputed masters of their several walks—genteel comedy and broad farce—have suspended their monthly performances, and have left the boards clear to very puny imitators, who tapped gold snuff-boxes, and grinned through horse-collars, to but small applause.

So far as all these men are concerned, the passed year has been a literary vacation. Turn we then from a vain search for the busts we would gladly see borne in the procession, to the rabble rout who loudly proclaim their presence. Is there one among them whose absence will be noted hereafter?

The historians are in good force as to numbers, not lacking in pretensions, and sometimes not failing in respectable performance. Harriet Martineau, as a few even of the quickly forgetting British public may possibly remember, produced three years since two ponderous royal octavos, containing the History of England during the thirty years peace; large and laborious tomes wherein lie buried all that had been done and suffered by this ever striving nation since the Congress of Vienna. The work was begun by Charles Knight, who carried it down to the end of the reign of George the Third, when the Lady of the Lake, the fair workwoman of Ambleside, took up the wondrous tale; and commencing with the words "For some time before the Manchester massacre of August, 1819," continued it to our own time. She brought it forth in 1849, in volumes of much bulk, and prefixed to it, with, as we thought, small appropriateness, a very fine picture of the Duke of Wellington. Full of statistics and rich in facts, it forms an admirable work—of reference. To this, in 1851, Miss Martineau has prefixed 400 pages of introduction; and, although she has herein to contend with the rivalry of the popular Mr. Alison, who has acquired vast circulation by successfully writing down to the meanest capacity, we can honestly recommend her book as by no means the least creditable of the year.

Sir Francis Palgrave put forth about midsummer the first volume of his "History of Normandy and of England," one of those works in which that learned writer is ever endeavouring to render the results of antiquarian research readable, and therefore useful. Sir Francis Palgrave has found out a new vein of historial literature, and he works it well. Nearly all we surely know of the rise and progress of the English Commonwealth during the Anglo-Saxon period we owe to him. He has devoted years to demonstrate that English history is the joint graft of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman History; and now, treating together of the Normans in England and the contemporary Carlovingian dynasty in France, he follows up his theme, and promises to produce it to the reigns of Stephen of Blois and Plantagenet—that era when "the Anglo-Saxon usages and institutions were refashioned, or rendered subordinate to new schemes and forms."

Professor Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" is, in the highest order, historical. He takes the great turning points of human affairs in all ages and all countries, paints with graphic pen the condition of men and nations at the moment that preceded the battle struggle, and with a mental vision, strengthened by vast reading and much meditation, traces the results. Readers will differ, and be it said in passing, we also sometimes differ from the professor in his choice of the altitudes from which we may best see the plains of history—but it is hard to agree upon the exact causes whence great events flow. Godwin makes a profound remark in his Political Justice when he says, that no man in the present day can tell that if Alexander had never bathed in the Cydnus his own position would be exactly that which he now occupies—so strangely are causes and effects linked together downwards and upwards through the whole history of man. Mr. Creasy wants not our praise, for the public have

found him out. When an author has reached a *real* second edition, he may dispense with criticism. It is for the reader and not for the author that we speak when we recommend this work. If a man has any real aptitude for historical research in his mind, these volumes will light it up and send him, in ardent mood, seeking in big libraries.

Lord Mahon has persevered in his many-volumed attempt to prove that "a modern Tory resembles a Whig in Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig," an inquiry into party traditions not very important if true, and not true if very important. Lord Mahon commences his history in 1713 as a severe censurer of the Tories of that time. He promises to terminate it in 1832, an equal censurer of the Whigs of that period. The great party men of the intervening three quarters of a century have changed their ground like Edward and Warwick done by strolling players in a barn. Lord Mahon is alone consistent. As an answer to the History of Party this may, or may not, be very conclusive, but we doubt whether the result will be a history that many people will either read or refer to. These two volumes bring the narrative down to the early reverses of the American war.

Davis's "History of Holland and the Dutch Nation" would be a not unimportant historical work to us, were it a work of the present year; but as it was published some years ago, and most undeservedly fell still-born from the press, and as nothing about it is new, except the title-page, we may perhaps be excused from noting more of it than that it is the only history of the Dutch we know.

With Sir James Stephen, who has written lectures upon the history of France, we shall have a word or two to say hereafter.

Browne's "History of Classical Literature" scarcely belongs to history proper; and the same may be said of Simpson's "History of Italian Literature." Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" treats a topic we have not space to dwell upon. The first of these three books falls, moreover, within the last quarter, and we have noticed it separately. Kaye's "History of the War in Afghanistan" is an important literary achievement, and we should have to say much upon it here had we not said much upon it elsewhere. We invite the reader to turn over the pages and read the strange revelations of the conduct of poor Macnaughten which our extracts disclose.

Unless the two volumes of Grote, unborn while we write, should see the light before the year is quite spent, these are the only histories of 1851 which the most curious student would care to consult. Pass we on, then, to the labours of those rakers in old cabinets and forgotten chests, who delve therefrom raw materials for future histories.

The Lexington papers appeared very early in the year, and from a volume little interesting to the general reader, although curious to those who may wish to know what diplomatic people were doing in the early part of the last century. There is little new in them, for Horace Walpole had heard and has recorded all the best anecdotes. Four volumes have been added to the Castlereagh Correspondence, but we have had occasion to search them too thoroughly for other purposes to dare to trust our pen upon the subject, in an article that must be brief and rapid. Sir R. Heron's notes are not new, although newly known. A second edition has attracted attention, which the first failed to secure. To a reader who loves bitter sayings and a somewhat scandalous chronicle, we recommend the baronet's notes as a comfortable evening of ill-natured enjoyment. Perhaps Lord Holland's "Foreign Reminiscences," which were published early in January, should fall under this head of materials for future history; but if History should ever incorporate any of these naughty sayings of Talleyrand, and racy anecdotes of the weaknesses of German princesses, we much fear that she will lose that character for chastity which as an honest muse she has kept tolerably clear since the time of Gibbon. Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Mason, is the most valuable contribution to our historic stores, which the year has received. Here we have more of Chatham, more of Burke, more of Charles Fox, and more, much more, of the literary history of the last century. Gray, Wharton, Mason, and a host of other names well known to English students, stand forth clearer and more individualised as we read these volumes. No writer requires more jealous criticism than Walpole before his anecdotes are admitted into grave narrative, but none has contributed more to enable posterity to become intimate with the men among whom he lived. His remains are, it is true, becoming painfully voluminous; but these two volumes may not be left unread. The Grenville papers were promised for this year, but have not appeared at the moment we write. A hope that they may contain some revelation of the authorship of Junius gives them almost their only interest. We think we may safely conclude our retrospect of the contributions which the past year has given to the historian.

We must hurry rapidly over the statists and economical writers. The blue books would alone fill our publisher's shop, and fortunately it is not within our duties to affront the dreary mass. But we may not omit to mention that Mr. McCulloch has modernised his geographical, statistical, and historical dictionary, or that Mr. Porter has traced the progress of the nation down to the end of 1850. Mr. Johnston has encountered the giants we shrink from, and has condensed many of the most useful portions of the blue books into a possible compass. His

work, "England as it is," with all its many defects, is a book we would not willingly miss from our shelves. "The Parliamentary Gazetteer," a work in four huge volumes, and whose title sufficiently indicates its contents, must be classed in the same category.

Come we now to the biographers. These may be divided into two classes, those who take some historic character, draw him in colossal proportions, and group his contemporaries around him; and those who take some common-place personage, an eminent physician, or a lord-in-waiting, a bishop of Llandaff, a young Hallam, or a Mr. Sterling, and attempt to interest the public in his career and in his virtues. The first are usually impelled by honest authorcraft, a hope of present wage and some reputation that will bring more: the second find their inspiration in family affection or family vanity, in manly sorrow for a companion lost, or, perchance, in the personal desire of some dunce to pin himself on to the skirts of a successful man.

Of each of these classes the year has produced a crowd, and some there are, also, which fall under neither, and are the better therefoe. Lord Campbell's great success has, of course, attracted a host of imitators. The law magazines fill their pages with legal biographies, and the authors collect and reprint them with distressing facility. Mr. Foss goes on abusing and imitating the Lord Chief Justice, and has put forth two new volumes of legal biographies; soon there will not be a hair of a judge's wig that will not have its octavo, and Mr. Justice Patteson's ear trumpet may expect to go down to posterity as voluminous as St. Simon. We are stunned with these echoes of Westminster Hall.

The anonymous, or rather the pseudonymic memoirs of Horace Walpole are, strange to say, the best and the most welcome biography of the season. It is vulgar in its taste, unpolished in its sentiment, and inelegant in its style; but still it is a good book and an useful book. A fantastic Frenchman, in designing the tomb of Rousseau at the French Panthéon, has represented a hand holding a flaming torch stretching forth from the sarcophagus, kindly leaving it to the choice of the spectator whether the torch is about to enlighten or to kindle the surviving world. So this dead Earl has, more than half a century after every one thought him finally laid at rest, commenced an eruption of smart sayings, queer anecdotes, shocking scandals, odd revelations, and bitter epigrams, which have continued from that time now down, attracting much attention to such a pyrotechnic tumulus. Unlike actual crackers, however, these things, instead of going off in gases, condensed into volumes, and these had gone on accumulating until no head or library could hold them. It was a meritorious piece of authorcraft to sift and sort all that Horace Walpole had ever written, to cut out all his sharp things and scandalous stories, and work all the spangles together on one blanket.

Dixon's life of Penn is also an exception to the two classes we have named. Dixon defends Penn as a Quaker. He defends him with courage, for Macaulay was the assailant; with honesty, for he has not disguised that the early life of his hero was somewhat loose; and with success, for he has clearly and for ever proved that Penn was not the Penne who negotiated that womanly bargain between the Maids of Honour and the Maids of Taunton. If the biographer has not also disproved that "the courtly Quaker did his best to seduce Magdalen College from the path of right," and has failed to show to be quite unfounded Macaulay's accusation that "to such a degree had his manners been corrupted by evil communications, and his understanding obscured by inordinate zeal for a single object, that he did not scruple to become a broker in simony of a peculiarly discreditable kind, and to use a bishopric as a bait to tempt a divine to perjury," yet he has apologised when he could not disprove, and offered *the Friends* some excuse for not blushing, as they mention the greatest name in their sect.

Among the literary labours upon historic full-lengths, Agnes Strickland maintains her rank in the foreground. This lady works assiduously in the cause of her sex. Fairly and ably does she vindicate "the rights of women" to their full importance in the history of their country, and gratefully do her countrywomen read her and reward her. Her Queens of England in their successive editions are to be found in silken-hanging boudoirs and in polite drawing rooms; and her last year's labour upon the Queens of Scotland and the English Princesses warrant an equal patronage. She has found an imitator rather than a rival in Mary Anne Everett Green, who, working the same vein, has produced three volumes of princesses from the Norman conquest downwards.

Mr. Charles Mackay's life and times of Sir Robert Peel scarcely aspire, we presume, to be *the* biography of the most distinguished statesman of his age. As a recapitulation of the chief events he influenced, the book is not without its utility to those of his contemporaries who wish to consolidate their remembrances of his career.

In passing on from historical to personal and literary biographies we find a sad falling off in the manner and style of getting up such memorials. Mr. Carlyle has made an idol out of clay, and worships it in a paroxysm. Mr. Sterling was of the class of might-could-should-or-would men—great geniuses in the conditional mood. We all have known such mortals, and perhaps have loved them;

men who have every capacity except the capacity of performance; who pass through life, 'admitted by all to be quite equal to write an Iliad, talk themselves to a premiership, influence public opinion by the wave of a pen, or change the whole face of society by a great invention—if they would only try. We have seen some men so spoken of *try*, and the result has been to make us very sceptical of inert Crichtons. The selfish, sensible, practical world values a man by what he does, and not what he could do, and in this matter we are not ashamed to hold with the million.

Mr. John Holland's "Memorials of Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., Sculptor, in Hallamshire and Elsewhere," is not very interesting to those who love not to follow a man through parish registers in search of unimportant dates, and who care not for the effigies of Hallamshire worthies. Chantrey has not been happy in his biographers.

Alas! biography is losing its rank in the system of our literature. From a station immediately next after history, it has fallen to very nearly the lowest place of all. It has lost its independence, its impartiality, its high prerogative of judging the just-buried dead, and it has become a twaddling gossip, a bookseller's hack, a nerveless panegyrist.

This comes of the new fashion—by virtue of which every man of the least note has all the contents of his old drawers swept off into a bookseller's shop, while some very near relative or some dependent of the family sorts out the mass, suppresses everything which is in the least degree unfavourable, and sticks all the rest together with a glutinous paste of praise. Neither impartiality nor literary capacity are necessary to produce a biography of this kind; the first would be a crime in the author, for what should we think of a son, or a brother, or a widow, who revealed all the secret faultinesses of a just departed relative; the second is not so catching that it is likely to be found in the next akin of its late possessor. The Italians have a proverb which says, "He lies like a tombstone." Now modern biographies are neither better nor worse than tombstones. They are written by the same persons and for the same object. We cannot introduce the next class of biographies without reflections such as these. Let us first notice the memoirs of Hartley Coleridge, *by his brother*.

The author of this memoir truly observes, that "there is a meaning in every man's life—a moral which may be studied with advantage." We agree that this is so, but surely we lose the moral when we have only the lights highly exaggerated and the shadows wholly painted out. There was a moral, and a deep moral, in the career of Hartley Coleridge. Had a stranger told the tale of this man's life, and told it truly, it would have been instructive to show how useless to others, and how miserable in himself, a man of considerable talents and of a kindly nature may become by habitual intemperance. It is no pleasure to us to speak of the foibles of a man of talent; but if a man's life is to be set forth to the view of the world, let it be set forth as it was. We think it would have been been better to have let Hartley Coleridge introduce himself to posterity by his works, and by them alone. His companions will love his memory for his wit, his *bonhommie*, and his cheerful good nature; but there is not much in his real career for the world to admire or to imitate.

Hartley Coleridge was a good-sized man, but he was not a giant. Of all he ever wrote, and he was a constant toiler at the desk, a few pretty poems will probably be all that will be read ten years hence. We will ask our readers to ratify our judgment as to the excellence of one specimen,* and then we pass on.

Next comes Canon Wordsworth's life of the poet. Who will be *honest* upon the subject of Wordsworth? Thirty years since, and the *Quarterly* despised him, the *Edinburgh* laughed at him, and even the little weekly reviews held him a safe mark for their small shafts. Byron scathed his name with his fiery scorn, and only about half a dozen tea tables, safe in their insignificance, dared to speak of him as a poet and to repeat his verses.

Now, the laureate is the monarch of Parnassus; no tongue dare wag against his sovereignty. Rydal Mount is the Cabala of poet-worship. We are told to echo the fond judgment of Southey, that posterity will class Wordsworth as the equal of Milton.

The pendulum has oscillated from east to west—when will it cease to move, and to point for ever and for aye to the centre of the calm judgment of mankind?

---

* THE FORSAKEN TO THE FAITHLESS.

I do not write to bid thee come unto me—
I will not pray thee spare my virgin fame:
Since I am won, 'tis useless now to woo me—
Undone I am, thou canst not more undo me.
Boast thy poor triumph o'er an empty name,
When she that shamed it sleeps in silent death;
For what is reputation but a bubble,
Blown up by Vanity's unthinking breath,—
A thing which few, with all their toil and trouble,
Can carry with them to their home, the grave.
Since men are fire, and we are as the stubble,
Men's faults are wink'd at—ours, alas! seen double.
No pardon of the partial world I crave,
That still is Folly's mouth-piece, Custom's slave.
Not for my name I mourn—but thou hast ta'en
A dearer jewel—even my precious soul.
Nor thou, nor all the world, can give again
What I have thrown away! Tho' Time may roll
His centuries on, when I shall be forgotten,
Thy falsehood mute, and cold thy fickle lust,—
When this polluted body shall be rotten,
And, undistinguish'd, sleep with virgin dust,—
Tho' all may cease, the stars give o'er to shine,
Nor more be witness to that sin of mine,—
Still should I feel my unredeemed loss,
And 'mongst the blessed be a thing unblest;
No power that is can make me what I was—
Oh, might I then not be! Oh, vain request!

We cannot tell—for we cannot measure the forces of coteries, classes, private friendships, and strong jealousies. But this we know—that it is not professed critics, but the great mass of readers, who award enduring fame, and among these we find neither the unqualified adulation, nor the equally unmitigated contempt which the Aristarchi of the press have poured upon this founder of the Lake school of poetry.

No man has a right to put the name of Wordsworth in the high places of his own mind beside the Milton and the Shakspeare, until he can at least declare that he has read the Excursion right through—no one has a right to contemn him until he has read at least one half of the same poem. This test would, if we mistake not, much thin the ranks of his judges. The last would be compelled to admit that there were many pearls in the dunghill of Ennius, and the first must have sometimes thought as they paused in the occupation, that there was much dross among the gold. We, who belong to no school of critics, and have no foregone conclusion to cramp our criticism, sympathise with what we believe to be the now settling opinion of our age. We alternate as we read between weariness and delight; we slumber over pages, and are awakened by single lines; we grow foot-sore as we walk, yet are lured on and on by exquisite openings of great beauty, little peeps into some broad landscape of real poesy which we stop and gaze at, and then toil on again refreshed, hoping that at some turn of the path we shall be rewarded by another.

Wordsworth was a good man and a poet. But they who place him with our Miltons and our Shakspeares, in the higher house among the peers of poetry, do but injury to their idol. A hundred thousand Southeys could not set the seal to such a patent.

But he is gone to his account, and of course we must have "His Life." It has been written by a relative, and claims for him every greatness as a poet, every excellence as a man. If he had failings, it is not here we shall find them; if he had superiors in his art, it is not here that we can expect to see their claims allowed. Even as materials for a future biographer such works are imperfect, and the compilers of them may well fear that when the life-writer does come, he will search for shadows to his picture, as there must be shadows to make it humanlike, and will gather them where he may from the writings of his contemners—making them darker than they ever were in life.

Wordsworth was wiser than his biographer when he told him that "a poet's life is written in his works;" apart from his works Wordsworth had no life. He was the son of a father who was an attorney, and of a mother who was a daughter of a linendraper; he was born in 1770; at eighteen he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge; he went to Paris during the progress of the first French Revolution; he made the friendship of Coleridge, and of that most benevolent of bibliopoles, Joseph Cottle. After this he went to Germany, where he met with what appears to be the only approach to an adventure that ever happened to him—that of sleeping in a very cold bed-chamber on the Hartz Mountains. The rest of his life may be chronicled in a few phrases in the poet's own words:—

> We returned to England in the following spring, and went to visit our friends the Hutchinsons, at Sockburn-on Tees, in the county of Durham, with whom we remained till the 19th of December. We then came, on St. Thomas's Day, the 21st, to a small cottage at Town-end, Grassmere, which in the course of a tour some months previous with Mr. Coleridge, I had been pleased with and had hired. This we furnished for a hundred pounds, which sum had come to my sister by a legacy from her uncle Crachanthorp.
>
> I fell to composition immediately, and published in 1800 the second volume of the Lyrical Ballads.
>
> In the year 1802 I married Mary Hutchinson, at Brompton, near Scarborough, to which part of the country the family had removed from Sockburn. We had known each other from childhood, and had practised reading and spelling under the same old dame at Penrith, a remarkable personage, who had taught three generations of the upper class, principally of the town of Penrith and its neighbourhood.
>
> After our marriage, we dwelt together with our sister, at Townend, where three of our children were born. In the spring of 1808, the increase of our family caused us to remove to a larger house, then just built, Allan Bank, in the same vale; where our two younger children were born, and who died at the rectory, the house we afterwards occupied for two years. They died in 1812, and in 1813 we came to Rydal Mount, where we have since lived with no further sorrow till 1836, when my sister became a confirmed invalid, and our sister Sarah Hutchinson died. She lived alternately with her brother and with us.

What materials are there for a two-volume biography in such a life as this? When we have added that he died in his eighty-first year, we have told all that happened to the man and the doctor. Wordsworth was right when he compressed his autobiography into half-a-dozen pages.

But the poet's history is an inner history. It is a history of mind, a chronicle of thoughts, a view of the workings of a great imagination, a tracing of the conception and gradual development of his own ideal creations. True—but all this has been written by the poet himself. He has avowedly in his "Prelude," and in his "Excursion," made his autopsychography the labour of his life. He has spent his whole genius in describing his own mind, and his own description of himself is at once his fame and his fame's monument. What need has such a man of a biographer?

We read this book, therefore, not as a life of Wordsworth, but as miscellaneous works by Wordsworth. It consists almost entirely of his letters to his friends, and of his friends' letters to him—the latter interesting or otherwise according to the reputation of the writer. There are also some sketches of his private life, written by persons who visited him at Rydal Mount, some of them having no further claim to his notice than a letter of introduction, and little other purpose than the curiosity of seeing a celebrated man, and the wish of being able to tell what they should see.

Taken in this view, not as a biography, this work is defensible, and will be turned over with interest.

Other inane eulogies there are which deserve no such special notice. We should be glad to see it established as a literary canon, that no relative should ever write his co-relative's life. If a man in ordinary society insists in all companies upon speaking the praises of his children, his wife, his father, or his brother, people leave their buttons in his hand, tearing away from him as a bore unendurable. Still the bore is an honest bore; he does not pretend to sit in judgment upon the lives of his family connexions, and call upon the world to ratify his impartial conclusions. Your family biographer, however, is not so honest. As we have already said, he assumes a task which it would be gross im-

piety in him to fulfil faithfully, and he undertakes a labour to which he is probably totally unfitted; simply because, although a dunce, he has the family papers. This general observation will apply to such works as the "Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers" by his son-in-law, the "Life of Edward Baines, of Leeds," by his son, and the "Life of Bishop Copleston," by a gentleman, whose exact relationship we do not know. We by no means wish to intimate that it would be impossible for the first, or very difficult for the second of these authors, to write a good biography upon a subject they were free to handle, but we would put it to Mr. Baines himself whether he does not think that a general approval of his father's acts and motives would not be more valuable if it came from a stranger than from him. In one instance the book happens to have appeared within the last quarter, and we must consequently notice it in a separate article.

Mrs Bray's Life of Stothard is a memorial to a somewhat eminent artist and an index to his performances, but no one would regard it as a biography of much importance or great interest. Mrs. Bray is the widow of the artist.

The biographers have passed. Next come those who bring us tidings from far countries. They are a numerous troop, and

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris

is their motto.

First of the year came Snow's "Voyage of the Prince Albert," telling a sad tale of failure in an object now hopeless, but telling also a brave tale of persevering contest with the elements, an interesting story of life among the icebergs.

Other seekers have since gone forth upon the chivalrous emprise, but have returned with no better success and with less honour.

Sir J. Richardson's boat voyage through Rupert's Land is an interesting book upon the same subject, which we are sorry we cannot pause to analyse and give extracts from.* It is written by a man of very high, scientific reputation, and has a right to be dull, dry, and statistical.

From the South comes the Rev. Mr. Cheevor, telling us of the whale and his captors, and of the Island World of the Pacific; and lastly, summing up all his information upon Polynesia, in a volume just published, with a frontispiece of hideous idols, and called "Life in the Sandwich Islands." Mr. Cheevor is, we believe, an American missionary. His account of the success of the American mission among these islands is very satisfactory if true, but there is a suspicious prediction that "it is the providential plan of the world's great Ruler that the Sandwich Islands should yet be adopted into the great American confederacy;" and this prediction makes us doubt somewhat as to the trustworthiness of these South Sea books which have followed each other so quickly from the press.

Nearly midway between these two scenes of adventure—for it is our travellers' joy

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In chilling regions of thick ribbed ice—

lies the kingdom of Dahomey, where a black king commands a body guard of five thousand virgin Amazons, and leads these wild female warriors to constant slave hunts. Captain Forbes has brought us a picture of these people as interesting as it is repulsive; but having hinted a doubt as to whether Liberia was quite so free from slavery as its name and origin would import, he drew upon himself a discussion wherein we must leave him.

The United States of America are now almost at our own door, but travel-writing is so easy—and what so pleasant as to be perpetually talking of ourselves? We have, therefore, no falling off in our usual accounts. Mr. Johnstone put forth early in the year two volumes of notes upon North America; Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley followed in full season with her travels in the United States, painting everything in roseate hue;* iterating and reiterating a settled conviction that the most gentlemanlike individual in all creation is the captain of a Yankee river steamer, looking upon revolvers and bowie knives with great tolerance,† and, finding prose all inadequate to tell of transatlantic virtues, singing the good qualities of the republicans in verses, which we hope will be immortal—or, to vary the expression of the same idea, may be remembered until they are deserved. Colonel Conynghame has, we think, given us the best American book of the year, although it pretends to be little more than an account of a few weeks' grouse-shooting on the prairies. The colonel

* It would be unfair, however, to notice this book without quoting the passage wherein Sir John acquits Mr. Rae of having in any way neglected the object of the expedition. Still, however, the feeling in England is, that this expedition has done a good deal to introduce that shibboleth of weak men, the word "impossible," into our navy.

"Mr. Rae's failure in crossing to Wollaston Land is to be attributed solely to the strait being filled with impracticable ice. I know from his private letters that the mortification he experienced in the result is much more severe than he has thought proper to express in his official despatch. The presence of ice in Dolphin and Union Straits and in Coronation Gulf for two or more successive seasons, where the experience of former years had led us to expect a comparatively open sea, is suggestive of the manner in which a party may be shut up in these regions, and leads to many melancholy reflections. Every reader of my narrative of the proceedings of the expedition will be aware of how much I was indebted to Mr. Rae's activity and intelligence throughout its progress; and this seems to be the appropriate place for me to express formally my sense of obligation to him for his sound advice and co-operation on every emergency. His society cheered the long hours of an arctic winter's absence from my wife and family, and it was in a great measure owing to his skill and assiduity in observing, that our experiments on magnetism during our stay at Fort Confidence were carried on so as to be productive of scientific results."

* Take the following extract:—"The more I see of American society, the more I like it. In general, I should say, they are a peculiarly sensitive people (!!!), and yet very forbearing and not easily offended. They are generally accused of being conceited. I can only say, as far as I have seen, their candour appears to be far more remarkable than their conceit. Indeed, I have perpetually found them volunteer remarks on what they consider defects in their manners and customs, with the greatest possible good-humour and ingenuousness. Nay, I have sometimes, in common honesty, found myself compelled to take their part against themselves. In travelling, their courtesy, their good-temper, their obligingness, their utter unselfishness, are beyond all praise."

† The following story is recorded without comment:—"The other day, while I was at ——, two men had a quarrel," he mentioned their names, which I do not accurately remember,—"the one told the other to meet him in the market-place, and to prepare his mind; he did so, and a pistol also: the other had a six-shooter: they fired, and neither fell. Then the one who had the revolver coolly put six bullets into his antagonist, and left him stone dead: and this was in the market-place with numbers assembled, who formed round in a ring," said this gentleman, "to see the horrible spectacle, without one interfering to prevent it. One cannot begin to imagine how indifferent the people here are to life in general.'

has a sharp practical eye, and tells us as he speeds along just what we want to know. If a man is going to America, or if he would know how farmer emigrants fare and thrive there, we recommend him to consult Colonel Conynghame.

A barrister has been to Mexico, and it was at one moment doubtful whether Westminster Hall would ever see him again. California is by no means unrepresented. Let those who would know the difficulties of the overland route read Kelly's "Excursions in California." Who shall say that we are a more matter of fact generation than was that of our great grandsires? Who shall say that the days of peril and adventure are past, and that we plodders of a later age have no resource but to travel in the groove where we find ourselves fixed, and to slip on and on and on till we get to the end and topple over? Have not we our savages to conquer and our El Dorado to win? O, ye who have aspiring spirits and stout limbs—who fear not rheumatism and have no wives—listen to the adventures of William Kelly. Arm yourselves to the teeth, and go wallow in gold dust like Alcmæon in the King of Persia's treasury.

William Kelly was the leader of an expedition that started from the United States to reach California overland. His army was composed of twenty-five able-bodied adventurous English, Irish, Scotch, and Yankees. His baggage was borne by five waggons, and forty-five mules and fifteen horses made him strong in his cavalry "arm."

In 200 days did this army of invaders traverse a track of 2,400 miles, and woe to the prowling Indian or succulent rattlesnake that crossed their path. The first was surely shot down, the last as surely knocked on the head and—eaten .

Kelly was a warlike man, and won his way; but would the reader know how quiet people fare in this land of gold, let him turn over the pages of this number until he arrives at the review of "Golden Dreams and Waking Realities." Then let him sympathise with a miserable Midas famishing upon a soil of gold, and toiling as the drudge of a Mormon beer-shop keeper. Mr. Ryan also has given us an account of his adventures in California, and there is no lack of reports of the decisions of Judge Lynch, and the mining operations of the gold-seekers. Each of these books has its particular advantages.

From India we have no lack of intelligence. Captain Cunningham's "History of the Sikhs" is beyond the ken of our retrospect, but a staff-officer (E. J. Thackwell), present in the second Sikh war, came forth early in the year with a copious narrative, wherein the battles of Ramnuggur and the passage of the Chenab, are set forth with due vividness. A certain Lieutenant Burton has come forth with two books. His first he calls "Goa, or the Blue Mountains;" and his second, "Sindh, or the Unhappy Valley." This gentleman's style is one of flippant chattiness. When we read these two books, we become conscious that there is a new demand for a new and a very inferior class of literature. Mr. Burton writes for the reading societies throughout the kingdom, and as these will take off an edition of 750 copies of any work written to their pattern, his is not a very unprofitable line of business. In good sooth, these book societies have introduced for family use a literary article which no publisher would have ventured upon twenty years ago. Any thing which has a title that promises that papa may doze over it in the evening, and that it may safely be left about in the morning, will now find a certain sale, although it have no other merit than that of being quite innocuous, and no other destiny than to pass from house to house around some hundreds of little book society circles, to be listlessly turned over in each, and to be quickly forgotten. Book societies are very good things, but they require something like a critical taste in the selection of works. If the members order every book of travels they see advertised, they will certainly create a class of trashy books written to supply a demand, and written down to a very low standard of taste; just as the Art Union has produced a particular school of art, much akin to handicraft, vulgar enough and tawdry enough to catch the admiration of the holders of £10, £20, and £30 prizes.

The home travellers scarcely deserve enumeration. Now that any one can reach any part of the British Isles while the earth makes a single twirl, it is of small moment that a gentleman has made an excursion in North Wales, or that a family have found a difficulty in obtaining bed accommodation in the Trossachs.

But the most extraordinary fact in the literary history of the year is the efflux of travels in European Turkey. The reader will remember that some time since Mr. Kinglake brought out a book of travels, which he quaintly called "Eothen," and that Mr. Warburton produced a work called "The Crescent and the Cross." Both of these had an extensive sale, and the latter has, we believe, run through no less than eight editions. The merits of these books are not now before us, or we certainly should be inclined to show the dear British public how very easily they have bestowed their favour. The imitators, however, which success has induced, are much worse than the originals. They have satiated us with descriptions of beards and turbans, and made us loathe the description of a mosque, or the stories of a dragoman.

The year opened with "The Golden Horn; or, A Visit to Constantinople," by a barrister-at-law. We must agitate for a repeal of the long vacation if these barristers-at-law grow so peripatetic. Next came "Nile Notes by a Traveller"—the author does not state for what firm he travelled. The Rev. H. Christmas visits the sites of the Seven Churches of Asia; Mr. Melly and his family take a summer jaunt to see the confluence of the Blue and White Niles; the Honourable Mr. Walpole runs through all Mesopotamia, and takes the title of his book from some Syrian mountaineers, in whom he is pleased to see the descendants of the assassins of the crusaders; Mr. F. A. Neale, having for eight years been attached to the consular service in Syria, thinks he cannot confer a greater benefit upon his country than by publishing all he has seen and heard there during that period; Friedrich Bodenstedt passes a thousand-and-one days in the East, and prints his impressions under the title of "The Morning Land." We were congratulating ourselves that this, at least, was in German, and out of our province, when an enterprising publisher incontinently brought out a translation. Lastly—at least we hope so, for we cannot tell what may happen to-morrow—Mr. Spencer, known by his travels in Circassia, brings out a very good, but a most unnecessary work upon European Turkey. We have only named the titles of these books, but if the reader of curious to know more, he will find quite enough be

them among our subsequent reviews; for no small proportion of these travels have appeared within the present quarter.

An anonymous book, called "Recollections of a Ramble from Sydney to Southampton, viâ South America, Panama, the West Indies, and the United States," appeared about Midsummer. We seek not to penetrate the writer's incognito He is a person full of shallow prejudices and silly paradoxes. If we quote a few lines * from it, it is not because we think the anecdote either curious, witty, or likely, but that the reader may judge of an author who takes pains to record such stories, and who feels himself superior to all mankind while declaring that he saw nothing particular in the Niagara Falls.

About the same period of the year came out the "Notes of an Attaché in Spain"—a fine young gentleman, who dreams sweetly of royal balls and writes a foolish book.

"Spain as it is," by Mr. Hoskins, is a more recent attempt upon the same subject, which, by the way, Mr. Ford had already quite exhausted. There is no one, however, who mixes at all in the world, who does not know at least twenty people who are returning about this period of the year from a tour in Spain; and any home-keeping individual may be informed across the next dinner-table he may find himself seated at, of any of the few facts upon which the fifty books written upon the subject may have left him in ignorance; and he will obtain the information from a *convive* a great deal more briefly and much more pleasantly than from Mr. Hoskins.

Hungary has occupied no small share of our attention lately, and there has of course been no lack of authors to claim our notice for their lucubrations. Miss Pardoe, we believe, has the merit of inventing the plan of drawing attention to a book of travels by a quaint title. Her "City of the Sultan" has proved the fruitful mother of odd nomenclatures. We have had "The Boat and the Caravan," "The Golden Horn," "The Pipe of Repose;" and, touching upon Hungary, we have had "The Goth and the Hun." The Baron Prochaska gave us a volume of "Revelations of Austria," with the Austrian view of the question, and added thereto a memoir of Kossuth. M. Pulsky and his lady have produced "Tales and Traditions of Hungary" without end; the Baroness von Beck has printed her "Personal Adventures during the late War of Independence in Hungary;" and, dying in the ante-room of a police-office, has produced a very discreditable controversy as to whether she was a Hungarian baroness or a Hungarian spy. It can be of little consequence to any one above the intellectual level of a Birmingham alderman whether the lady was or was not a baroness. That she was clever, ready, witty, attached to the cause of Kossuth, an exile, and in need, is admitted by both parties. That the prudities of Birmingham should attempt to put the criminal law of England in force against a luckless female, simply because, knowing their miserable adulation of all titled things, she used her knowledge to obtain from their underbred instinct what she despaired to get from their charity or their liberality—that they should hunt this poor creature to death in revenge for what at worst was a mere hoax, is a disgrace, not perhaps to Birmingham, but certainly to England. We believe that the unhappy woman was no baroness, although she might have been and might yet have been no better than she was; but we know that she was a woman and was in misery, and we know also that certain low-minded creatures who thought it *genteel* to patronise a baroness, packed like wolves to run her to infamy when they found out that she was only a woman.

A certain Mr. W. B. Maccabe has edited, during the period we are reviewing, "A True Account of the Hungarian Revolution, its Purpose and Pretences," designating the author in his title-page "an American Democrat." Mr. Maccabe is, we believe, the literary champion of the Dublin Catholic Defence Association, and the work takes the Austrian and Roman Catholic view of the Hungarian question.

Mr. Charles Pridham has contributed to our stores a book called "Kossuth and Magyar Land; or, Personal Adventures during the War in Hungary;" but as he never reached the seat of the war in Hungary, his adventures might just as well have occurred in the Clarendon Hotel or the Queen's Bench Court or Prison, for all the relation they have to the title of his book. Characters, lives, and illustrations of Kossuth and his speeches have multiplied in shilling and sixpenny volumes, and Lord Dudley Stuart and Mr. Chisholm Anstey have fought over the Kossuth reputation in the columns of the *Times*: Mr. Spencer has given what he himself saw, and we have quoted much of what he says, in another article; yet we confess that the proceedings of the Hungarian Diet, and the Parliamentary struggle which preceded the war of independence, are things whereof the English reader is still in absolute ignorance. We have searched through the files of the daily papers during the period with the hope of being able to throw some light upon these much-vexed questions, but we find nothing but occasional communications, avowedly copied from German newspapers, that are stated even by the journals that quote them to be so indiscriminate in their confidence, that they admit any letter from any anonymous correspondent. In this country we are now so committed to Kossuth, that if he were proved to be a traitor who kissed Liberty on the cheek while he stabbed her in the back—a most improbable supposition—we must still shut our ears and drown all his accusers voices in our cheers. M. Kossuth is too clever to have been in the wrong—a man who knows human nature so well as to offer himself as a lion to all the mayors of England, to come here as the means of notoriety to a mob of small ambitions, must be a great man and a successful man. Honesty and consistency are subjects upon which we shall refrain from speaking. Much as has been written upon this subject, we are only just now getting some authentic details of the Hungarian war from a series of articles in "Frasers Magazine." We could have wished that the writer had begun further back, and had told us more about the proceedings of the Diet.

We must leave the travellers, although several

* A couple were before the minister for the purpose of being married; he asked the usual question, whether the man would take the woman to be his wife, &c., and the answer given, with the true nasal twang, was, "Wal! I guess I shawn't do nothin' else." Upon the similar interrogation to the intended wife, her answer was, "Wal! I guess it's a sock." The ceremony then proceeded, and on its termination the bridegroom asked the clergyman, "I say, old 'oss, ain't you most through?" And upon being informed that they were now man and wife, the bridegroom gave an extra chew and spit, and finished the matter with, "Wal, let's go and liquor."

are still plucking at our skirts and claiming a page or so of eulogy. The novelists stand next in order, but by no means inferior in number. Let any curious man inquire of Messrs. Longman, or Mr. Murray, or Messrs. Smith and Elder, or a dozen other publishing firms, how many three-volume novels are offered to them in the course of the year; and if any of these gentlemen choose to be communicative, our inquirer, being of a statistical mind, may calculate the number of cartloads of paper annually consumed in the writing of unpublished novels, the consequent gain to the Government in paper duty, and the ease acquired by general society from the innocent and solitary employment of a considerate crowd of persons who, being dunces and fancying themselves geniuses, would roam the earth as bores of the first power, were not their days employed in constructing plots upon paper and suffering catastrophes in Dover-street and Paternoster-row.

Numerous, however, as are the baskets of eggs left to addle by the positive refusal of the great hydro-incubators to have anything to do with them, yet even publishers have human weaknesses, and even authors can sometimes afford to pay for printing. No year passes without at least fifty most unfortunate little chicks breaking their shells only to flutter for a moment and die without a crow. Now we cannot undertake to write an individual epitaph upon every still-born. Posterity will, doubtless, find out their merits, and it would be unfair to deprive posterity of the merit of the discovery.

This year we have no egregious success to chronicle. Even the controversial and political novels have had no good specimens to represent their order. "Cecile; or, The Pervert," was written to call the attention of an illogical public to the process of reasoning, which induces people to change their religion; and "Ponsonby" was published to advocate the views of the expiring Young England school. But no process of puffing could expand either of these to a magnitude visible to the naked eye of the British public. The Earl of Belfast produced a novel, which we should have attributed to some enterprising undertaker, had not his lordship's name appeared in the title page, seeing that he killed off all his characters by violent deaths or rapid fevers in the first volume, and busied himself chiefly with the dead languages in the second. A novel four months old is like last week's champagne with the cork left out—and both these are unpleasant things to criticise. Those that have appeared within the last quarter will be found duly marshalled with all the honours of distinct reviews in their appropriate places. We shall perhaps, however, be thought remiss if we omit to notice the performances of those established favourites to whom the novel readers are used to look for accustomed amusement.

Mrs. Trollope has written her usual two novels. They are called "Beauty and Intellect," and "Mrs. Mathews."

This lady would be the most powerful satirist of our time, if her severity did not carry her into evident caricature. Her pictures of the Americans are peculiarities exaggerated into grotesqueness. Her "Vicar of Wrexhill," we believe, never did exist in the flesh; nor can we quite go with her in her crusade against the worldly-minded, self-seeking, imperious, pious-spoken clergyman, who is the Iago of her first novel. We cannot believe that so eminently respectable a personage would ever have forgotten himself so far as to have bribed a nurse to "put something" into a baby's pap.

The day of mysterious plots is long since happily past. Mrs. Trollope boldly sets forth her plot in her title, and trusts to her dialogue and her portraiture of character for retaining her reader's interest. Henry Harley, of Harley Court, is one of those lovely youths not often found except on the shelves of circulating libraries, who are in possession of youth, good looks, an excellent estate, amiable qualities, and manly good sense. He falls in love with the daughter of the Reverend Mr. Selcroft during a tour in Ireland, but has the misfortune to incur the displeasure of a bishop just as the marriage is verging upon its fulfilment. Now the bishop has the patronage of a valuable rectory, which he had promised to Mr. Selcroft, who is a most pliant vicar, and the bishop's prime parasite. Mr. Selcroft is divided between the good match for his daughter, and the good living for himself, but as the living is fortunately one with prospect of immediate possession, the then incumbent having a very bad dropsy, the excellent man bethinks him that he may secure the living, and then throw over the exasperated bishop, and secure also the good match. So Mr. Selcroft tells Harley a tale about his daughter being in the last stage of a consumption; says that the doctors have forbidden him to see her, and sends Harley in a raging despair to seek another sort of distraction among the Pyrenees. Now Miss Selcroft was very beautiful, but much a fool.

Among the Pyrenees Harley meets with an excellent fellow, an erratic, good-tempered German baron, who had an *intellectual* daughter whereof the beauty is not much vaunted, but who is altogether just such a person as we should like to have for a wife; we are without incumbrances, if Mrs. Trollope would only be so good as to introduce us to her model. Henry Harley (we must, however, forewarn Mrs. Trollope, who seems a very Hargrave and Butler in the knowledge of marriage settlements, that we have no Harley Court to offer) Henry Harley falls in love, of course, but is awakened from his dream by a letter from Mr. Selcroft, who had secured the living, and had already cut the bishop, telling him that his daughter had recovered. Poor Harley was bound in honour—so he goes home and becomes bound in law. He makes an exemplary, kind, affectionate, distrait, and miserable husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Selcroft come to Harley Court and ride him like a nightmare.

Then, as the title of the novel implies, the wife dies, leaving a little boy. Now this boy was the only tie which the Reverend Mr. Selcroft had upon Harley Court, and the second volume relates the manner in which that gentleman worked this single advantage. It happened, however, that Harley grew sick of the reverend incubus, and intimated an intention of taking the child abroad. So Mr. Selcroft bribes the nurse to "put something into the child's pap," as we before remarked, and, the dose being too strong, the baby dies.

Behold our hero released from all his ties, the old man of the sea off his shoulders, and he a free man again. He rushes, of course, back to Germany, and the third volume is given to intellect. Frederica, however, to conquer her regret by a course of duties, had married a kind, gouty old English nobleman,

and, *proh pudor!* had given birth to a young Lord Otway. Then of course follows a strong conflict between love and duty, in which, equally of course, the lady behaves very well (or we should not have asked Mrs. Trollope's good offices in our favour, as we did some sentences back), and in the proper nick of time the aged nobleman politely dies, and so Harley and Frederica are made happy.

In all this there is nothing that the least acute of novel readers cannot foresee; but, as we said before, the interest is in the dialogue, the situations, and the characters, and not in the plot.

This novel sparkles and is easily read. The second we humbly conceive to be wanting in Mrs. Trollope's particular merit—a power of interesting the reader even contrary to the instinct of his good taste. But as "Mrs. Matthews" is not yet thirteen weeks old, we must again refer the reader to the review and extracts given further on.

Lady Bulwer Lytton has put forth another of those sad failures which novel readers look at, because the wife of Sir Bulwer Lytton wrote them, and lay down, because they find the task intolerable. She has tried to draw poor Goldsmith—that inspired idiot—but has hit the idiotcy and missed the inspiration. She has attempted to portray the wit of an Irish maidservant, and we can testify to her credit that she has signally failed. We fear that we have still some feelings of undue bitterness against this novel, for we were obliged to read it through, and we have not yet forgotten the agony it cost us. If we had an enemy who had deeply injured us, we would write "satisfied" upon our tablets, after we had shut him up upon bread-and-water until he had read through "Miriam Sedley."

Mr. Borrow's "Lavengro" made some noise at the time of its appearance. The town wondered what a man with a reputation could mean by writing a book upon philology and prize fighting. Some profound critics, who wander about drawing rooms all night and fetch and carry from the circulating libraries all day, hazarded dark conjectures of hidden allegories and a deep unfathomed meaning. Society tried for some time to find the *mot de l'énigme*, but not succeeding, "Lavengro" was forgotten, and the flaming tinman passed from polite conversation.

"The Scalp Hunters" abound in stirring scenes of savage life. Marian Withers painted with vigour the mode of living of the cotton aristocracy, and caricatured the society of the landed gentry. "The Livingstones" were described as a story of real life, but if "real life" were as stupid as these three volumes, yawning would be its daily exercise and slumber its chief event. "Caleb Field," a tale in a single volume by the author of "Passages in the Life of Margaret Maitland," was a puritanical novel of great power and sterling talent. Mr. G. P. R. James provided his clientelle of sempstresses with two new works, as like to all his old ones as his works of 1850 were to their predecessors. This good workman still writes down fearlessly to the capacity of his customers, and mixes his action, sentiment, and morality in due proportions as accurately and as mechanically as a druggist makes up a prescription. We are happy to find that he is now engaged upon a task entirely original. The great problem with book manufacturers of the present day is, how to obtain an American copyright. Mr. James and an imaginative Yankee are now writing a novel together, each producing an alternate chapter. We confess that the news has given us a new sensation, for we look with some interest for Mr. James's next new novel.

We forgot to mention in its proper priority "Everard Tunstall," a work which, as a novel, is very bad, but which, as a description of the Kaffirs, is of great interest, and which we read at the time of its appearance with considerable pleasure. Mrs. Norton's "Stuart of Dunleath" also should not be passed unnoticed, for it deserves the unqualified admiration of all who think that men are great brutes, and that the platonic affections of married ladies are matters that a decently good-natured husband ought to regard with full toleration. "The Lady and the Priest," by Mrs. Maberly, was a "papal aggression" novel; the "Tutor's Ward" was not worth remembering; and "John Drayton" only shows how a good workman can keep clear of Chartist clubs, and how little he gets by his virtuous forbearance. We have now run through the principal novels of the first three quarters of the year, and have, we hope, omitted none that obtained any appreciable circulation. The Exhibition year was certainly not fruitful in good works of prose fiction.

We have discussed the novelists, but we see with some dismay that the heap of books is almost undiminished, that our retrospect lengthens fold after fold, and we can well imagine that the reader is looking anxiously for the end, or is resolving to accompany us no further. But patience for a moment. More than a half of the remaining works consist of controversial pamphlets upon the "papal aggression" and "the Gorham case," and treatises, small and large, upon religious subjects. All these we very respectfully pass by. Mr. Bowyer and Dr. Twiss gravely and with deep learning argue the great controversy of the year, as men in wigs and gowns should do. The number of the rank and file on each side (among whom we count with sorrow James Sheridan Knowles) may be judged from the fact that, in the first fortnight of 1851, no less than sixty-three publications, *pro* and *con*, including nineteen sermons, came forth. The caricaturists lent their not very decent aid; squibs of no great wit, such as "Peter Crook's War of Hats," spluttered and cracked, and the Cardinal thundered like Jove himself above the scene of conflict. *Non nostri inter tantos*—we will cautiously step out of the line of fire and pass on our way.

Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets about the doings at Naples, the testimony that was adduced in confirmation, and the answer put forth by Mr. Macfarlane, are also things we note, only to say that, while we have not disregarded them, we abstain from criticism.

The Exhibition literature, also, great as it is in bulk, will not delay us long. We can speak only in general terms of the "Illustrated Official Catalogue"—those three magnificent volumes, in their bindings of blue and their leaves of gilt, which form a worthy memorial of the great event of the age. Mr. Digby Wyatt's work, in illustration of the scene which our generation is proud of having beheld, will go on, probably for years, at a cost of 15s. a month to his subscribers, but belongs rather to the fine arts than to literature. Mr. Warren's "Lily and the Bee" we shall say naught about, for we cannot say anything in its favour, and we have no pleasure in dwelling upon the single failure of a man who, in the exercise of his unquestionable talents, has so often afforded

us amusement. With fifteenth-rate buffoons like "Mr. Comic-eye," who poke us in the ribs, and tell us they are going to make us die of laughter, we have little sympathy; and when we have said that Mr. Mayhew's account of the "Visit of the Sand-boys to London" is the best of these self-dubbed pleasantries, we think we have said enough of the literature of the Exhibition.

The miscellaneous works and the poets now only remain, and we shall shuffle them rapidly through our hands. Among the most prominent of the translations stands the "Metamorphosis of Apuleius," a book that we are very sorry to see disinterred. In the original it is, with but one exception, the most filthy and atrocious thing that has come down to us from pagan times. We cannot endure to hear its name in the mouths of our youth of either sex; and no advantage either of pleasure or profit that can be gained from its pictures of Roman manners, can atone for the possibility of this translation sending a boy or a young man to consult the original. We will add, although the addition is scarcely necessary, that the translation is of course carefully weeded from the impurities of the Latin text.

Mr. Bohn, in his Classical Library, has given us a translation of Homer, of which we have elsewhere spoken, a very good translation of Plato, and many others, some new, some old, which we care not to particularise.

An English translation of an ancient lyrico-epic poem, from the Sclavonic, would lead us into a large field if we were to attempt to discuss its merits. Those who feel interested in Panslavism may be referred to our subsequent article upon "Le Monde Slave," in the French part of this number. The traditions of the Slaves are very curious, and they are kept alive from generation to generation by these epic songs. The Slaves have a map of the world, which represents nearly the whole of it as belonging to the Slave, or the "Illustrious" or "Glorious" race; and they, while claiming Assyria as part of their ancient patrimony, show that the word Nebochodonozar means in their language "there is no God but the Czar," thus construing the meaning of the golden image which Nebuchadnezar set up. But we have no time to pause on themes like these, or to do more than mention this translation as a curious production of our literature.

Ruskin has been busy. He has been writing upon churches, or, as he calls them, "sheepfolds;" he has been taking up the pre-Raphaelites—a mad school of art, which, excellent as a Chinese in the skill of microscopic imitation, banishes grace and sentiment and poetry, and substitutes for them a quaint formalism. He has commenced also his great work upon the architecture of Venice. We dislike this man's arrogance, but we admit his merits.

Mr. Tyas, in botany, has brought us flowers from the Holy Land, and has moreover written a second book to show that flowers ought to be introduced into heraldry. We confess, however, that we do not see the exact equality of an union between Flora and Rouge Dragon, and we hold that the best way of "bearing a flower proper" is to stick it into the button hole.

Mr. Wright's narrative of "Sorcery and Magic," and Major Begbie's "Supernatural Illusions," are books curious in research to the student, and not unentertaining to the general reader. Herein we may read all that have been done and suffered by the witches of all ages. We believe, however, that every young lady who asked riddles at the juvenile parties last Christmas had become aware that it was the gentle witch sisterhood who invented the modern equipage called a *Brougham*.

"Yeast," a problem, by Mr. Kingsley, is a reprint of some "Fraser" papers. The author is also the author of "Alton Locke"—a socialist novel, disavowed by the socialists as utterly unworthy of them. This "Yeast" is, in Mr. Kingsley's opinion, the stuff that is leavening all our minds, and causing our population to "rise." The author does our thinking men of humble station wrong. They do not believe that it is the duty of every rich man to divide his substance with every poor man, nor are they conceited and ungrateful, splenetic and unpractical, as he paints them. Alton Locke is a Rousseau without his talent.

Poor Delta of "Blackwood," Mr. D. M. Muir, whom death has seized upon this year, produced some sketches of the poetical literature of the last half century, which may be pleasantly read in memory of one of the most graceful of our minor poets.

The "Erne and its Tributaries" is a charming book—the work of a man who loves nature—and *fly-fishing*. No brother of the angle would forgive us for passing over this book without strong commendation. Bating some objections we have to the poaching propensities of the Scholar, and to the night-fishing practices of the Captain, the Parson, and the Squire, the little society of salmon fishers have all our sympathies, and much should we be pleased to "wet a line" in company with any of the little club.

Mrs. Thomas Grier's* account of Quakerism has furnished much mirth to the ungodly. For years we have not read so graphic, clever, and spiteful an *exposé*. But people who will parade their godliness in the cut of their coats must not be annoyed when the world they excommunicate laugh a little at their shortcomings. Brother John is a jewel; Rachel's husband hunting is excellent; and Friend Flannil, the American preacher, taking off his stockings in an Irish drawing-room, is a scene that no one who can use a second person plural can fail to enjoy.

In a series called the "National Library" we have a little volume called "The Mormons, or Latter Day Saints," which we hope our readers have seen; if not, they have missed the best account of that great modern superstition, which bids fair to throw into the shade even the success of Mahomet.

"The Defence of Ignorance" is a book which any one should read who is pleased either to laugh *with* or to laugh *at* an author. "The well-informed Brown" is a picture for which every one can find an original. If the author had had no weak crotchets of his own, the defence of ignorance would have been, as a satire upon our present system of education, surpassingly excellent.

Mr. Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor" is in everybody's hands, and we need not dwell upon its contents. It shows us how far from the full truth was the proverb that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." Here, however, are the real revelations of the mysteries of London, and if the proverb retain its truthfulness it is our own fault.

* Formerly Mrs. Strangman, of Waterford.

We must not pass unmentioned Dr. Latham's labours in the field of Philology and Ethnology, subjects to which he has succeeded, as the great authority of our time, since the death of poor Dr. Pritchard. We are sorry that we can do no more than point to his "Handbook of the English language," his "Man and his Migrations," and his "Germania of Tacitus," but we are consoled by knowing that his works have been made the subjects of elaborate criticism by a far abler pen.

Cursorily, too, we must mention that Mr. Hertslet has this year completed his collection of Treaties—a compilation of great labour and of great value. We are now put upon a par with the French, who previously had a great advantage over us in De Garden's "Histoire des traités de Pair," containing all the European treaties, with excellently written historical comments.

Mr. Turner's work upon Domestic Architecture is amusing and instructive. The unfortunate maids of honour of Queen Elizabeth have been so often pitied for breakfasting upon beef-steaks and strong ale, that it is right our modern ladies should know in what draughty chambers these damsels slept, how ill-fitting were their doors, and how smoky their chimneys. Even Lord John Manners would, we think, much meditating upon these volumes, thank his stars that he had not fallen upon the good old times, and admit that his lines have been cast in pleasant places.

That there are many other miscellaneous books deserving mention we cannot doubt, and perhaps we ought to note, as an evidence of the studious occupations in which many of our aristocracy employ their leisure, that the Duke of Somerset has put forth an essay upon "Alternate Circles, and their Connexion with the Ellipse," but we are warned again that human patience has its limits, and we pass on to our last expectants—is there no Archilochus among them to lash us to suicide with iambics, for keeping them so long waiting?—the poets.

The poets of 1851 are like the last Oxford class-list that we saw. There are some seconds, and some thirds, a goodly number of common passes, and some unrecorded "plucks," but not a first-class man in the whole list.

Lord Maidstone is the most ambitious poetaster of the year. He has written a ballad in six cantos upon Abd-el-Kader, and has printed it in such beautiful type, and bound it in such pretty binding, that we fear lest many a swain may have been seduced into buying it for his ladye-love, and lest many a damsel may have felt compelled to read it for the sake of the giver. We give all honour to Lord Maidstone for his generous enthusiasm in favour of the brave old Algerine, but we wish he had manifested it in a less distressing form.

"Belgravia" was a satire upon west-end society, attributed, we know not with what truth, to Mrs. Norton. As a sharp and clever versified bit of persiflage it amused the west-end for a week or two, and was forgotten.

The "Rhyme-Book," by Mr. Hercules Ellis, is in *luxe* even more splendid than Abd-el-Kader, and being professedly a declaration of right divine to the sovereignty of Parnassus, it was proper that it should come clothed in purple and fine linen. The public has already laughed its laugh at the conscious genius who insisted that a prize of poetry should be offered, that he might honour the age by winning it; and few we believe sympathised with his indignation when his book was only accepted by the Royal Commissioners as a specimen of typography and bookbinding. Alas! this is an age of little utilitarian men. The bookbinder and the printer were obliged to club to give entrance to the poet into the Great Exhibition of all Nations. Mr. Ellis may console himself that, like other great men, he has had to encounter the howl of mediocrity. Yet, notwithstanding this inordinate conceit in the author, there are some of the elements of true poetry in his work; and if he had been an humbler, he might perhaps have been a more successful man.

But still and for ever *multa poetarum veniet manus*, —the cry is still they come! Mr. Hazlefoot Arden presents us with 124 pages of verse, written, we suppose, having notice of his name, *stans pede in uno*; crowds of reverend gentlemen bring us poetry of the most pious kind, which we much regret that we cannot stop to reward with due eulogy. Mr. Braithwaite holds in his hand a pretty volume of "Sonnets and other Poems;" Barry Cornwall, a ringing sound of sterling coin amid a till full of counters, has a new edition of songs we all know by heart, and a few additions not unworthy of their antecedents; Longfellow, from across the Atlantic, sends us from time to time a new poem, and new collections of his old poems, and then while the cadence of sweet verses is still lingering on the ear, throws wilfully among us a "Golden Legend," which we take up with interest and lay down with wonderment; Mr. Calder Campbell pours over us "Sunshine and Shadows," wherein the latter predominate too unpleasantly for a wintry day; Mr. Richards puts forth two volumes in which there is so much of *verve*, and so much of originality, that we should like to see his strength matched against some loftier theme; Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley hymns a lay in honour of labour; and a crowd of anonyms confess that they are ashamed of the Muse they love. Of Hartley Coleridge we have already spoken, but his poems are not of this year's birth; and Mr. John Edmund Reade's two volumes, which are only placed before us as we write, must be submitted to another critic, and be the subject of a separate notice.

Have we noticed all the poetry of the year? No, nor the tithe thereof. But does any one but an author or a friend detect an omission—or would any reader accompany us did we pursue the catalogue?

We are painfully conscious that we have done too much and done too little in this retrospect. Often have we passed on when we could have wished to tarry, often have we blotted an analysis, which we knew that an impatient public would refuse to read. The editorial pen or scissors, we must plaintively add, while correcting the proof, have strengthened our impressions as to the impossibility of stopping here and there to point out beauties or to show reasons for our censure. To the authors who repine at our brevity, we can only reply, in civil phrase, that they are all angels of genius, and in subsequent reviews, or in future numbers, they shall be treated as such; and to the readers who grumble at our dull prolixity, we can only point out with much self-congratulation, that as our review is happily a quarterly, we shall never again have to sum up a whole year s literature in one article. And so—*valete et plaudite*—or otherwise, as you may please.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Lectures on the History of France. By the Right Hon. Sir JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B., LL.D., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. 2 vols. London, 1851.

THE French have the richest history, and the most copious materials for history, of any people upon earth; yet they have no great historian. They have, indeed, the twenty-nine volumes of Sismondi's "Histoire des Français," the fifteen volumes of Anquetil's "Histoire de France," a history in nine volumes by Michelet, and the almost countless tomes of Daniel, Velly, Villaret, and Garnier, whereof Anquetil's fifteen volumes are an abridgment. There are, moreover, histories of every reign and of every epoch, and *memoirés* which chronicle every event, public or private, from a war or a treaty to a little court intrigue for a place, or the *liaison* of a duke with the wife of an upholsterer.* There are State papers preserved in an almost unbroken succession, open to all who may wish to examine them, but challenging a toil that no life of man was ever long enough to compass. The very magnitude of the materials has rendered the work impossible. The men who have essayed it have come back bringing us nothing but heavy volumes of dull, unreadable abridgments, or scarcely less tedious perversions of all historic truth. If France had ever produced a Gibbon, the work, hopeless as it looks, might perhaps have been accomplished. But she has never yet found even a Hume. Our Rapin's "History of England" holds about equal rank in quality with the very best existing history of France.

In English we have nothing that can pretend to be a history of our neighbour nation. Such works as that of Wraxall, or as the History of France published in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," cannot be considered as supplying our want; although they might perhaps as well have been mentioned by an instructor who was directing the studies of young men who speak and read no French.

Such is the subject which Sir James Stephen has undertaken to treat in two volumes of lectures. Greatly, indeed, did we desiderate a guide who should lead us through this mighty maze of French history—who should take the several epochs, run succinctly over their events, mark the principal points of controversy, warn us where the historians differed or were at fault, teach us from what contemporary memoirs to draw our illustrations, and protect us from writers like Dumas, who, when pretending to write history, as in his "Memorials of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans," only compiles a highly-seasoned compound of all the disproved slanders, and of all the filthiest passages of the memoir writers of the period.

Some such work as this we had before received from Sir James's predecessor in the chair whence these lectures were delivered. Professor Smythe (affectionately remembered at Cambridge as "Silver-tongued Smythe," a name which testified his contemporaries' estimate of his eloquence, both in words and manner) has left behind him a work which will be a light to the student in modern history by which he may travel with safety and with ease. It is true that Mr. Smythe takes England as the object of minute inquiry, that he only makes occasional excursions into the contemporary literature of other nations, and that he gives us little more guidance as to France than a recommendation to study one of the wearisome historical collections which we have above alluded to. But so much the better for the new lecturer: the field was fair before him, the soil was all untilled, it was fertile as the land of promise, and there were thousands of scantily-fed students hoping to see it vegetate, and anxious to grow fat upon the produce.

To have done this, however, would have required the lecturer to work as Mr. Smythe had worked, to read and to think, to compare, weigh, investigate, and carefully to correct. Mr. Smythe did this, but it was a labour of years. Sir James Stephen came, jaded with thirty years' hard work at the Colonial Office, where he sat like Eolus, the king of a gusty empire of ever-chafing little powers—

> Hic vasto rex *Stephanus* antro
> Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
> Imperio premit.

Like Dionysius ceasing to be a king, he desired to be a schoolmaster, and, passing quick and hastily from the one office to the other, it were too much to expect that even his occasional escapades into literature through the portals of the *Edinburgh Review* should have kept him quite equal to deliver fluent dissertations upon all the writers of French history.

We do not censure the lecturer because the book is a bad book, but because it is a book at all. Why publish what, in the very necessity of things, must be imperfect? Sir James anticipates the inquiry, and answers that it was absolutely necessary to write a book because he could not teach history in lectures, and there was no English book that would give his class a rudimental knowledge of the subject.

If there really be no horn-book of French History—and we think we could point out to Sir James at least twenty little preparatory school-books that would convey to undergraduate minds those fundamental facts which would enable them to understand or to follow a philosophical lecturer—but if there

* See the "Memoires of the Duc de Richelieu;" perhaps the most entertaining and improper book of the whole class.

really be no such book, it is much to be feared that these volumes will not supply the want. In his first lecture the professor throws upon the table a list of the books he would wish him to read. But should the student follow the advice, all occasion for the lecture would be at an end; for except that he would never have heard of Louis the Fifteenth and the events of his long reign, nor of the French Revolution, nor of the deeds of a certain Emperor Napoleon —all which are sometimes fondly imagined to have some bearing upon "modern" French history—the student having read the list given him would, with an average memory, probably know rather more upon the subject than the professor himself.

Sir J. Stephen is aware, he says, that to those who are engaged in a regular course of academical studies, it is impossible to pursue a regular course of reading in modern history—and he is doubtless also aware that, inasmuch as his hearers understand no other living language than their mother tongue (p. xi.), it was quite necessary that the course recommended should consist of works in the English language. Both these propositions having been much insisted upon by Sir James, he proceeds to give the Cambridge youth an idea of what they ought to read upon French history before they come into the lecture-room:—

For my immediate purpose, therefore, I content myself with referring you to a series of books, which, though not of a very formidable extent, may collectively afford a sufficient survey of the history of France during the period to be embraced in the lectures which I propose to deliver during the present academical term. They are, 1st, Sismondi's History till the end of the reign of Louis XIV.; 2nd, the Abrégé Chronologique of the President Henault to the same period; 3rd, that part of Malte Brun, or of Arrowsmith's Abridgment of Malte Brun, which relates to the geography of France; 4th, the first volume of Robertson's History of Charles V.; 5th, that part of Mr. Hallam's History of the Middle Ages which relates to France; 6th, M. Guizot's Lectures on the Progress of Civilisation in that country; 7th, the Memoirs of Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, and Philip de Comines; 8th, Guicciardini; 9th, the first book of the History of the Council of Trent, by Paolo Sarpi; 10th, Davila; 11th, the Economies Royales of Sully; 12th, the Life of Richelieu, by M. Jay; 13th, M. Bazin's History of France under Louis XIII., and under the Ministry of Mazarin; 14th, St. Aulaire's History of the Fronde; 15th, the Memoirs of De Retz and of Mde de Motteville; 16th, Voltaire's Siècle de Louis XIV.; and, lastly, the Memoirs of Dangeau and of St. Simon, during the reign of that monarch.

It may be pertinent to remark, that the only perfect edition of St. Simon consists of forty-two volumes, and that we are not aware of its having been published in English, although there are doubtless translations of some early spurious abridgments of this, the most entertaining book ever written. The "Memoirs of Dangeau" are nearly equally voluminous, and, as we believe, untranslated; are very dull and dry, and are utterly unnecessary to any historical student who has read St. Simon. He might, indeed, be amused or scandalised, as the case may be, by some of the footnotes; but, with this exception, we do not believe that the journal of the card-playing old courtier is by any means indispensable to a knowledge of the history of France. One edition of Guicciardini is in ten volumes. Even the Italians themselves have a proverb founded upon its dulness, and there is a well-known anecdote, often told or alluded to in Italy, how a jocose Pope, having sentenced an Italian gentleman to death for grave crimes, commuted his sentence into a complete and careful reading of Guicciardini; and how the culprit, after much striving, came at length to the Pope, and begged to be put out of his misery at once—seeing that the condition of the pardon was worse than death. There are translations of Froissart, and of Philip de Comines, but we have not met with any of Villehardouin or Joinville. The history of the Council of Trent may be read by any Cambridge man who reads Italian, and whose patience has been more cultivated than his taste. Guizot, Hallam, Robertson, and Voltaire's Louis XIV., will we hope be found already upon every Cantab's shelves.

When we set out with Sir James as a lecturer, we thought we had a most tolerant and indulgent guide; mindful of our many occupations, and careful not to lay upon us more than our moments of leisure from graver studies could bear. Yet now it seems we must read a hundred octavos, printed in four different languages, before we are fit to sit down before Sir James, and incline our ears to his wisdom.

In the first lecture the design and plan of the series are thus explained:—

1. I design then, first, very briefly to inquire, What were the internal causes which detached the Romano-Gallic province from the empire of Rome, and transferred it to the dominion of the Franks?

2. I shall next attempt to explain, why the first Frankish Dynasty (that of the Merovingians) was superseded by the Dynasty of Pepin in his own person, and in the persons of his Carlovingian descendants?

3. The character and influence of Charlemagne will then engage our attention.

4. We shall have to consider, why, in the persons of his descendants, the Carlovingian dominion gave place to the Feudal Confederation under the suzeraineté of Hugues Capet?

5. Next in order will be the inquiry into the creation or development of the Municipalities of France as one of the means of subverting the Feudal, and of elevating the Monarchical power.

6. We shall endeavour to trace the influence of the Crusades in producing the same results.

7. The manner in which those results were promoted by the Crusade against the Albigenses; that is, by the invasions of Southern by Northern France, will then be considered.

8. Our next problem will be—In what manner the Judicial system and institutions of France promoted the Monarchical at the expense of the Feudal dominion.

9. We shall then consider why the authority of the Privileged Orders of France, sacerdotal and noble, did not avert the growth of the absolute dominion of the French monarchs?

10. I shall attempt to show why the growth of that monarchical despotism was not arrested by the States-General of France?

11. It will afterwards be necessary to inquire why it was not arrested by that power of the purse which belonged, at least in theory, to the Seignorial Courts and to the States-General?

12. I propose to investigate the reasons why the Reformation did not yield in France its appropriate fruits of civil liberty?

13. In immediate connection with that subject I shall (as far as my time will allow) enter on the corresponding inquiry, why Literature, the mother of freedom in other lands, failed to give birth to it in Monarchical France?

14. Passing to the consideration of the real character and influence of that monarchy, I hope to explain the transition from the paternal rule of Henry IV. to the stern despotism of Richelieu.

15. The struggle of the Fronde for constitutional freedom and the administration of Mazarin will then occupy our attention.

16. We shall afterwards pass to a review of the Government of France under Colbert; and

Finally, my lectures for the present term will close with an attempt to estimate the administration of that Government by Louis XIV. in person.

In carrying out this scheme we must admit that Sir James has displayed a rare ability. His prin-

ciples and deductions come forth, clear and well defined, from a mind copiously stored with facts, and making apparent not only that he possesses them, but that he uses them with facility. His account of the miseries the Gauls endured under the exactions of the rapacious and ignorant financiers of Rome is better put than we have ever seen it stated before. We cannot bestow the same praise upon his defence of the Catholic Church, or, as he calls it, "the Church Universal;" for therein he gives us generalities without either facts or authorities, and, moreover, uses therein some very inelegant English.

I might add that, in the same age and country, the Church commenced her warfare against the domestic and prædial slavery—a warfare of which the vicissitudes and the results embrace a field of inquiry on which it will be impossible for me to enter on the present or indeed on any future occasion. I regret this inevitable omission the less, because the influence of the Church in extinguishing slavery has lately been discussed among ourselves with a copiousness and a learning which, while it makes competition needless, would also render it very formidable.

Surely, Sir James, you mean that your competition would be "hopeless," or, at least, "difficult." You cannot mean that your competition would be needless, but very formidable.

The rapid manner in which Sir James sketches the fortunes of the Merovingian dynasty goes far to justify his own appreciation of the value of his lectures. Our lecturer says, in his introductory letter: "I am extremely sceptical as to the real value of public oral teaching on such a subject as mine." Judged by the light of this sentence, the book will assume a new character. Those rapid flitting shadows, which no mind could ever catch and fix as they came quick and frequent from the brain of the lecturer, were never intended to do their office in the lecture room. They were to be thrown upon hot-pressed paper, and kept there for students to contemplate at their leisure.

It is well that this should be understood, for what idea would a Cambridge undergraduate, ignorant as his professors state him to be of every event that ever happened since the time of Tiberius, have of the power and genius of Charlemagne from the following?—

Carloman survived his father during three years only; after which Charles, or Charlemagne, became the single sovereign of the empire of the Franks. He extended it over every land in which the languages of Rome or Germany, or in which any tongue derived from them, were at that time spoken. Reigning the undisputed monarch of Europe, from the Elbe to the Ebro, from the Danube to the Adriatic, from the Alps to Beneventum—the head of an empire equal in extent and in power to that of the later emperors of the West, he received from Pope Leo. III. the diadem, and with it the imperial title, which had fallen from the faint hold of Augustulus more than three centuries before.

Over this vast territory Charlemagne reigned with an intellect to discern, a soul to desire, and a will to pursue, the highest attainable interests of the nations by whom it was peopled. Perhaps the character of so zealous a patron of men of letters, and of so munificent a benefactor of the papacy, may have been drawn in too brilliant colours by his literary and ecclesiastical eulogists. But what remains of his legislation, and the authentic records of his public acts, give him an indisputable title to the appellation of the Great, which his subjects bestowed on him after his death, and which the unanimous suffrage of the whole civilised world has subsequently ratified.

Yet, obeying the general law of our existence, Charlemagne was the creature of the age in which he lived, imbibing much of its spirit, and in bondage to many of its errors. And hence it happened that the lofty edifice of his power crumbled into dust when his own strong hand and his own plastic genius could no longer be exerted to consolidate and to support it. Perhaps the materials with which he was compelled to work may have been incapable of any more permanent cohesion; or, perhaps, the enthusiasm of his admirers may have concealed from him, as from themselves, the defects of his workmanship.

To Pepin of Heristal, the author of the greatness of his house; to Charles Martel, the Miltiades of modern Europe; to Pepin-le-Bref, the founder of the Carlovingian Dynasty, and of the temporal dominion of the popes, and to Charlemagne, the restorer of the Western empire, succeeded Louis the Debonnaire, a devout and virtuous man, and even a patriotic prince, but whose personal history is degraded by monastic superstitions, by uxorious fondness, and by imbecility of spirit; and the history of whose reign is composed of little else than the calamities and crimes of the civil wars which he waged with his own children. His crown devolved first on his eldest son, Lothaire, the heir of the disasters, though not of the piety of his father; and then on his youngest son, Charles the Bald, who, without courage, or talents, or conduct, was passively drifted by the current of events to titular dignities, and to a nominal extent of empire scarcely inferior to those of which Charlemagne had enjoyed the reality. Charles died in the year 877. Within twelve years from that time, the throne of Charlemagne was occupied and disgraced by Louis the Stammerer, by Louis III., by Carloman, and by Charles the Fat. On the deposition of the last of those princes in 888, the dynasty itself was virtually extinguished.

Having sketched the outline, our lecturer, however, takes an after opportunity of filling in a little colour. The following extract is rather long, but it is interesting in itself, and a favourable specimen of the style of these lectures:—

In the monastery of St. Gall, near the Lake of Constance, there was living in the ninth century a monk, who relieved the tedium of his monotonous life, and got the better, as he tells us, of much constitutional laziness, by collecting anecdotes of the mighty monarch, with whose departed glories the world was at that time ringing. In his amusing legend, Charlemagne, the conqueror, the legislator, the patron of learning, and the restorer of the empire, makes way for Charlemagne the joyous companion; amusing himself with the comedy, or rather with the farce, of life, and contributing to it not a few practical jokes, which stand in most whimsical contrast with the imperial dignity of the jester. Thus, when he commands a whole levy of his blandest courtiers, plumed and furred and silken as they stood, to follow him in the chase through sleet and tempest, mud and brambles—or constrains an unhappy chorister, who had forgotten his responses, to imitate the other members of the choir by a long series of mute grimaces—or concerts with a Jew pedlar a scheme for palming off, at an enormous price, on an episcopal virtuoso, an embalmed rat, as an animal till then unknown to any naturalist,—these, and many similar facetiæ, which, in any other hands, might have seemed mere childish frivolities, reveal to us, in the illustrious author of them, that native alacrity of spirit and child-like glee, which neither age, nor cares, nor toil could subdue, and which not even the oppressive pomps of royalty were able to suffocate.

Nor was the heart which bounded thus lightly after whim or merriment less apt to yearn with tenderness over the interior circle of his home. While yet a child he had been borne on men's shoulders, in a buckler for his cradle, to accompany his father in his wars; and, in later life, he had many a strange tale to tell of his father's achievements. With his mother Bertha, the long-footed, he lived in an affectionate and reverend intimacy, which never knew a pause, except on one occasion, which may perhaps apologise for some breach even of filial reverence; for Bertha had insisted on giving him a wife against his own consent. His own parental affections were indulged too fondly and too long; and were fatal both to the immediate objects of them, and to his own tranquillity. But with Eginhard, and Alcuin, and the other associates of his severer labours, he maintained that grave and enduring friendship, which can be created only on the basis of the most profound esteem, and which can be developed only by that free interchange of thought and feeling which implies the temporary forgetfulness of al the conventional distinctions of rank and dignity.

It was a retributive justice which left Gibbon to deform, with such revolting obscenities, the pages in which he waged his disingenuous warfare against the one great purifying

influence of human society. It may also have been a retributive justice which has left the glory of Charlemagne to be overshadowed by the foul and unmerited reproach on which Gibbon dwells with such offensive levity; for the monarch was habitually regardless of that law, at once so strict and so benignant, which has renderd chastity the very bond of domestic love, and happiness, and peace. In bursting through the restraints of virtue, Charlemagne was probably the willing victim of a transparent sophistry. From a nature so singularly constituted as his, sweet waters or bitter might flow with equal promptitude. That peculiarity of temperament in which his virtues and his vices found their common root, probably confounded the distinctions of good and evil in his self-judgments, and induced him to think lightly of the excesses of a disposition so often conducting him to the most noble and magnanimous enterprises. For such was the revelry of his animal life, so inexhaustible his nervous energies, so intense the vibrations of each successive impulse along the chords of his sensitive nature, so insatiable his thirst for activity, and so uncontrolable his impatience of repose, that whether he was engaged in a frolic or a chase—composed verses or listened to homilies—fought or negotiated——cast down thrones or built them up—studied, conversed, or legislated, it seemed as if he, and he alone, were the one wakeful and really living agent in the midst of an inert, visionary, and somnolent generation.

Thus even where he is most elaborate, Sir James is still rapid, sketchy, and suggestive. We can very well understand that an Edinburgh Reviewer should be impatient of the task of teaching school-boys the rudiments of French history, and that he should be anxious to address the public in the language in which men of intellect address each other. But it does appear to us that the style of this book is a bad mean between two very different systems. He might have been plain, didactic, rudimental—a Peter Parley in a professor's gown—or he might have been philosophical. He might have expounded the chief facts of French history in plain and unambitious narrative, or he might have assumed them to be known to his hearers and confined his lectures to their causes and their consequences. If he followed the first course, he should have talked down to a very low capacity and a very small amount of information—if he followed the latter *he should have given his authorities*. He has done neither of these. He has, instead, written a series of essays. If the reader will try the experiment of choosing any historical criticism in the "Edinburgh Review," and then open these volumes at random, and compare the styles, he will be at once struck with the fact that it is the rapid, illustrative, undoubting, unhesitating reviewer whom we have before us—not a reviewer who discharges our humble office of looking over an author's work, telling of its purport, judging of its quality, and, if it be trustworthy, sending the public to study the subject in the book itself—but a reviewer who takes the author's subject out of his hands, dashes off an abridgment of his book, gallops over the whole ground, decides *ex cathedrâ* upon every difficulty, and confidently assuming the offices of the historian and the irresponsibility of the judge, scorning to produce authorities, and disdaining hesitation, calls upon the reader to hold on by him as a guide infallible, and promises that if he does so he shall gain a superficial knowledge of the whole subject with no trouble at all and at small cost of time.

History of England from the Peace of Utrecht. By Lord MAHON. Vols. V. and VI. London, 1851.

SOME people say that the history of England is yet to be written; it is evident that Lord Mahon thought so some years ago, or he would never have devoted himself so assiduously to a work so arduous. It is just as evident that Mr. Macaulay—starting as he does one stage farther back to travel to precisely the same point—thinks so still. A stronger practical expression of contempt was never offered by one author to another.

We must not, however, in reviewing a fragment of a work not much considered by the public at large, be betrayed into too wide a field of discussion. A very short analysis of the contents of these volumes will fully represent their literary importance.

They embrace the seventeen years intervening between 1762 and 1780. The first of the included years was distinguished by the resignation of Lord Bute and the accession of the Grenville administration; the last was marked by the commencement of a war with Spain, and the continuance of the war with France and with America, by the collection of a French army of invasion at St. Malo, and by a disgraceful defeat in our own waters, inflicted by a renegade Scotchman, and four ships flying American colours. Lord Mahon, with an affectation of utilitarianism which sits but awkwardly upon him, awards the palm of importance in 1763 to Mr. Wedgewood's invention of a peculiar earthenware; but without giving any very undue importance to a change of ministry in a land of something like popular government, we confess that we think the change from Bute to Grenville of more importance than the change from a coarser to a finer pottery; and very respectfully we submit that the opposite appreciation is a remarkably weak attempt at cynicism.

These seventeen years, altho' they include a large portion of the sad struggle with our American colonies, are not the most interesting in our annals. They comprise, besides this great misfortune we have mentioned, the contest between Wilkes and the House of Commons, the appearance upon the political scene of Burke and Fox, the death of Chatham, popular excitements which may be intimated by the trial of John Horne, or by the writings of Junius, the labours of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, the flowering time of Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, Cowper, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth and Gainsborough, war with France, and the Falkland Islands, quarrel with Spain, and the succession of Grenville, Rockingham, Chatham, Grafton, and North, as prime ministers. But with the exception of Lord Chatham, (and even he has ceased to be the romantic patriot which posterity thought him before the publication of the Chatham correspondence), it was not the age of great men. The dogged will of George III. hung heavy upon the councils of the nation, and allowed no scope to genius or energy in statesmen. It was a time of grave misfortunes not unmerited; and of little intrigues for power resembling rather the contests for place under the absolute monarchs of France than the combat of principles among the representatives of a free people. It is not a leaf of history which an Englishman can read with pleasure, nor happily is it one which, under our own most constitutional and most excellent of all English sovereigns, the people need refer to as a lesson.

Lord Mahon has treated the epoch with a tole-

rably sober mediocrity. When he ventures from the beaten tract of bare narrative he seldom entices his reader to follow him. His prejudices are not very dangerous, for the author is neither very subtle nor very powerful when he tells us that "detraction and envy found a congenial mouth-piece in the veteran Duke of Newcastle," we are rather offended with the author than the Duke. When he pictures the same minister rushing to Lord Rockingham with a warning as to the unknown and untried Edmund Burke's possible predilection for the religion of his relatives, we recollect that the story is derived from Lord Charlemont, and coloured more highly than the original, and we see at once that the warning was very reasonable, and the inquiry that followed very proper. Lord Mahon might have been above the singularly common prejudice of those biographers who, when they write the lives of their heroes, load every one with censure who did not bow down before their genius before it had ever been developed.

Our author is not unmindful of his opportunities of access to new materials. We are disappointed, however, to find that the Grenville papers have not given him a fact or a thought that sheds light upon the history of the time. It has long been supposed that these would at least tell us who Junius was, but as Lord Mahon confines himself to the reproduction of the old arguments in favour of Sir Philip Francis, putting, weekly, the old points about handwriting and style, which, as we show in another article (see the review of Mr. Crump's book) are equally applicable to twenty other candidates, we cannot suppose that he has derived any certain information upon the subject from the Grenville letters.

If this historian be not read for his narrative, he will entice few readers by his style. There is scarcely a page wherein sentences do not occur which are certainly inelegant if not directly ungrammatical. We will take one or two at a venture:—

In the course of December the Prince de Masserano had transmitted to Lord North the answers from his Court. *They* had refused the terms demanded, and only offered that the King of Spain would disavow the expedition of Buccatelli, if the King of England on his part would disavow the threats of Captain Hunt.

The word "They" may not actually offend against a rule of syntax, but neither Gibbon, Robertson, nor Hume would thus have used it. Again:—

The Lord Lieutenant, after applying to England for instructions, suddenly, and with a public reproof, prorogued the Parliament for some months,—to the great detriment, they said, of its business, and certainly to the great displeasure of its members.

Who said? Once more:—

Whatever man, not himself belonging to the House of Commons, shall calmly review its proceedings from the Revolution to the present day, will *scarce* be able to deny that whenever its own privileges were in question, it has shown itself prone to petty acts of tyranny.

This is certainly not an alluring style.

Upon the questions of constitutional law, we have never thought Lord Mahon an infallible guide, but we are a little startled to find that it is in his eyes a grave offence, not, be it observed, against etiquette, but against the constitution, if a subject should dare to address the sovereign in a few spoken words.

This extemporaneous address on the part of the Lord Mayor was most unprecedented, and surely also most unconstitutional. For, if it be in truth a paramount maxim of our Constitution that the King can do no wrong, and that his words are to be taken as only the words of his ministers, what course can be more plainly repugnant to that maxim than the endeavour to draw his Majesty into a personal altercation, and obtain from him an answer on which he could not have consulted his official servants."

Be it remarked, in passing, that our author is entirely wrong in his assumption that Beckford's "volunteer speech" either required an answer or invited a personal discussion.

But we are exceeding the space which it has been thought that any importance in these volumes would justify. We have indicated their contents. The readers of the four preceding volumes will know what merits and what defects they may expect; and we can scarcely hope to induce those who neglected the author's History of Queen Anne to examine very closely his History of George the Third—that wise and far-seeing King who, when his Councillors saw nothing formidable in the early measure against Wilkes, alone of all his people foretold it all! Ah! History, History, how bad a courtier thou art! How little respectable you seem when men constrain you to enact the part!

History of the War in Afghanistan. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. 2 Vols., 8vo. London, 1851.

SCARCELY a century has elapsed since a small company of traders, on the banks of the Hoogly, laid the first foundation of the empire of England in the torrid peninsula of India. She now holds beneath her sway in that quarter of the globe, a population more vast and more heterogeneous than any other civilised power pretends to rule. Numerous and unremitting have been the intrigues, and arduous the struggles, in which she has been engaged to obtain and to continue her supremacy. To the ability and genius of Clive she owes the successful issue of her contest with France, while later heroes, and names still more illustrious, appear among the bright phalanx who have fought and bled upon the many hard-contested battle-fields of Hindostan.

With some one or other of the native sovereigns and petty princes of that vast region, comprehending, as it does, an area of more than thirteen hundred thousand square miles, England has almost constantly been embroiled; yet, by the energetic agency of a few British regiments, aided by the artful policy of fomenting internecine disputes between those whose hostility she dreaded most, she has at length reduced into subjection the most formidable of her foes.

Ever and anon, however, incidents occur, proving but too significantly, that beneath the placid surface a secret fire is smouldering that some day or other may be fanned into a formidable conflagration.

An accurate record of the deeds that have been suggested or sanctioned by the representatives of Britain in the Eastern hemisphere, would, we are well convinced, give rise to many a blush of honest indignation on the young cheek of the student of history. Crimes of no ordinary dye, urged either by expediency or palliated by supposed necessity, have tended by their frequency to lower, in no inconsiderable degree, the *prestige* that once attended on our country's name.

It is indeed a painful and humiliating task to pore over the long series of official blunders, to witness the display of vacillation, and we might almost add the imbecility, of those who were mainly instrumental in conducing to the horrible disasters of the Afghan War.

Mr. Kaye, though not personally engaged in that campaign, has long been resident in India, and has had opportunities that fall to the lot of few, of forming accurate opinions upon the multifarious matters that came beneath his ken. Circumstances enabled him to consult an important mass of documents, without access to which, no one could have ventured to have undertaken the arduous duty he has so successfully achieved.

True it is, that public interest is now no longer keenly excited upon the subject; other topics have succeeded to occupy the attention of a people, never prone to dwell upon a matter so little conducive to their national honour or flattering to their vanity. Nevertheless, it is well for posterity that an historian, possessing the opportunities and endowed with Mr. Kaye's patience and accuracy, should have arisen, to chronicle the prominent events of the Afghanistan war. It is from the consideration of past reverses that wisdom, for future guidance, is acquired. The lesson in this instance, though dearly purchased, may to posterity be yet fraught with utility.

Our author commences by giving a masterly sketch of the state of the Douranee Empire and of Indian politics generally, at the eventful period of the dawn of the present century. That empire, which has since, as our readers are aware, been deprived of its fairest provinces, then comprised the whole of Afghanistan and of Cashmere, part of Khorassan, and the Derajat.

The territory was intersected throughout by mountain ranges, and tenanted as such districts usually are, by a hardy and fearless race.

They were divided into tribes ceaselessly at war with each other, an occupation in which they seemed to take unqualified delight.

The climate was healthful and invigorating; the air dry and pure, and the temperature subject to no sudden alternations. Like the sons of the desert, every man was an accomplished horseman, and the happiest if not the principal portion of their lives was passed in the saddle. The very shepherds curiously contrived to blend their unexciting vocation with the frequent exercise of arms, and their tented encampments not unfrequently displayed the glittering concomitants and the bristling panoply of war. Like the Arab, too, they were courteous, hospitable, and sincere; and in their intercourse with strangers, the Afghans evinced none of the polite duplicity of the Persian, nor the rude ferocity of the neighbouring Rohilla. They regarded with haughty disdain the unambitious occupation of the trader, and it was a study far more congenial to their tastes to lighten, rather than to enrich the caravans that traversed their rocky defiles.

Such was the country, and such its inhabitants, half a century ago, nor were they very dissimilar at a much later period.

It is, of course, impracticable for us to give even the briefest outline of the political intrigues, the turmoils, the insurrections, the civil wars, the British missions, the French embassies, or of the attempts at extending Russian dominion in the East, that occurred between the fall of Zemaun Shah, in 1801, to the accession of Mahomed Shah, in 1837. The period in question, fraught with stirring events and striking epochs, is well worthy of attentive consideration, forming, as the era undoubtedly does, no unimportant episode in the history of the human race.

We shall at once proceed to notice transactions more recently and more permanently impressed upon the memory of our readers.

In the spring of 1836 Dost Mahomed wrote to Lord Auckland, upon his arrival in the capacity of Governor-General, in these terms:—"The field of my hopes, which had before been chilled by the cold blast of wintry times, has by the happy tidings of your lordship's arrival become the envy of the Garden of Paradise;" and he concluded his epistle by expressing the hope that his lordship would henceforth consider him and his country entirely at his disposal. Lord Auckland, himself a plain man, and little versed in oriental imagery, took the luckless writer at his word, and three years after, as is well known, literally bestowed the proffered country on Shah Soojah.

Well would it have been for India, for the welfare of the British troops there, and the honour of England, had the important post of supreme ruler been bestowed upon one who by his previous education and acquirements had in some degree qualified himself for the important office.

No great amount of brilliant genius, of diplomatic skill, or of mental energy were requisite at the period to which we revert. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and from Scinde to the confines of Birmah, no menace had been murmured against the tranquillity that pervaded every district. The Government coffers were well filled, and the millions inhabiting the vast empire, swayed by the dynasty of Leadenhall-street, were tranquil, and apparently contented.

At home it was thought by many, from the known character of Lord Auckland, his unimpeachable integrity, his methodical habits, his earnest desire to benefit others, and, above all, his sincerity, that the selection was judicious, and that no happier choice could have been made.

The intrigues of Russia and the haughty demeanour of Persia were not altogether ignored in England, but men little imagined that the pacific Governor-General would have had recourse to the *lex ultima regum* to protect the interests of the East India Company, or that a mighty array of British troops would shortly be encamped in the heart of Afghanistan. Whatever may have been the impression abroad at the time, few now attribute to the directors of the company the blame which that expedition and its results called forth. Behind the scene, and in another hemisphere, an invisible power was in operation, whose influence Lord Auckland was unable to resist. He had unfortunately, too, under his command an executive whose combined timidity, vacillation, presumption, and incapacity brought ruin upon themselves and destruction upon an entire army.

He was essentially a man of peace, but he was impelled by overwhelming circumstances to adopt, too late, a dubious system of defensive measures, affecting in their result "the whole question of the sovereignty of the Douranee Empire." Had the wholesome advice given by Sir John McNeil in 1837 been acted upon, had Dost Mahomed been supported in his principality, been subsidised and protected, or even had the martial initiative been earlier taken, and an attitude of proud defiance been adopted upon the first assumption of a warlike tone by the opposing power, it requires little knowledge of the oriental character to comprehend that the result of the

struggle would have been differently recorded on the page of history. With the tawny natives of Asia forbearance is ever mistaken for timidity, and he who first raises the scimitar to smite is already regarded as the future victor.

"Lord Auckland," in the comprehensive words of Mr. Kaye, "shrank from the responsibility of despatching a British army across the Indus; but, warned of the danger of identifying himself with a slighter measure promising little certainty of success, he halted for a time between two opinions, and slowly yielded to the assaults of his scribes."

The peninsula of India has been burdened with a debt incurred in consequence of these wars, to the amount of more than ten millions. Against this vast expenditure of treasure (to which must be added the cost of the disaster itself), what can be named as a set off? The trans-Indus invasion nominally undertaken to check the aggressive influence of Persia, and to restrain the machinations of the Czar terminated in the annihilation of an army and the eternal estrangement of the Afghans, who will ever continue our most implacable foes.

No event more appalling, no failure more complete, no retribution more signal, can be found in the annals of the world! May the lesson it inculcates be indelibly imprinted on the minds of future generations.

It was at Ferozepoor that the army, destined for the occupation of Afghanistan, arrived at the end of November, 1838; on the 29th the first meeting took place between Lord Auckland and Runjeet Singh. The gorgeous scene that ensued is graphically described. The reader may almost imagine, as he peruses it, that he is looking down upon the magnificent array, the countless hosts, the glittering tents, the dazzling armour, richly adorned with burnished gold; and that he hears the hoarse trumpeting of the goaded elephants, the shrill neigh of the war-horse, and the shouts of men. He may then, with the mass extended before him, track the route of the army through Baliwulpore, trace its tardy progress through the Bolan Pass, up to the very walls of Candahar.

On the 21st July, 1839, the British forces encamped before the renowned fortress of Ghuznee, whose stupendous battlements seemed to frown upon them with cold and contemptuous disdain.

Without a heavy battering train and a long siege, it was evident that the walls could not be breached; but Sir John Keane had resolved to effect an entrance by more subtle means. All the gates but one had been built up, but that one sufficed for the purpose in view.

THE FALL OF GHUZNEE.

A gusty night had heralded a gusty morn, when Keane, inwardly bewailing the absence of his heavy guns, planted his light field-pieces on some commanding heights opposite the citadel, and filled the gardens near the city walls with his Sepoy musketeers. No sound issued from the fortress, nor was there any sign of life, whilst unseen under cover of the night, and unheard above the loud wailings of the wind, the storming column was gathering upon the Caubul road, and the engineers were carrying up their powder-bags to the gate. The advance was under Colonel Dennie, of the 13th Light Infantry; and the main column under Brigadier Sale. Captain Thomson, of the Bengal Engineers, directed the movements of the explosion party; and with him were his two subalterns, Durand and Macleod, and Captain Peat, of the Bombay corps. Three hours after midnight everything was ready for the assault.

Then Keane ordered the light batteries to open upon the works of Ghuznee. It was a demonstration—harmless but not useless; for it fixed the attention of the enemy, and called forth a responsive fire. A row of blue lights along the walls now suddenly broke through the darkness and illuminated the place. The enemy had been beguiled by the false attack, and were now looking out towards our batteries, eager to learn the nature of the operations commenced by the investing force. And whilst the Afghans were thus engaged, anticipating an escalade and manning their walls, the British engineers were quietly piling their powder-bags at the Caubul gate.

The work was done rapidly and well. The match was applied to the hose. The powder exploded. Above the roaring of the guns and the rushing of the wind, the noise of the explosion was barely audible. But the effect was as mighty as it was sudden. A column of black smoke arose; and down with a crash came heavy masses of masonry and shivered beams in awful ruin and confusion. Then the bugle sounded the advance. Dennie, at the head of his stormers, pushed forward through the smoke and dust of the aperture; and soon the bayonets of his light companies were crossing the swords of the enemy who had rushed down to the point of attack. A few moments of darkness and confusion; and then the foremost soldiers caught a glimpse of the morning sky, and pushing gallantly on, were soon established in the fortress. Three hearty, animating cheers—so loud and clear that they were heard throughout the general camp—announced to their excited comrades below that Dennie and his stormers had entered Ghuznee.

Then Sale pressed on with the main column, eager to support the stormers in advance; and as he went he met an engineer officer of the explosion party, who had been thrown to the ground, shattered and bewilded by the concussion, and who now announced that the gate was choked up, and that Dennie could not force an entrance. So Sale sounded the retreat. The column halted. There was a pause of painful doubt and anxiety; and then the cheering notes of the bugle, sounding the advance, again stirred the hearts of our people. Another engineer officer had reported that, though the aperture was crowded with fallen rubbish, Dennie had made good his entrance. Onward, therefore, went Sale; but the enemy had profited by the brief pause. The opposition at the gateway now was more resolute than it would have been if there had been no check. The Afghans were crowding to the gate—some for purposes of defence, others to escape the fire which Dennie was pouring in upon them. Sale met them amidst the ruins—amidst the crumbled masonry and the fallen timbers. There was a sturdy conflict. The Brigadier himself was cut down; but after a desperate struggle with his opponent, whose skull he clove with his sabre, he regained his feet, again issued his commands; and the main column was soon within the fortress. The support, under Colonel Croker, then pushed forward; the reserve in due course followed; the capture of Ghuznee was complete; and soon the colours of the 13th and 17th Regiments were flapping in the strong morning breeze on the ramparts of the Afghans' last stronghold.

But there was much hard fighting within the walls. In the frenzy of despair the Afghans rushed out from their hiding-places, sword in hand, upon our stormers, and plied their sabres with terrible effect, but only to meet with fearful retribution from the musket-fire or the bayonets of the British infantry. There was horrible confusion and much carnage. Some, in their frantic efforts to escape by the gateway, stumbled over the burning timbers, wounded and exhausted, and were slowly burnt to death. Some were bayoneted on the ground. Others were pursued and hunted into corners like mad dogs, and shot down, with the curse and the prayer on their lips. But never, it is said by the historians of the war, after the garrison had ceased to fight, did the wrath of their assailants overtake them. Many an Afghan sold his life dearly, and, though wounded and stricken down, still cut out at the hated enemy; but when resistance was over, mercy smiled down upon him. The appeals of the helpless were never disregarded by the victors in their hour of triumph. The women, too, were honourably treated. Hyder Khan's Zenana was in the citadel; but not a woman was outraged by the captors.

Resistance over, the Commander-in-Chief and the Envoy entered Ghuznee by the Caubul gate. Shah Soojah, before the contest was over, had ridden down to the point of attack and watched the progress of events with the deepest interest, but with no apparent want of collectedness and nerve. Keane and Macnaghten now led him up to the citadel. The wife of Hyder Khan, and the other women of his Zenana

were conducted, under the orders of the political and military chiefs, by John Conolly, a cousin of the Envoy, to a house in the town, where they were placed under the charge of the Moonshee Mohun Lal. But Hyder Khan himself had not yet been discovered. The Suddozye Prince and the British chiefs were inquiring after the commander of the garrison; but no tidings of him were to be obtained. He might have been concealed in the fortress, or he might have effected his escape. Accident only betrayed the position of the young Sirdar. He was found in a house near the Candahar gate, by an officer of the Company's European regiment. At once acknowledging that he was the governor of Ghuznee, he threw himself upon the mercy of his captors. Conducted to Keane's tent, the Sirdar was guaranteed his personal safety, and placed under the charge of Sir Alexander Burnes. He was unwilling at first to appear in the presence of Shah Soojah; but the assurances of the Commander-in-Chief overcame his reluctance, and Keane conducted him both to the Mission and to the King. Instructed as to the reception he was to accord to the fallen Barukzye chief, the Suddozye monarch received him with an outward show of kindness, and, with the dignified courtesy which he so well knew how to assume, declared that he forgave the past, and told him to go in peace.

And so Ghuznee fell to the British army, and was made over to the Suddozye King. It cost the victors only seventeen killed and a hundred and sixty-five wounded. Of these last eighteen were officers. The carnage among the garrison was more fearful. Upwards of five hundred men were buried by the besiegers; and many more are supposed to have fallen beyond the walls, under the sabres of the British horsemen. Sixteen hundred prisoners were taken. Immense stores of grain and flour, sufficient for a protracted defence, fell into our hands; and a large number of horses and arms swelled the value of the captured property.

A few days after the fall of Ghuznee, Shah Soojah-Ool-Moolk re-entered Caubul, in company with the Feringhees, and was left "to enjoy the sweets of restored dominion." His return, however, found no welcome from his people; he was enthroned in the Balla Hissar, but his power over the Afghans was gone.

The tremendous difficulties by which Lord Auckland was beset, became now daily more and more apparent, the danger of keeping abstracted from India so large a body of troops was manifest, and yet their withdrawal from Afghanistan presented other and more formidable evils. The fell severity of winter was approaching, the necessaries of life daily advanced in price, and as the resources of the Commissariat diminished, so did the scarcity of corn press more heavily upon both officers and men.

We pass over, for obvious reasons, the various interesting and important incidents that preceded the memorable outbreak at Caubul.

Our readers must peruse for themselves the details of the great game of central Asia, of the Russian expedition to Khiva, and of the fall of Khelat. We must refer them to Mr. Kaye for the best account we have yet seen in print of the last struggle and surrender of Dost Mahomed, after the battle of Purwandurrah,—for the outbreak of Zemindawer,—the formidable rising of the Douranees and the Ghilzyes, and the dispersion of the insurgents.

THE OUTBREAK AT CAUBUL.

Brightly and cheerfully the month of November dawned upon the retiring envoy and his successor. Macnaghten was about to lay down the reins of office, and turn his face in a day or two, towards Bombay. Burnes, rejoicing in the thought of being "supreme at last," was stretching out his hand to receive the prize he had so long coveted. The one was as eager to depart as the other to see the departure of his chief; and both were profoundly impressed with the conviction that the great administrative change was about to be effected under an unclouded sky.

There were others, however, who viewed with different eyes the portents that were gathering around them—others who warned the envoy and Burnes of the dangers of such a confederacy as had been formed against the British in Afghanistan. Among these was Mohun Lal. Before the arrival of Captain Macgregor from the Zoormut country, he had been deputed to accompany General Sales's camp, and on his return to Caubul, he had laid the result of his observations, whilst on that expedition, before Sir Alexander Burnes. Entering fully upon the nature and extent of the confederacy, the Moonshee emphatically declared his opinion that it would be dangerous to disregard such threatening indications of a coming storm, and that if the conspiracy were not crushed in its infancy, it would become too strong to be easily suppressed. Burnes replied that the day had not arrived for his interference—that he could not meddle with the arrangements of the envoy; but that Macnaghten would shortly turn his back upon Caubul, and that measures should then be taken to conciliate the Ghilzyes and Kohistanees, by raising their allowances again to the point from which they had been reduced. On the 1st of November, Mohun Lal again pressed the subject of the hostile confederacy upon the expectant minister. Burnes stood up from his chair, and said, with a sigh, that the time had come for the British to leave the country; but, on the same evening, he congratulated Sir William Macnaghten on his approaching departure at a period of such profound tranquillity.

On that very evening the hostile chiefs met and determined, in conclave, upon the measures to be taken for the overthrow of the British power in Affghanistan.

* * * * * * *

Day had scarcely dawned on the 2nd of November, when a rumour reached the cantonments, and was at once conveyed to the Mission-house, that there was a commotion in the city. Macnaghten heard the intelligence with composure. There was nothing in it, he thought, to startle or dismay a man with sound nerves and a clear understanding. Presently a note was brought him from Burnes. It stated that there was a great excitement in the city, especially in the neighbourhood of his residence; but it spoke slightingly of the disturbance, and said that it would speedily be suppressed. Assistance, however, was sought. Burnes wanted military support; and Macnaghten, still little alarmed by the tidings that had reached him, hurried to the quarters of the general. It was thought to be only a slight commotion. And so it was—at the outset But before any assistance was sent to Burnes, he had been cut to pieces by an infuriated mob.

The houses of Sir Alexander Burnes and of Captain Johnson, the paymaster of the Shah's troops, were contiguous to each other in the city. On the preceding night, Captain Johnson had slept in cantonments. The expectant resident was at home. Beneath his roof was his brother, Lieut. Charles Burnes, and Lieut. William Broadfoot, an officer of rare merit, who had been selected to fill the office of military secretary to the new minister, and had just come in from Charekur to enter upon his new duties. It was now the anniversary of the day on which his brother had been slain by Dost Mohamed's troopers, in the disastrous affair of Purwundarrah; and it must have been with some melancholy recollections of the past, and some dismal forebodings of the future, that he now looked down from the upper gallery of Burnes's house, upon the angry crowd that was gathering beneath it. Before daylight on that disastrous morning a friendly Afghan sought admittance to Burnes's house, eager to warn him of the danger with which he was encompassed. A plot had been hatched on the preceding night, and one of its first objects was said to be the assassination of the new resident. But Burnes had nothing but incredulity to return to such friendly warnings. The man went. The insurgents were gathering. Then came Oosman Khan the Wuzeer, crossing Burnes's threshold, with the same ominous story on his lips. It was no longer permitted to the English officer to wrap himself up in an impenetrable cloak of scepticism. Already was there a stir in the streets. Already was an excited populace assembling beneath his windows. Earnestly the Afghan minister spoke of the danger, and implored Burnes to leave his house—to accompany him to the Balla Hissar, or to seek safety in cantonments. The Englishman, deaf to these appeals, confident that he could quell the tumult, and, scorning the idea of quitting his post, rejected the friendly counsel of the Wuzeer, and remained to face the fury of the mob.

But even to Alexander Burnes, incredulous of imminent danger as he was, it seemed necessary to do something. He

wrote to the envoy, calling for support. And he sent messengers to Abdoolah Khan. Two chuprassies were despatched to the Achekzye chief, assuring him that if he would restrain the populace from violence, every effort would be made to adjust the grievances complained of by the people and the chiefs. One only of the messengers returned. He brought back nothing but wounds. The message had cost the other his life.

In the meanwhile, from a gallery in the upper part of his house, Burnes was haranguing the mob. Beside him was his brother and his friend. The crowd before his house increased in number and in fury. Some were thirsting for blood, others were greedy only for plunder. He might as well have addressed himself to a herd of savage beasts. Angry voices were lifted up in reply, clamouring for the lives of the English officers. And too surely did they gain the object of their desires. Broadfoot, who sold his life dearly, was the first to fall. A ball struck him on the chest; and the dogs of the city devoured his remains.

It was obvious now that nothing was to be done by expostulation—nothing by forbearance. The violence of the mob was increasing. That which at first had been an insignificant crowd had now become a great multitude. The treasury of the Shah's paymaster was before them; and hundreds who had no wrongs to redress and no political animosity to vent, rushed to the spot hungering after the spoil which lay so temptingly at hand. The streets were waving with a sea of heads, and the opposite houses were alive with people. It was no longer possible to look unappalled upon that fearful assemblage. A party of the insurgents had set fire to Burnes's stables; had forced their way into his garden; and were calling to him to come down. His heart now sank within him. He saw clearly the danger that beset him—saw that the looked-for aid from cantonments had failed him in the hour of his need. Nothing now was left to him but to appeal to the avarice of his assailants. He offered them large sums of money if they would only spare his own and his brother's life. Their answer was a repetition of the summons to "come down into the garden." Charles Burnes and a party of chuprassies were, at this time, firing on the mob. A Mussulman Cashmerian, who had entered the house, swore by the Koran that if they would cease firing upon the insurgents, he would convey Burnes and his brother through the garden in safety to the Kuzzilbash Fort. Disguising himself in some articles of native attire, Burnes accompanied the man to the door. He had stepped but a few paces into the garden, when his conductor called out with a loud voice, "This is Sekunder Burnes." The infuriated mob fell upon him with frantic energy. A frenzied moollah dealt the first murderous blow; and in a minute the work was complete. The brothers were cut to pieces by the Afghan knives. Naib Sheriff, true to the last, buried their mutilated remains.

So fell Alexander Burnes. In the vigour of his years—in the pride of life—within a few feet of the goal which he had long held so steadily in view.

With the fall of Sir Alexander Burnes, the insurrection rapidly spread, disaffection was visible on all sides, and the situation of the British army became more and more critical.

PROGRESS OF THE INSURRECTION.

The general had begun to talk and to write about negotiation. The envoy was attempting to buy off the enemy. Nothing had yet been done to avert the disastrous and disgraceful catastrophe which now threatened to crown our misfortunes. It was plain that something must be done. Any change would be a change for the better.

The officers who served under General Elphinstone throughout this unhappy crisis have invariably spoken of him with tenderness and respect. He was an honourable gentleman—a kind-hearted man—and he had once been a good soldier. His personal courage has never been questioned. Regardless of danger, and patient under trial, he exposed himself without reserve, and bore his sufferings without complaining. But disease had broken down his physical strength, and enfeebled his understanding. He had almost lost the use of his limbs. He could not walk; he could hardly ride. The gout had crippled him in a manner that it was painful to contemplate. You could not see him engaged in the most ordinary concerns of peaceful life without an emotion of lively compassion. He was fit only for the invalid establishment on the day of his arrival in India. It was a mockery to talk of his commanding a division of the army in the quietest district of Hindostan. But he was selected by Lord Auckland, against the advice of the Commander-in-Chief, and the remonstrances of the Agra governor, to assume the command of that division of the army which of all others was most likely to be actively employed, and which demanded, therefore, the greatest amount of energy and activity in its commander. Among the general officers of the Indian army were many able and energetic men, with active limbs and clear understandings. There was one—a cripple, whose mental vigour much suffering had enfeebled; and *he* was selected by the Governor-General to command the army in Afghanistan.

No greater or more flagrant error than this could have been perpetrated, indeed almost all the subsequent calamities may be traced to that one fatal proceeding.

The vacillation and utter absence of energy on the part of the General, gave ample opportunity for the development of the plans of the disaffected. Nor was the occasion lost; in the Balla Hissar the state of affairs and the condition of Shah Soojah were truly pitiable. On the 23rd November a frightful disaster seemed, however, to have brought the long series of preceding calamities to their culminating point. On that day, be it recorded with sorrow, the British arms sustained an unequivocal defeat. The miserable firelocks with which, to the disgrace of England, our troops are supplied, were found on that occasion as on every other during the war, no match for the unerring jezails of the enemy; and the British troops fell like grass before the mower, at such a distance from the Afghan ranks, that their muskets were not of the slightest avail. Dispirited, they broke and fled, notwithstanding all the efforts of their gallant officers to recall them, and this dire reverse was the precursor of a series of negotiations ending in the evacuation of the Balla Hissar, and the arrogant proposals of Akbar Khan. So monstrous indeed were they, that had not the unfortunate Macnaghten been labouring under some strange infatuation, he would not have hesitated to have hurled them back with defiance.

The public will learn from Mr. Kaye's book, with mingled feelings of astonishment and indignation, the course which some of the representatives of England thought proper to adopt in their vain attempts to extricate themselves, and those whose lives depended upon them, from the alarming position to which their own fatuity had led them.

The proofs adduced by our author, together with the testimony of some of the survivors of the scenes now vividly reproduced before us, furnish irrefragable evidence of the adoption, in more than one instance, of measures savouring of treachery and duplicity. It may not be generally known, and though too true, it will be still less widely credited, that *assassination* was upon several occasions resorted to by men in the pay of the emissaries of England, to remove some of the fanatic rebels of Afghanistan, whose fell influence they were unable by other means to thwart!

Even on the morning that beheld the sad close of poor Macnaghten's career, at the fatal interview between Akbar Khan and himself, each was making preparation to put in practice a similar plot against the other.

Sir William's parting instructions to General Elphinstone were, to get ready as speedily and as quietly as possible two regiments and two guns for the capture of the young Barukzye Sirdar's fort. Akbar Khan, who had already had too many occasions for mistrusting the good faith of his adversaries,

had given secret instructions to seize the persons of the envoy and his suite, at a concerted signal, intending by their forcible detention to obtain extortionate terms from the English.

THE CONFERENCE.

Near the banks of the river, midway between Mahmood Khan's fort and the bridge, about 600 yards from the cantonment, there were some small hillocks, on the further slope of which, where the snow was lying less thickly than on other parts, some horse-cloths were now spread by one of Akbar Khan's servants. The English officers and the Afghan Sirdars had exchanged salutations and conversed for a little while on horseback. The Arab horse, with which Mackenzie had returned, had been presented to Akbar Khan, who received it with many expressions of thanks, and spoke also with gratitude of the gift of the pistols which he had received on the preceding day. It was now proposed that they should dismount. The whole party accordingly repaired to the hill-side. Macnaghten stretched himself at full length on the bank; Trevor and Mackenzie, burdened with presentiments of evil, seated themselves beside him. Lawrence stood behind his chief until urged by one of the Khans to seat himself, when he knelt down on one knee, in the attitude of a man ready for immediate action. A question from Akbar Khan, who sate beside Macnaghten, opened the business of the conference. He abruptly asked the envoy if he were ready to carry out the proposals of the preceding evening? "Why not?" asked Macnaghten. The Afghans were by this time gathering around in numbers, which excited both the surprise and the suspicion of Lawrence and Mackenzie, who said, that if the conference was to be a secret one, the intruders ought to be removed. With a movement of doubtful sincerity some of the chiefs then lashed out with their whips at the closing circle; but Akbar Khan said that their presence was of no consequence, as they were all in the secret with him.

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the envoy and his companions were violently seized from behind. The movement was sudden and surprising. There was a scene of terrible confusion, which no one can distinctly describe. The officers of the envoy's staff were dragged away, and compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief. Soon were they running the gauntlet though a crowd of Ghazees, who struck out at them as they passed. Trevor unfortunately slipped from his insecure seat behind Dost Mahomed Khan, and was cut to pieces on the spot. Lawrence and Mackenzie, more fortunate, reached Mahmood Khan's fort alive.

In the mean while, the envoy himself was struggling desperately on the ground with Akbar Khan. The look of wondering horror that sat upon his upturned face will not be forgotten by those who saw it to their dying days. The only words he was heard to utter were, "*Az barae Khoda*" ("For God's sake"). They were, perhaps, the last words spoken by one of the bravest gentlemen that ever fell a sacrifice to his erring faith in others. He had struggled from the first manfully against his doom, and now these last manful struggles cost the poor chief his life. Exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize, Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle—one of those pistols for the gift of which only a little while before he had profusely thanked the envoy—and shot Macnaghten through the body. Whether the wretched man died on the spot—or whether he was slain by the infuriated Ghazees, who now pressed eagerly forward, is not very clearly known—but these miserable fanatics flung themselves upon the prostrate body of the English gentleman, and hacked it to pieces with their knives.

Thus perished William Hay Macnaghten—struck down by the hand of the favourite son of Dost Mahomed. Thus perished as brave a gentleman as ever, in the midst of fiery trial, struggled manfully to rescue from disgrace the reputation of a great country.

We are enabled, from testimony on which we can implicit y rely, to correct a trifling inaccuracy into which Mr. Kaye has fallen in the above narrative. There did not appear to have been any intention on the part of the Khan to do more than to have seized the persons of the envoy and his attendants. In the desperate conflict that ensued between Sir William and the Afghan chief, the former chanced to seize the Khan's flowing beard, an insult, probably unintentional, but, by one of his faith, only to be avenged by death.

If we regard the assassination of the British envoy as a deliberate, predetermined act, it can only be said of it that it stands recorded as one of the basest, foulest murders that ever stained the page of history. But it does not appear that the murder of Macnaghten was premeditated by the Sirdar.

* * * * *

THE CAPITULATION.

It is recorded, that on the 23rd of December, 1841, the representative of the British Government was slain at a conference with the Afghan Sirdars, within sight of the British cantonments at Caubul; and it is now to be added to the record that this—the foulest indignity that one nation can put upon another, the murder of an ambassador in the performance of his ambassadorial duties—roused not the dormant energies of the military chiefs, or awakened them to a sense of the depths of humiliation in which they were plunging their unhappy country. The British envoy was killed, in broad day, and upon the open plain, but not a gun was fired from the ramparts of the cantonment; not a company of troops sallied out to rescue or to avenge. The body of the British Minister was left to be hacked to pieces, and his mangled remains were paraded, in barbarous triumph, about the streets and bazaars of the city.

It was now, however, that Major Pottinger was about, for the first time, to take an active part in the stirring events of that unfortunate epoch, and well would it have been for the honour of his country had he been left unfettered to follow the dictates of his noble heart. The humiliating capitulation to which he was forced, most reluctantly to assent, would not then have been adopted, and a magnificent army would not have been starved out of Caubul and disgracefully annihilated.

GENERAL ELPHINSTONE.

General Elphinstone knew that he was incapable of performing worthily the duties of such a command, and he took the earliest opportunity of applying for relief from a burden of responsibility which he was not able to bear. Lord Auckland knew that he was incapable, for the attention of the Governor-General was strongly called to the fact; but he sent the infirm old General to Caubul, in spite of the representations that were made to him by men less jealous of the integrity of the roster than of the honour of their country. The British army was beaten at Caubul, because it was commanded by General Elphinstone; and it was commanded by General Elphinstone, because Lord Auckland decreed that it should be so.

This last sentence discloses in simple terms the secret of a large proportion of the misfortunes of that direful compaign. But we must here draw our observations to a close, leaving our readers to continue for themselves the melancholy narrative, and we can assure them that they will feel no disposition to lay down the work until they have made themselves masters of its details. They will read again with a thrill of horror, however well they may have known them before, the frightful atrocities of the Afghans as they hung with sanguinary determination upon the flanks and rear of the enfeebled force, until at Gundamuch they satiated the full measure of their hate, by slaughtering all but one solitary individual. One man alone, out of a host of 16,000, escaped to tell the direful tale.

Mr. Kaye has shown considerable ability as a compiler, and his accuracy in almost every particular that he brings to our notice, is indeed rare. He places before his readers his authorities for every important fact; and he supplies, on every needful occasion, the precise dates of events. His style is clear, lucid, and unaffected, if we except some few passages, in which the language is perhaps a little too inflated,

and appears slightly to strain after effect. But these defects are trivial, and interfere but slightly with the higher merits of the writer.

As a valuable book of reference, Kaye's Afghanistan merits a place in every library. We only hope that it may not find its way to Caubul, whose native inhabitants are now tolerably well versed in our language, and peruse with avidity any work that bears special reference to their country. In the present history they will find little to exalt in their estimation the prowess and character of England.

A History of Classical Literature. By R. W. BROWNE, M.A. 8vo. London: 1851.

FORMERLY the student who wished to form a secure judgment as to the authorship of the Iliad, whether a line of it was ever *written* before the age of Pisistratus, whether it was the conjoined achievement of many minds or the work of one, whether the man Homer ever existed in the flesh, or whether the siege of Troy was a fact which history may recognise, had to labour his way through many, many repulsive tomes. Wolff offered him his Prolegomena, Lachmann his Betrachtungen über Homer's Ilias, Hug, Kreuser, and Nitzsch, confused him with their collateral investigations, Herman led him through a catacomb of interpolations, Hedelin perplexed him with the paradoxes which he got up at four o'clock every morning to invent, Heyne stunned him with his heavy learning, and Bentley stepping in as a moderator made confusion worse confounded. But now—happy age! and happy Mr. Browne! neither German, French, Latin, or Greek are necessary to know all about this thundering controversy. Col. Muir has taken every Frenchman, German, and Englishman of them all, and has slain them to the honour of old Homer's individuality. Grote has given as complete a history of the battles of the critics as he has of the battles of the Greeks, and Thirlwall has quietly and curtly condensed all the arguments, pro and con, into the simple form of a few pages of appendix. Mr. Browne, it is true, does not say much of these persons—indeed we have not noticed their names in any part of his work. But what orator who has made his way to the front of the hustings thinks it worth while to waste his eloquence in praising the stairs up which he ran? If we venture now to mention a few of the advantages he possessed, it is entirely to protect Mr. Browne from an imputation of presumption in promising so large a work.

Taken as an abridgment of the labours of considerable scholars these volumes are not discreditable to the author, or unpleasing to the reader. That the two might have been very advantageously condensed into one, will be apparent we think to any one who examines either the type, the volumes, or the matter; and we more readily make this suggestion, because, as the present two volumes consist entirely of Greek literature, and only bring that down to the time of Aristotle, the work promises to assume a bulk which its intrinsic worth, very great as we admit this may possibly be, may scarcely counterprise in the estimation of the public.

Mr. Browne commences his labour with a dissertation upon the origin and formation of the Greek language, because, as he somewhat tritely observes, words are to literature what marble is to sculpture —a reason which, if it be valid, would require every writer upon sculpture to commence with a treatise upon the stratification of rocks. Having settled this matter to his own satisfaction by the aid of polyglot alphabets and the "Penny Cyclopædia," he advances to his real subject.

And here, on the threshold, he tells us that he commences with poetry—not because the eloquence wherewith the chief excited his followers and the wise man swayed the councils of his nation, had its effect in action, and was forgotten when its work was done—although Homer might have reminded him that the celebration of eloquence was an early office of poetry—but because "The earliest species of literature is poetry. It is the natural outpouring of the heart, the language in which imagination and passion seek for utterance, whilst prose implies more reflection and logical exactness, and therefore an advanced state of intellectual power."

If M. Jourdain had only fallen in with Mr. Browne, how he would have adored him! If that great man wondered at his own cleverness in talking prose, how much more would he have estimated that cleverness, had he known that prose implies an "advanced state of intellectual power," beyond the mere impulse to speak poetry! Carry back your inquiry, Mr. Browne, if you please, to the times when the warlike Hellenes dispossessed the peaceful Pelasgian builders of huge babel towers. Even in those days were there no orators to animate? And was not this *oratory?* Did tradition never pass from mouth to mouth? And was not this *history*—if Cadmus had written it down, might it not have made nine as good books of history as those of Herodotus? Is not, then, spoken eloquence and oral tradition as much "literature" as a ceremonial song handed from Pagan priest to Pagan priest, or a ballad sung by a wandering harper and remembered by his hearers? Does it require "a more advanced state of intellectual power" to remember and recite contemporary events, and to hand down stories told by older men, than it does to compose a prayer or indite a thanksgiving in harmonious cadences? We trow not. Mr. Browne has confused himself with words and has missed the true meaning of "literature" while holding close to its etymological sense. In the absence of writing—it would be a trite truism to say so if Mr. Browne did not require to be reminded of it—there can be no literature used in the sense of letters. But there can be and must be oral history, oral fiction, oral eloquence, oral treatises upon the known arts, and also oral poetry. Poetry instead of being the first will in all probability be the very last of these in order of production, but in the condition of the absence of letters, it will be the only branch of literature that will circulate *in the same form of words.* Oral poetry will pass in the same words from voice to voice; oral history and fiction will pass only as ideas coming from each memory with a new garb of words. Superficial thinkers, therefore, who deal with words only, and see not the etherial essence that lies within them,

ignore all oral literature, except that which bears a form of repeated words. Mr. Browne's paradox is a mere impostor. His paradox may swagger, and threaten, and try to startle us, but when we come nearer to him and examine him, we find he is only a straw stuffed guy after all, and we commit him to the fire accordingly.

But we are warned that we must proceed. If we pause to do battle to every paradox, we shall be long getting to the end of Mr. Browne's two volumes.

Mr. Browne, as he journeys along, gives us passing biographical sketches of the literary men of Greece. We like always to allow an author to speak for himself—here is his account of

HOMER.

Melanopus, a Magnesian, was one of the early settlers in the Æolian town of Cyme. At his death, he left his daughter, Critheïs, to the guardianship of Cleanax. He, finding that she was pregnant, consigned her to the care of Ismenias, who was one of the founders of Smyrna. On the banks of the Meles she gave birth to a son, who was therefore named Melesigenes; and afterwards, because he was given as an hostage to the Colophonians, he was surnamed ὁμηρος (Homer.) The supposed date of his birth according to Herodotus, was four hundred years before his own time.

In very early youth he exhibited considerable talent, and a Leucadian merchant, named Mentes—whose name the poet has handed down to posterity in the "Odyssey"—struck with his genius, took him with him to sea. On this occasion he visited Ithaca, and there collected the materials for the "Odyssey." Thence he went to Colophon, where he became blind—a tradition doubtless derived from his name, Homer, which, according to another etymology, signified the blind man (ὁ μη ορων). Later researches have discovered that the name, Homer, was first given to the author of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," by Xenophanes, of Colophon. Smyrna, Cyme, Phocæa, Chios, successively became the place of his abode. At one period of his wanderings he became tutor to the sons of a very wealthy man named Chiros, and at that time composed his comic poema. Another account says that he wrote them in order to amuse the children of the master of the shepherd, Glaucus. The "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were composed during the period of his residence at Chios. He married Aresiphane, a Chian, who bore him one daughter and two sons, named Erephon and Theolaus.

On his way to Greece he landed sick on the island of Ios. Some fishermen's boys, who were engaged in an employment, not of a very cleanly kind, asked him the riddle—

Ἀσσ' ἕλομεν, λιπόμεσθα, ἃ δ' οὐκ ἕλομεν, φερόμεσθα.

"What we caught we left, what we could not catch we carried with us."

On this Suidas gravely remarks that he did not die of vexation, because he could not guess the riddle, but of the disease under which he laboured when he landed. He lived to a good old age, and was buried in the island. The inhabitants inscribed on his tomb the following elegy—

Ἐνθάδε τὸν ἱερὴν κεφαλὴν κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει,
Ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων κοσμήτορα Διῒ Ὅμηρον.

'Here his sacred head in Earth's dark bosom reposes,
Homer the poet divine who heroes adorns with his praises."

Dioscorides asserts that Homer's great object was to enforce upon the young the duty of temperance, and quotes many passages from his poems, in which he describes regal banquets, marriage-feasts, and public entertainments as consisting of the simplest fare Suidas bears testimony to the purity of his life, and mentions a tradition to the effect that his reputed blindness typified his freedom from the power of desire which holds sway through the eyes. And no one can read the poems of Homer without being struck with one quality which distinguishes him, not only amongst heathen but even amongst Christian poets, namely, that there is scarcely a passage or a thought throughout them which would give offence to the purest and most delicate mind. Horace wisely remarks, in his epistle to Lollius, that the contrast between virtue and vice is more instructively painted in the Homeric poems than in the lectures of philosophers. The terrible evils of ungoverned passions—the prevailing sins of heroic natures—are put forward as a stern moral lesson in the "Iliad," whilst the self-indulgent luxury and licentious riot of the suitors, the patience and resistance to temptation displayed by Ulysses, enforce the same moral lessons in the "Odyssey."

Such, then, in its general features, is the legendary biography of Homer.

The Homeric poems are criticised and illustrated through nearly one half of the first volume. This is a part of our author's performance which would admit of much condensation. It does not satisfy a scholar, for he finds nothing new in it, and its points might be put much more neatly and succinctly to the general reader. We have no time to pause as we run with Mr. Browne over the lives and works of the lyric poets of Greece. Anacreon has two pages, Simonides about three, Pindar ten. We cannot miniature such miniatures. Mr. Browne is inclined to think that the "seven wise men of Greece" first spoke prose, or, at any rate, first enounced prose literature. "The exigencies of the times turned the attention of deep and serious thinkers, who in the previous age would have been the poets of their times, to subjects of practical interest, to devise means for remedying these social evils. But the legislator, the popular leader, and the tyrant, who devoted themselves to these studies, wrote in hexameters or elegiacs their practical precepts and wise admonitions; nay, even the laws which they enacted for the benefit of the state. The laws of Charondas were, according to Hermippus, written in verse, and even sung at banquets; and hence, probably, the application of the same term, νόμος, both to a law and a metrical composition. The ancient Roman laws were likewise written in verse, and it is also said that the Turdetanti in Spain had metrical laws." No doubt, when letters were unknown, or very little known, it was better to aid the memory of any fixed form of words by a cadence. We have our "Barbara Celarent, &c., and our "Quæ ea vel hyp" in Aldrich's logic, and our "Coke's Reports in verse," but no one but Mr. Browne would conceive that by reason of these mnemonic words the Sorites was the hero of an epic, or the Rule in Shelley's case was a right pleasant ballad. Metrical cadences were used, and perhaps were invented to aid the memory to retain laws and apothegms, but that is all it amounts to.

Mr. Browne gives us short accounts of these seven sages, not essentially differing from the accounts to be found in the pages of one Dr. Lempriere, and scarcely tells us as much as the Classical Dictionary does of the theories of Anaxamides, Anaximenes, Heraclitus and Pythagoras. This brings him to the time of Pisistratus. Then hey! for the Greek drama.

Now this is a point of his inquiry in which we confess our entire inability to follow Mr. Browne. We know that great men have solaced their leisure with the frequent perusal of the Greek tragedians, and therefore we feel that we must be wrong when we yawn over our earliest learnt choruses of Sophocles, and believe that the whole Greek drama is not worth one play of Shakspeare. We fairly deliver ourselves up to the pity, scorn, and contempt of every pedant in the kingdom, while we humbly confess a conviction that it would not be worth while to learn Greek to read either the Persians, although it be the only historical Greek play we possess, or the Prometheus Bound, although we may trace therein the source of many a line of Milton. We

speak hesitatingly upon this, because men of large minds, strengthened by action in the world, have found the pleasure that we cannot feel; but we have no hesitation at all in speaking of the Greek comedy. It is a part of literature as little worth cultivating as the works of Piron or the writings of Pietro Aretino. It is gross buffoonery and low obscenity, rendered seemly only to the pedant's eye by the obscurity of the allusions to contemporary customs, and the scope which it consequently gives for word-catching and note writing.

Having fairly warned the reader of our heretical backslidings upon the subject of the Greek dramatists, we will allow Mr. Browne to give his account of

THE GREEK COMEDY.

As in the Attic drama, there can plainly be traced various stages of progress before it arrived at that which in modern times, is considered the true form of comedy, namely, the comedy of character or manners, it has been customary to divide it into three species, which are termed the old, middle, and new comedy. These divisions are of course arbitrary, and as the advance from one stage to another took place gradually, it is somewhat difficult to determine accurately the epoch when each species gave place to the succeeding one. The middle comedy, however, is usually said to commence about the xcviiith xcixth Olympiad, and to continue until about the cxiith, when Philemon and Menander, the authors of the new comedy, began to exhibit.

The characteristic feature of the old comedy is personality, that of the middle comedy philosophical and literary criticism, and an attack upon the follies of classes, rather than of individuals. The new comedy is the comedy of manners, and in all respects resembles that of Plautus and Terence as well as that of modern times.

As the comedies of Aristophanes are the only specimens of the old comedy which have been preserved in a sufficiently perfect state, all our ideas respecting its nature must be founded on a study of his plays.

In order to form a correct estimate of its nature it is necessary to divest the mind of all notions which have been derived from comedies of the present day. The tragic principle is the same in all ages, and hence between ancient and modern tragedy there are many points of resemblance, together with much dissimilarity, but the old Attic comedy is totally unlike its modern namesake. It is quite *sui generis*—there is nothing with which it can be compared. In its loose and unconnected structure, the incompleteness and want of uniformity in its plot, it somewhat resembles a modern pantomime. Like pantomime, it consists of numerous independent scenes and ludicrous situations, satirical attacks on the vices, and sparkling allusions to the prevalent follies of the day, and much of the humour consists in practical jokes, as well as in the smartness of the dialogue and repartee. It also indulged in the most unrestrained personalities. Real personages were exhibited on the stage, the shafts of the poet's ridicule were fearlessly directed against them. These gross attacks were not confined to public characters only, who might be considered fair marks for censure as well as praise, but the secrets of domestic life were laid open, its sanctity violated, the faults of private characters held up to odium or ridicule, and even virtuous and patriotic conduct sometimes misrepresented and ridiculed.

Nothing was safe from the virulence of the comic poet. The most serious business of life was caricatured, the most time-honoured political institutions unsparingly criticised—the whole public administration, educational, legal, financial, and executive remorselessly attacked. Besides this, the poet assumed to himself the functions of a literary censor; he aspired to lead the public taste, and direct the critical judgment of the Athenian people on all literary and philosophical questions. All this abuse and slander, and caricature, and criticism, was conveyed in the most exquisite and polished style; it was recommended by all the refinements of taste, and the graces of poetry. It was because of this exquisite elegance and purity which distinguished the style of the Attic comic writing, as well as its energetic power, that Quinctilian recommends an orator to study, as the best model next to Homer, the writings of the old Attic comedy. Doubtless it abounded in grossness and obscenity, such as would not be tolerated in dramatic exhibitions of the present day. But an age in which man was not softened by the influence of good female society, in which the virtuous of the female sex were not educated so as to fit them for being companions of the men, whilst the vicious applied themselves to the task of making the leisure hours of the male sex pass agreeably by, all the accomplishments and elegances of a finished education was necessarily a gross one. The comic poet therefore was not the corruptor of his countrymen. The worst that can be said against him is, that with all his taste, and talent, and education, he was not in advance of his age in this point—that he did not stem the tide of corruption—that he pandered to a degraded popular taste instead of using his best endeavours to mould it to a higher standard.

The old comedy was to the Athenians the representative of many influences which exist in the present day. It was the newspaper—the review—the satire—the pamphlet—the caricature—the pantomime of Athens.

Addressed to the thousands who flocked to the theatre to witness the representation of a new comedy, most of whom were keenly alive to every witty allusion and stroke of satire, and who took a deep interest in every thing of a public nature, because each individual was personally engaged in the administration of State affairs, the old comedy must have been a powerful engine for good or for evil. There can be little doubt that, scurrilous and immoral as it often was, the good, nevertheless, predominated. Gross and depraved as the Athenians were already, notwithstanding their refinement, it is not likely that comedy corrupted their morals in this respect. The vices which prevailed would have existed without it, and were neither increased nor fostered by it.

But the comic poet seems, generally speaking, to have been on the side of that which was good in taste—in education—in politics. Fostered as the free satire of comedy was, by the unbounded licence of a democracy, and owing its vigour, as well as its existence, to the patronage of a sovereign people, it neither spared the vices nor flattered the follies of its patrons. Like those of the court fool in the middle ages, its most biting jests were received with good humour, and welcomed as acceptable by its supporters, although they themselves were the objects of them.

Notwithstanding the favour with which it was viewed by the people, its extreme personality sometimes provoked the interference of the law.

In B.C. 440, a law was passed either prohibiting it altogether, or forbidding the representation or mentioning the names of real persons on the stage. During the period when this remained in force, as Horace tells us, the comic chorus—

> Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.
>
> HOR, Art. Poet.

It was again re-enacted about B.C. 415. through the influence of Alcibiades, whose vanity, ambition, and ostentation, attachment to the war party, and support of the new systems of philosophy and education had drawn upon him the enmity of the comic poet. Whenever liberty was crushed, whether in the revolution of B.C. 411, or under the tyranny of the Thirty, the spirit of comedy was paralysed, and the succeeding century, in which Athenian liberty received its death-blow and gradually wasted and declined, soon witnessed the change from the bold personalities of the old to the more vague generalities of the middle comedy.

Notwithstanding our small love for Aristophanes we think that Mr. Browne hardly does him justice in omitting from the notice of his comedies all account of that most celebrated of all, "The Clouds." The Acharnians, the Knights, the Wasps, and many other of these comedies have their plots set forth, but upon the Clouds we are told only that it is an attack upon Socrates. Mr. Browne's reader, unless he be a reader of Aristophanes, and then he need not read Browne, will be indebted to us for the information that the name of the comedy is derived from the chorus which consists of certain mysterious clouds who are represented as the object of Socrates' worship, and appear in the form of nymphs in obedience to his invocation. The plot is as follows,

Strapsiades, the old comedy father, has been involved in debt by his son Phidippidas, and in order to defeat the claims of his creditors puts himself under Socrates' tuition to learn "the art of Pleading." Not however succeeding very well, he persuades his son to take his place, and Phidippidas progresses famously under the philosopher. The creditors are confounded and driven away, and father and son celebrate their victory by a feast. In the course of the feast, however, Phidippidas being pressed rather too strongly by his father to sing a song of Simonides, or to spout a little Æschylus, ("that incoherent, precipice writing, fellow," as Aristophanes makes Phidippidas call him,) turns round and beats the old man, and proves to him, *Socratice*, that it is right that sons should beat their fathers. The father, disgusted by such inconvenient logic, and counselled by his restored household gods, rushes forth with his slaves and sets fire to Socrates' house. The play ends in a general conflagration and hubbub.

Having thus repaired Mr. Browne's omission, we must pass on to the historians and deal with them rapidly.

Of course we begin with Herodotus, for of his four predecessors little is preserved and less is read. Now, if there be any author of antiquity whom the student seems to grow personally intimate with, as he goes on, and loves heartily at the end of the book, it is old Herodotus. He tells his story like some good old man sitting in an arm-chair pouring forth his garrulous tattle to his grandchildren, but carefully and most conscientiously distinguishing between what he saw and what he had only been told. Mr. Browne discredits the story of Thucydides having been excited to emulation by hearing Herodotus read his history at the Olympic festival. As we never before heard the anecdote stated as an actual fact, but only as a suggested probability or possibility, we are not disposed to do battle for it. But it is prettily imagined, and we are sorry to give it up.

Mr. Browne must be allowed to speak his own judgment as to the two great historians of Greece.

HERODOTUS AND THUCYDIDES.

In comparing together the two great historians, it is plain that the mind and talents of both were admirably suited to the work which they took in hand. The extensive field in which Herodotus laboured, the abundance and variety of materials with which his habits of investigation furnished him, afforded an opportunity for embellishing and illustrating his history with the marvels of foreign lands; he collected such accounts as would please and delight the reader, and invested them with the peculiar charm of his simple and attractive style.

The glorious exploits of a great and free people stemming a tide of barbarian invaders, who appeared by their very numbers likely to overwhelm them, and finally triumphing completely over them; the features of the earth which we inhabit, hitherto unknown, or misrepresented by fable, and enveloped in mystery; the customs and histories of the barbarians by whom they had been at war, and of all other nations whose names were connected with Persia, either by lineage or conquest, were subjects which required the talents of a simple narrator, who had such love of truth as not wilfully to exaggerate, and such judgment as to select what was best worthy of attention.

Thucydides had a narrow field. The mind of Greece was the subject of his study, as displayed in a single war, which was in its rise, progress, and consequences, the most important which Greece had ever seen. It did not in itself possess that heart-stirring interest which characterises the Persian war. In it united Greece was not struggling for her liberties against a foreign foe, animated by one common patriotism, inspired by an enthusiastic love of liberty; but it presented the sad spectacle of Greece divided against herself, torn by the jealousies of race, and distracted by the animosities of faction. The task of Thucydides was that of studying the warring passions and antagonistic workings of one mind. It was one, therefore, which, in order to become interesting and profitable, demanded that there should be brought to bear upon it the powers of a keen analytical intellect. To separate history from the traditions and falsehoods with which it has been overlaid, and to give the early history of Greece in its most truthful form; to trace Athenian supremacy from its rise to its ruin, to the growing jealousy of other states, whether inferiors or rivals, to which that supremacy gave rise; to show its connection with the enmities of race, and the oppositions of politics; to point out what causes led to such wide results; how the insatiable ambition of Athens, gratifying itself in direct disobedience to the advice of their wise statesman, Pericles, led step by step to their ultimate ruin, required not a mere narrator of events, however brilliant, but a moral philosopher and a statesman. Such was Thucydides. Although his work shows an advance in the science of historical composition over that of Herodotus, and his mind is of a higher, because of a more thoughtful order, yet his fame by no means obscures the glory which belongs to the father of history. They appear both to have attained that important wisdom which knows

Quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri.—(Hor. Art. Poet.),

and each to have chosen the method of treatment best adapted for their subject-matter. Their walks are different; they can never be considered as rivals; and therefore neither can claim superiority.

Herodotus is almost as objective as Homer; there is little or nothing of self in his writings; all his thoughts are absorbed in telling his story. His narrative embodies the spirit of the times in which he lived. Thucydides is subjective; he values facts as illustrations of the principles which are deeply rooted in his own mind; he gives a complete delineation of his own sentiments; he is fitted to lead and direct public opinion, and his judgment on passing events and human conduct is far in advance of his age, and far more comprehensive and philosophical than that of his contemporaries.

We must pass unnoticed the purely Attic Xenophon, nor pause to mark the forms of the Greek orators as they slip swiftly through Mr. Browne's magic lanthorn.

The work closes with a review of the natural and moral philosophy of Greece, and Mr. Browne dwells long upon Socrates (both the Socrates of Plato, and the Socrates of Xenophon) but seeks in vain to develope in a few pages the mystic fancies of Plato. Aristotle, the greatest of uninspired minds, of course succeeds, and there is a compendious account of the ethics which we are very glad to praise.

Nor do we like to omit the really eloquent passage with which our author concludes his second volume.

With Aristotle the era of Greek classical literature may be considered as having arrived at its close. Poetry had been naturalised at Athens by the patronage and protection of Pisistratus. The drama had risen, flourished, and decayed during the century of Athenian liberty. History had embalmed the exploits of Greek heroism, and the struggles for freedom and independence, which were now no more. Oratory had arrived at maturity, and died a natural death when the circumstances of the times were no longer such as to mature and encourage it. The most powerful intellects had been devoted to philosophical investigations, and had recommended their researches to the popular mind by the embellishments of taste and genius, and the refinements of literary skill. The vast mass of materials which his predecessors had collected, Aristotle had digested, arranged, and systematised.

Already, in his time, the enthusiasm of genius had become cold, and was rapidly being superseded by that spirit which can analyse the principles and pass a judgment upon them, but cannot produce the effects which it professes to criticise. The age which succeeded that of Aristotle, and on the confines of which he stands, was one of science rather than of literature; and of imitation rather than of original genius. The style of Theophrastus, the pupil and successor of Aris-

totle, was graceful and eloquent, but the little that remains of his numerous works, does not give any high idea of their value, or of any other ability except shrewdness in the discrimination of character.

From the dead level of this uninteresting plain there arise two lofty peaks, whose summits catch the last glowing tints and setting rays of Greek genius and imagination. The wit and wisdom of Menander, the pupil of Theophrastus, live in a few short fragments; are reflected in the imitations of Lucian, and show what was the spirit of the new comedy, of which he was the most distinguished poet, by the materials which, his plays furnished to those of Terence. Theocritus, of Syracuse, delights us with the Doric simplicity of his native bricolic poetry; his truthful pictures of Sicilian rural life.

Lastly, legendary story connects the expiring effort of Greek literature, and the final departure for ever of the divine spirit of poetry, with the death of the comic poet, Philemon, and the fall of Athens. The city and home o. the Muses had surrendered to Antigones, and the aged Philemon, now in his ninetieth year, was on his death-bed. He lifted up his eyes from his last comedy, which he was just finishing, and saw nine maidens leaving the room. They were the Muses. Philemon completed the concluding scenes and immediately expired.

Notes. By Sir ROBERT HERON, Bart. London, 1851.

IT were hard indeed if the records of a life extending over fourscore years and six, and including the most memorable epoch in the annals of the human race, failed to recall many interesting incidents. Recall, we say advisedly, for Sir Robert hardly does more than revive the remembrance of events with which we were already familiar.

Still, it is pleasant to revert, in the society of an agreeable companion, to those scenes in which we have long ceased to take an active part, to re-peruse anecdotes that we had heard years ago and forgotten, and to find collected in a volume of moderate dimensions the personal observations and reflections of one who has mixed with many generations of men.

And though Sir Robert's fame may not have extended far beyond the circle of his own acquaintances, though his parliamentary career may not have been brilliant, still it is a proud thing for him to be enabled, at his mature age, to affirm that he has passed nearly half a century in the House without receiving or asking for a favour from any member of any administration.

The title of his book is modest enough, and those who take it up for entertainment will not be disappointed. The remarks, incidents, and occurrences, are jotted down without much regard to congruity, and frequently form an amusing medley.

Thus, for instance, we are informed in one page of the death of the Bishop of Peterborough, whose character is thus parenthetically disposed of:—"Herbert Marsh had a great deal of Greek, Hebrew, and Divinity, but, in all other respects, was one of the most foolish men I ever knew." * The next sentence informs us that the Queen, in May, 1839, finding that the *Morning Post* contained an abusive article on Lord Melbourne, tore the journal in pieces, peremptorily forbidding its future admission into the palace.† Then comes—"In my menagerie, a Balearic crane escaping, was shot, and its mate died of grief." This episode is succeeded by the history of one W. Emmonds, who began life as a carpenter, and afterwards became a confirmed burglar and habitual murderer.

The rejection of the Catholic Emancipation Bill is announced in the sentence preceding—"My black swans have hatched four young ones, and brought them up with care and success." After which we are edified by an account of the state of county politics during a particular crisis.

We cannot here omit to express our reprobation of a practice calculated very materially to militate against the integrity of future history, and that is, a habit on the part of those who keep diaries for future publication, of committing to paper any idle rumour that may have come across them, without giving themselves the trouble to ascertain its genuineness or authenticity.

A more dangerous practice cannot well be conceived, for it is impossible to predict where the mischief may end.

A mere club gossip invents a laughable anecdote, which is speedily retailed by his auditors in other *cóteries*, a Horace Walpole, or a Sir Robert Heron. transfer it in the evening to their journals. The Macaulay of another generation quotes it with the authority and sanction of their names, and that which perhaps had never any existence in fact, becomes *ipso facto* accredited, never more to be refuted.

We think our readers will concur with us, too, when we impugn the taste that gave publicity to the following scandal relative to a certain young lady, a Scotch heiress of large fortune, by name

MISS EDWARDS.

The old Duchess of Hamilton advised her son, Lord Anne, to pay his addresses to her; he was not repulsed, and the birth of a son ensued. Lord Anne then pressed her to marry him, but she said she wanted an heir, but not a master. He told her he should take home his son and educate him himself. On this, she sent for the coachman. "John, whose son is this?" "Mine, Ma'm." Thus ended his claim. The son was Mr. Edwards, father to the late Sir Gerard Noel, and grandfather to the present Earl of Gainsborough.

We have heard the next story differently told, but subjoin it without comment:—

THE HONOUR OF A KING.

The late Sir W. Manners (Lord Huntingtower) sold three seats in Parliament to the Prince of Wales, then pretending to be a Whig: the three returned for Ilchester and Grantham were Sheridan, John W. Ward, and Robert Smith, for this Sir Wm. had the written promise of a peerage. When the Prince became Regent, the promise was claimed; the Regent informed Sir Wm., that his ministers would not consent to the peerage, but that any sum of money he would name would be paid to him. Lord Huntingtower said, "He could not put a pecuniary value upon the honour of a King."

As the tomb has so recently closed its marble lid

---

* Our readers may satisfy themselves as to the probable reason for this mention of the defunct prelate, if they turn to page 108, where they will find that Bishop Marsh took an active part in opposing Sir Robert's return for Peterborough. "He was *once*," said Sir Robert, "a friend to liberal principles and toleration, but finding *this* was not the road to preferment, he turned round, wrote a book, and became a bishop."

† We happen to know that the above assertion is altogether inaccurate. At the time in question the annual circulation of the *Morning Post* was at a very low ebb, scarcely exceeding 1,000,000, it increased in the following year to 1,125,000, and in two years after had nearly attained a sale of two millions, facts scarcely compatible with its pretended exclusion from the palace, a step which, in all probability, would have caused its extinction.

over the last of Napoleon's marshals, the following trait will be perused with interest, more especially as the circumstances must be fresh in the memory of many:—

SOULT AND THE "QUARTERLY."

As the coronation approached, Croker wrote a most malicious article in the *Quarterly Review* against Soult, evidently for the purpose of preparing a hostile reception for him in this country. The Duke of Wellington entreated its suppression, but in vain; it appeared in all its bad taste and viciousness. The good feeling and good sense of the nation defeated it; never was any stranger received with such enthusiastic applause as the venerable Marshal. The Queen concurred in the opinion of her people; all the honours at court were for him, to the great annoyance of some of the other Ambassadors, and particularly the Russian.

We do not attach equal credence to the next entry, which bears date April, 1841:—

LADY LYNDHURST.

Eyre, the surgeon, called upon his friend and neighbour Lord Lyndhurst, soon after he had ratted. "I find," said he, "your Lordship has changed your politics." "Yes," said Lady Lyndhurst, "and is ready to change them again, if you will make it worth his while." The Queen says her next child must be like Sir Robert Peel, as she can think of nothing else night or day.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is an old adage that ought not to be forgotten; why then, Sir Robert, didst thou pen so harsh, so un-Christian a sentence as this?

THE LATE LORD HERTFORD.

The Marquis of Hertford is dead at last. I doubt whether he has left a worse man behind him. He was in the habit of attending Newgate before executions, not to endeavour to rescue innocence, or discover what might palliate crime and justify pardon, but to watch the agony of the last hour. At Verdun, being congratulated on winning at play, he said it gave him little satisfaction; his pleasure was to win a poor man's last stake, then he enjoyed his own triumph, and his opponent's misery.

Some judgment and knowledge of character are evinced in this brief summary if it were really written at the time when it professes to have been indited. Talking about the conservatory at Chatsworth, Sir Robert observes, the whole is the work of

PAXTON.

Planned by his own genius and courage, contrary to the opinion of the eminent architects consulted, but now allowed by them to have been most successfully executed. Paxton is, probably, the ablest gardener in Europe, and has raised himself to eminence by native genius, unceasing activity, and unblemished character. This is much to say of a man yet alive, but I do not expect to have ever to retract it.

Whatever political differences of opinion there may be as to the conduct of the late premier, we do not think that any *ignotus homo* has a right to dispose of his character in such a manner as this. It only displays his own ignorance, bitterness, and flippancy:

PEEL.

Peel is a powerful debater, displaying much ability, much cunning, and little sincerity. For government, he appears to me to have no talents: with all his pomp and arrogance he wants even decision and courage.

We believe we may vouch for the accuracy of the account here given of the acquisition from Prince Doria of the two Claudes in the National Gallery:—

SHARP PRACTICE.

Day, a collector of pictures for some of our nobility, went to the Prince and told him, that as Bonaparte was approaching, he would certainly insist on the possession of those pictures. "Then," said the Prince, "what is to be done?" "You must sell them nominally to me," said Day, "and they will then be safe." Safe enough they were, for Day sold them for £7,000 to the British Gallery. This anecdote was told me by Lord Mounteagle, one of the managers.

One more brief extract and we have done:—

THE OCTOGENARIAN.

A wise man at Peterborough proposed that a compliment should be paid to Lord Fitzwilliam, on his completing his eightieth year. A wiser man advised it should first be ascertained whether he would like it; on being asked, he said, "Nonsense, do they suppose there is any pleasure in being eighty."

We do not hesitate to commend this volume to those who have no other object than to beguile a tedious hour. We advise them to pause, however, ere they attach too much weight to the authority upon which many of the "facts" are based.

Memoir of Edward Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff. By WILLIAM JAMES COPLESTON, M.A. London. 8vo., pp. 347.

DR. COPLESTON was born in February, 1776, the eldest son of a Devonshire clergyman; was elected a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford (having previously been carefully prepared by his father), in his fifteenth year; gained the Latin verse prize two years later, and was, before he had attained his twentieth year, elected a fellow of Oriel.

These were the results of early training, great application, and considerable talent. The usual university promotions to professorships and college livings followed almost as a matter of course. But as he journeyed upwards towards his provostship, he bethought him of varying the routine life of a college "Don," by casting forth his thoughts into the outer world. In 1807 the *Edinburgh Review* had been recently started, and was shocking the world by the caustic manner in which it castigated the dunces of the day, and purged the literature of the time. Whether the fellow of Oriel's ire was aroused by some flogging inflicted upon a brother Oxford dignitary, or whether mere love of tilting urged him to the fray, we do not know, and our biographer does not tell us. Certainly, however, the tomahawk articles of Jeffery, Brougham, and Sidney Smith, awakened the powers of the treasurer of Oriel, and urged him to the production of the first and best effort of his pen—perhaps the only one by which he will be distinguished from the ordinary crowd of bishops.

We of course allude to his well-known "Advice to a Young Reviewer," one of the best prose satires in our literature. It takes the form of a review of "L'Allegro, a poem, by John Milton." It pretends to be a review of the work at the time of its appearance, and cuts it up after the manner, and with all the falsifications and impertinence which he attributes to the Edinburgh reviewers of the day.

This satirical tract is not so well known to the rising generation as it was to readers thirty or forty years ago, and we think that a few extracts from it will amuse. It commences thus:—

L'ALLEGRO, A POEM. BY JOHN MILTON. NO PRINTER'S NAME.

It has become a practice of late with a certain description of people, who have no visible means of subsistence, to string together a few trite images of rural scenery, interspersed with vulgarisms in dialect, and traits of vulgar manners; to dress up these materials in a sing-song jingle, and to offer them for sale as a poem. According to the most approved recipes, something about the heathen gods and goddesses, and the schoolboy topics of Styx and Cerberus, and Elysium,

is occasionally thrown in, and the composition is complete. The stock in trade of these adventurers is in general scanty enough, and their art, therefore, consists in disposing it to the best advantage. But if such be the aim of the writer, it is the critic's business to detect and defeat the imposture; to warn the public against the purchase of shop-worn goods, and tinsel wares; to protect the fair trader, by exposing the tricks of needy quacks and mountebacks; and to chastise that forward and noisy importunity, with which they present themselves to the public notice.

How far Mr. Milton is amenable to this discipline, will best appear from a brief analysis of the poem before us. In the very opening he assumes a tone of authority, which might better suit some veteran bard than a raw candidate for the Delphic bays: for, before he proceeds to the regular process of invocation, he clears the way by driving from his presence, with sundry hard names and bitter reproaches on her father, mother, and all the family, a venerable personage, whose age, at least, and staid matron-like appearance, might have entitled her to more civil language.

> Hence, loathed Melancholy;
> Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
> In Stygian cave forlorn, &c.

There is no giving rules, however, in these matters, without a knowledge of the case. Perhaps the old lady had been frequently warned off before, and provoked this violence by continuing still to lurk about the poet's dwelling. And, to say the truth, the reader will have too good reason to remark, before he gets through the poem, that it is one thing to tell the spirit of dulness to depart, and another to get rid of her in reality. Like Glendower's spirits, any one may order them away, "but will they go, when you do order them?"

But let us suppose for a moment that the Parnassian decree is obeyed, and according to the letter of the *order*, which is as precise and wordy as if Justice Shallow himself had drawn it, that the obnoxious female is sent back to the place of her birth,

> 'Mongst horrid shapes, shrieks, sights, &c.,

at which we beg our fair readers not to be alarmed, for we can assure them they are only words of course in all poetical instruments of this nature, and mean no more than the "force and arms," and "instigation of the devil" in a common indictment. This nuisance, then, being abated, we are left at liberty to contemplate a character of a different complexion, "buxom, blithe, and debonair," one, who although evidently a great favourite of the poet's, and therefore to be received with all due courtesy, is notwithstanding introduced under the suspicious description of an *alias*.

> In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
> And by men, heart-easing Mirth.

Judging, indeed, from the light and easy deportment of this gay nymph, one might guess there were good reasons for a change of name, as she changed her residence.

But of all vices there is none we abhor more than that of slanderous insinuation; we shall therefore confine our moral strictures to the nymph's mother, in whose defence the poet has little to say himself. Here, too, as in the case of the *name*, there is some doubt: for the uncertainty of descent on the father's side having become trite to a proverb, the author, scorning that beaten track, has left us to choose between two mothers for his favourite: and without much to guide our choice; for, whichever we fix upon, it is plain she was no better than she should be. As he seems, however, himself inclined to the latter of the two, we will even suppose it so to be:—

> Or whether (as some sages sing)
> The frolic *wind that breathes the spring*,
> Zephyr with Aurora playing,
> *As he met her once a Maying*;
> There on beds of violets blue,
> And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew, &c.

Some dull people might imagine that the wind was more like the breath of spring, than spring the breath of the wind; but we are more disposed to question the author's ethics than his physics, and accordingly cannot dismiss these May gambols without some observations.

He pursues this vein, which might have been John Wilson Croker's own, but that Croker lacked the wit, all through the poem:—

Of the latter part of the poem little need be said. The author does seem somewhat more at home when he gets among the actors and musicians, though his head is still running upon Orpheus and Eurydice, and Pluto, and other sombre gentry, who are ever thrusting themselves in where we least expect them, and who chill every rising emotion of mirth and gaiety.

He appears, however, to be so ravished with this sketch of festive pleasures, or perhaps with himself for having sketched them so well, that he closes with a couplet, which would not have disgraced a Sternhold:

> These delights if thou canst give,
> Mirth, with thee I *mean* to live.

Of Mr. M.'s good *intentions* there can be no doubt; but we beg leave to remind him, that in every compact of this nature there are two opinions to be consulted. He presumes perhaps upon the poetical powers he has displayed, and considers them as irresistible;—for every one must observe in how different a strain he avows his attachment now and at the opening of the poem. Then it was,

> If I give thee honour due,
> Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

But having, it should seem, established his pretensions, he now thinks it sufficient to give notice, that he means to live with her, because he likes her.

The conclusion is not very unlike the conclusion of the celebrated review upon the "Hours of Idleness." It is in the happiest strain of caricature.

Upon the whole, Mr. Milton seems to be possessed of some fancy and talent for rhyming; two most dangerous endowments, which often unfit men for acting an useful part in life, without qualifying them for that which is great and brilliant. If it be true, as we have heard, that he has declined advantageous prospects in business, for the sake of indulging his poetical humour, we hope it is not yet too late to prevail upon him to retract his resolution. With the help of Cocker and common industry he may become a respectable scrivener; but it is not all the Zephyrs, and Auroras, and Corydons, and Thyrsises, aye, nor his junketing Queen Mab, and drudging Goblins, that will ever make him a poet.

Strangely—but not so very strangely. Copleston's next publication was a review in the very style which he had so pungently satirised. In "the Examiner Examined," he flayed an unfortunate member of his own university, who had written a book called "Logic Made Easy," as fiercely as the most heartless *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* (for the *Quarterly* had now appeared) flagellator had ever skinned poor dunce. The work once begun, our reviewer went on—always in controversy—writing and publishing, scolding and attacking,—now penning "replies to the calumnies of the *Edinburgh Review*," now assailing the Catholics in convocation, but keeping ever upon good terms with Lord Grenville; inditing monetary pamphlets to Sir Robert Peel, and contributing his flying sheet to every controverted question, until, according to the custom of the time, he obtained the Deanery of Chester, and fifteen months afterwards the Bishopric of Llandaff.

The history of his episcopacy as Bishop of Llandaff consists of letters upon monetary economy to Archbishop Whateley, anti-papal sermons, letters to a newspaper under the signature of Britannicus, proving that a Welsh bishop need not understand Welsh, charges to his clergy, speeches in Parliament against admitting the Jews, and protests against the Maynooth Bill. He wrote many complimentary letters to his friends and received many in return, and he died in 1849 at a good old age, a very clever pamphleteer and a very lucky bishop.

There is nothing in such a man's career to make posterity wonder (unless it be that such steps should lead to such peculiar preferment), nor will the world probably care to know more, nor so much, of the bishop's doings as this book tells us. As a readable history of the progress of a divine from fifteen to a bishopric it may be not without its value; but so

far as the biographer is concerned it is nothing more than a stitching together of all the complimentary letters that his relative received and all that could be recovered of the letters he wrote. A few eulogistic communications from surviving friends and long extracts from his forgotten pamphlets, are thrown in, and the volume is complete.

This is not how biography used to be written. But modern biographies are quite worthy of their modern heroes.

Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Light, Crystallisation, and Chemism, in their Relations to Vital Force. By Baron CHARLES REICHENBACH. 1st edition. Translated by Dr. GREGORY. 2nd edition. With additions, a preface, and critical notes. By JOHN ASHBURNER, M.D.
The Zoist. A Quarterly Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism. No. 34.
Jackson's Lectures on Mesmerism. Dublin, 1851.
Manuel Pratique de Magnétisme Animal. Par ALPH. TESTE, M.D., Paris. 4me édition, 1852.
Letters to a Candid Inquirer. By Dr. GREGORY, of Edinburgh. London, 1851.

THERE are four different methods of meeting any set of intrusive facts that may happen to shock all our preconceived notions. We may believe eagerly —as ardent, imaginative, and tender minds believe; we may disbelieve doggedly—as minds crooked and gnarled by prejudices disbelieve; we may disregard utterly—as men do, who care not to be convinced, and would not take the trouble to confute; or we may soberly and patiently investigate, sceptically pausing over every fact, yet not suffering our judgment to be disturbed by either of those opposite forms of vanity which induce shallow people to take pride in believing more or believing less than the great mass of mankind.

In all these four different ways have the phenomena of animal magnetism been received, since Mesmer first propounded (in 1780) his discovery in twenty-seven aphorisms, and since the Marquis de Puysegur (in 1784) expanded the sphere of the new theory by the announcement of cases of somnambulism. Many of our readers will probably recollect the astonishment with which the experiments of the Baron Dupotet were received in London. Doctor Elliotson's more private exhibitions were still more interesting; for the character, position, and professional interest of the physician were abundant guarantee that he at least was conscious of no fraud, and thoroughly believed in the phenomena he produced.

Since then every country town in England has had an opportunity of witnessing the ordinary facts of mesmerism, or at least some clever imitation of them. More than half of these peripatetic mesmerisers are probably mere cheats, and the remainder are mere bunglers in the art. No great stress can be laid either upon their successes or their failures. It would be only senseless incredulity, however, which would deny the fact that all the ordinary phenomena of somnambulism can be produced in persons of a highly sensitive nervous system. These things are as well proved as the calculations that foretel an eclipse, and any person who wishes may verify them any day, not by paying a shilling to see a mesmeric conjuror, but by inquiries among Dr. Elliotson's numerous patients.

Thus far we think we are upon safe ground, and even these facts are too astounding to our previous ideas to justify us in treating with mere ridicule and inattention any statements of further discoveries. We consider that the phenomena of clairvoyance are by no means yet put upon a similar footing, and although we have every respect for Dr. Gregory, and every confidence in his veracity, there is too evident an enthusiasm about his proceedings to induce us to trust implicitly to his experiments. We think he would too easily believe what he evidently wishes to be true. We do not believe with Dr. Gregory that any persons in magnetic slumber ever read the mottoes inside the nuts of a neighbouring confectioner; nor do we agree with him that because a person in a mesmeric state always set out in quest of the same person, and detailed his doings, that it therefore follows that the patient was seeing and relating a fact, or doing any more than describing a dream.

But although we do not believe these things upon the evidence yet given, we are not prepared to say that no evidence would convince us. There is one fact which, if it be true, is conclusive upon the pretensions to clairvoyance. It is said that there now lies at a Dublin bank a hundred-pound note sealed up in an envelope, and that the firm have instructions to give the note to any clairvoyant who will tell the date and number of it. We have not had an opportunity of verifying the truth of this statement; but if it be true, clairvoyance must submit to be considered a cheat until this note has been carried off.

Without passing, however, from the ground of proved facts, there is still quite sufficient to induce us to examine them very anxiously, and to seek with great curiosity for the causes whence they proceed and the laws by which they are governed. It is with this view that we have determined to devote the space now afforded to us, not to the wonders of animal magnetism, but to the attempts that have been made to reduce it to a known science.

The Baron Von Reichenbach is not a conjuror or a mountebank, but a scientific man of an European reputation, who, before he had bestowed a thought upon animal magnetism, had achieved a position at the head of all those who cultivate the sciences of natural philosophy. It was accidentally, while pursuing other researches, that he stumbled upon the phenomena of animal magnetism. Such a man deserves something more than an idle sneer in return for his patient labours, and we are satisfied that no sensible reader will refuse to follow us while we explain, as succinctly as possible, what so experienced an investigator makes out of the strange new facts he saw.

In bespeaking a candid attention to this subject Reichenbach says:—

PROBABILITY OF A SIXTH SENSE.

We have only five senses and no more; but we know, with certainty, that in nature, as well in us as around us, changes are at every moment going on, which we cannot perceive, only because we have no sense fitted for the perception. In every, even in the shortest interval of time, numberless electrical motions take place around us; but we do not perceive them in the slightest degree. If now, a being were to descend from the clouds, gifted with a sixth, or electrical sense, which should enable him to observe and point

out the most delicate electrical changes, with the same acuteness, as we, with our organs of vision, can do in regard to the phenomena of light;—should we not eagerly listen to his instructions, and ask him a thousand questions in order thereby to clear up and extend our knowledge? A person born blind, who never has had a conception of light and colour, causes himself to be led by one possessed of sight; and when he invariably finds, by touch, a stone where his guide has previously declared that one was to be seen, he believes that his guide has organs, by means of which he sees. Now, a person affected, like most of my patients, with nervous disease, is to us, in fact, such a guide, possessing a sensibility for electric and magnetic movements, to whom, therefore, up to a certain point, as it were, a new sense has been unlocked, which, as it appears, is wanting generally in the healthy. But I do not here mean, by persons affected with nervous disorders, somnambulists, lunatics, or sleep walkers, &c.; but only, generally, the majority of those who suffer frequently from spasmodic attacks.

His statements of his early experiments should be first read:—

EFFECT OF MAGNETS UPON THE HUMAN BODY.

If we make downward passes with magnets, having a supporting power of about 10lbs., along the persons of from 15 to 20 individuals, but without touching them, we shall always find one or perhaps more among the number, who feel affected thereby in a peculiar manner. The proportion of human beings which may be found to be thus sensitive, is, in general, greater than we imagine. It sometimes happens, that, in the above number, three or four sensitive persons are found; indeed, I am acquainted with an institution, where, on trial, out of 22 females there assembled, not less than 18 perceived the sensation caused by the passage of the magnet, more or less distinctly. The nature of this impression on such excitable persons, who may, however, often be justified in regarding themselves as perfectly healthy, is not easily described. It is rather unpleasant than agreeable, and is associated with a gentle feeling, sometimes of cold, at other times of warmth, which resembles a cool or tepid *aura* or current of air, which they believe gently blows upon them. Occasionally they experience a dragging or pricking sensation, as well as formication; some complain very soon of headache. Not only females, but also men in the prime of life, are to be met with, who distinctly perceive this influence. It is sometimes very vividly felt by children.

In order to produce this effect, it is not a matter of essential importance, but rather indifferent, whether we take a horse-shoe magnet or a straight bar magnet, or whether we use one or the other pole, provided it be only active, and of nearly the strength above mentioned. The passes should be made from the head towards the feet, and not too quickly. The magnet is carried as close to the surface as is possible without actual contact with the dress; and, to guard against the effect of imagination on both sides, the passes may be made from the occiput over the neck and back. The magnetised person is thus not aware whether, at any given moment, a pass be in progress or not, and his statements are free from prepossession.

Powerful men, and healthy strong women, usually experience nothing, when thus tried. Yet I have met with such individuals, who, although in vigorous and blooming health, felt themselves decidedly affected by the magnet The excitability here alluded to is more frequently observed in persons of sedentary habits, while they may be, nothwithstanding, regarded as perfectly healthy; more particularly in men who are continuously engaged in writing, and in girls constantly employed in needle-work; and likewise in persons who are depressed by secret grief, by the pecuniary cares of life, by the loss of relatives, or by disappointed ambition.

If the reader should agree with us he will observe that there is a calm philosophic tone about the baron's narrative of experiments, which wins our confidence that he has not been led away by a theory. Continuing the same subject, he says—

The adhesion of a living limb to a magnet is a fact altogether unknown in the sciences of physics and physiology, and few persons have convinced themselves of it by actual ocular demonstration; it is therefore necessary here to explain and illustrate it in some degree. When Madlle. Nowotny, in the cataleptic state, lay without consciousness or motion, but without spasms, and when a horse-shoe magnet capable of supporting about 20lbs. was approached to her hand, the hand adhered so firmly to it, that when the magnet was raised, or moved sidewards, backwards, or in any direction whatever, her hand stuck to it, as if attached in the way in which a piece of iron would have been. She remained utterly unconscious all the time; but the attraction was so strong, that when the magnet was moved towards her feet, farther than her arm could reach, she did not let it go, but, although insensible, raised herself in bed and followed the magnet with her hand as far as she could possibly do; so that the effect was the same as if some one had seized her hand, and by means of this drawn or bent her body forwards towards the feet. When the magnet was at last moved so far that her body could not be moved or bent further, so as to enable her to follow it, she was compelled to let it go, but remained then in the manner always observed in cataleptics, fixed and immovable in the position into which she had been brought.

Continuing his experiments the baron found that other substances have the same power as magnets to produce these effects upon the human frame. Crystals, and at last the hand of the magnetiser, were found to cause the same results.

The following is a curious anecdote to show that the magnetic power of the pole has an influence upon the human frame:—

POLAR ATTRACTION.

M. Schuh, in the house he then occupied, had the singular custom, that, when he awoke early in the morning he regularly turned himself in bed, so that his feet came to be where he had laid his head during the night; and always fell asleep again. This second sleep was invariably much more refreshing to him than the whole previous night's rest, contrary to the usual rule, that the first sleep, especially before midnight, is the most refreshing. When he failed to obtain this morning sleep, he felt wearied the whole succeeding day; and this strange habit had long become a necessity to him. I inquired the position of his bed, and found that it was so placed, that the head was towards the south, the feet towards the north. By my advice he laid himself, on going to bed, in the opposite direction, namely, with his head towards the north, and his feet towards the south. From that day forth, he never felt the necessity of turning himself in bed in the morning. His sleep was good and strengthening; and he for ever abandoned his old habit.

The baron afterwards verified the existence of this influence by many experiments.

The influence, whatever it be, which can be exerted by the hand, may be increased by contact with any of those substances, such as magnetised iron or crystals, which have it in themselves.

SULPHUR.

Experiments with Mlle. Reichel gave similar results. I first repeated that experiment made by the sisters Maix, without telling her of it. I held in my hand for five minutes, a roll of sulphur. I then laid it down, and with the same hand took hold of that of Mlle. Reichel. I had not held it long, when she tore her hand away, and said that my hand was full of needles. On the whole surface of contact she felt innumerable small punctures; an exact confirmation of what Mlle. Maix had observed, in the hands of two different persons, and a striking indication of how much objective reality lies at the root of these phenomena. My hand, although I purposely refrained from touching anything, was not in its natural state at the end of a quarter of an hour; but still felt, although in a less degree, to the patient as before. It had, therefore, received from the sulphur a charge, which it had retained for a considerable time, and which was only slowly dissipated.

THE CRYSTALLINE FORCE.

And now our investigation has brought us to the portal of what is called Animal Magnetism. This *noli me tangere* we shall now be able to seize.—When I made a few passes down with a magnet the person of Madlle. Sturmann from head to foot, she became insensible, and was attacked by spasms, generally rigid. When I performed the same passes *with my large rock crystal*, the result was the same. *But I could also produce the very same effect by using, instead of the magnet or crystal, my hands alone. The*

peculiar force (we shall call it *crystalline*) *found both in magnets and in crystals, must therefore reside also in my hands.*

In order to test this more fully, I tried the experiments which I shall presently describe. If this were the case, the force residing in my hand must produce all those effects which the crystalline force is capable of producing, as described in the preceding treatise; I could conclude as to difference or similarity, according to the degree of resemblance in the properties observed. It was, first of all, necessary to ascertain whether there existed a coincidence, and to what extent, between the action of crystals on the healthy or deceased sensitive nerve, and that of the human hand on the same re-agent. When, in the case of persons sufficiently sensitive to perceive distinctly the passes made with a large crystal along the inner surface of the hand, I drew along the left hands of the patients the points of the fingers of my right hand, turned laterally, so that one finger followed the other, and all passed over the same line, which was drawn from the wrist down to beyond the point of the middle finger, there was not one among them who did not perceive the effect, exactly as from the point of a crystal. It was generally described as a cool aura, more rarely as a tepid aura; and was not only as powerful, but usually considerably more powerful, than from a crystal. I need not here speak of the diseased subjects, since all of those I have hitherto mentioned perceived the effect with the same singular distinctness with which they felt, as a general rule, every magnetic pass; and Mlles. Maix and Nowotny were even able to distinguish the effect of each finger separately. But there were not a few healthy persons who were quite sufficiently sensitive for this reaction. Indeed, some of these, who only felt indistinctly the action of crystals, perceived that of the fingers, used as above described, so plainly, that they could always distinctly point it out while the eyes were averted. I am permitted here to refer to my friend M. Carl Schuh, who is a strong, healthy man, and perceives the action of crystals with unusual distinctness. When, to make assurance doubly sure, and contrary to my own rule, I blindfolded him, and made slow passes with the fingers of my right hand, as before described, over his left hand, he experienced so strong and distinct a sensation, analogous to that produced by a crystal, that he could distinguish each individual pass, and was able, for example, at all times exactly to tell when I had made exactly two-thirds of the whole pass. M. Studer, already mentioned, also perceived this quite as plainly, as well as numerous other persons, among whom I have permission to name one of the finest, most powerful, and hardiest men I have ever seen, who has travelled through Persia and Kurdistan, and twice penetrated from Egypt into the heart of Africa; who is therefore a rare example of iron health and strength of constitution; namely, M. Kotschy, who accompanied M. Russegger in part of his travels. He perceives the effect most distinctly when the temperature of the air is agreeable and less distinctly when it is cold. *The fingers, therefore, act on the sensitive nerve exactly in the same way as a crystal of middling size.*

After recounting a multitude of such experiments, the professor makes this

DEDUCTION.

All solid bodies in contact with persons sufficiently sensitive excite peculiar feelings, differing in degree according to their chemical nature; these sensations are chiefly those of an apparent change of temperature, such as cool, tepid, or warm, with which a pleasant or disagreeable sensation keeps pace, more or less uniformly. Lastly, these re-actions are in all respects similar to those produced by the force of magnets, crystals, the human hand, &c.

Pursuing the phenomena he had observed, he continues his researches:—

LUMINOUS APPEARANCE AT THE POLES AND SIDES OF STRONG MAGNETS.

Those sensitive persons who are really or apparently in good health, observe, in the magnet, nothing particular, beyond the above-mentioned sensations; and bear close proximity to it without injurious effects. This is not, however, the case with sensitive persons in a state of disease. The action of the magnet on such persons is, according to the nature of their disease, sometimes agreeable, at other times disagreeable, at other times again painfully unpleasant and that, occasionally, to such a degree, that fainting, and cataleptic and convulsive attacks occur, of such violence, that they may at last become dangerous. In the latter class of cases, to which also somnambulists belong, there it usually superadded *an extraordinary acuteness of the senses*; the patients acquire a singular delicacy and power in taste and smell; many kinds of food become as intolerable to them, as the usually agreeable perfumes of flowers become offensive. They hear and understand what is said three or four rooms off: and are often so sensible to light, that, on the one hand, they cannot bear the light of the sun or of a fire; on the other, they are able *in the dark*, not only to recognise the outline of objects, but also to distinguish accurately their colours; and this in such a degree of darkness, that persons not sensitive are utterly unable to perceive any thing. These things are pretty generally known, and require no proof here. Moreover, it is not so difficult, as it appears at first sight to many who in all such matters imagine something incredible or supernatural, to understand the possibility of such phenomena. Not only do most animals excel civilised man in the acuteness of certain senses, but even savages, consequently human beings also, frequently equal dogs and other animals in the delicacy of smell and hearing. And in regard to vision, horses, cats, and owls are familar examples of the power of the visual apparatus to see tolerably well even in a dark night.

Seeing all this, and reflecting that the aurora borealis appears to be nothing else than an electric phenomenon, caused by the magnetism of the earth, the intimate nature of which, moreover, we cannot yet explain, since no direct emanations of light from the magnet are known in physics, it occurred to me to try whether such an acute vision as as that of Madlle. Nowotny might not possibly, in absolute darkness, be able to perceive some luminous appearance in connection with the magnet. The possibility of this appeared to me not to be very remote; and if it should be so, it seemed to me likely to supply the key to the explanation of the northern lights.

The experiment succeeds, but the patient was too sensitive to continue her experiences. He tries other subjects, and in Madlle. Reichel found a patient who was at once sensitive and strong, and who entered with interest into the inquiry:—

MADLLE. BARBARA REICHEL.

This was Madlle. Barbara Reichel, aged 29, of stout build, the daughter of a servant in the imperial palace of Laxenburg. When seven years old, she had fallen out of a window two stories high, and had ever since been subject to nervous attacks, sometimes passing into insanity, at other times into sleep-walking and speaking in her sleep. Her illness intermitted, often for long periods. She had, at this time, just recovered from a severe spasmodic attack, retaining, however, the whole exalted sensibility of her sight. She was then in full strength, looking well, perfectly clear in her mind, and was in the habit of going alone through the crowded streets to visit her relations. I invited her to my house, and she was so obliging as to come as frequently as I wished, thus enabling me to make use of her extraordinary sensitiveness to the magnet, in trying experiments with physical apparatus, such as could not conveniently be carried to other houses.

This patient combined in herself the rare advantages, first, that she saw the magnetic light as strong and bright as any patient confined to bed; secondly, that she was, in the intervals of the attacks, strong and healthy, could move about, and was very intelligent; lastly, that with the highest degree of sensitiveness to the light, she yet bore perfectly the approach of the magnet,—in fact as well as healthy persons; which was so far from being the case with most sensitive subjects, that, as we have seen in Madlle. Sturmann, and as happened also, in a less degree, in Madlle. Nowotny, the open magnet soon caused spasms, and even produced insensibility. With such subjects little can be done; but Madlle. Reichel was able quietly and deliberately to carry out every investigation to the end. Persons of this temperament are invaluable for scientific researches. And thus I have been able, by means of Madlle. Reichel, to obtain the most accurate results, and of the highest value, in reference to the theory of electro-magnetism. But in this place I shall only adduce such of her observations as concern the magnetic light.

This light she saw, not merely in darkness, but even in such a degree of light, or rather obscurity, as enabled me, with difficulty, to perceive objects; in which, therefore, I could work, and alter or multiply the experiments. In

such a twilight, the magnetic lights appeared to her shorter and smaller, and she saw fewer of them; that is, those parts which were least luminous were the first to be overpowered by the faint day-light. In perfect darkness she saw the luminous emanations brightest, their extent and size greatest, their limits best defined, and the play of colours most distinct.

If a magnet was presented to her in the dark, she saw it *luminous not only when open, but even when closed by the armature.* This, at first sight, appears strange, but the sequel will show that her statement on this point entirely corresponds to the intimate nature of the phenomenon. The luminous appearance was, of course, different in the two cases. In the closed magnet she perceived no parts or points at which the light was particularly concentrated, as was the case on both poles of the magnet when open. But the closed magnet gave out, from all its edges, from the lines of junction of its bars, and from its corners, short, flame-like lights, constantly in a state of undulating motion. With the nine bar horse-shoe magnet, supporting 80 lbs., these were not longer than the thickness of a finger, or thereabouts.

When opened, the magnet exhibited the beautiful appearance represented in fig. 1. plate I. The drawing was made by Madlle. Reichel herself, as well as she was able to do it; but she regretted that she could not attain to an exact image of the phenomenon, as presented by nature.

This magnetic flame was found to exist in all objects wherein the magnetic influence had previously been remarked:—

LIGHT FROM THE FINGER-POINTS.

One day, when I was observing Madlle. Reichel, who, after severe spasms, when in a sort of half-sleep, with closed eyes, was playing with the magnetic flame, an amusement in which she was particularly delighted, I introduced my outstretched hand, in the dark, between her and the flame. She instantly began to play, as before, with my fingers, and to speak to the bystanders of five little flames, which jumped about in the air. She did not notice my hand, but took the motion of my fingers, at the points of which she saw little flames, for a spontaneous dancing of the flames. All those who were present now held up their hands, and asked whether fire could possibly be also flowing from their fingers. The flame was visible to the patient on the hands of every male person present, more or less brightly; but not one finger of a female had sufficient light to show a flame, and exhibited at the utmost a feeble glimmer. This was even the case with her own fingers. As long as her illness continued, these experiments were often repeated, in order to amuse her after her fits, or for the gratification of many other persons. But when she had recovered, it was found that she had the power, which still continues unchanged, of perceiving, not only during her illness, but also in the intervals of apparently strong health, the magnetic flames, the light in crystals, and the flames on human hands, if the room were only dark enough. Nay, it appeared that she had possessed this power from her childhood. When a child, her mother had often been obliged to raise her in her arms, that she might convince herself that there was no fire proceeding from nails and hooks in the wall, as she often spoke of such appearances with exclamations of wonder. There were even two of her brothers and sisters, who, in the same way, saw everywhere luminous appearances, where other persons could see nothing. Now, while I am writing this, Mlle. Reichel daily assists me in researches, which I am making, in this direction, on electricity and magnetism; and we shall see, at a future period, from my reports, to what conclusions they have already led and will yet lead. I was thus enabled, with the aid of this sensitive patient, to study in the most sober and comprehensive manner, and for a long time, the luminous phenomena seen on the human hand; an investigation which I still daily pursue.

Experiments with Mlle. Atzmannsdorfer gave essentially the same results. But she saw the flames of a larger size. While Mlle. Reichel, in her peculiar degree of sensitiveness, described them as being from 0.8 to 1.2 inches in length, Mlle. while Atzmannsdorfer, in the dark, saw them from 2 to 2.5 inches long, that is, almost as long as a finger. Mlle. Reichel made drawings of these beautiful appearances, which I shall give in one of the subsequent parts of this work. The fact, established by several observers, *that fiery bundles of light flow from the finger-points of healthy men, in the same way as from the poles of crystals*, is sufficient for my present object.

The following is a curious story:—

LIGHTS OVER GRAVES.

Pfeffel had engaged a young Protestant clergyman, of the name of Billing, as amanuensis. The blind poet, when he took a walk, held Billing's arm, and was led by him. One day, as they were walking in the garden, which was at some distance from the town, Pfeffel observed that, as often as they passed over a certain spot, Billing's arm trembled, and the young man became uneasy. He made inquiry as to the cause of this, and Billing at last unwillingly confessed, that as often as he passed over that spot, he was attacked by certain sensations over which he had no control, and which he always experienced where human bodies lay buried. He added, that when he came to such places at night, he saw strange (*Scotice*, uncanny) things. Pfeffel, with the view of curing the young man of his folly, as he supposed it to be, went that night with him to the garden. When they approached the place in the dark, Billing perceived a feeble light, and when nearer, he saw the delicate appearance of a fiery ghost-like form hovering in the air over the spot. He described it as a female form, with one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down, hovering in an upright posture, but without movement, the feet only a few hands-breadths above the soil. Pfeffel, as the young man would not follow him, went up alone to the spot, and struck at random all round with his stick. He also ran through the spectre, but it neither moved nor changed to Billing's eyes. It was as when we strike with a stick through a flame; the form always appeared again in the same shape. Many experiments were tried during several months; company was brought to the place, but no change occurred; and the ghost-seer adhered to his earnest assertions; and, in consequence of them, to the suspicion that some one lay buried there. At last Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth, they came to a firm layer of white lime, about as long and as broad as a grave, tolerably thick; and on breaking through this, the bones of a human being were discovered. It was thus ascertained that some one had been buried there, and covered with a thick layer of lime, as is usually done in times of pestilence, earthquakes, and similar calamities. The bones were taken out, the grave filled up, the lime mixed up with earth and scattered abroad, and the surface levelled. When Billing was now again brought to the place, the appearance was no longer visible, and the nocturnal ghost had vanished for ever.—It is hardly necessary to point out to the reader what I think of this story, which caused much discussion in Germany, because it came to us on the authority of the most trustworthy man alive, and received from theologians and psychologists a thousand frightful interpretations. To my eyes, it belonged entirely to the domain of chemistry, and admitted of a simple and clear scientific explanation. A human corpse is a rich field for chemical changes, for fermentation, putrefaction, gasification, and the play of all manner of affinities. A layer of dry quick lime, compressed into a deep pit, adds its own powerful affinities to organic matters, and lays the foundation of a long and slow action of these affinities. Rain water from above is added; the lime first falls to a mealy powder, and afterwards is converted, by the water which trickles down to it, into a tallow-like external mass, through which the external air penetrates but slowly. Such masses of lime have been found buried in old ruined castles, where they had lain for centuries; and yet the lime has been so fresh, that it has been used for the mortar of new buildings. The carbonic acid of the air, indeed, penetrates to the lime, but so slowly, that in such a place a chemical process occurs which may last for many years. The occurrence in Pfeffel's garden was therefore quite according to natural laws; and since we know that a continual emanation of the flames of the crystalline force accompanies such processes, the fiery appearance is thus explained. It must have continued until the affinities of the lime for carbonic acid, and for the remains of organic matter in the bones, were satisfied, and finally brought into equilibrium. Whenever, now, a person approached who was, to a certain degree, sensitive, but who might yet be or appear in perfect health; and when such a person came within the sphere of these physical influences, he must necessarily have felt them by day, like Mlle. Maix, and seen them by night like Mlle. Reichel. Ignorance, fear, and superstition, would now give to the luminous appearance the form of a human spectre, and

supply it with head, arms, and feet; just as we can fancy, when we will, any cloud in the sky to represent a man or a demon.

I thought it possible that they might see, over graves where mouldering bodies lay, something like that which Billing had seen. Mlle. Reichel had the courage, unusual in her sex, to agree to my request. She allowed me, on two very dark nights, to take her from the castle of Reisenberg, where she was residing with my family, to the cemetery of the neighbouring village of Grünzing. The result justified my expectation in the fullest measure. She saw very soon a light, and perceived on one of the grave mounds, along its whole extent, a delicate, fiery, as it were, a breathing flame. The same thing was seen on another grave in a less degree. But she met neither witches nor ghosts; she described the flame as playing over the graves in the form of a luminous vapour, from one to two spans in height. Some time afterwards I took her to two great cemeteries near Vienna, where several interments occur daily, and the grave mounds lie all about in thousands. Here she saw numerous graves which exhibited the lights above described. Wherever she looked, she saw masses of fire lying about. But it was chiefly seen over all new graves; while there was no appearance of it over very old ones. She described it less as a clear flame, than as a dense, vaporous mass of fire, holding a middle place between mist and flame. On many graves this light was about four feet high, so that when she stood on the grave, it reached to her neck. When she thrust her hand into it, it was as if putting it into a dense fiery cloud. She betrayed not the slightest uneasiness, as she was from her childhood accustomed to such emanations, and had seen, in my experiments, similar lights, produced by natural means, and made to assume endless varieties of form. I am convinced that all who are, to a certain degree, sensitive, will see the same phenomena in cemeteries, and very abundantly in the crowded cemeteries of large cities; and that my observations may be easily repeated and confirmed. (Postscript. 1847.—Since these experiments, which were made in 1844, I have taken five other sensitive persons in the dark to cemeteries. Of these, two were sickly, three quite healthy. All of them have confirmed literally the statements of Mlle. Reichel, and have seen the lights over all new graves more or less distinctly; so that the fact can no longer admit of the slightest doubt, and may be everywhere controlled.)

The reader may laugh at these strange stories if he please. We do not. We see no reason to doubt the veracity of the experimenter, or his care and honesty in making his experiments.

He sums up the result of his researches thus:—

RETROSPECT.

Not only magnets, crystals the human hand, chemical action, &c., but all solid and liquid bodies, without exception, excite sensations of coolness or warmth, which are here synonymous with pleasant and disagreeable.

The acting force belongs not only to certain regular forms, or to peculiar conditions of matter, but resides in matter as such.

This force acts, not alone on contact, but also at a distance, as from the sun, moon, and stars, so from all matter.

In regard to this force, bodies arrange themselves in the electro-chemical order.

At one end stand the electro-positive bodies, with potassium at their head; at the other, the electro-negative bodies, headed by oxygen. All the electro-positive metals are found on the side yielding warmth and a disagreeable sensation; all the metalloids on that yielding cold and a pleasurable feeling.

This force is conductible; bodies may be charged with it; they shine with a luminous glow, visible to sensitives in the dark, with flame and luminous vapour.

This force is one which embraces the whole universe.

Nomenclature. The word odyle; odylic; with inflections and compounded terms derived from it.

Granting his premises, the baron seems to have proved that there is a subtle but material force which has hitherto eluded our research, and which, although visible in its effects, can only be observed by organs especially sensitive, either naturally, or rendered so by disease.

Now if the baron has proved this he has proved a great deal, and we may go with him thus far, and hesitate to go further.

He names this force "odyle," a word which is derived from nothing and means nothing. It seems to be chosen only because it will answer well as the termination of any quantity of compound words.

We are not so respectful to the baron when he undertakes to tell us what this odyle is, and by what laws it acts, as we are when he applies himself only to a logical and philosophical inductive proof of its existence. He says, for instance:—

The sun, a mighty source of odyle, sends it to us along with light and heat, and saturates everything on which it shines with this force, till the maximum is reached in the evening. *Instantly, as soon as the sun sinks below the horizon, the odylic tension on the human frame diminishes*, and with the commencement of this fall there occur in persons leading a natural life, weariness, dulness, and sleep. *As soon as the great source of odyle is closed, the fountain of conscious, waking life dries up.* Not alone by heat and light does the sun call living beings into existence; that luminary employs yet another influence, namely, odyle, which, like heat, penetrates all bodies, and the fluctuations of which we now begin to compare with the parallel states of sleeping and waking, and are learning also now to measure.

This may or may not be so. The baron's speculations upon his second thesis may be wild or otherwise—they certainly are not based upon the same copiousness of experiment, nor are they capable of the same proof from often repeated results produced from the same causes. But if he has shown that all the phenomena of animal magnetism are the result of a natural force hitherto unknown—a force that may be certainly brought into action, which may be seen, and may be measured, he has enabled us to start upon future sober inquiry with a great advantage gained; and we may hope that the strange appearances we can now only wonder at, and hesitate whether to attribute to miracle or to sleight-of-hand, may at some future period be the thoroughly understood phenomena of a well-known science, and may be guided and controlled by human knowledge.

History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers. By MICHELE AMARI. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Earl of ELLESMERE. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

THE massacre of the Sicilian Vespers was the madness of slaves whom tyranny had left nothing to fear. The Sicilians have had many masters, but none so ruthless as the French tyrants, whom they destroyed in that memorable massacre. Eight thousand are said to have perished; but it seems scarcely creditable to the inhabitants of so large an island that eight thousand foreigners could have held them so long in such abject servitude, and could have perpetrated such acts of outrageous tyranny that there was scarcely a family which had not suffered some gross dishonour at their hands, and which had not some murder or violation to avenge.

The history of Sicily may be told in a few sentences or in many volumes. Polyphemus, the Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum, celebrated in the Eneid and the Latin grammar, is the chief personage of their first fabulous era. The

wars of the Sicani and the Opici may be read in Diodorus by those who take an interest in the battles of barbarous tribes. Then came the Greek colonists, who founded Leontini, Catana, Syracuse, and Messana, or Messene. The pirates of Italy, and the more commercial Africans from Carthage, added two other elements to the mixture of races, an unfortunate enterprise for the Carthaginians, since their doings in Sicily formed the pretext for the first Punic War. Rome of course absorbed this island in her mighty empire, and, at her fall, the Saracens found an easy prey in a country which had been for many ages too well protected by the Imperial legions to remember aught of war. The Crescent was for two hundred years the standard of all Sicily. Then came the Crusades and the Normans, civil dissensions and universal confusion. In 1254 the Pope claimed the kingdom in the easy papal style of those and of still later days, He did not parcel it out to Wisemans and Ullathornes, but bestowed it in a lump upon Charles Count of Anjou. Charles, after much battle and bloodshed, remained master of the island, and it was his unendurable tyranny that produced the massacre which commenced on Easter Tuesday March 31st, 1282. An insult to a woman has upon many memorable occasions proved the last drop of insult which has made the cup run over. It was during a religious procession of the French and Palermitans to a church three miles from the city that the carnage began. The French met on their way a Sicilian bride returning from her ceremony of marriage. An officer, one Drochettus (or Drouet) proceeded, as he said, to search her before the multitude for concealed arms, and a young Sicilian punished the outrage by stabbing him on the spot. The people flew to arms, and the massacre took place. Having destroyed the French, they called in the King of Arragon. The Spaniards were able to defend their new acquisition, but the Sicilians were small gainers by the exchange. New tyrannies and new tumults succeeded. The Spaniards, however, continued in possession (with an interval, during which the Emperor of Germany had it), filled the island with monasteries and convents, misgoverned it so that in Addison's time he described it as the country of all Europe where the taxes were the most heavy, and where they were the most corruptly squandered. The Inquisition was more powerful and more terrible than in Spain itself. The Sicilians were still poor and oppressed, they remained ignorant, and they had become abjectly superstitious. We need pursue the history of this island no further, for we have no intention of discussing events of yesterday while dealing with a work that relates only to the thirteenth century.

Michele Amari is a Sicilian who, having been crossed in love, left off translating Scott's poems into Italian, and took to writing history. He chose a period very interesting to his countrymen, no doubt, but not especially so to the general readers of our British public. Beyond the single event of the massacre of the French, we question whether there is a circumstance related in the three volumes which an Englishman would care to have recalled to his memory. One line of Alfieri,

Servi siam si, ma servi ognar frementi,

might sum up the whole history of the fifty years which these three volumes treat of. Without the fostering care of the Earl of Ellesmere we doubt whether Amari would ever have appeared in an English dress; and without that personal regard for the author which the earl acknowledges, and which is unquestionably honourable to both parties, we doubt whether that fostering care would have been afforded. The translator has acquitted himself well, and has succeeded in rendering the Italian into good English; but he might have employed his labour upon a more popular, and, we must add, many much more useful, subjects.

We will, however, let both author and translator speak for themselves, and our extract shall be the account given of the great event of the work.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

Half a mile from the southern wall of the city, on the brink of the ravine of Oreto, stands a church dedicated to the Holy Ghost, concerning which the Latin fathers have not failed to record, that on the day on which the first stone of it was laid, in the twelfth century, the sun was darkened by an eclipse. On one side of it are the precipice and the river, on the other the plain extending to the city, which in the present day is in great part encumbered with walls and gardens; while a square enclosure of moderate size, shaded by dusky cypresses, honey-combed with tombs, and adorned with urns and sepulchral monuments, surrounds the church.

This is now a public cemetery, laid out towards the end of the eighteenth century, and fearfully filled in three weeks by the dire pestilence which devastated Sicily in 1837. On the Tuesday, at the hour of vespers, religion and custom crowded this then cheerful plain, carpetted with the flowers of spring, with citizens wending their way towards the church. Divided into numerous groups, they walked, sat in clusters, spread the tables, or danced upon the grass; and, whether it were a defect or a merit of the Sicilian character, threw off, for a moment the recollection of their sufferings, when the followers of the justiciary suddenly appeared amongst them, and every bosom thrilled with a shudder of disgust. The strangers came, with their usual insolent demeanour, as they said, to maintain tranquillity; and for this purpose they mingled in the groups, joined in the dances, and familiarly accosted the women, pressing the hand of one, taking unwarranted liberties with others; addressing indecent words and gestures to those more distant, until some temperately admonished them to depart, in God's name, without insulting the women, and others murmured angrily; but the hot-blooded youths raised their voices so fiercely that the soldiers said one to another, "These insolent paterini must be armed that they dare thus to answer," and replied to them with the most offensive insults, insisting, with great insolence, on searching them for arms, and even here and there striking them with sticks or thongs. Every heart already throbbed fiercely on either side, when a young woman of singular beauty and of modest and dignified deportment, appeared with her husband and relations, bending their steps towards the church. Drouet, a Frenchman, impelled either by insolence or licence, approached her as if to examine her for concealed weapons; seized her and searched her bosom. She fell fainting into her husband's arms, who, in a voice almost choked with rage, exclaimed, "Death, death, to the French!" At that moment a youth burst from the crowd which had gathered round them, sprang upon Drouet, disarmed and slew him; and probably at the same moment paid the penalty of his own life, leaving his name unknown, and the mystery for ever unsolved, whether it were love for the injured woman, the impulse of a generous heart, or the more exalted flame of patriotism, that prompted him thus to give the signal of deliverance. Noble examples have a power far beyond that of argument or eloquence to rouse the people—and the abject slaves awoke at length from their long bondage. "Death, death, to the French!" they cried; and the cry, say the historians of the time, re-echoed like the voice of God through the whole country, and found an answer in every heart. Above the corpse of Drouet were heaped those of victims slain on either side; the crowd expanded itself, closed in, and swayed hither and thither in wild confusion; the Sicilians, with sticks, stones, and knives, rushed with desperate ferocity upon their fully-armed opponents; they sought for them and hunted them down; fearful tragedies were enacted amid the preparations for festivity,

and the overthrown tables were drenched in blood. The people displayed their strength, and conquered. The struggle was brief, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but of the French there were two hundred—and two hundred fell.

Breathless, covered with blood, brandishing the plundered weapons, and proclaiming the insult and its vengeance, the insurgents rushed towards the tranquil city. "Death to the French!" they shouted, and as many as they found were put to the sword. The example, the words, the contagion of passion, in an instant aroused the whole people. In the heat of the tumult, Roger Mastrangelo, a nobleman, was chosen, or constituted himself their leader. The multitude continued to increase; dividing into troops they scoured the streets, burst open doors, searched every nook, every hiding-place, and shouting "Death to the French!" smote them and slew them, while those too distant to strike added to the tumult by their applause. On the outbreak of this sudden uproar the justiciary had taken refuge in his strong palace; the next moment it was surrounded by an enraged multitude, crying aloud for his death; they demolished the defences, and rushed furiously in, but the justiciary escaped them; favoured by the confusion and the closing darkness, he succeeded, though wounded in the face, in mounting his horse unobserved, with only two attendants, and fled with all speed. Meanwhile the slaughter continued with increased ferocity, even the darkness of night failed to arrest it, and it was resumed on the morrow more furiously than ever; nor did it cease at length because the thirst for vengeance was slacked, but because victims were wanting to appease it. Two thousand French perished in this first outbreak. Even Christian burial was denied them, but pits were afterwards dug to receive their despised remains; and tradition still points out a column surmounted by an iron cross, raised by compassionate piety on one of those spots probably long after the perpetration of the deed of vengeance. Tradition, moreover, relates that the sound of a word, like the Shibboleth of the Hebrews, was the cruel test by which the French were distinguished in the massacre; and that, if there were found a suspicious or unknown person, he was compelled, with a sword to his throat, to pronounce the word *ciciri*, and the slightest foreign accent was the signal of his death. Forgetful of their own character, and as if stricken by fate, the gallant warriors of France neither fled, nor united, nor defended themselves; they unsheathed their swords, and presented them to their assailants, imploring, as if in emulation of each other, to be the first to die: of one common soldier only is it recorded, that having concealed himself behind a wainscoat, and being dislodged at the sword's point, he resolved not to die unavenged, and springing with a wild cry upon the ranks of his enemies slew three of them before he himself perished. The insurgents broke into the convents of the Minorites and Preaching Friars, and slaughtered all the monks whom they recognised as French. Even the altars afforded no protection; tears and prayers were alike unheeded; neither old men, women, nor infants, were spared; the ruthless avengers of the ruthless massacre of Agosta swore to root out the seed of the French oppressors throughout the whole of Sicily; and this vow they cruelly fulfilled, slaughtered infants at their mothers' breasts, and after them the mothers themselves, nor sparing even pregnant women, but, with a horrible refinement of cruelty, ripping up the bodies of Sicilian women who were with child by French husbands, and dashings against the stones the fruit of the mingled blood of the oppressors and the oppressed. This general massacre of all who spoke the same language, and these heinous acts of cruelty, have caused the Sicilian Vespers to be classed amongst the most infamous of national crimes. But these fill a vast volume, and in it all nations have inscribed horrors of a similar, and sometimes of a blacker dye; nations often more civilised, and in times less rude, and not only in the assertion of their liberty or against foreign tyrants, but in the delirium of civil or religious partisanship, against fellow-citizens, against brothers, against innocent and helpless beings, whom they destroyed by thousands, sweeping away whole populations. Therefore I do not blush for my country at the remembrance of the vespers, but bewail the dire necessity which drove Sicily to such extremities.

Amari differs from all former historians in his account of this insurrection, in that he ascribes it to a sudden impulse, and not to a prepared conspiracy.

The Ansayrii and the Assassins; with Travels in the Further East, 1850-51, *including a visit to Nineveh* By Lieut. the Hon. F. WALPOLE, R.N. 3 vols. London: 1851.

MR. WALPOLE was at Beyrout last year and wanted a subject for a book. He looked at the map in vain. Even haberdashers on Ludgate-hill had, as he firmly believed, trodden every bit of eastern soil which was treadable. "Alas," he cried in despair, "there is nothing for it but to get a friendly doctor quietly to make me a Mussulman, and, joining the caravan, go on to Mecca." [Preface p. v.] Bem became a Mussulman because it was, as he said, his religion to fight Russia. Mr. Walpole seems to think that it is his especial mission to bring forth books of travel. From so terrible a sacrifice, our traveller was, however, saved by a lucky glance at the map. Behold a bare and yet undescribed district! Mr. Walpole dismisses the friendly doctor and preserves his orthodoxy. The book, however, commences by telling us how he packs his portmanteau and starts for Southampton.

Seeing that Mr. Walpole could jocosely contemplate severing the tie that binds him to Christendom as the price of something new to describe, we were certainly a little astonished to find that his first chapter is much occupied by a description of the London terminus of the Southampton Railway. The fire, it seems, was out, and the gas was stale, the "cabs drove up feebly," and the ticket clerk was not at his place.

This reads very much like the old style of thing. We go on and find that we must travel down to Southampton, get into a boat with her Majesty's mails, steam all the way to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, scrape acquaintance with all Lieut. Walpole's co-passengers from the "small round cosey rosey man," to "the young lady already practising the arts that were to make her future lot," and we go on and on, from chapter to chapter, and from topic to topic, gossiping and chattering, wondering and doubting, speculating and supposing, until the first volume is run out and we are still upon land as familiar as Cornhill. The land of the Assassins, the habitation of the "Old Man of the Mountain," seems as far off as ever.

Unless we can find a reader who has never read a book of travels in the east, who has managed never to light upon any one of the annual sixty volumes published upon this most prolific of subjects every year—unless we should be addressing some unsophisticated soul who has never yet been wearied by speculations as to the site of the Garden of Eden, who is unjaded by the description of dancing dervishes, who is equal to a new picture of Pera, who can read watchfully of the Golden Horn, to whom the bazaars of Smyrna are mysteries, Lady Hester Stanhope an unheard name, and the height of Etna a fact of intense interest—unless, we say, we can find readers of this kind, we must not dare to make extracts from the first of these three volumes of 400 pages. If we have any exception to make, it is the Chapter on Smoking (chap. XV.), wherein we

have a most learned dissertation upon the origin, history, and present use of tobacco in the East, and a tradition which we think we may venture to quote.

THE ORIGIN OF TOBACCO.

Among Mahometans there is a legend that Mahomet produced or introduced tobacco. They say that, passing the desert in winter, he found a poor viper frozen on the ground: touched with compassion, he placed it in his sleeve, where the warmth and glow of his blessed body restored it to life. No sooner did the ungrateful beast find his health restored, than it poked forth its head and said—"Oh, prophet, I am going to bite you!"

"Wherefore?" said the husband of Ayesha; "have I done you harm?"

"On the contrary, you have done me good; nevertheless, I must bite you."

"Give me a sound reason, oh, snake! and I will be content."

"Your people kill my people constantly: there is war between your race and mine."

"Your people bite my people; the balance between our kindred is even between you and me: nay, it is in my favour, for I have done you good!"

"And, that you may not do me harm, I will bite you."

"Do not be so ungrateful."

"I will; I have sworn by the Most High, that I will!"

At the name, the Prophet no longer opposed the viper, but bade him bite on in the name of God. The snake pierced his fangs in the blessed wrist, which the Prophet not liking, shook him off, but did him no further harm; nor would he suffer those near him to destroy it, but put his lips to the wound, and, sucking out the venom, spat it on the earth. From these drops sprang that wondrous weed, which has the bitterness of the serpent's tooth, quelled by the sweet saliva of the Prophet.

At last our traveller arrives at Mosul, and sees Layard:—

MR. LAYARD AT WORK.

From the terrace at Mosul we could see the white top of Layard's encampment, which stood on the summit of the mountain. The tents of the workmen were hid by the formation of the mound. Being soon tired of Mosul, I accompanied Mr. Layard and lived with him in our tents upon the excavated mound.

* * * * * * * * * *

From the time of my arrival here I seldom visited the town, frequenting constantly the trenches and the excavations. Descending a few rudely cut steps, a narrow passage leads to one of the regular excavations; these were long galleries, some ten or more—perhaps fifteen feet high, and four or five broad, with the earth cut in an arch overhead, so as to render it less likely to fall in. Every fifteen or twenty feet a hole was cut in the top, open to the surface; up this, as the excavations had proceeded, the earth from below had been passed, and it now served to shed an ample light. On one side in rows stood the flat slabs, while on the pathway were traces that it had been so used before; and above the slab the first cut of the pick showed the sun-baked brick. It was impossible to enter these without a feeling of awe—God's words so forcibly proved! Once the mighty fallen, the great laid low! Perhaps those now digging ceaselessly before us, uncaring why, how, or where, are turning up the bones of their fathers, striking at the gods of their race!

The extent of the excavations is very great, and they have been admirably directed. Looking at the result and the sum allowed, it is wonderful. As the world knows, these bas-reliefs are beautifully cut, and the inscriptions fresh as on the day they were executed. They had all been washed, so as to permit of their being copied. The mound of Koyunjik is only the largest of the mounds near here; the mound of Nebbi Yunis, or the prophet Jonas, is just S.W. of it. This spot, the traditional tomb of Jonas, is a great evidence for the site of Nimroud. It is a large mosque, held in much veneration by the Mussulmans; this, and there being a village and tombs, has prevented any extensive excavations being made. On the eastern side of the mosque are some cavern tombs of great antiquity. The mosque is said to have been erected on the site of a monastery, built to commemorate the preaching of Jonas.

"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than He who deems e'en seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust—
The moth survives you: and are you more just?
Things of a day, you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to wisdom's wasted light."

As this is the most interesting part of the second volume, we must indulge in a further extract and show how the Winged Bulls look in their native pyramid.

The workmen were now at work on the Pyramid, whose outer wall they had dug round, forming a passage between it and the earth. Below, it is encased by a solid stone wall, some nine feet thick; above, of sun-baked bricks, covered with cuneiform characters, as fresh and sharp as if cut yesterday.

After a very hasty survey we retired to one of the trenches; carpets and pillows were spread. Mr. Layard was hard at work copying off inscriptions; I was soon deep in Moore's Epicurean—at least as deep as the lively scene before one would allow; the Arabs shouting, as they bore their tiny loads of earth; the people coming for orders, or mysteriously approaching with a handful of dirt. Now a visit, now a petition; then a great bustle consequent on the arrival of Mr. Layard. After a short rest in the passage, we adjourned to where two enormous winged bulls still stood on their original site: a light awning had been spread overhead to keep off the rays of the sun, but the heat was very oppressive. I lay back in a retired corner: how was it possible to resist a feeling of awe at the figures before one? They stood, freed from the earth, displaying their admirable proportions — emblems of strength, gigantic, passive strength, in perfect repose—the claws doubled up: the whole powerful, but quiescent; the countenance worthy of Jove himself.

Between them was a broad slab of cuneiform-covered stone, which added very much to the effect, and much should I like to see them thus placed in our own Museum. The doorway of the room opened to admit of their standing as an entrance to the Assyrian chamber, and here, immovable, grand, solemn, magnificent, they had stood for ages, since time was young. They grew into this mighty life beneath the sculptor's touch; thousands on thousands have passed between them, trembling with awe, strong in zeal, or mighty for their minute. Vengance overlooked them, and the earth covered them. Unchanged, they guarded the holy fane: mighty men from lands grown old during their strength again laid them bare: no longer worshipped, they are found still faithful to their charge. Imposingly grand they stand, unmoved, untouched, strong as of yore. Perhaps we see them to more advantage than those who thronged here, when the temples were perfect; then the errors and coarseness of the detail would have been noticed; times has removed these, and we cannot descend to criticise. When formed, to any thinking mind, these were but stone; but antiquity cast her shadow around; history lies buried in the dust; and we long to ask of this strange guardian of the fane, his tale, his founder, and his name.

After some thirty pages of description, whereof much space is occupied by rather common place reflections upon religious subjects, Mr. Walpole leaves Nimroud and gossips gaily again. Here is a specimen of his anecdotes:—

AN ARAB DIVORCE.

This, the first evening of our arrival, the Arab huts were alive with noise; it arose out of a quarrel between a man and his wife; she certainly had the best of it as far as rapidity of articulation went. At first it was a war of two, but very soon several women espoused her cause, and the man ceased to be heard. Presently, recruits of women came to his assistance also, and the clamour was redoubled; then he fell out with his friends, so there were three parties. At last he settled the matter with the *Alei talac be telati*, "I part with her for three times:" this repeated thrice, constitutes a divorce. He then retired to his hut, nor could all their yells bring him forth again. During the whole time the men had sat quiet spectators. The woman finding words were of no avail, and unable to withstand the force of custom more irrevocable than law, came and moaned under the awning of our tent, rejecting, however, with scorn, all consolation.

He has the companionship of Mr. Layard in his visit to the Koord mountains.

THE KOORDS.

We journeyed through strange regions, where Frank had never wandered. We saw the Koords as they are best seen, free in their own magnificent mountains;—not "the ass," as the Turk calls him, "of the plains." Mahomet Pasha, son of the little standard-bearer, and Pasha of Mosul, was requested to provide for its defence by the consuls, and to attempt by better rule, the civilisation of the Arabs. He replied:—

"Erkekler Densige
Allar genisig
Kurytar Donsig
Devekler Yoolarsig."

"What can I do with people whose men have no religion, whose women are without drawers, their horses without bits, and their camels without halters?"

Thus we wandered over many miles, plains spreading between their fat mountains, splendid in their grandeur; now admidst pleasant valleys, anon over giant passes—

——"Dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
Where rocks were rudely heaped and rent,
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled."

My health after this gradually got worse; repeated attacks of fever, brought on probably by my own carelessness, weakened me so much that I could scarcely keep up with the party. Riding was an agony, and by the carelessness of my servant my horses were ruined. One evening an Abyssinian, one of my attendants, went so far as to present a pistol at my head. My poor dear dog, too, was lost, which perhaps afflicted me more than most ills which could happen to myself. At last we passed over a ridge, and Lake Van lay before us. We had, perhaps, been the first Europeans who had performed the journey. The last and only other of which we have any record, was poor Professor Schultz, who was murdered by order of Khan Mahmoud, for the baggage he unfortunately displayed. The Khan received him kindly, entertained him with hospitality, and despatched him on his road with a guard who had their instructions to murder him on the way.

Mr. Walpole struggles in vain against the fever; he is obliged to turn away into often travelled scenes, and gives us again gossip for novelty. He discusses every topic that comes into his head, reads books at the places whereof they treat, and treats us to their contents—but the second volume closes and not a word of the assassins.

At the fifty-first page of the third volume we at length reach the village of El Hah, and the country of the Ansayrii. Unveiled women, and fair-complexioned men, although with "hair, brows, and eyes, black as coals," are new objects in eastern travel, and give us hope that Mr. Walpole, having at length got out of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, is going to redeem that promise which has been so tiresomely postponed to the end of two long volumes, and a tedious way through the third.

And now what are these Ansayrii—where do they live—what are their points of interest? Certainly, if we know no more upon these points than Mr. Walpole has set forth, we never should have waded through Mr. Walpole's book to come upon them. Slow, indeed, has been the journey. We have had no map to guide us, and consequently could only read the book in a good library, with Arrowsmith's maps within easy reach; and we ever shall repeat that a publisher who sends forth a book of travels without a map (with the traveller's route marked upon it), gives his author no fair chance of success. People do *not* know the position of every Arab village; and any one who attempts to read this book in a railway carriage or a country lodging, will know no more of where Mr. Walpole went, or what he is doing, than if he had told him he travelled from Mahomet's paradise to the best-established site of the garden of Eden. Mr. Bentley might have had a map of the Walpole route lithographed for about the sum it cost him to get up the very uninteresting pieces of art which adorn the first pages of these respective volumes. If he had done so, we should not have known the exact cut of our author's beard, but we should have been able to recognise the places he describes—which, in our humble judgment, would have been a better thing.

All that we knew of the Assassins was collected in the two celebrated memoires of M. Falconet, read before the Academy of Inscriptions (tom 17, pp. 127—170), and has been curtly abridged in the pages of Gibbon. Mr. Walpole appears to have consulted none of these authorities, and there is no hint in his book that he is at all aware of their history, or knows the Old Man of the Mountain even by name.

The Assassins were a heretical sect of the Moslem faith, and their creed was said to be a jumble of Iranism, Mahometanism, the Indian transmigration, and Christianity, mixed up with the visions of their own prophet-chief, Hassan Sabah, in whom, and in his successors elected to their government, they believed that a direct inspiration of the Deity continually resided.

Among the hills to the south of the Caspian these Imams reigned with impunity above a hundred and sixty years, and had established a colony in the mountain range of Lebanon. The lieutenant of that colony, at the time of the Crusades, from his exalted residence on the summit of the steeps, like a vindictive Deity with the thunderbolt in his hand, sent inevitable death to all quarters of the world; so that from one end of the earth to the other, Khaliffs, Emperors, Sultans, Kings, Princes, Christians, Mahometans and Jews, every nation and people execrated and dreaded his sanguinary power.

These odious fanatics believed that death in the performance of the orders of their Sheik was an immediate passport to paradise. Taught to simulate the language, the habits, and the religions of all races, they started at the command of their chief, introduced themselves into the household of their designated victim, and struck surely and fatally at the first opportune moment. To animate them in their frantic obedience, the Sheik, before their departure on such attempts, used to give them a small foretaste of some of the delights which should be their recompense in Paradise. Delicious soporific drinks were administered to them, and while they lay asleep they were carried into beautiful gardens, where every allurement invited their senses to the most exquisite gratifications. From these scenes of voluptuousness, inflamed with enthusiastic hopes of perpetual enjoyment, they sallied forth to perform their fatal work.

But the daggers of these missionaries (the Old Man of the Mountain's only arms) were broken by the sword of the Mogul conqueror. Holegou Khan left not a man of them alive in Persia, and in 1272, Ryburis, the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt, destroyed the Syrian colony, as the Mogul had destroyed the parent stock in Persia eighteen years before.

It is supposed, however, that in Syria a remnant escaped, and that the Ansayrii who still dwell in the wildest steeps of the Lebanon chain, are descendants

of these barbarians. They still live in perpetual hostility with the surrounding Arabs, their religion is a mystery undivulged, their hand is still against every man, and every man's hand is against them.

Such is a sketch of the history of the people whose descendants Mr. Walpole boasts that he has examined; and the secret of whose faith he declares that he has found out. He saw the ruins of the castles which M. Falconet describes—but alas! how far Mr. Walpole's performance falls short of his promises. He knows the secret, he chuckles at the sagacity with which he discovered it, but he tells us nothing at all about it. All that we have told the reader we derive from Falconet, Gibbon, and Marco Polo—not a word from Mr. Walpole.

Our traveller sets out to examine a nest of assassins, and he describes a simple, uncorrupted race of hospitable mountaineers—such as any Englishman with a knapsack upon his back may meet with in the valleys round the Timbler Jock. Take the first incident after he entered their country:—

Reached the village of El Hah, near which I asked for a cup of water. "We have none."—"Ah," I replied, "I need not ask if this is a Christian or a Mussulman village."—"Why?" they asked.—"Because, had it been a Christian village I should not have asked in vain." A woman upon this brought me bread and water, saying, "Let not your mouth curse us, my lord, for inhospitality to the stranger."

Again—

"It is necessary to mention the good offices of the Ansayrii towards me, nor did others fail to reap an abundant harvest, I am sorry to say; for less scrupulous than I, they availed themselves of it to the fullest extent: greatly to my annoyance, presents flowed in daily; butter, grease, eggs, vegetables, lambs, goats, gazelles, partridges, frankolin, sour milk, coals, tobacco, felts, cotton; in fact, all that they possessed; invariably a present of thrice the value was offered in return, but not accepted. However, I provided every day burgoul (millet) cooked with grease, coffee, nargilleh, and arrack, for all who came, and seldom fewer than one hundred or upwards fed in my corridor; money they would not receive: in fact it sometimes went so far that the present was dashed on the ground, because my servants steadily maintained I would receive none unless they received one in return. One morning the hadjee came to me in a state of great excitement, and said "Wallah billah, ya beg; here is the devil's third wife below; may I beat her?"—"God forbid," I replied: "What is it?"—He said "There is Abdallah, with his tongue like honey, can make nothing of her. She vows by your beard she cannot receive anything, and says you are Ali; God preserve you from her words. There she stands naked (unveiled), till my old eyes are ashamed."—I said, "Pray send her up:" he uttered some invocation to protect me, and she ascended to my little snuggery, he discreetly waiting below. She was a young girl of about fifteen, wife of my great friend, a Sheik Hassan. Shouting Allah, the usual salutation of an Ansayrii woman, she knelt down in the corner and said, "There are the Christians and the Turks eat us up, and love our gifts; you, one of my man's own holy chiefs, will not take my offering."—I said, "I shall be proud to do so, if you will take mine."—"Ah!" she said, "great as you are, you cannot feel for your slaves; my lord will beat me if I go back with money; how shall I creep to him? take it, take it, for his head." Perhaps it was not his head that changed my opinion, but I took it.

This is not very assassin-like conduct.

Mr. Walpole describes the nation as consisting of a population that can muster 40,000 fighting men; which curiously enough is the exact number which Falconet says they boasted before the Mamelukes attacked them. Of the physique of the people he speaks thus:—

They are a fine, large race, with more bone and muscle than is generally found among Orientals; browner than the Osmanlee, but lighter, fairer than the Arab; brown hair is not by any means uncommon. The women, when young, are handsome, often fair, with light hair and jet black eyes; or the rarer beauty of fair eyes and coal-black hair or eyebrows; but exposure to the sun, and the labours they perform, soon wear them out. The traveller will see these poor girls staggering along under a load of wood a horse would hardly carry; and the child being suckled until two, or even four years of age, naturally tends to weaken the mother, who has thus, perhaps, on very insufficient diet, to support three from her breast.

We have said that Mr. Walpole vainly boasts that he has resolved "the great Asian mystery," the religion of the Ansayrii. We think it right to extract all his revelations upon this mighty matter:—

They worship Ali. In one of their prayers they say, "I declare I worship Ali. Ibn Abou Talib (the Ali of Mahomet), he is above all,—a God Almighty." They regard Mahomet el Hamyd as the prophet of God, and use the Mussulman confession—"La illa illa Allah, Mahomet el Hamyd, Resoul e nebbi Allah," thus: but they omit all this when before Mahometans, saying merely, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." Otherwise, they say, "There is no God but Ali, and Mahomet el Hamyd, the Beloved, the prophet of God." I do not intend here to enter into their belief more fully; but it is a most confused medley—a unity, a trinity, a deity. "These are five; these five are three; these three are two; these two, these three, these five—all are one." They believe in the transmigration of souls. Those who in this life do well, are hospitable, and follow their faith, become stars; the souls of others return to the earth, and become Ansayrii again, until, purified, they fly to rest. The souls of bad men become Jews, Christians, and Turks; while the souls of those who believe not, become pigs.

It will be admitted that this is something less than we told above from books nearly a century old. So far as it goes it resembles in some points the old Assassin creed, except in the great point of absolute obedience to the Sheik. Among the Ansayrii, however, the Imam is no longer a prophet-king. Mr. Walpole says:—

The nation is divided into two classes, sheiks and people; the sheiks again into two, the Sheiks or Chiefs of Religion, Sheik el Maalem, and the temporal sheiks, or the Sheiks of Government; these being generally called Sheik el Zollum, or Sheiks of Oppression. These latter, though some of them are of good family, are not so generally; having gained favour with government, they have received the appointment: others there are, however, whose families have held it for many generations, such as Shemseen Sultan, Sheik Sucor, &c. The sheiks of religion are held as almost infallible, and the rest pay them the greatest respect. With regard to the succession, there seems no fixed rule; the elder brother has, however, rule over the rest, but then I have seen the son the head of the family while the father was living. The sheik of religion enjoys great privileges; as a boy he is taught to read and write; he is marked from his fellows from very earliest childhood by a white handkerchief round his head. Early as his sense will admit, he is initiated into the principles of his faith; in this he is schooled and perfected. Early he is taught that death, martyrdom, is a glorious reward, and that, sooner than divulge one word, he is to suffer the case in which his soul is enshrined to be mangled or tortured in any way. Frequent instances have been known where they have defied the Turks, who have threatened them with death if they would not divulge, saying, "Try me, cut my heart out, and see if anything is within there."

This is the sum of the information which Mr. Walpole has given us upon these interesting people. We are not unthankful for what we have got, but must add that never did a traveller who had such opportunities, and who is not destitute of power to render his subject amusing, produce a book of so little value to a reader who seeks instruction as well as entertainment.

Khartoum and the Blue and White Niles. By GEORGE MELLY. 2 vols. London, 1851.

THIS is the transcript of a journal kept during a tour in Egypt and Nubia by two ladies and three gentlemen. The only novelty about it is, that two ladies should be able to endure the hardships of a journey in Nubia. The old stories about Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, the treatment of women in Cairo, taking home the bride, Turkish justice, and the Pyramids, are told over again with tedious *bonne foi*, as they have been told a hundred times before, and as though no one had ever been east of Gibraltar before this snug family party found themselves there.

We will try and find a few scraps that our readers may have not read very often before.

The ladies try a little gudgeon-fishing in the Nile.

While our boats were at anchor, we made some experiments in fishing, and not without a degree of success. First, we hooked up a turtle, eighteen inches long, and weighing twenty pounds, which our ingenious Abbas very soon turned into capital soup. Our next prize was a more startling one, though no great delicacy, being nothing less than an alligator-lizard, about four feet long, supposed by the ignorant natives to be the product of an addled crocodile's egg. We preserved its skin as a trophy.

Their dragoman, one of a class comprising invariably the cleverest scamps in the East, amuses the party with a sentimental love story, whereof it pleased him to constitute himself the hero. A dragoman in the East is what a lacquey de place is in Paris.

THE DRAGOMAN'S STORY.

Poor Daireh, it should seem, was attending a traveller in the Syrian desert, when they encountered a large caravan of slaves, one of whom, a lovely young girl, who had seen some fifteen summers, won the dragoman's heart. He described her as very fair, with beautiful soft eyes, like a gazelle's, and raven hair, and as having a light, ringing laugh, which struck on his ear like music. All at once, Daireh discovered that he should be very lonely when he returned home, and he mentioned the subject to his master, who, with the sagacity of Achitophel, recommended marriage. Accordingly, Daireh, only too eager, went to the head of the caravan, and bought the girl for fifteen pounds, on which, with a delicacy very foreign to the usages of his country, he asked her to marry him, at the same time telling her that she was perfectly free, and could act as her own choice directed. Even if she could, under such circumstances, have hesitated, a tempting promise of fine dresses and delicate food with which Daireh backed his offer, was irresistible, and the fair enslaver gave a glad consent. They were married at Beyrout, and thence proceeded to Cairo, where, having a competent income, they lived very happily for two years, in the course of which Daireh was presented with a very fine boy, on whom both he and the fond mother centred all their hopes. Now came the blight on the honest dragoman's life—the child sickened and died!

It was most touching to hear the poor fellow describe in his mournful tones how he had tried to console and support his wife under their sad bereavement. Like all the women of the east she had a passion for dress, and he thought to win her from her sorrow by costly presents, but the time was gone when, in the freedom of a happy heart, such things could bring light to her eye or a smile to her lip. Her tears still flowed, and the world, which had just before been so full of promise, had for her lost all its charms. Her heart was weary and heavy laden, and pined for that last resting place which held in its cold embrace her buried treasure. On the third day the poor mourner died.

Other ladies have survived the death of a child, which, after all, is not so very uncommon an occurrence as to deserve a journey to the east to hear of, but our travellers were in search of the sentimental, and even this is better than a decies repetita description of Turkish baths and Consular households.

Daireh, the dragoman, was full of stories, and gave our party quite enough for their money. As there is nothing very interesting in what our jaunting party did, we shall content ourselves by repeating what they heard.

THE HORRIBLE STORY.

"Daireh told us a horrible story while we were here, which I will give in his own words.

"When Mahoh Bey, that some years ago was going to make governess of that part of the country, wanted some camels from the head man of the road, the man could not stand what he wanted, because it was too hard what he wanted, because he would not allow his tribe to be pressed. I don't know what you call it.

"So the governess gave him much stick with large pole, called nabout, then he die a few days after. After the man die this Mahoh Bey make government for some year in the country, and he died, after some year make governor of Berber.

"When he died, his children and wife obliged to come back to Cairo, because they have no money to take care of them there. And they gather all their father's money and property, and take the road from Aboohamed to Korosko.

"They take the son of the murdered Sheik as a guide, as they found he was a capital young man; so make him great Sheik, as his father was, and give him fine dress and good bucksheesh to console him.

"And when the Sheik had guided the governess wife and children, and brought them all very well from Berber to El Murat (the well); at this place they were obliged to stop one day to water the camel and to rest.

"Then one of the camal people, who was clever young man, made singing, reminding the young guide how his father had been murdered by the father of this family under his care. Then it entered into the mind of this young man to take his father's blood back again.

"So he guide them one day more, not in the road, but a little to the left of the pass, and he select the big son of Mahoh Bey, which is quite a man, and he call him away from his mother in the middle of the night, and say to him:

"'Come, and your father kill my father, I do the same to you, to pay for my father.'

"And the poor son try to prevent himself with as much money as he could, but he cannot, they won't stand him. So they kill him. When they and cut his neck they go back to his mother.

"His Bedouins which he had with him wished to kill all, so that no one know what had come to them, but the son of the Sheik he only take one instead of his father and then he rob all the rest, take every money they got, and all their jewels and cloths, and he gave the twenty men to take care of them, and take them back again to Aboohamed and he send message with them to the Ababdees people to ruin Aboohamed, and to join him in the desert, near the well, and he do the same at Korosko.

"He broke the corn magazine at that place, and take all the corn, &c., to the desert with him; and he going to the desert and make a very large encampment at Aboohamed, and at the well, with very large troops, armed with guns, and spears, and shields.

"And when the wife of the governess arrive at Berber she let all the government know, and the government pay her all her losses, even more than what she lost, and sent very big troops of Armenians, and also a lot of Bedouins, who were not friends of the Ababdee people, and go to them in the desert, and stop all their way from all sides of the mountains.

"And they begin to fight together very hard, for one day. Twenty people of the Ababdee are killed, and sixteen of the government people killed instead.

"When the Ababdee finished their powder, they pull up a very white flag, and say they come to the governor, and do whatever he wish. Then they take them all to Khartoun and make them pay £50,000, instead of the money taken, and of the expenses of fight.

"Then the Ababdee stand it, and Ali Bey Hassib make his cousin Sheik, as unless one of the family are Sheik, the Ababdee will not keep quiet. So they keep the big Sheik at Khartoun to answer for the behaviour of his tribe."

So ends my tale.

And so ends our notice of this book. We think it quite right to discourage the sending forth of such works as these to a public, which has ten or a dozen good books of travel in the east every year to choose from. If there be any one whose leisure

weighs so heavy upon him that he can loiter listlessly through two volumes of well watered gossip, we can recommend this as a dilution that will not raise a thought or check a disposition to slumber. If a man seek for wholesome reading, we warn him against Khartoun; or, the Blue and White, or even all the prismatic Niles. These cockney journals ought to be summarily put down.

Eight Years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, from 1842 *to* 1850. By F. A. Neale, Esq. 2 vols. London. 1851.

This book is compiled from the notes of an attaché to the consular service in Syria, worked up into two volumes. We suppose from the number of works which have appeared upon Syria within six weeks of each other, that the British public is intensely greedy of all information upon this *untrodden* soil. Whether we are about to undertake a new crusade, or whether it is, as another traveller opines, that all the tape-sellers of Ludgate-hill are meditating jaunts by the Peninsular steamers to the land which the soldiers of the cross fought for eight hundred years ago; or whether it is that they have been there and are come back, and are smitten with an irresistible disease of printing and publishing, we cannot tell; but certain we are that we have never seen so many, or such bad descriptions of the Holy Land, as we have been doomed to read within the last quarter.

Mr. Neale's book is of just an average character; it is written in somewhat a penny-a-line style, and we might extract some instances of fine writing and profound reflection which Martinus Scriblerus himself would not have disdained to own.

We select about the best passage, and that which will most interest our readers, namely a description of

THE MODERN JERUSALEM.

All will remember that descriptive passage in the first Book of Kings: "And the house which King Solomon built for the Lord, the length thereof was threescore cubits, and the breadth thereof twenty cubits, and the height thereof thirty cubits . . . . And the cedar of the house within was carved, with knops and open flowers; all was cedar; there was no stone seen . . . . And the oracle in the forepart was twenty cubits in length, and twenty cubits in breadth, and twenty cubits in the height thereof: and he overlaid it with pure gold; and so covered the altar which was of cedar . . . . And the whole house he overlaid with gold until he had finished all the house."

Such was the magnificence of the Temple of Solomon, which must have almost rivalled in Oriental splendour the ideal palaces so often alluded to in the marvellous tales of the Thousand and One Nights. Alas! not only does no vestige of this unequalled structure remain, but the cunning and skilful workmen of those days—the masons that came from Tyre at King Hiram's command, the architects, the builders, the carvers in cedar and other woods, the workers in beautifully wrought gold and silver, might vainly be sought for amongst the degenerate artizans of Syria and Palestine. I found it a difficult task, nay, an utter impossibility, to reconcile to my mind the astounding fact, that the very ordinary commonplace looking Turkish town, filled with soldiers and Jews, Arabs and Greeks, Armenians and Syrians, and merchants, shopkeepers and shorn priest, whose streets and bazaars were so ill constructed, and as crowded with beggars and miserable-looking dogs as ever were the streets of Damascus or Aleppo, or any other town in the Turkish dominions, could actually be the very Jerusalem, the same majestic Holy City, of which I had so often from earliest childhood read and dreamed. It was difficult to separate the reality from the ideal, yet I knew there could be no possible doubt as to my being actually on the very spot where the greatest boon of mercy had been bestowed upon mankind—the great work of Redemption completed, though everything about and around me was purely of a very modern date. I asked for the Temple, and the finger of my guide pointed to a minaret. I thought that at least the Holy Sepulchre, hewn out of a rock, would be aloof from the busy hum and infidel touch of the Gentile races that thronged the street; but, on the contrary, it was situated in the very centre of the noisest and most crowded part of the city. Here venders of every kind of saleable article drove, to all appearances, a thriving trade. The speculative hadji, not long since returned from Mecca, was making ample amends for the hardships endured in his pilgrimage, in the profits yielded him by the sale of his coloured beads, and fans, and spices, oil of roses, and sandal-wood, all articles much in demand amongst the *Hummum* (vapour-bath) going ladies of the various Turkish harems. Long-bearded Jews were squabbling with money-changers about the intrinsic value and weight of Turkish gold coins which had been undergoing in their hard grip that scientific process vulgarly called sweating, *i. e.*, being placed in some terrifically strong acid, whereby about a farthing's-worth of gold-dust was gained upon a sovereign. Old women were selling sweetmeats, in form and colour not unlike the misshapen clay pellets that ragged children in dirty puddles are addicted to on a rainy day. Meagre dogs were engaged in deadly conflict over some well-gnawed bone. Men and women and children of all nations, and in every costume of the Levant, were laughing and talking and quarrelling, while camel-drivers in sheep-skin cloaks, old and filthy, brushed by you rather too closely for your personal comfort. The heat of the day and the clouds of tormenting flies, added to the busy scenes of life, barter and of uproar, effectually dismantled the place of sacred associations, and made it still more difficult to believe that this spot was, beyond all contradiction, the site of that greatest of all great miracles, the vanquishing of death and its thousand terrors.

I had hardly a wish to enter into the precincts of the building. Whilst I looked on it from without, there might still remain some faint ideal semblance of the wonderful and surpassing sanctity of the place, but of the interior I had little expectations. Still I could hardly retrace my steps from the very threshold of what millions had, for ages past, undergone every privation to visit, without first entering; and so I followed my guide through the porch. I saw all that others have so often seen, and what so many writers have but too truly described. I beheld the very tomb of Him that had been led like a lamb to the slaughter, and I stooped down and reverently kissed the stones that encompassed that most hallowed spot on earth. And then I saw how the sepulchre had been defiled by superstition, I looked upon the contrivances of hollow and deceitful priestcraft, designed to impose upon the ignorant credulity of the Greek and the Armenian Churches. Crowds of fanatics annually flock hither to light their candles at what they conceive to be a celestial flame, and, in the press, thousands have been trodden down and squeezed to death. Yet the impudent imposition, still fully in practice, can be instantly detected!

I was never present in Jerusalem at the celebration of Easter myself, but Dr. Esperon, who had often been an eye-witness, informed me that after the celebration of high mass, the Greek Patriarch or Bishop, accompanied by a Turkish authority, descends into the sepulchre, in the centre of which there is a small opening through which a taper can be inserted. When the crowd is in the height of excitement and expectation, their attention is suddenly drawn off by the prayers and exclamations of the numerous priests and lay-brothers; a simultaneous rush is then made towards the sepulchre, and in the confusion that ensues to secure the nearest places, a sudden noise like the rumbling of distant thunder is heard; the Patriarch lights his candle by the aid of a lucifer match, and thrusts it adroitly through the crevice in the tomb: at that instant cries of "the fire, the holy fire has fallen!" resound through the place. The pilgrims light their candles, and from their candles others again are lit and so till the whole place is in a perfect blaze of illumination; and this is the main object in view with Greek and Armenian pilgrims. As for the candles thus lit, they are very soon afterwards extinguished, and they re-

main as relics, prized above all others. Each man is generally provided with half a dozen candles, and when he returns to his village and his home, these are the most precious trophies he has to produce. They are a kind of diploma, which entitles him to prefix the honourable distinction of *Moxy* or *Hadjii* to his name. They are lit and held over his head, and over his bride, when he is married; they serve as tapers at the baptism of his children; when extinguished they are hung over the threshold of his door, and serve as a safeguard against all evil intruders, and goblins, and ghosts; and when eventually he sets forth on his last earthly pilgrimage, and sickness, and pain, and trembling, and sorrow are the sole companions of his dread journey, then the priest will hold up the remains of these relics before his already half-glazed eye, and they cheer and support him in his gloomy passage through the valley of the shadow of death. The last service these candles render, is when, once more lit, they are carefully placed at the head and the feet of him who shall never see light again; and here they burn lower and lower through the long hours of the night till they expire.

We will take one more specimen of our author's labours. It is an eastern story:—

THE JESTER'S RETALIATION ON THE CALIPH.

Many years ago, there dwelt in the great city of Bagdad a poor man, the son of a shepherd, who tended his flocks by the banks of the Tigris. In those good old times it was the practice at the Caliph's Court to employ jesters, as a kind of animal necessary to digestion and goodhumour; and upon the same principle that the Caliph bought a horse to ride when he wanted exercise, he bought a jester by whose wit he might be made merry when dull and weary. The Caliphs were not over particular in the method of extracting mirth from the Court jesters. They made them dance upon hot bricks to sharpen their intellect, whilst the bricks made them caper to the great amusement of beholders.

After these practical jokes, the jesters were wont to lie at death's door for weeks and months together; and then the more humane feelings of the Caliphs were brought into play, and they daily heaped presents on them, and sent their most experienced hakims to look after the invalids, threatening them with immediate destruction if they failed in curing their sufferings. More than one instance has occurred during the sway of the Caliphs of a wretched doctor being presented with a silk cord, wherewith he was politely desired to strangle himself off-hand, as he had been unsuccessful in some hapless victim whose skull had been seared through and through, by the application of a red-hot iron diadem.

The son of the poor shepherd before mentioned became a great court fool, and was known as "Achmet the Jester."

Achmet underwent a very severe trial. One cold winter's day—for in Bagdad, scorching hot though the summers be, the winters are often intensely cold, and the thermometer falls many degrees below zero—the Caliph in his ride through the city chanced to observe a pond of water in a half-thawed, half-frozen condition. It immediately struck him that it would be capital fun to have the jester immersed in this water, and then left to dry as he best could on its muddy banks. The unfortunate Achmet was accordingly sent for, and the Caliph, who was as generous as he was wicked, informed him that if, after being immersed in this stream, he should permit his clothes to be dried by the sharp north wind then blowing, without evincing any outward symptoms of suffering from cold—such, for instance, as knocking together of knees, or chattering of teeth—he would bestow upon him, in addition to his immediate liberation from servitude, one thousand aldins in gold. Too eagerly did the man, who had oft-times literally gone through fire and water in the discharge of his every-day duties, jump at this most liberal offer, and the bargain was struck, a stipulation being added that Achmet should not even so much as look at a blazing fire whilst undergoing the freezing ordeal.

He was well dipped and, then drawn through the freezing particles of water, yet he manfully withstood the trial, and not so much as a tremor escaped him. The Caliph was on the point of declaring him victorious, when, the unfortunate jester chancing to look up, his attention was attracted by the blazing apparition of a fire-balloon, which had chanced to ignite in the air thousands of yards off. The many sycophants that surrounded the Caliph instantly declared Achmet a loser, as imagination, they said, was so powerful, that the very sight of the distant conflagration was sufficient to impart to him a genial heat. Remonstrance was vain, and Achmet, overwhelmed by the disappointment, was carried to bed delirious.

Winter had come and gone again, and the birds were carolling in the glorious springtide noon, when Achmet, who had not long been liberated from the bed of sickness, once more appeared, feeble and suffering, in the presence of his royal master.

"Caliph, defender of their faithful and descendant of the Prophet," said Achmet, "O mighty potentate, be pleased to condescend to honour thy slave with thy imperial presence in the gardens which thy bountiful hands have bestowed upon him, and partake of such humble fare as the firstlings of my flocks and the best fruits of my gardens can combine to set before thee."

The Caliph cheerfully granted the prayer of his jester, and at the appointed time was seen reclining on a humble carpet, smoking and waiting as patiently as though he were the humblest of men, for the repast to be served. At length, however, hunger began rather to ruffle his good temper, which Achmet perceiving, sought to appease him by assurances that in a very few seconds the repast must be ready. Meanwhile, he humbly suggested that a walk through the grounds might serve to divert the Caliph, and agreeing to this, the royal party proceeded to inspect the beauties of the garden.

Fine fruit-trees were abundant, but these were plentiful and common in every garden of Bagdad. At length, they came to a palm-tree, extremely straight and tall, which arrested the Sultan's attention, as well as his progress. Palm-trees are plentiful at Bagdad, but in a little candlestick at the foot of this particular tree, the Caliph observed a miserable little wax candle, lighted and burning feebly in the glaring light of day.

"What means this, Achmet?" asked the Caliph, rather tartly of his slave. "Is this an emblem that thou too art become an infidel or a gour?"

"Neither, your Highness, replied the jester. This candle merely indicates the position of my kitchen, and if the Caliph will condescend to gaze upwards towards the lofty branches of the tree, his mightiness will perceive that the pots and pans in which our mid-day repast is cooking, are suspended in regular order."

"Idiot!" shrieked the enraged and hungry despot. "Art thou fool enough to suppose that the sickly light of this wretched taper can impart any heat to vessels suspended so high above it in the air?"

"Sire," meekly replied the jester, "your Highness taught me to know that the warmth of a burning balloon many thousand yards above my head, was all-sufficient to dry the damp and cold garments hanging on my back, when I had been dragged through the frozen pond; and I therefore presumed that the warmth of this taper would be all that was requisite to cook our breakfast, especially as fuel is expensive, and hard to be got at this season."

This retort so pleased the Caliph, that he not only gave poor Achmet his immediate liberty, but bestowed upon him the originally promised aldins of gold; and they say that to this day there are none wealthier in Bagdad than the descendants of the witty and courageous jester Achmet.

There are many well recorded stories of a like kind, and many pictures of Syrian manners, which only a dweller among the Orientals could draw. If the press teemed less fruitfully with these things at this moment, we should value them more.

Travels in European Turkey in 1850. By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. 2 vols. London. 1851.

MR. SPENCER'S work is the best that has been published this season upon the Land of the Cross and the Crescent. In the first place it has a good map, although it has not, which we should always recommend, a dotted or coloured line representing the track that the author took. Again, Mr. Spencer appears to feel that as he passes through a country something more is to be seen than the

gestures of the natives who squabble for the profit of housing and feeding him, and that something more ought to be recorded than the inconvenience he suffers and the bad dinners he gets. He takes up his tale of travel from Belgrade, whither he arrives by crossing the Danube from the little port of Semlin. He describes graphically the crumbling battlements and the other many types of ruin that give evidence of Turkish rule, nor does he omit to note the satisfaction with which the Servians mark the decay of their oppressor's power. Panslavism is at work here, as in all other parts of eastern Europe; and Russia—or that which may perchance destroy both Russian and Turkish empires—is waiting its time, but treading ever in the footsteps of opportunity.

"It was highly amusing," says our author, "to observe the self-love of these haughty Servians, and the importance they attached to their little state of a million of inhabitants as a member of the great European family, and how often have I been referred to the history of Servia, under their great Tzar Douschan, at a time when the Schount (Austrian) and the Rouss (Russian) were barbarians. 'Servia was then,' exclaimed the gigantic Kapitan, 'one of the greatest empires in the world, and its sovereign bore the title of Imperator Rasciæ, Bulgariæ, Bosniæ, atque Albaniæ.' Then their peculiar idiom of the Slavon was ever the theme of much national pride, as the noblest, the richest, and the most comprehensive of all."

Mr. Spencer thinks that this very jealousy of idiom, and of separate nationality, must destroy all hopes of "the much-vaunted Panslavism." We doubt whether such jealousies would stand much in the way of *a federal republic* of Slavonian states if the Kossacks were to desert Russia and return again to the alliance of Poland—but the reader will find this subject treated more at length in our review of "Le Monde Slave" hereafter. Thus much Mr. Spencer admits:—

> That the symptoms of an intellectual revolution among this long neglected race are everywhere visible, whether we wander in Austria, Hungary, or Turkey, cannot be denied. Their leading men have become impressed with one great idea, namely, that by means of popular instruction, and their own influence and example, they may be able to imbue the lower classes with a sense of their degradation as slaves crouching beneath the rule of a foreign despot. Again, to form a union between the scattered members of this branch of the Slavonian race—the Illyro-Servian nationality—a literary association has been established with a view to adopt the Servian, the richest and most poetical of all the Slavonian dialects, as the general medium of communication. A feeling of fraternity and mutual sympathy has only lately been universally encouraged, and by appealing to the tradition of their former greatness it is hoped to excite a patriotic enthusiasm that will ultimately lead them to assert their existence as an independent nation.

We accompany Mr. Spencer with much pleasure as we travel with him in the two-volume conveyance he has provided through Albania, Macedonia, and Epirus. We cross gladly with him to the Ionian Isles, saunter by his side through modern Greece, hold by him in his Thracian lawsuit, and discuss with him the early history of the Bulgarians—but, alas! we may not do all this in writing and in print, so we will e'en gallop faster than his own little Thracian nag would carry us over all these countries, and draw rein only when we get to the last of the lands he tells us of—the much commiserated Hungary.

Mr. Spencer does not seem to love Austria greatly, but we do not quite understand whether he does or does not look upon the Slavonians and the Magyars as the oppressed and the oppressor. He ever loves to find himself where a dialect of the Sclave is spoken, and he ever there expects to meet a gentle, hospitable, and honest race. Yet he sides altogether with the Magyars when they treat the Slavonians as a subject race, insist that the Magyar language, the language of the minority, shall be the language of government legislation and judicature, and execrate a race that prefers a serfdom to Austria to a battle for a constitution which gave liberty only to the Magyar. Mr. Spencer sees all this from the Hungarian point of view. We, on the other hand, can see very good reasons why the Slavonians should hate the Magyars, who were always at hand to oppress them much more than the Austrians, who never interfered with them except to moderate the haughty pretensions of the noble Hungarians; and we are inclined to think that Jellachich, in acting as he did, was at least as good a patriot as Kossuth was in acting as *he* did. However, we allow Mr. Spencer to tell the story of the Hungarian war in his own way:—

> We have not sufficient space in this work to enter into details of the late Hungarian war, nor to give a record of the extraordinary bravery of the valiant Magyars during a contest perhaps unparalleled in history, when a nationality only numbering six millions fought for its existence, not only against two empires, with their vast resources, but was at the same time called upon to suppress the insurrection of its own subjects, Slavonians, Wallachians and Saxons, far more numerous than their masters, who were everywhere raising the standard of insurrection, and fighting side by side with their enemies, the Russians and Austrians. Still, however numerous, we have seen them up to the last moment victorious, and no doubt they would eventually have triumphed alike over Czar and Kaiser, had not treachery, and the fears of the timid at the critical moment sapped the strength of the army and the councils of the nation, leading to the capitulation of the traitor Görgey at Villagos on the 13th of August, 1849.
>
> Previous to this lamentable war, Hungary as a kingdom was as independent as England, with this difference, that the Emperor of Austria was also King of Hungary. The kingdom was governed by its own laws, had its own representative government, maintained its own troops, had its own defined frontier, with custom-houses, and all the machinery of a constituted monarchy subsisting in, and by itself. Like every other people who have made rapid strides in civilisation, the old worn-out constitution of a thousand years' duration, only favourable to the high aristocracy, the magnats, did not accord with the growing intelligence of the industrious classes, who had been struggling for the last half century to obtain a thorough reform, gaining from time to time some trifling advantage according to the fears of the magnats and the Government.
>
> At length the well known Hungarian nobleman, Count Szechenyi, aware of the danger of any longer refusing equal rights to every class of his countrymen, placed himself at the head of the progressive party, and extorted from his own—the privileged classes—several important concessions. Still the popular party were not satisfied, and manifested their discontent by agitating in every city, town, and province throughout the Hungarian monarchy. Louis Kossuth now became the champion of the popular party, and being gifted with the highest powers of eloquence, while on the one hand he won the affections of the people, on the other, by the force of argument, he brought to bear upon the question, he made an impression upon the magnats, and eventually gained to his opinion every Hungarian nobleman who had the foresight to see that the spirit of the age was altogether adverse to the continuance of the old feudal institutions of the country.
>
> Unfortunately, there was one article in the constitution declaring that the Hungarian language should be henceforth that of the State, the Senate, and the Courts of Law. This became a serious grievance in a country com-

posed of so many nationalities, each speaking their own language, and adhering to their peculiar customs and manners, and *where, out of a population of fifteen millions, only six belong to the Hungarians.* This led to great excitement among the Slavonians of Croatia, which quickly spread to the Slavonians of Hungarian Servia; from these to the Wallachians and Saxons of Transylvania. Agitators were not wanting to add fresh fuel to the flame, which now burned fiercely throughout the whole of Hungary.

The Hungarians, however renowned for their bravery in the field, are not celebrated for their skill in diplomatic warfare. They saw not that the Panslavist propagandists of Austria and Russia had excited against them a host of ardent patriots, in Croatia and Servia, who preferred their own nationality and language to liberal institutions, if they were to be enjoyed under a Hungarian master. They saw not the tendency, or disregarded it, if they did, of the half pastoral, half warlike letter of Rajachich, the primate of the Servians, to the faithful members of the Oriental creed, warning them that their religion was in danger, and that their nationality was about to be swallowed up in that of their old tyrants, the Latin Hungarians.

To the last moment, the Hungarian reformers would not entertain the supposition that any people, however ignorant, however debased, could prefer serfdom to liberty, and therefore neglected taking any other precautionary measure, except sending a few civil agents into the disturbed districts to calm the effervescence of the Slavonians. In the meantime, their distressed monarch, driven from his capital by his German subjects, appealed to the sympathy of his faithful Hungarians—a little cajoling, *and the best troops of Hungary were sent to Lombardy to assist the hardly pressed Marshal Radetzky.* These were to be exchanged for Austrian and Italian regiments, who, the government promised, should be employed in coercing the revolutionary tendencies of the Slavonians in Hungary, and thus relieve the magnats of the disagreeable necessity of employing their own troops.

At length the conviction of the unwelcome truth burst upon the Hungarian people too late; they saw the trap into which they had fallen. The imperial troops, at the critical moment, when Marshal Radetzky had mastered the Italians in Lombardy, instead of attacking the Croatians and the Servians under their rebel chieftains, the well known Jellachich and Stratimorowich, united their armies, and marched by order of the Emperor to reduce the Hungarians, who were now denounced as rebels, to obedience. Thus, this unfortunate people all at once saw themselves like an island in the midst of a sea, from which there was no outlet, that did not lead to certain ruin.

We must throw the veil of obscurity over the horrible scenes that now took place in Hungary—too horrible to shock English sympathy with their details.

Our author thinks that Russia herself has not escaped some of those seeds of revolution which were scattered abroad by the tempest of 1848 :—

We have another instance of the impossibility of preventing the intrusion of liberal principles within the pale of despotism, in the facility with which the Russian soldiers, during their late campaign in Hungary, imbibed ideas and opinions utterly at variance with the sentiments and feelings, in which they had been so industriously trained. While the heroic bravery of the Magyars won the hearts of the Russian officers, the soul-stirring appeals of Louis Kossuth found their way into the barrack-room of the common soldier, and every well-informed man in these provinces is fully aware that it was something more potent than cold steel, which led to the defection of the traitor Görgey at a moment when the Russian troops, acted upon by clever Slavonian emissaries, were beginning to waver in the execution of the ungrateful task, which Austria herself was unable to perform. Independent of this, there is an enthusiasm attached to the cause of the man who is fighting for his country, its laws, and civil institutions. This was felt by the Russian army, who having in reality, no national cause of quarrel with the Hungarians saw the ignominy of their situation, in being made the instruments of upholding the rule of an Austrian despot.

From these extracts our readers can judge of the quality of the work before us. It is a sterling work, which strikes us as a happy contrast to the flimsy sketches of dragomans and cadis with which we have recently been inundated.

History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde. By Lieutenant-General Sir WILLIAM NAPIER, K.C.B. With Maps and Illustrations. London: 1851.
Scinde; or, the Unhappy Valley. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Lieut., Bengal Army. 2 volumes. London: 1851.

IT is not here our intention to enter into a disquisition respecting the merits or demerits of the invasion of Scinde, we have only to deal with the work before us.

An interesting record it undoubtedly is of a stirring period. The style is terse, vigorous, and graphic, in fact, it is a fair specimen of the true Napierian style. Some allowance must probably be made for the consanguinity of the author to the hero, some deduction must be allowed for the inordinately high opinion that the Napiers are known to entertain of themselves and of their kin. Still, from what we have learnt from other sources, from what we know ourselves of the times, the events, and the incidents detailed, we are free to admit that Sir Charles Napier's conquest of Scinde, and his subsequent administration, were the result of no ordinary combination of mental powers; and we should regret much were it thought that we in any way desired to detract from the merit due to great and brilliant services.

The perusal of the history of the administration of Scinde, will doubtless operate in many instances in causing a revulsion of feeling in favour of the old warrior, who has, during a long and active life, ever shown himself most zealous, not only in the discharge of his professional duties, but in advancing the glory of his country. The hearty applause of that country ought unquestionably to be awarded to him for his successes both as a general and a governor.

When the native forces of Scinde had been subdued, Sir William had yet an arduous and a painful task before him.

The civil servants of the E.I. Company—those self-willed, ignorant, and dictatorial officials, denominated political agents—who have on so many occasions caused the most appalling disasters by their petty jealousies, and mischievous intrigues—continually thwarted and opposed the successful conqueror.

By energy and determination, however, he carried his point, and laid the basis for a healthy system of civil administration. The natural difficulties that beset him, the artificial impediments that were cast in his way, and the bold measures he adopted for thwarting his opponents, are all here carefully noted, and they tell their own tale. The book should be carefully read—it is its own best commentator.

No government could in any age have been more tyrannous, more destructive, more diabolically constituted than that of the ancient Ameers. They had crushed agriculture, annihilated commerce, and Scinde, at the time it was vanquished, was little more than a thinly populated wilderness. In a few years it would have been an utter desert.

In 1843, at Kurrachee, Sir C. Napier opened his administration with a minute examination into the

state of the people under the Ameers, and from the information thus acquired, he deduced the system which he speedily carried out for their moral and physical amelioration. His plans embraced many vast and costly projects; yet, under his sway the finances of the country more than kept pace with the expenditure. Under the Ameers the revenue, we believe, had dwindled to less than £400,000, all levied by cruelty and extortion. Sir Charles established a just system of taxation, and speedily developed new and important sources of prosperity. His administration of justice was severe yet impartial—he recognised no distinctions of rank in his tribunals, and Oriental acumen soon learned to appreciate the integrity of the new ruler.

PROTECTION OF WOMEN.

Whenever a woman was guilty of infidelity, or even suspected—and that suspicion was excited by trifles, and often pretended from interested views—one man would hold her up by the hair while another hewed her piecemeal with a sword. To kill women on any pretext was a right assumed by every Beloochee, and they could not understand why they were to be debarred.

A man had been condemned for murdering his wife; his chief sued the general for pardon. "No! I will hang him." "What! you will hang a man for only killing his wife!" "Yes! she had done no wrong." "Wrong! No! but he was angry! why should he not kill her?" "Well, I am angry, why should not I kill him?" This conviction of their right to murder women was so strong, and their belief in fatalism was so firm, that many executions took place ere the practice could be even checked; but, finding the general as resolute to hang as they were to murder, the tendency after a time abated, and, to use his significant phrase, "the gallows began to overbalance Mahomet and predestination." They were, however, a stubborn race, and their contempt of death may be judged of by the following anecdote, chosen rather for its forcible portraiture than its singularity as to the indifference displayed. A Beloochee condemned for murder walked to execution conversing with calmness on the road; when turned off the rope broke, and he fell, but started up instantly, and with inexpressible coolness said, "*Accidents will happen in despite of care! Try again!*"

ABOLITION OF SUTTEE.

He also put down the practice of suttees, which, however, was rare in Scinde, by a process entirely characteristic. For, judging the real cause of these immolations to be the profit derived by the priests, and hearing of an intended burning, he made it known that he would stop the sacrifice. The priests said it was a religious rite which must not be meddled with—that all nations had customs which should be respected, and this was a very sacred one. The general, affecting to be struck with the argument, replied, "Be it so. This burning of widows is your custom; prepare the funeral pile. But my nation has also a custom. When men burn women alive we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned when the widow is consumed. Let us all act according to national customs!" No suttee took place then or afterwards.

Knowing full well the character of those whom he was called upon to rule, he lost no opportunity of impressing them with notions of himself calculated to excite their awe and win their admiration. Thus on one occasion, at a meeting which involved great political interest,

AN INDIAN SWORDPLAYER

declared at a great public festival that he could cleave a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member, and the general extended his right hand for the trial. The swordplayer, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not one to be experimented upon with safety, and refused to proceed. The general then extended his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form; yet the Indian still declined the trial, and when pressed, twice waved his thin, keen-edged blade as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally he was forced to make trial, and the lime fell open cleanly divided; the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood!

By degrees he fortified various strongholds for his troops, built barracks, established police, relieved the poor, and encouraged them to set their chiefs at defiance. No one in fact knew the general's entire policy, it came out in his public speeches as if altogether unpremeditated. Had it been previously fully developed, it had lost half its effect.

THE ROBBER CHIEFS.

Meanwhile he was surrounded by the population, praying protection against the robbers, and especially against two chiefs, or rather tribes, who vexed the country in a terrible manner. These men he had long been watching, and they were at this time captured. The first, named Sowat Guddee, was taken by Fitzgerald, who, hearing that the robber swordsmen were abroad for spoil, only forty remaining with the chief as a guard, made a march of seventy-five miles with the camel corps, and surprised his mountain camp. Guddee fled, Fitzgerald launched men in pursuit, and the robber, with his son, his two nephews, and some others, turned at bay.

Lieutenant James, of the police, speaking their language, said to four who stood separately, "Surrender, and you are safe." One leaped forward and seized his bridle; James saved him, and cried out again, "You see I do not hurt him. Surrender." "No!" exclaimed the other three; "No! we are Guddee's son and nephews, and we will not surrender." They stood and clashed their arms. But there was amongst the police present a lad, son of Ayliff Khan, the strong Patan swordsman who captured the Lion's brother; this youth, scarcely inferior in strength, courage, and comeliness to his father, rushed with a comrade to the duel, and though the Beloochees had sword and shield, while young Ayliff and his companion had only swords, the latter slew all three. Meanwhile, Ayliff, the father, rode up to Guddee, saying, "Yield thee, Guddee, or I will slay." "Are you Ayliff Khan?" "Yes." Guddee flung down his weapon, for these eastern swordsmen are all well known to each other, and no man was more formidable than Ayliff Khan. Grieved the general was for the death of Guddee's son and nephews; but their resistance was rather the result of desperation than high feeling; they gave no quarter, and expected none; even the man who surrendered to James attempted to kill him immediately afterwards.

Nowbut Khan, the second robber chief, was a terrible savage of great personal strength, who had recently plundered a Persian cafila within the borders of Scinde, and murdered six poor unarmed camel-men. He had five hundred swordsmen, and was the terror of the upper plains. A thousand rupees had been offered for his apprehension, and Wullee Chandia, always true to his word, captured and brought him to the general, who paid the reward in the presence of all the chiefs, at a Durbar held in Larkaana. He also gave Wullee Nowbut's sword, that robber's name being inlaid in gold letters on the blade; and with subtle policy he did so, for the acceptance of such a sword was the public acknowledgment of a blood-feud which must end in the death of one or other chief.

But we have not space to give even a brief outline of Sir Charles's career; we shall advert only to one brilliant exploit, the capture of an immense band of armed robbers many thousand strong, in the deep and formidable recesses of Trukkee.

After a long and arduous march, during which the troops under his command suffered from many privations and underwent incredible fatigue—their clothes being torn almost to tatters, and a horseshoe selling for thirty shillings—a fortunate accident enabled them to discover a rocky chasm, forming one of the passes leading to Trukkee.

The fortress that had so long baffled every research was now found, and the general was not long in surrounding with a military cordon the vast range of Titanic rocks by which it was on all sides flanked.

No easy task, when we are informed that this rob-

ber's nest resembled an extinct crater, and was twelve miles in length by five in breadth, presenting externally a belt of precipices, many hundred feet high, in most places impracticable of ascent. The entrances to this hidden fastness were mere fissures in a wall of granite, so narrow as scarcely to admit more than a single file.

THE ATTACK.

The scheme of attack, though not finally executed, was planned with such subtilty and caution, and was yet so daring, that being afterwards laid before the Duke of Wellington, it drew from him strong expressions of approbation. It was as follows:—The lane between the southern screen and exterior belt of Trukkee was only three hundred yards wide, but nearly forty miles in length, extending from beyond the Tomb on the west to the eastward of Deyrah. Being widest opposite the main entrance to Trukkee, it was proposed to establish there all the field-batteries and mortars, to fire directly at short range upon the entrance, and to throw shells on to the ledges, where the enemy's men were perched with levers to cast down rocks when the assailants should enter the fissure. These projectiles, it was hoped, would not only dislodge the levermen, but also bring away masses of the rock, which, in conjunction with those shells that rolled off the ledges and exploded below, would help to clear the defile of its defenders. The infantry, meanwhile, formed on the left of the batteries, were to open a brisk, sustained musketry against the matchlock-men lining the crest of the rocks on the robbers' right of the entrance; but no person was to go or be seen on the enemy's left of the defile.

A detachment, ostentatiously moving westward, was to offer a false attack, the commander having a discretion to turn it into a real one if he could find any practicable ascent. But during these demonstrations a selected body of men, under the command of Fitzgerald, were to lie in ambush near the rocky heights on the enemy's left of the defile, with orders to scramble up in a direction previously examined, and—correctly as it afterwards proved—judged accessible to active and resolute men.

For this perilous service plenty of volunteers offered, but 400 only were selected. They had entered but a short way into the defile when, from an error on the part of the commanders,

A sergeant and sixteen privates of the 13th volunteers got on the wrong side of what appeared a small chasm, and went against a height crowned by the enemy, where the chasm suddenly deepened so as to be impassable. The company from which the sergeant had separated was on the other side, and his officer, seeing how strong the hillmen were on the rock, made signs to retire, which the sergeant mistook for gestures to attack, and with inexpressible intrepidity scaled the precipitous height. The robbers waited concealed behind a breastwork on a landing-place until eleven of the party came up, and then, being seventy in number, closed on them. All the eleven had medals, some had three, and in that dire moment proved that their courage at Jellalabad had not been exaggerated by fame. Six of them fell stark, and the others being wounded, were shoved back over the edge and rolled down the almost perpendicular side of the hill; but this did not happen until seventeen of the robbers and their commander were laid dead above.

There is a custom with the hillmen that when a great champion dies in battle his comrades, after stripping his body, tie a red or green thread round his right or left wrist according to the greatness of his exploit—the red being most honourable. Here those brave warriors stripped the British dead, and cast the bodies over; but with this testimony of their own chivalric sense of honour and the greatness of the fallen soldiers' courage—each body had a red thread on both wrists!

Little wonder is it that with men like these, Sir Charles Napier should have achieved what he did. Under no circumstances were they heard to murmur or repine.

Their general's skill was apparent, and they were content to die by fatigue, by starvation, or by steel, as he commanded. "When I see that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I, who am young and strong, be idle? By God, I would go to a cannon's mouth if he ordered me," was the high-souled expression of a youthful officer in this campaign.

The second of the two works that appear at the head of the present notice consists of the jottings of a remarkably chatty lieutenant, who was obliged to remove with his regiment to that unhappy valley, "compound of sandstone and silt, alternating with deserts that cannot be fertilised, and with plains that scarcely can." Our lieutenant, ere he starts upon his journey, seizes by the collar an imaginary companion, one John Bull, drags him along with him, and into his meek and irresisting ear pours all the preachments, lectures, jokes, reminiscences, and descriptions of passing scenes which he meets with in his journeyings.

We are not so confident as Lieutenant Burton is, that all our readers have a map of Scinde in their heads, and can tell its exact geographical position, the relative sites of its towns, and the origin and spheres of action of its different tribes, without any assistance from the author, whom they take up to inform them upon the subject. We are afraid that some may even require to be told that the country called Sind or Scinde is the north-west corner of that great triangular promontory which figures in our maps of the world as Hindostan; that the Punjaub or land of the five rivers, lies to the north of it; and that the Indus, formed by a junction of its tributaries in the Punjaub, runs southwards, nearly through the middle of Scinde, and discharges itself by many mouths at its southern coast into the Arabian Sea. Thus Mr. Burton's unhappy valley is the valley of the Indus, where the alluvial deposits brought down by the river contend with the sands of the desert.

The reader will doubtless like to know what Mr. Burton thinks of our occupation of this unhappy valley. This is nearly all.

The country came into our possession battered by foreign invasion, torn by intestine dissensions—each of its two dozen princes being the head of a faction—and almost depopulated by bad government. It is, therefore, an exception to the general rule of our Eastern conquests. Experience in the Indian peninsula has taught us not to expect the revenues raised by the native princes, our predecessors; here we may hope, if I mistake not, eventually to double it. True, our wants are not trifling—immigration on an extensive scale is not the work of a day; irrigation requires time and expenditure of ready money; and, finally, the influx of hard cash, which the country must have to thrive upon, is an outlay of capital which rulers are apt to make grudgingly. Something has been done; more remains to be done; and much, I am confident, will be done.

The regenerator of Scinde is the Indus. As yet it has been the fate of that hapless stream to suffer equally from friend and foe. Lieutenant Burnes, its discoverer in modern days, magnified the splendour of its advantages to an extent which raised expectation high enough to secure disappointment. He made light of the "snagga," easily remedied the "sawyers," and found that the disadvantages of having no portage calculated to shelter or accessible to vessels of burden, was "more imaginary than real." An "Indus Steam Navigation Company" was formed in England, and an agent dispatched to Bombay for the purpose of settling preliminaries: where operations ceased. The public felt the reaction from enthusiasm and speculation to total apathy. The disappointed, and they were not few, depreciated the value of the "noble river" with all their might and main, as a vent to their ill-humour.

But apathy and ill-humour have both had their day. Now it is suggested that the little steam-tugs employed on the Indus are incapable of developing its resources, and it has been proposed to substitute for them the river steam boats of a large size, and on the American model, like those which have been adopted, with great advantage, on the

Ganges. And lest the march of improvement should halt at the river, it has been resolved to improve the ports, to lay out lines of road, and to erect caravanserais for the benefit of travellers. Such measures lead to prosperity, especially when undertaken, not with a Napier's fitful energy, but the steady resolve of an Indian administration; even the deadly climate must eventually yield to the effects of drainage and the proper management of the inundation. The Unhappy Valley may ere long lose its character.

As regards our position being weakened by passing beyond the Indus: Scinde is, in my humble opinion, exactly the frontier we require. What can be more favourable than an open plain for the evolutions of a disciplined army? What more imaginary than the existence of "natural boundaries?" more fanciful than the advantages to be derived from a deep river, a line of rocks, or any of nature's works as frontiers?

The occupation of this province should act beneficially upon our Eastern rule, in two ways—actively and passively.

Lower Scinde forms an excellent base for warlike operations, should they be required, against the nations to the west and north-west. Considering the question commercially, Kurrachee has already, like Aden, eclipsed all the petty harbours which, studding the neighbouring coast, form so many inlets for our commodities into Central Asia. Should we, in future years imitating the thus far wise and politic conduct of the early Portuguese, establish detachments in forts and strongholds acquired by purchase or conquest along the southern shore of the Persian Gulf, it will be in our power to regulate the stream of trade in whatever way suits our convenience best. In the meantime we content ourselves with diverting it into our own channel. Kurachee lies in the direct route from England to the Panjab and the north-western provinces of British India. It has not yet been made a depôt for the reception of military stores destined for that part of the country, but the measure has been proposed, and will doubtless soon be carried into execution.

The passive advantage we secure by the possession of Scinde, is simply that we have crushed and ousted a hostile power, which might have been, although it never was, dangerous to us, its neighbours. The fierce, hardy, and martial barbarians of the Hala mountains and eastern Persia can no longer consider Scinde their general *point de réunion*: unsupplied with the sinews of war by the lords of the low country, and scattered by the want of a leader to head them, a single regiment of irregular cavalry and the British name has been found amply sufficient to check their predatory propensities.

The great bulk of the work, however, consists not of such speculations as these, but of sketches of eastern, and especially of Scinde, society, and directions to his *protegé* Mr. John Bull, how to conduct himself like a person of decent portliness:—

HOW TO BEHAVE.

Even in our humble capacity of travellers, Mr. John Bull, we must, if we wish to be comfortable, attend a little to what we ought to do, and what we ought not to do, in society. If we would not be thought "peculiar"—Orientals hate that almost as much as Englishmen—we must not "walk the quarter-deck," and set every one around us ejaculating—

"Wonderful are the works of Allah! Behold! That Frank is trudging about when he can, if he pleases, sit still!"

We must not gesticulate at all when conversing, otherwise we shall see a look of apprehension on every countenance, and hear each man asking his neighbour whether we be low fellows, or labouring under a temporary aberration of intellect, or drunk.

Standing up, we must not cross our arms over our chests—in Europe this is *à la Napoleon*, in the East it is the posture of a slave. When walking it is advisable to place one hand, not both, upon the hip; or we may carry a five-feet-long ebony staff shod with ivory: this patriarchal affair provokes respect; a switch or a horsewhip would induce the query—

"Are they keepers of dogs?"

Sitting down, Turkish or tailor fashion—the most easy and enduring attitude—we must be careful to remain quiet for a decent space of time; if we move about uneasily every ten minutes, we shall not fail to hear the observation—

"Wallah! They have no dignity!"

And if musically inclined, we may hum a little in a low voice, and with a solemn manner. We must, however, avoid the main error of a great traveller—whistling. Our native friends have no name for the offensive practice in their dialect, and the greater part of them being superstitious would probably consider it the peculiar modulation of the voice in which a white-faced man is in the habit of conversing with Sathanas.

Above all things, I say it emphatically, never let the word "woman" escape your lips. It is vulgarity, it is grossness, it is indecency.

A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

Now briefly to describe the way of receiving visitors: premising that I divide them into three orders—my superiors, my equals, and my inferiors, for each of which there is an own and special formula.

Here comes Fath Khan Talpur, a grandee and a very polite old gentleman, with a silver beard, a sweet voice, a soft look, and a graceful bow. He sent a confidential servant half an hour ago to inform me that he would "do himself the pleasure of calling," and I, after ascertaining from my moonshee his fortune and rank, prepared everything for his reception. To have been "not at home," you must remark, would have been an insult. When the halting of horses warns me of the guest's arrival, I perform *istikbal*, in other words, I advance a few paces towards the door, to meet him as he dismounts. I then lead him into the sitting-room, allowing him time to shuffle off his slippers, all the while repeating—

"Peace be to your, sir!—you are welcome—are you in health?—is your brain all right?—quite in health?—*perfectly* in health?—And your family?—All your people?—All well?—praise be to Allah! Really, I am joyful! But are you *sure* you are in health?"

To which he replies by smiling lustily, by looking violently amiable, and by putting exactly the same questions, interspersing them with such ejaculations as—

"By your goodness!—thanks be to Allah; May you be preserved!—I pray for you!—May you ever be well!"

I seat my visitor upon a sofa spread at what is called the *sadr* of the room, namely, the side opposite the entrance and seat myself by his side. Then both of us again seizing each other's two hands in our own, and looking lovingly, recommence the same queries, and reply with the same ejaculations. And be it observed, during the whole length of the visit, which, O horrible thing! seldom lasts less than an hour and a half, whenever conversation flags I approach my face to his, or he his to mine, and inquire anxiously—

"Are you *certain* that your brain is all right?"

Presently occurs a long hiatus in the dialogue. I then make a sign to a servant, who disappears bowing and noiselessly, then immediately returns preceded by my visitor's pipe-bearer, a part and parcel of the grandee's dignity. We begin inhaling at the same time with polite bendings of the body, and we eschew the vulgarity of converting ourselves, as the Persians say, into Hammam chimneys.

During the process of inhaling, guest and host have been collecting materials for more dialogue. The language is Persian, Scindee not being fashionable.

Observe a few small formalities:

Whenever my guest looks at and admires anything, I say, "Pishkash"—"it is a present to you!" This is a polite act; to give an Oriental anything, even a flower, is deemed a particular compliment. However, he seldom accepts anything, because it is customary to send in return a present of much greater value.

Whenever the visitor sneezes, you remark, he says aloud, "Praise be to Allah, the preserver of the two worlds!" To this I respond also in gurgling Arabic, "May the Lord have mercy on thee!" an expression of benevolence which he acknowledges by a "May your kindness never be less!"

Another uncomfortable pause. This time I send for a little fruit, although I know that my guest's notions of propriety are too strict to admit of his eating it. However, he condescends to chew a few cardamoms, and perhaps drinks a drop of sherbet. I am careful, you observe, to help myself first—poison, probably, made this practice a rule of Eastern politeness, from which deviation is impossible. So also, when he puts the cup down I do not forget to exclaim, "Hania,—may it be good to you!"—he bows and returns, "May Allah be your preserver!"

Presently, stifled yawns and vacant looks become the order of the day, conversation appearing in fits, and as Barry Cornwall hath it—

"The voice of silence, sounding from her throne"

with imperative accents. Then my friend thinks it time to conclude his visitation. The first sign of our deliverance is one final sally of—

"Are you convinced that your brain is all right?"

He then shuffles off the sofa, seizes my hand in his, and begins a series of compliments which must be answered by a repetition of the same. All his suite in the meantime start up from their squatting position, and follow behind as I lead them to the door.

There is an essential difference between the modes of receiving a superior and an equal In the case of the latter you advance towards, not *to* the door; you address him in the second person plural instead of alluding to him as "he," and you carefully exact a full-weight return for every compliment you address to him. Odious is the dire necessity of being, from Calcutta to Teheran, perpetually "upon your dignity." Your visitor, despite his graceful salaams, his charming compliments, and his imperturbable ease, is ever striving to exalt himself and debase you by a nice and guarded slight. The insolence of a Persian and the impertinence of an Indian know no bounds if you once give them the rein. As for coercing them in European fashion, it is quite impossible. After a tirade of insults you send a "hostile message," what is the other party's reply?

"Wallah! they are miracles these Franks! The foal of an ass tells me to come and be killed! O his mother! Could he not have cut me down at once without any danger to himself?"

And the whole town will deride your outlandish ways in many odes.

If, guided by a ridiculous old proverb, you do in Persia as the Persians do, when you have been grossly affronted, you maintain a bland and pleasing demeanour, affect not to comprehend what has been done, and show your friend a little more than usual civility when taking leave of him: a wink at your bravo does the rest. When undesirous of proceeding to extremes, you summon a stout "horse keeper," as grooms are here called, and direct him to insult your insulter in the way you deem most advisable. Should your temper fail you there is no objection to your starting up and seizing your visitor's beard, when, having him completely at your mercy, you may pummel him to your heart's content. This proceeding, inadmissible in English, is held venial, nay, commendable under certain circumstances in Persian, Affghan, or Scindian society. The world will say nothing about it beyond advising you to look out for a matchlock ball whenever you take your evening's ride.

Here is a specimen of the style in which our author tells a story:—

THE BELOOCH ROBBER.

To show you what the value of human life was in those days:—Some fifteen years ago, a clan of Beloochies had wandered down from their native mountains, and had pitched their tents on the plain that lies to the north of the cantonment. It is related that on one occasion an old lady, a widow, sent forth her only son to collect a little "rhino" from any travellers he might chance to meet. She buckled on his sword like a Spartan mother, praying lustily the while, and followed with anxious eyes his lessening form, making it the object of many a heart-breathed benison.

It was the boy's maiden foray, and he started upon it with the determination not to disgrace the lengthy line of celebrated thieves, his ancestors. The first person he met was a Scindian, trudging along on foot, armed as usual, *cap-à-pié*, and carrying on his back an earthen pot-lid, the extent of his morning's purchases at the neighbouring market town.

To cry "stand and deliver!" was the work of a moment. As rapidly, too, the order was obeyed—a native of these plains seldom dared to bandy words or blows with an armed highlander.

The young Belooch secured the pot-lid.

But presently the dark idea of the maternal disappointment and disgust at the paltry nature of his virgin booty, and the danger of being disgracefully designated a "prigger of pot-lids," settled heavily upon the boy's sensitive mind. What was he to do? Suddenly a bright thought dispersed the gloomy forebodings. He cut the Scindian down, struck off his head, placed it upon the platter and carried it in triumph as a peshkash, or honorary offering, to his mamma.

"And hast thou really slain this Scinde dog for the sake of this pot-lid, two of which go for a farthing, my son?" anxiously inquired the venerable matron, with a beating heart.

"Wallah—by the Lord—I did, mother!"

"Then happy am I, among the daughters of the Belooch, and blessed be thou, my boy! and thy sons! and thy son's sons! for ever and ever!" quoth the widow, bursting into a crying fit of joy.

There is no method and no narrative in this book; but there is a light flippant style which amuses the general reader. It consists, as it professes, entirely of "Scenes in Scinde," and the stories are generally good stories and easy reading.

A Faggot of French Sticks. By the Author of "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau." 2 vols. 1852.

With all its gravity, all its solemnity, its heavy matter of fact utilitarianism, this is, after all, a somewhat facetious age. Comic latin grammars, comic Blackstones, comic English and Roman histories, have we had *ad nauseam*, and now, from the well-known repertoire in Albemarle-street, behold a "Comic Guide to Paris." Mr. Murray, wearied no doubt with the continuous issue of his scarlet covered prosaic hand-books, replete with dry details and financial statements, has adopted a new livery for his emissaries, hence the "Parisian Guide-book" appears arrayed in cloth, and comes before us filled with etchings from the graphic pen of Sir Francis Head.

"The Modern Planta" is an entertaining production, albeit the ex-governor of Canada might advantageously, we think, have thrown more sterling metal into his work. Light, chatty, amusing enough it is no doubt, but we miss much of that quaintness, that dry humour, and shrewd observation, that charmed us years ago in the "Bubbles from Nassau."

It were not right perhaps to examine too critically a work of such modest pretensions, or to seek for the magician's wand amid a faggot of "thin, short, dry, sapless, crooked, headless, and pointless sticks," as the author terms them himself.

His humility disarms the censor, and we prepare with unaffected readiness to stroll with him from the Café de Paris to the Bastille, thence to the yard of the Equarrisseur, to the Jardin des Plantes, the Théâtre des Animaux Sauvages, the Abattoir des Cochons, and that of Montmartre—the Invalides, the Musée de l'Artillerie, the Halle aux Vins, even to the Mont de Piété. We have done so—and regret that the ramble has been as unprofitable as desultory. Scraps of statistics that we knew before, and incidents on which we care not to pause, have been liberally retailed to us, but our readers would thank us little were we to record them here.

Were Paris and the Parisians as little known to the denizen of Cockayne as in the days of Chaucer, the "faggot" before us might perhaps kindle in a few, the desire to become better acquainted with that strange city and its stranger inmates. But now-a-days, when, without any extraordinary effort we can breakfast in our own capital and dine luxuriously in the Palais Royal—we beg pardon, the Palais National—when, even the most untravelled among us have strolled as often on the Boulevards as they

have on the Chain Pier, Sir Francis's last efforts are not likely to be of much general utility.

It may have been expected that so popular an author would have enabled us to cull some few amusing extracts at least wherewith to have graced our pages. Such, however, is not the case; no brilliant pungent sallies of wit, no humorous scenes, no touches of character, have we found—nothing, in fact, to which we should feel justified in directing notice or in calling especial attention.

In the first volume much space is devoted to the description of the author's domicile at Paris, to the inconvenience he experienced from an unsavoury odour by which he was there assailed. Then we are edified by a comparison of the respective modes in which the living pig is converted into silent pork in England and in France, the advantage being decidedly in favour of the Gallic butcher.

The arrangements of railways, of the post office, and of various institutions, are given with a laudable minuteness, supposing the interior of the *enceinte continue* to have been altogether an unexplored region and Sir Francis its first discoverer. Under this supposition, too, the foot notes in which the writer has sedulously translated, for the benefit of the illiterate, every scrap of French liberally interspersed through the text, would have been most acceptable; at present they only serve to display the rare erudition of the author.

Most people will agree, that in the nineteenth century it hardly required an asterisk and a note to inform mankind that "*garçon*" means in the vernacular, "waiter;" that "*ah! sacré cochon*" is truly rendered by "ah! abominable hog;" or "*bottes confortables*" by "comfortable boots."

The great art of most writers of this class is, that of the old Dutch masters; it consists in minutely delineating each *spicula* in a haystack, every hair in the coat of an ass, every pebble in the road, each particular brick in a wall. This is undoubtedly a talent, but one of no very exalted order. Sir Francis Head has far higher powers and nobler capabilities; we trust that on no very distant occasion he may employ them more profitably.

Sticks such as these are too green to yield either heat or light, even for a Christmas hearth: their motto can only be, "*Fumum sine fulgore.*"

Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Rattlesnake, during the Years 1846—50. By JOHN MACGILLIVRAY, F.R.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. London: 1851.

THE untimely death of Captain Owen Stanley, of the Rattlesnake, prevented his rendering the assistance he originally intended to furnish, in compiling this narrative. Mr. Macgillivray, therefore, proceeded to discharge the duty he had undertaken under considerable disadvantages. That he has acquitted himself most satisfactorily, the public will readily admit. The volumes before us are far more interesting than they would otherwise have proved had they been merely a dry record of the incidents of the voyage. In addition to the researches of the author himself, he has presented his readers with several valuable appendices, contributed by Mr. Busk, F.R.S., Dr. Latham, Professor Forbes, F.R.S., and Mr. Adam White, F.L.S. The illustrations, which are numerous, have been furnished by Mr. Huxley, and tend in no slight degree to enhance the value of the book.

The main objects of the voyage were the survey of Torres Straits, and the exploration of the seas between the Barrier reefs, Louisiade, and New Guinea.

Mr. Macgillivray evidently lost no opportunity of recording all that could in any way prove of interest in connection with the expedition; and we may justly consider his researches, aided by those of the eminent naturalists already cited, to be valuable contributions to science.

Mr. Carron's account, which appears in the second volume, of the late Mr. E. B. Kennedy's unfortunate attempt to explore the peninsula of Cape York, will be attentively perused by those who have not previously read the details of that melancholy journey.

It were well if every voyager were accompanied by so intelligent and observant an historian as Mr. Macgillivray.

Madeira, its Climate, and Scenery. By ROBERT WHITE. London: 1851.

MR. WHITE tells us that he does not pretend to much medical knowledge, but he is quite sure that the description of the wines produced on the island may be relied on. In the first chapter we learn that Cicero called Herodotus the Father of History, and that Christopher Columbus married the daughter of Perestrello; and in the last, we finish a pedestrian tour of the island. There are appendices of weights measures, and prices, and altogether the book is to a condemned man, going to Madeira what a Ramsgate Guide is to a Cockney with a week's holiday. It has no higher pretensions than that of a guide-book, and we have not the requisite local knowledge to criticise it in that capacity.

Golden Dreams and Waking Realities. By WILLIAM SHAW. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE present publication brings before us, in a lively form, the personal adventures, trials, and privations of a young midshipman, who, after an apprenticeship of three years, abandoned his profession for the purpose of gratifying his love of travel.

In 1848, he arrived at Adelaide, in Australia, where, disappointed in his expectation of finding employment, and averse to a residence at the antipodes, supported by an allowance from home, he prepared to revisit England. At this juncture he first heard the astounding revelations of the untold wealth of California, whither he immediately proceeded. With a want of forethought, not remarkable in one of his age and habits, he landed on the western shores of America utterly without pecuniary resources. His narrative fully informs us of the miseries he consequently endured.

Here is a description of San Francisco, and of

the happy auspices under which our adventurer made its acquaintance:—

SAN FRANCISCO.

The town of Francisco is built on a succession of elevations; tents, canvass booths, and other rude temporary houses were scattered over the heights, perched wherever there was available space. The central and most densely populated part, termed the city, consisted of wooden frame-houses. In the plaza or square, and its vicinity, stupendous taverns, gambling-houses, and other extensive edifices, were situated. The rent paid for some of these houses is almost incredible: from sixty to eighty thousand dollars was the rent of some taverns—houses of timber, iron, zinc, or canvass. Lumber was selling at this time for five hundred dollars per thousand feet; it mostly came from China, Oregon, and the States: twenty millions of feet is said to be shipped yearly for the Californian market. Although it was Sunday, hammers sounded, and work of every description went on actively.

Skirting the beach was a vast collection of tents, called the "Happy Valley"—since more truly designated the "Sickly Valley"—where filth of every description, and stagnant pools, beset one at every stride. In these tents congregated the refuse of all nations, crowded together; eight people occupying what was only space for two. Blankets, fire-arms, and cooking utensils, were the only worldly property they possessed. Scenes of depravity, sickness, and wretchedness, shocked the moral sense as much as filth and effluvia did the nerves: and such was the state of personal insecurity, that few "citizens" slept without fire-arms at hand.

The constant wearing of arms by such a disorderly set, amongst whom quarrels were frequent, caused many disputes to terminate disastrously; but the unsettled state of the country, and the many desperate characters prowling about, made it necessary to be armed for self-protection: the weaker party was only sheltered from oppression by a loaded revolver, as there was no assistance to be expected from others. Steel and lead were the only arguments available for redress, and bystanders looked on unconcernedly at acts of violence; the cause of the dispute, or the justice of the punishment inflicted, being seldom inquired into.

It would be difficult to describe my sensation after the first day's ramble in Francisco. I had witnessed so many startling sights, that had I not been well assured of their reality, I might have imagined them phantasies of the brain: buildings were springing up "as at the stroke of an enchanter's wand;" valuable merchandise was strewed about in every direction; men of every costume and colour—Down-Easters, with sharp-set faces, sallow Southerners, gaunt Western squatters, vivacious Frenchmen, sedate Germans, sturdy English colonists, Californians, and Chilians, Mexicans, Kanakas and Celestials, hurried too and fro, pursuing their various avocations; and business to an incalculable amount seemed to be transacted. Looking at the rude sign-boards inscribed in various languages, glancing at the chaos of articles exposed for sale, and listening to the various dialects spoken, the city seemed a complete Babel.

Gold was evidently the mainspring of all this activity. Tables, piled with gold, were seen under tents, whence issued melodious strains of music; and the most exaggerated statements were current respecting the auriferous regions. But amid strains of profusion and extravagance no sign of order or comfort was perceptible, nor did any one appear happy: wan, anxious countenances, and restless eager eyes, met you on every side.

The aspect of personal neglect and discomfort, filth, rags, and squalor, combined with uneasiness, avidity, and recklessness of manner—an all-absorbing selfishness, as if each man were striving against his fellow-man—were characteristics of the gold-fever, at once repulsive and pitiable; and, notwithstanding the gold I saw on every side, a feeling of despondency crept insensibly over me.

After a harassing journey across sandy plains, and over steep and jagged mountain paths, our friend arrives at the scene destined, as he hopes, to realise his "Golden Dreams," and he sets to work at once.

THE DIGGINGS.

Commencing within a few feet of the water's edge, I handled a pick and spade, shovelling out the earth to Mac, whose shoulders were best able to carry a burden; he delivered the soil to the Celestial, who stood in the water shaking to and fro the rocker; he then handed the auriferous sediment to the inspection of the sharp-eyed Malay boy, who washed it in "Mambrino's helmet" till nothing but pure gold dust remained.

* * * * * *

The arduous toil very sensibly affected our limbs for the first few days, but when we became more accustomed to our tools it wore off. Unremitting labour from sun-rise till sun-set was necessary, our very existence depending on the day's produce. Indeed, but for the excitement and the hope of great gain, gold-digging might be pronounced the severest and most monotonous of all labour. We changed our digging occasionally, but we generally obtained sufficient gold-dust to procure us the necessaries of life. Twenty-five dollars' worth was the most we ever secured in a day, and that only on one occasion; from fifteen to eighteen dollars seemed to be the usual average of daily findings, not only with us, but most others; and our station seemed to be considered by old hands as prolific as any other.

But his waking hour is at hand. The rainy season has set in, himself and his comrades are stricken down by the epidemic that prevails at that period.

We transcribe the following for the benefit and encouragement of future gold seekers:—

FATAL EPIDEMIC.

The thoughts of sickness depressed us more than all, for we knew that few in California were disposed to be humane. However, we determined to hold out as long as we could against the inclemencies of the season, watching its effects upon our dependents, whom we could not desert in their present state. Our illness increasing, it was with the greatest difficulty we could exert ourselves sufficiently to keep the fire alive and cook food, for the pains in our limbs made moving a labour, while the dismal moans of the others were distressing, and filled us with alarm. On one occasion, after an agitated sleep, the boy sprang up shrieking in a fit, and fell into the fire; luckily his clothes were too wet to catch a-light, and we pulled him out instantly; but after this occurrence we thought it prudent to bind him by the feet. We had petitioned for admittance into a tent in vain, so our only hope was a change in the weather.

A German chirurgeon, as he called himself—a man who combined the office of barber and hair-dresser in his own country—was the only one at the station acquainted with bleeding and drugs; he was a pompous fellow, with a cadaverous countenance, that reminded one of death; he was imperfectly acquainted with English, but imposed upon people's credulity so as to pass off as a doctor. He had two specifics for every disease, viz., the lancet and bark tea; this mode of treatment cost him nothing, for from the surrounding trees he could obtain physic for his patients, ad libitum; he charged five dollars a visit, however. Mac wished to see this disciple of Sangrado, who immediately said, "I must take a little blood," his invariable practice, though the patient was weak to exhaustion, and rather wanting nourishment and stimulants. I vehemently opposed the use of the lancet, but without effect: it was customary with this German barber surgeon to reduce his patients to a state of extreme weakness, so as to keep them under his hands; I, however, declined his services, and recovered the third day.

We next find our author in company with a party in pursuit of certain marauding Indians. They overtake them, and then follows a

SKIRMISH WITH THE INDIANS.

Some low scrub bushes lining the side of the mountain concealed us from observation; here we crouched in painful suspense, waiting till the party were gathered together more closely. We were spread out in a line in order to encompass them, and at the signal of a whistle from Frank, who, with me, was at the extremity of the left wing, we were to march forward, and, when within twenty paces, to discharge our guns and rifles, reserving the pistols and bowie-knives for close encounter. The rolling down of a large stone almost discovered us; but though the Indians peered upwards, the foliage was too dense for them to discern us. Their tranquillity was not, however, of long duration; for no sooner had they gathered together for their repast, than, crashing through the bushes around us, crack went our rifles, as we precipitated ourselves on them. Fearful were the yells and

have on the Chain Pier, Sir Francis's last efforts are not likely to be of much general utility.

It may have been expected that so popular an author would have enabled us to cull some few amusing extracts at least wherewith to have graced our pages. Such, however, is not the case; no brilliant pungent sallies of wit, no humorous scenes, no touches of character, have we found—nothing, in fact, to which we should feel justified in directing notice or in calling especial attention.

In the first volume much space is devoted to the description of the author's domicile at Paris, to the inconvenience he experienced from an unsavoury odour by which he was there assailed. Then we are edified by a comparison of the respective modes in which the living pig is converted into silent pork in England and in France, the advantage being decidedly in favour of the Gallic butcher.

The arrangements of railways, of the post office, and of various institutions, are given with a laudable minuteness, supposing the interior of the *enceinte continue* to have been altogether an unexplored region and Sir Francis its first discoverer. Under this supposition, too, the foot notes in which the writer has sedulously translated, for the benefit of the illiterate, every scrap of French liberally interspersed through the text, would have been most acceptable; at present they only serve to display the rare erudition of the author.

Most people will agree, that in the nineteenth century it hardly required an asterisk and a note to inform mankind that "*garçon*" means in the vernacular, "waiter;" that "*ah! sacré cochon*" is truly rendered by "ah! abominable hog;" or "*bottes confortables*" by "comfortable boots."

The great art of most writers of this class is, that of the old Dutch masters; it consists in minutely delineating each *spicula* in a haystack, every hair in the coat of an ass, every pebble in the road, each particular brick in a wall. This is undoubtedly a talent, but one of no very exalted order. Sir Francis Head has far higher powers and nobler capabilities; we trust that on no very distant occasion he may employ them more profitably.

Sticks such as these are too green to yield either heat or light, even for a Christmas hearth: their motto can only be, "*Fumum sine fulgore.*"

Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Rattlesnake, during the Years 1846—50. By JOHN MACGILLIVRAY, F.R.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. London: 1851.

THE untimely death of Captain Owen Stanley, of the Rattlesnake, prevented his rendering the assistance he originally intended to furnish, in compiling this narrative. Mr. Macgillivray, therefore, proceeded to discharge the duty he had undertaken under considerable disadvantages. That he has acquitted himself most satisfactorily, the public will readily admit. The volumes before us are far more interesting than they would otherwise have proved had they been merely a dry record of the incidents of the voyage. In addition to the researches of the author himself, he has presented his readers with several valuable appendices, contributed by Mr. Busk, F.R.S., Dr. Latham, Professor Forbes, F.R.S., and Mr. Adam White, F.L.S. The illustrations, which are numerous, have been furnished by Mr. Huxley, and tend in no slight degree to enhance the value of the book.

The main objects of the voyage were the survey of Torres Straits, and the exploration of the seas between the Barrier reefs, Louisiade, and New Guinea.

Mr. Macgillivray evidently lost no opportunity of recording all that could in any way prove of interest in connection with the expedition; and we may justly consider his researches, aided by those of the eminent naturalists already cited, to be valuable contributions to science.

Mr. Carron's account, which appears in the second volume, of the late Mr. E. B. Kennedy's unfortunate attempt to explore the peninsula of Cape York, will be attentively perused by those who have not previously read the details of that melancholy journey.

It were well if every voyager were accompanied by so intelligent and observant an historian as Mr. Macgillivray.

Madeira, its Climate, and Scenery. By ROBERT WHITE. London: 1851.

MR. WHITE tells us that he does not pretend to much medical knowledge, but he is quite sure that the description of the wines produced on the island may be relied on. In the first chapter we learn that Cicero called Herodotus the Father of History, and that Christopher Columbus married the daughter of Perestrello; and in the last, we finish a pedestrian tour of the island. There are appendices of weights measures, and prices, and altogether the book is to a condemned man, going to Madeira what a Ramsgate Guide is to a Cockney with a week's holiday. It has no higher pretensions than that of a guide-book, and we have not the requisite local knowledge to criticise it in that capacity.

Golden Dreams and Waking Realities. By WILLIAM SHAW. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE present publication brings before us, in a lively form, the personal adventures, trials, and privations of a young midshipman, who, after an apprenticeship of three years, abandoned his profession for the purpose of gratifying his love of travel.

In 1848, he arrived at Adelaide, in Australia, where, disappointed in his expectation of finding employment, and averse to a residence at the antipodes, supported by an allowance from home, he prepared to revisit England. At this juncture he first heard the astounding revelations of the untold wealth of California, whither he immediately proceeded. With a want of forethought, not remarkable in one of his age and habits, he landed on the western shores of America utterly without pecuniary resources. His narrative fully informs us of the miseries he consequently endured.

Here is a description of San Francisco, and of

the happy auspices under which our adventurer made its acquaintance:—

SAN FRANCISCO.

The town of Francisco is built on a succession of elevations; tents, canvass booths, and other rude temporary houses were scattered over the heights, perched wherever there was available space. The central and most densely populated part, termed the city, consisted of wooden frame-houses. In the plaza or square, and its vicinity, stupendous taverns, gambling-houses, and other extensive edifices, were situated. The rent paid for some of these houses is almost incredible: from sixty to eighty thousand dollars was the rent of some taverns—houses of timber, iron, zinc, or canvass. Lumber was selling at this time for five hundred dollars per thousand feet; it mostly came from China, Oregon, and the States: twenty millions of feet is said to be shipped yearly for the Californian market. Although it was Sunday, hammers sounded, and work of every description went on actively.

Skirting the beach was a vast collection of tents, called the "Happy Valley"—since more truly designated the "Sickly Valley"—where filth of every description, and stagnant pools, beset one at every stride. In these tents congregated the refuse of all nations, crowded together; eight people occupying what was only space for two. Blankets, fire-arms, and cooking utensils, were the only worldly property they possessed. Scenes of depravity, sickness, and wretchedness, shocked the moral sense as much as filth and effluvia did the nerves: and such was the state of personal insecurity, that few "citizens" slept without fire-arms at hand.

The constant wearing of arms by such a disorderly set, amongst whom quarrels were frequent, caused many disputes to terminate disastrously; but the unsettled state of the country, and the many desperate characters prowling about, made it necessary to be armed for self-protection: the weaker party was only sheltered from oppression by a loaded revolver, as there was no assistance to be expected from others. Steel and lead were the only arguments available for redress, and bystanders looked on unconcernedly at acts of violence; the cause of the dispute, or the justice of the punishment inflicted, being seldom inquired into.

It would be difficult to describe my sensation after the first day's ramble in Francisco. I had witnessed so many startling sights, that had I not been well assured of their reality, I might have imagined them phantasies of the brain: buildings were springing up "as at the stroke of an enchanter's wand;" valuable merchandise was strewed about in every direction; men of every costume and colour—Down-Easters, with sharp-set faces, sallow Southerners, gaunt Western squatters, vivacious Frenchmen, sedate Germans, sturdy English colonists, Californians, and Chilians, Mexicans, Kanakas and Celestials, hurried too and fro, pursuing their various avocations; and business to an incalculable amount seemed to be transacted. Looking at the rude sign-boards inscribed in various languages, glancing at the chaos of articles exposed for sale, and listening to the various dialects spoken, the city seemed a complete Babel.

Gold was evidently the mainspring of all this activity. Tables, piled with gold, were seen under tents, whence issued melodious strains of music; and the most exaggerated statements were current respecting the auriferous regions. But amid strains of profusion and extravagance no sign of order or comfort was perceptible, nor did any one appear happy: wan, anxious countenances, and restless eager eyes, met you on every side.

The aspect of personal neglect and discomfort, filth, rags, and squalor, combined with uneasiness, avidity, and recklessness of manner—an all-absorbing selfishness, as if each man were striving against his fellow-man—were characteristics of the gold-fever, at once repulsive and pitiable; and, notwithstanding the gold I saw on every side, a feeling of despondency crept insensibly over me.

After a harassing journey across sandy plains, and over steep and jagged mountain paths, our friend arrives at the scene destined, as he hopes, to realise his "Golden Dreams," and he sets to work at once.

THE DIGGINGS.

Commencing within a few feet of the water's edge, I handled a pick and spade, shovelling out the earth to Mac, whose shoulders were best able to carry a burden; he delivered the soil to the Celestial, who stood in the water shaking to and fro the rocker; he then handed the auriferous sediment to the inspection of the sharp-eyed Malay boy, who washed it in "Mambrino's helmet" till nothing but pure gold dust remained.

* * * * * *

The arduous toil very sensibly affected our limbs for the first few days, but when we became more accustomed to our tools it wore off. Unremitting labour from sun-rise till sun-set was necessary, our very existence depending on the day's produce. Indeed, but for the excitement and the hope of great gain, gold-digging might be pronounced the severest and most monotonous of all labour. We changed our digging occasionally, but we generally obtained sufficient gold-dust to procure us the necessaries of life. Twenty-five dollars' worth was the most we ever secured in a day, and that only on one occasion; from fifteen to eighteen dollars seemed to be the usual average of daily findings, not only with us, but most others; and our station seemed to be considered by old hands as prolific as any other.

But his waking hour is at hand. The rainy season has set in, himself and his comrades are stricken down by the epidemic that prevails at that period.

We transcribe the following for the benefit and encouragement of future gold seekers:—

FATAL EPIDEMIC.

The thoughts of sickness depressed us more than all, for we knew that few in California were disposed to be humane. However, we determined to hold out as long as we could against the inclemencies of the season, watching its effects upon our dependents, whom we could not desert in their present state. Our illness increasing, it was with the greatest difficulty we could exert ourselves sufficiently to keep the fire alive and cook food, for the pains in our limbs made moving a labour, while the dismal moans of the others were distressing, and filled us with alarm. On one occasion, after an agitated sleep, the boy sprang up shrieking in a fit, and fell into the fire; luckily his clothes were too wet to catch a-light, and we pulled him out instantly; but after this occurrence we thought it prudent to bind him by the feet. We had petitioned for admittance into a tent in vain, so our only hope was a change in the weather.

A German chirurgeon, as he called himself—a man who combined the office of barber and hair-dresser in his own country—was the only one at the station acquainted with bleeding and drugs; he was a pompous fellow, with a cadaverous countenance, that reminded one of death; he was imperfectly acquainted with English, but imposed upon people's credulity so as to pass off as a doctor. He had two specifics for every disease, viz., the lancet and bark tea; this mode of treatment cost him nothing, for from the surrounding trees he could obtain physic for his patients, ad libitum; he charged five dollars a visit, however. Mac wished to see this disciple of Sangrado, who immediately said, "I must take a little blood," his invariable practice, though the patient was weak to exhaustion, and rather wanting nourishment and stimulants. I vehemently opposed the use of the lancet, but without effect: it was customary with this German barber surgeon to reduce his patients to a state of extreme weakness, so as to keep them under his hands; I, however, declined his services, and recovered the third day.

We next find our author in company with a party in pursuit of certain marauding Indians. They overtake them, and then follows a

SKIRMISH WITH THE INDIANS.

Some low scrub bushes lining the side of the mountain concealed us from observation; here we crouched in painful suspense, waiting till the party were gathered together more closely. We were spread out in a line in order to encompass them, and at the signal of a whistle from Frank, who, with me, was at the extremity of the left wing, we were to march forward, and, when within twenty paces, to discharge our guns and rifles, reserving the pistols and bowie-knives for close encounter. The rolling down of a large stone almost discovered us; but though the Indians peered upwards, the foliage was too dense for them to discern us. Their tranquillity was not, however, of long duration; for no sooner had they gathered together for their repast, than, crashing through the bushes around us, crack went our rifles, as we precipitated ourselves on them. Fearful were the yells and

whoops of the savages, as they fled in affright; and when the smoke cleared off we perceived that they had turned to reconnoitre our numbers. Discharging our pistols, we pursued them; but the nimble savages were soon beyond our range, and seeing the impossibility of overtaking them, we halted to re-load.

Five of our troops, perceiving that some of the Indians were wounded and could not make off much further, followed up and slew them. As they fled across the plain we had an excellent view of the chase, and observed that one of the pursued, on finding himself overtaken, had dropped, pretending to be insensible; the captor was about to brain him with the butt of his gun, when the Indian caught hold of it, and tried to wrest it from his grasp, but another of our party coming up, speedily felled him to the earth. Our first volley killed five instantaneously, and wounded six more severely. Some of the women, whose spouses had been killed or wounded, remained; and, in admiration of their conjugal fidelity, we spared their lives. Loud were the wailings and imprecations of some as they dragged their husbands to the water to dress their wounds; but some of the party relentlessly despatched the surviving sufferers. Two very fine-looking women, who covered with their bodies their wounded husbands, clasped the legs and arms of the slayers; one fellow was brute enough to hurl the unhappy women into the stream, and was about to kill the warriors whom they sought to preserve, when Frank and others, moved with compassion, averted the death-blows. Other women lacerated themselves, as is usual to signify regret and the extent of their misfortunes. One old squaw had unfortunately received in her leg the bullet, which was intended for her husband's skull; but as she was the possessor of several scalps, we did not consider her entitled to that compassion which a woman's sufferings must always excite amongst the stronger sex.

Knowing the treachery of Indians, we loaded our fire-arms before sitting down to supper, keeping a watchful eye about us. The repast, of which we took possession, consisted of roots, venison, acorn-bread, boiled horse-chesnuts, and a dish of vermin; the former were very palatable after our fatiguing march, but the slugs and worms we declined tasting. When we first sat down some arrows were shot with great precision into the midst of us; one stuck firm in a large piece of venison, which we were compelled to throw away for fear of the arrow being poisoned. This was both vexatious and dangerous, so, snatching up a rifle, one of us alternately kept a look-out to prevent them coming within range. The coveted mustangs had fled, to our great disappointment.

On his return he finds both men and things in a still more desperate condition. He is wide-awake now, and boldly resolves upon retracing his steps, and bidding hope and fortune—*ludere nunc alios*, he turns his back on the accursed spot.

After a tedious journey, fraught with perils and privations of no ordinary kind, he reaches Stockton, and is again unhappy in his adventures.

Here he struggles hard to obtain a bare livelihood, and he now finds (and many are there who might take warning from the moral of his tale) how far more judicious a course he would have pursued had he concentrated his energies and his industry on one object. He furnishes an apt illustration of the old adage—"Jack-of-all-trades, master of none." By turns, carpenter, tent-maker, and cook, he is invariably discharged for his ignorance of any of the qualifications requisite for these respective callings. He is saved from utter starvation by the humanity of some sailors, and as they supply him with food he observes with as much *naïvete* as truth,

> Those who know not what it is to go without regular meals for a long time cannot conceive how grateful to the hungry stomach is a plenteous supply of hot viands.

After divers painful incidents he settles down as a household drudge to a Mormon family who keep an inn. Of one portion of his multifarious duties he makes mention as follows:—

> BAR-ROOM IN CALIFORNIA.
>
> We had a gambling-table in the bar-room, conducted by professional bankers; and old Yates, wishing his youngest son to be skilled at cards, allowed him a certain sum daily to turn the opportunity to advantage. One evening a Mexican, playing at his table, had lost successively his dollars, pistols, poncho, and finally his horse; he was, however, too sharp for the banker, as no sooner was the card turned up, upon which he had forfeited his steed, than he upset the table, and, his horse being lassoed outside, whilst they were busied picking up the scattered dollars, he had mounted, and wrapping a serape around him, with a loud derisive laugh, galloped away at a speed which defied pursuit. The most unpleasant of my duties was looking after the noisy customers; drinking and singing was seldom concluded till two o'clock in the morning, and at intervals during the latter part of the night I had to conduct the drunken and quarrelsome outside—a rather difficult and very disagreeable office.

At length he finds that his former vessel, the Mazeppa, is in harbour. He obtains a passage on board her, and, after a short stay at the islands of the Indian Archipelago, he arrives at Sydney, rich in experience, but poor in pocket. We must there leave him, with a hearty recommendation of his useful and amusing work.

Lord George Bentinck: A Political Biography. By B. DISRAELI, M.P. for the County of Buckingham London: 1852.

LORD George Bentinck's political career, was, indeed, as Mr. Disraeli justly observes, somewhat remarkable. During eight Parliaments he took no part in any great debate, yet was he no inattentive observer of all that was passing before him. His qualifications for statesmanship were great, his apprehension was singularly quick, his conception vigorous, his spirit chivalric, his sincerity above suspicion, his energy and capability for exertion could scarcely have been exceeded. Yet at the very outset of his public life, when his undoubted abilities had successfully removed the prejudices against which, in the first instance, he had necessarily to struggle—in the full pride and apparent vigour of manhood—he was cut off. In a moment, the admiration of the Senate and of England for the brilliant talents of which he had given such evident token, and his devotion to the cause he had espoused, was overwhelmed by an universal sentiment of regret evoked by his untimely fate.

It would not have been creditable to his countrymen that a man like this should have been suffered for ever to depart from them without the appearance of some memorial, some record of his short but arduous life, some testimonial to his worth.

A nobler, a more imperishable monument than any the sculptor's art could furnish, has just been completed by the hand of one who, by the ties of political friendship, no less than by domestic intimacy, was closely allied to the deceased statesman.

Had he, indeed, himself been called upon to name his biographer, he would, we imagine, have selected

> No other herald,
> No other speaker of his living actions
> To keep his honour from corruption,
> But such an honest chronicler.

From the moment it was announced that Mr. Disraeli was engaged in preparing this tribute to the memory of Lord George, considerable interest was manifested upon the subject, in literary as well as in

political circles. It was only after several sheets of the present number of the *New Quarterly Review* had passed through the press, that we received the work; our notice is, therefore, of necessity more limited than it would otherwise have been.

Mr. Disraeli commences by adverting to the frequent assemblies of the cabinet which occurred in the autumn of 1845, those meetings which agitated England, perplexed the Tuileries, and even disturbed the serenity of Metternich. He then comments upon the sudden and unexpected change of opinion on the part of the late Premier as to the principles upon which the commerce of the country should be conducted; a conversion which, as will be remembered, completely took the world by surprise. The majority of the cabinet received with coldness the enunciation from Peel, of his intention "in order to avert a great and pressing danger," to recommend the suspension of the import duties on foreign corn, especially when that announcement was coupled with the intimation that it might be expedient for the future wholly to repeal those duties.

We do not here deem it necessary to recapitulate the events that subsequently took place, nor the proceedings of the leaders of various parties, among which, of course, we include those of Lord John Russell, whose memorable letter from Edinburgh, bearing date the 22nd of November, occasioned so great a sensation at the time.

On the 6th of December Peel's cabinet was broken up; on the 11th Lord John was summoned to the presence of her Majesty. An ineffectual attempt was made to bring about a coalition. Lord John Russell thereupon, nothing daunted, and with characteristic determination, undertook the administration of the affairs of the country, without a majority in the House, and with no strong expression of popular enthusiasm in his favour. His lordship was suddenly relieved from his embarrassments by the discovery of an intrigue among his own party against one of his intended Secretaries of State. "Availing himself with happy readiness of the distressing incident he endured the mortification of confessing to his sovereign his inability to serve her, and handed back with courtesy the poisoned chalice to Sir Robert Peel." The administration thus invested with new existence and with the dispensation of patronage, were full of self-gratulation, and received with complacency the compliments of foreign courts. They now felt assured that all they had to dread was what they contemptuously termed "a fat cattle opposition, as they were convinced that the Protectionists would be unable to keep up the debate for two nights."

One man alone brooded in indignation over the unexampled scene, and he was one who from the little interest he had previously taken in political life could not have occurred to the Government as a possible opponent. Lord George Bentinck had sat for eighteen years in Parliament, and before he entered it had been for three years the private secretary of Mr. Canning, who had married the sister of the Duchess of Portland. Such a post would seem a happy commencement of a public career; but whether it were the untimely death of his distinguished relative or a natural indisposition, Lord George—though he retained the seat for King's Lynn, in which he had succeeded his uncle, the late governor-general of India—directed his energies to other than Parliamentary pursuits. For some time he had followed his profession, which was that of arms, but of late years he had become absorbed in the pastime and fortunes of the turf, in which his whole being seemed engrossed, and which he pursued on a scale that perhaps has never been equalled.

Lord George had withdrawn his support from the government of the Duke of Wellington when the friends of Mr. Canning quitted that administration; and when in time they formed the not least considerable portion of the cabinet of Lord Grey, he resumed his seat on the ministerial benches. On that occasion an administrative post was offered him and declined; and on subsequent occasions similar requests to him to take office were equally in vain. Lord George therefore was an original and hearty supporter of the Reform Bill, and he continued to uphold the Whigs in all their policy until the secession of Lord Stanley, between whom and himself there subsisted warm personal as well as political sympathies. Although he was not only a friend to religious liberty, as we shall have occasion afterwards to remark, but always viewed with great sympathy the condition of the Roman Catholic portion of the Irish population, he shrank from the taint of the ultra-montane intrigue. Accompanying Lord Stanley, he became in due time a member of the great Conservative opposition, and as he never did anything by halves became one of the most earnest, as he certainly was one of the most enlightened, supporters of Sir Robert Peel. His trust in that minister was indeed absolute, and he has subsequently stated in conversation that when towards the end of the session of '45 a member of the Tory party ventured to predict and denounce the impending defection of the minister, there was no member of the Conservative party who more violently condemned the unfounded attack, or more readily impugned the motives of the assailant.

He was not a very frequent attendant of the House. He might be counted on for a party division, and when, towards the termination of the Melbourne ministry, the forces were very nearly balanced and the struggle became very close, he might have been observed on more than one occasion entering the house at a late hour, clad in a white great-coat which softened, but did not conceal, the scarlet hunting coat.

Although he took no part in debate, and attended the House rather as a club than a senate, he possessed a great and peculiar influence in it. He was viewed with interest and often with extraordinary regard by every sporting man in the House. With almost all of these he was acquainted; some of them, on either side, were his intimate companions and confederates.

His eager and energetic disposition; his quick perception, clear judgment, and prompt decision; the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions; his frankness and love of truth; his daring and speculative spirit; his lofty bearing, blended as it was with a simplicity of manner very remarkable; the ardour of his friendships, even the fierceness of his hates and prejudices; all combined to form one of those strong characters who, whatever may be their pursuit, must always direct and lead.

Nature had clothed this vehement spirit with a material form which was in perfect harmony with its noble and commanding character. He was tall, and remarkable for his presence; his countenance almost a model of manly beauty; the face oval, the complexion clear and mantling; the forehead lofty and white; the nose aquiline and delicately moulded; the upper lip short. But it was in the dark-brown eye that flashed with piercing scrutiny, that all the character of the man came forth: a brilliant glance, not soft, but ardent, acute, imperious, incapable of deception or of being deceived.

Although he had not much sustained his literary culture, and of late years at any rate had not given his mind to political study, he had in the course of his life seen and heard a great deal, and with profit. Nothing escaped his observation; he forgot nothing and always thought. So it was that on all the great political questions of the day, he had arrived at conclusions which guided him. He always took large views, and had no prejudices about things whatever he might indulge in as to persons. He was always singularly anxious to acquire the truth, and would spare no pains for that purpose; but when once his mind was made up, it was impossible to influence him.

In politics, he was a Whig of 1688, which became him, modified, however, by all the experience of the present age. He wished to see our society founded on a broad basis of civil and religious liberty. He retained much of the old jealousy of the court, but had none of popular franchises. He was for the Established Church, but for nothing more,

and very repugnant to priestly domination. As for the industrial question, he was sincerely opposed to the Manchester scheme, because he thought that its full development would impair and might subvert our territorial constitution, which he held to be the real security of our freedom, and because he believed that it would greatly injure Ireland, and certainly dissolve our colonial empire.

He had a great respect for merchants, though he looked with some degree of jealousy on the development of our merely foreign trade. His knowledge of character qualified him in a great degree to govern men, and if some drawbacks from this influence might be experienced in his too rigid tenacity of opinion, and in some quickness of temper, which however always sprang from a two sensitive heart, great compensation might be found in the fact that there probably never was a human being so entirely devoid of conceit and so completely exempt from selfishness. Nothing delighted him more than to assist and advance others. All the fruits of his laborious investigations were always at the service of his friends without reserve or self-consideration. He encouraged them by making occasions for their exertions, and would relinquish his own opportunity without a moment's hesitation, if he thought the abandonment might aid a better man.

Such is the portrait, such are the attributes, gracefully given by Mr. Disraeli, of one who promised pre-eminently to adorn and dignify his exalted position by the exercise of qualities rarely united in a single individual, and when combined still less frequently displayed by those who are surrounded by all the captivating allurements and the brilliant amenities of patrician existence.

It is not our intention to dilate upon the transactions of the important session of '46, which, as is well known, called into active operation the latent energies of Lord George Bentinck's mind. Those who are desirous of reviving the recollections of his short career will, by Mr. Disraeli's aid, be enabled readily to do so. Lord George so recently passed away from among us—his presence so well remembered, his tone, his diction yet lingering in our ears—are all too fresh to need even a comment here.

In three years, from a position of no political importance, he had attained a dazzling and, at the same time, a substantial reputation. Every topic he discussed, every contest in which he engaged, was fraught with moment. To master the various subjects that were brought before him required colossal labour, and his exertions were almost superhuman. His previous training had been little more than nominal, yet he showed himself far more efficient in acquiring an intimate knowledge of facts, and in drawing inferences of value from them, than many of the practised officials around him who had grown grey in the regions of red tape. As a speaker his delivery was not happy; but latterly he always succeeded in commanding attention. Those who only know his speeches from perusal will estimate his oratory more highly than did his auditory. By posterity he will, therefore, on this account, be more highly considered as a speaker, than he is by his cotemporaries. His facts were always stated with accuracy, his arguments were close, his language succinct and terse, and his style manly, occasionally enlivened by apposite and agreeable illustrations.

Without at all exceeding the strict limits of truth, Mr. Disraeli has given the public a pleasing delineation of the character of his lamented friend. This biography of such a man from the pen of one of the most accomplished writers of the day, cannot fail to command that meed of approbation it so undeniably deserves.

The Head of the Family. A Novel. By the Author of "Olive" and "The Ogilvies." 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

THE sorrows of the forsaken form the prominent subject of this powerfully-written story. A case which has ever been, and, we fear, will ever continue to be, but too common in the annals of profligacy is invested with a poetic halo which genuine feeling alone could raise around it. The ill-starred Rachel Armstrong is introduced to the reader in a state of mental hallucination, gazing into vacancy, wherein she discerns one whom she believes to be her husband, and listens to his assurances of unabated love. "Auditis? an me ludit amabilis Insania?" appears to be the question unceasingly indicated by her appealing looks; but it remains unintelligible to all about her till the kindly-hearted Ninian Græme appreciates it, and, "touching th' electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound," brings back her thoughts into the region of reality, and elicits from her such details of the history as duplicity has enabled her to afford. With returning consciousness her faith remains unshaken, and the series of events which lead to its ultimate overthrow constitute as ingeniously-constructed and interesting a narrative as it has ever been our fortune to follow. Ninian unites with the magnanimity, firmness of purpose, and rigid sense of justice becoming a man, the tenderness and susceptibility of the softer sex; as the author (or authoress, as we suspect) *naïvely* remarks, "there is no truly good man's heart that has not a little of the woman in it." However this may be, we should hardly have expected any such combination of qualities in one following the plodding and matter-of-fact occupation of Writer to the Signet; though, being a denizen of Edinburgh, where the scene is principally laid, the chances were in favour of his belonging to that fraternity, since it may safely be predicated of every third man one meets in Auld Reekie that he has the W.S. attached to his name. Ninian and his sister Lindsay are the offspring of Professor Græme's first marriage, while the second has been productive of six more brothers and sisters, three of each sort. On the death of the patriarch, the eight assemble in solemn conclave to elect a "head of the family," and Ninian is worthily chosen to that office; after which this amiable family group present, in their sayings and doings, a most agreeable and amiable picture of Scottish domestic life. An addition to the circle is soon made in the person of Hope Ansted, daughter of a spendthrift and bankrupt, whose affairs have been in Ninian's hands; and no long time elapses before he conceives a deeply-rooted passion for his fair *protegée*, which, nevertheless, he studiously refrains from avowing, being impressed with the anticipation that her father has other views better suited to advance his own interests. Accordingly, she is shortly taken off to London by Mr. Ansted, in whom is forcibly depicted the headlong and unscrupulous adventurer, who, with many thousands less than nothing, assumes the display, and indulges in all the luxuries and extravagancies of a millionaire; and when reduced to the sponging-house and the prison, abates nothing of his careless buoyancy of

spirits. Among his expedients for keeping his head above water, is the marriage of his daughter Hope to a Mr. Ulverstone, a dashing sprig of fashion, with cash in abundance, who has been sowing his wild oats in all directions. Here, again, we have a spirited portraiture of the recklessness and utter insouciance of the dissipated devotee of pleasure. The marriage contemplated between this worthy, and Miss Ansted, though for some time wearing the aspect of an *affaire manquée*, takes place at last, greatly to the mortification of poor Ninian, which is terribly aggravated when he ascertains beyond a doubt that his fortunate rival is none other than the mysterious seducer of Rachel Armstrong. The complication of evidence by which he arrives at the certainty of this startling fact, does not admit of analysis here; but we may notice that in the course of it he discovers that the gay Lothario having, in an incautious moment, written himself down her husband in the fly-leaf of a bible he had presented her with (though under another name, which he dropped for that of Ulverstone on coming into the fortune), she is, according to the law of Scotland, or "the queer Scotch fashion," as one of the characters styles it, his true, legal, and inseparable wife. The conviction thus forced upon Ninian that the exposure of Ulverstone cannot be accomplished without involving the disgrace of his adored Hope, gives rise to a fearful conflict within him, resulting in a stern resolution to execute justice. The scenes which, on his making known the facts, ensue between the parties implicated, and wherein he acts the part, so far as he can, of mediator and pacifier, are worked up with a high degree of dramatic power, leading to a denouement into which it is not our province to enter—suffice it that the last few pages are devoted to recording how, after the tragical death of Ulverstone, Ninian and Hope are united in the bands of matrimony. This difficult passage is managed with exquisite delicacy and tact, while there breathes through it a pathos which must find its way to every heart. Among the remaining characters should be distinguished Edmund, one of "the family," who, having become an inmate of the vicious haunts of London, and on the high road to ruin, is arrested in his progress and thoroughly reclaimed by the vigilant "Head;" and that of John Forsyth, a true type, in his over-heated zeal and enthusiasm, of the Scotch puritanical field-preacher and missionary. His unsuccessful courtship of Rachel Armstrong, constitutes a sufficiently amusing episode in the general story.

The Convent and the Harem. By Madame PISANI. 3 vols. Bentley.

THERE are few pages of history presenting more complexity than those relating to the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, for so long a period the scourge of Italy—a complexity arising, in great measure, from the circumstance that these denominations frequently implied no distinct principle, but were merely the watchwords of various political and commercial factions, or assumed by individuals to subserve their personal interests and ambitious designs. One of the most remarkable examples of this was the famous Count Ugolino, the latter years of whose eventful life form the main subject of these volumes. His tortuous and subtle policy led the generality of his contemporaries to the conclusion that, under the guise of a Ghibeline, he had the Guelphic interest at heart, but to which of the two great parties he truly belonged can never, with any degree of certainty, be pronounced, all considerations with him being subordinate to his one paramount object of rendering himself supreme in his native city. Again, whether he were justly deemed a traitor to his country, or whether he secured to his fellow-citizens more than an equivalent for the loss of their liberty, is a question which, like that between Pisistratus and the Athenians, must still remain *sub judice*. But whatever doubts may attend the history of his life, there can be none as to the terrible circumstances of his death. These are vividly impressed on every imagination by that marvellous passage in Dante's immortal poem, wherein, forgetting, for the time, the pangs of that dire hunger which pursues him beyond the grave, Ugolino, questioned by the poet, desists from his fell repast on the head of his enemy, Ruggieri, and, wiping his gory mouth with the hair, recounts the harrowing details of the Torre del Fame. The story of the ill-fated count is here taken up at his seventy-fifth year, A.D. 1284, when preparations were making for a decisive trial of strength between the rival states of Pisa and Genoa. The wealth and prosperity to which each had attained begat, as between Rome and Carthage of old, a reciprocal jealousy, which could be allayed only by the prostration of one or of the other. With these dispositions an occasion was easily found: a trifling dispute among the Corsicans, as among the Sicilians in the former case, furnished the desired pretext, and each party summoned its entire powers to the contest. The Pisans, earliest with their armament, commenced operations by parading, with upwards of a hundred vessels, before the harbour of Genoa, casting, as Sismondi records, flights of silver arrows against the hostile ships by way of insult. Retiring, after this bravado, to the island of Meloria, they there awaited the Genoese, who were not slow in seeking them with a yet superior force, when there ensued one of the most desperate struggles on record. Some idea may be formed of the ferocity which characterised it by the following description, drawn by our authoress from historical records:—

> Every instrument of destruction, known to the times, had been provided in great abundance on both sides, and was now resorted to; not only showers of javelins, of arrows of different sorts, balls and stones thrown from slings, darkened the air between the contending vessels, but scalding oil, soap, and pitch, were cast, even while the distance was yet too great to admit of their taking much effect. Every moment, however, was lessening that impediment, until, at last, such was the proximity, that not less than thirty-thousand men were engaged, not only galley against galley, standard against standard, but it might almost be said hand to hand, while now the scalding materials pouring from those placed in the rigging for the purpose, making their way even through the morions and helmets, produced a delirium of anguish and blindness, far more dreadful than the friendly ball which ends suffering and life together.
>
> At last the foaming waves themselves began as it were to blush for the men who, under the sacred symbol of peace and good will were butchering each other with far more deadly fury and determination than the wild beast who seldom destroys his kind.
>
> For a considerable time the combat appeared equal. The great Genoese Capitana had not yielded an inch, but her men fell around, as did those of her adversary; when suddenly, as if it were a burst of impatience had simultaneously seized upon the combatants, they became yet more furious

from desperation, and then if one had waked from a trance on board any one of those vessels, he must have believed himself in hell. The air was almost as dark as night, from the clouds of smoke and flying missiles, while the yells and imprecations, mingled with the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying, whose state did not exempt them from their share of the scalding pitch, oil, and turpentine, afforded nothing to correct the illusion. This continued as long as either party had missiles or swords, and when the former were expended the only pause which ensued were while each stooped to gather up those of his adversary, in order to hurl them back with the spirit as well as the letter of restitution.

In the meantime the slaughter was fearful; but no one except the sufferers took time to heed it. As one fell, a companion leaped upon his body to do his duty; soldiers seized the helms; inferior officers took the command when the commander fell; in short, it seemed as if literally one soul only was diffused through so many bodies, and that it contracted itself with still concentrating energy, according as it outward bulwarks were destroyed. At last the Genoese commander gave the command for the divers to go and pierce the sides and bottoms of the enemy's vessels; and no sooner was this perceived by Ugolino, than he gave a similar order to his divers, although the triangular order of the Genoese, which was still unbroken, rendered the task much more difficult, and nearly impossible for them to accomplish.

And now the scene changed a little, but only to present fresh horrors. The pluggers were of course set to work without delay, to stop the holes made by the divers; but, as in every other case, it was much easier to commit than repair the injury; and now were to be seen not only men falling, but the beautiful galleys themselves here and there bursting up with a crash, or gradually sinking before the eyes of their companions, without other notice taken of them than that those on either side came closer to fill up the chasm they had left, grasping as they did so at every stray oar or missile of any kind, which could by human ingenuity be converted into an implement of death to their fellow men. Nor did the desperate combatants confine themselves to such as came in their way by chance; a Genoese fell dead on his deck transfixed by an arrow in his throat; a Pisan sprang from his own galley amidst a thousand hideous deaths, and seizing upon his armour attempted to spring back with the trophy, but coming short, fell between the vessels and was lost.

The extreme of Saracim's file had been for some time engaged with a Genoese vessel of greater magnitude and force, and stood her ground bravely; but all at once it was perceived that she had struck upon a submarine rock, which was making a hole that let in water much faster than pumpers could remove it; she began to fill and sink before the eyes of all. The sight of the fearful odds in his favour touched the heart even of the fierce enemy, and he commanded a white flag to be hoisted; and the deadly din ceasing for a moment, he called upon the Pisans to surrender, not to him, but to the decree so clearly announced to them. The answer was a renewal of the combat; and like the devoted three hundred of Leonidas, they showed that hope of victory was far from being the most powerful incentive to determined courage. They fought while an arm could be raised above the watery grave that had already half enclosed them, and when it had risen to their very lips they shouted "Viva la Pisana Republica!"

The result of this *combat à l'outrance* was the disastrous defeat of the Pisans, who lost half their fleet, five thousand killed, and no less than eleven thousand taken prisoners; so that, according to Sismondi, it was a common saying in Tuscany that whoever wished to see Pisa must pay a visit to Genoa. Ugolino, who had retreated, at the most critical juncture, with fifty vessels, was subject to the suspicion of having done so by preconcerted arrangement, in order to leave in the hands of the enemy those whom he considered adverse to his pretensions—a suspicion which subsequently derived some countenance from the obstacles he threw in the way of their release. Notwithstanding, however, the fatal issue of the battle, and the doubts attaching to his share in it, such was the influence he had obtained over his countrymen that, on his return to Pisa, he was received in the same spirit as Varro after the battle of Cannæ by the senate and people of Rome, when they thanked him for not despairing of the safety of the commonwealth. Evidence of the confidence thus reposed in him was shortly afterwards afforded by his election to the offices of Capitano del Popolo and Podesta, never before united in one person, whereby "he became in name what he had been for some time past in reality—supreme lord of Pisa." The authoress investigates with much acumen the *rationale* of this, and spiritedly sketches the leading incidents of the remaining four years of his government; as, for example, the skill with which he detaches Florence from the overwhelming league formed against Pisa, by presenting each of the Priori of that city with certain flasks of choicest Vernaccia, the flavour heightened by the infusion therein of six thousand golden ducats; the taxes he imposes for the purposes of maintaining his interests within and without; the growing discontent thereupon, which arrives at its climax when flour is made the subject of taxation; the covert opposition and intrigues of the Archbishop Ruggieri, and the open hostility of his nephew, Nino Visconti; the assassination of Ubaldino, the beloved nephew (so called) of the archbishop, for venturing to remonstrate against Ugolino's arbitrary acts; and, finally, the sanguinary conflict in the streets of Pisa between his still devoted partisans and those of the archbishop, resulting in the capture, imprisonment, and tragical death of the count with his three sons, whose cruel and unmerited fate is regarded by Dante as a perpetual reproach to Pisa—

Ahi! Pisa vituperio delle genti, &c.

The main story is diversified by an episode, the subject of which is the project of Ugolino for strengthening his position in Pisa by an alliance between his niece Bianca and Ubaldino, "the son of the archbishop's youthful and only love," to whom he is ardently attached. Ruggieri is not averse to the proposed match, which progresses favourably till Lancia, of the opposite faction to Ugolino, undertakes to thwart it by bringing into the field the rival charms of his granddaughter Genivra. Bianca is all gentleness, reserve, and timidity, led by inclination to the conventual life, which she renounces only in deference to her uncle's wishes. Genivra, on the other hand, having been captured in her early years by a Barbary corsair (from whom she is ultimately ransomed), and educated with a view to her adorning the harem of the King of Tunis, has imbibed the Arab character, and presents a thorough contrast to Bianca—all boldness, dash, and vivacity, skilled in dancing, riding, throwing the javelin, and other accomplishments in which vigour and grace combine their attractions. Being also endowed with dazzling beauty, she quickly supplants, in the unstable affections of Ubaldino, the unassuming Bianca, whose gentle spirit sinks under his neglect and abandonment. As a just retribution, Ubaldino himself is shortly afterwards supplanted in the good graces of Genivra by a gay and gallant troubadour who makes his appearance at Pisa. For him she cherishes a violent passion, till she discovers that he is no other than one Raymond Feraldi, who had compassed the death of two of her family, by betraying them into the

hands of Charles of Anjou after the great battle of Tagliacozzo, in which he had defeated the Emperor Conrad. Though the person of Raymond is unknown to her, she had vowed revenge against him, and carried a dagger constantly about her for the purpose of executing it at the first opportunity. Maintaining her character to the last, now that the doomed one appears to be within her grasp, she dies the death of a heroine in her too eager pursuit of her victim. Finally, the death of Ubaldino, whose head is cleft by a hatchet hurled against him by Ugolino in a moment of uncontrollable fury, removes the last of the three actors in the matrimonial drama, and converts the hollow alliance between the Count and the Archbishop into irreconcilable enmity. The authoress has judiciously availed herself of the period chosen, to introduce some of the noted personages by whom it was illustrated, as Dante and Cimabue, who are made very effective accessories to the story. Of the title given to it, "The Convent and the Harem," we can afford no explanation beyond the very slight reference to either of these establishments in the respective histories of the fair rivals Bianca and Genivra, as above hinted at.

Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries. A Novel. By Mrs. TROLLOPE. 3 vols. London: 1851.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S works of fiction are generally improbable in their plot, exaggerated in their characters, and somewhat coarse and vulgar in their treatment. But there has hitherto been an energy and pungency about them which carry the reader with her. She is often disagreeable, but has never before been dull.

If one has a dislike to any particular class of persons it is especially amusing to follow Mrs. Trollope through a three volume caricature of them. But in the quiet and peaceful walks of tale-telling this authoress is by no means so engaging. A prize-fighter hitting knock-down blows in the ring was a person of some interest to that happily extinct race of "Corinthians" who loved to see "punishment" given and received. But if the athlete doffed the champion's belt, and (as has whilome happened) took his seat in the House of Commons, he became a very dull inconsiderable unit.

Now Mrs. Trollope in "Family Mysteries" is like a prize-fighter turned legislator or justice of the peace. There are indeed occasional, very occasional snatches of satirical pugnacity. She makes a high church clergyman connive at his son's running away with the daughter of a rich neighbour, and she pictures the reverend gentleman as worldly, obsequious, and polemical. She draws also a priest such as priest never was. Setting aside, however, these scintillations of Mrs. Trollope's chronic hostility to the ministers of every creed and of every church, the book is very much of the order—unreadable.

The story opens with a description of how Mary King, a mature spinster, who had seen half a century of winters, engages to marry Mr. Mathews, a well to do bachelor of sixty-two, because her father pathetically implores her to do so upon the score that this over-ripe paternity was in grievous fear that when he was dead there would be nobody to sign receipts for rent or to see that the home meadows were properly drained.

Mrs. Trollope, however, always makes the plot of her books turn upon a marriage settlement, and the staid and wary Mary King battles through a long chapter for "*book*-money" not *pin*-money, to the extent of £500 a-year, submitting in return to allow her intended a right to dispose of the united family fortune *after her death* to a certain illegitimate grandson of her sexagenarian lover.

Mary King, spinster, had for thirty-five years enjoyed a queer-looking room up stairs stuffed full of books; and there she had lived and worked. She had laid up hidden stores of most unfeminine learning, read Latin with a heterodox fluency, and Spanish, Portuguese, and other unknown tongues, by the aid of her huge lexicons and borrowed grammars. But Mary King had once been nearly in love. A certain John Anderson had looked his wishes, but had started for India and had not spoken them. John Anderson now writes to Mary King—become a matron—a letter, telling her that he had married and had survived his wife, that he himself was now dying, and that he had confided his daughter with about £7,000 to her care.

After a long time the orphan arrives and so does the illegitimate grandchild, and the *ménage* at Weldon Grange is complete.

Then there is a Sir Charles Otterborne, whose principal peculiarities are an affectation of great cordiality, a propensity to shake people's arms out of their clavicle, and a liking to the dice box. There is Lady Otterborne, pale, anxious-looking, and with a thought, a memory, or a secret in her heart. There is the handsome intellectual Herbert, the son of this couple, and the hero of the novel. Moreover, there are lords, squires, and retired merchants, making up the county society.

The reader very soon discovers that Janet Anderson is every inch a heroine, and that Stephen Cornington (the grandson), notwithstanding his superhuman beauty and very respectful flatteries, is in every thought and act a swindler. The instinct of a heroine of course preserves her from falling in love with a swindler, however handsome, dashing, and soft in song, but Herbert Otterborne—ah! that is a different matter. Herbert, however, is engaged to be married to Emily Steyton, who is to receive £80,000 on the day of her marriage. Now Emily Steyton is very beautiful and very rich, but she has two faults: the first is, if that be a fault in a lady, that most imperiously she will have her own way; the second, that she falls in love with every new man she meets, flirts desperately in drawing-rooms, loses her way in the woods during the progress of a pic-nic party, and is brought back after some hours absence by the handsomest man in the company—he not being her betrothed. The end of this young lady's career is that she elopes with a very estimable young man, of very pliable temper—the son of the parish parson: that her father immediately forgives her, and she becomes a happy wife. The moral of course is, that there is nothing for female happiness like a good heartless round of most compromising flirtation, and a plunge into matrimony at last.

The swindler, after hectoring about and making Mrs. Mathews and everybody else very uncomfortable, is found out at last. There is a weakly worked scene of his attempting to rob the house, wherein

he is frustrated by the hero of the piece, Sir Herbert Otterborne.

Of course, Herbert and Janet are duly married in the third volume. Herbert had only consented to marry the heiress in order to release his father from his difficulties and his mother from the imminently impending danger of being turned out of doors. When the heiress ran away, therefore, Herbert was not inconsolable, although Sir Charles felt bound in honour to blow his own brains out. This event having happened, Herbert and Janet, and Mrs. Matthews and Lady Otterborne become the jolliest of mortals, and so the story ends.

We have omitted to state that when John Anderson's affairs were wound up he was found to have died insolvent, and his daughter was therefore a pauper when found out by Mrs. Mathews and brought to Weldon Grange. We take up this stitch in order to make plain the following extract, which is one of the best bits of the book:—

JANET'S INTRODUCTION TO THE PRICES.

The presentation of Janet followed; and no stranger ever received a more smiling welcome, for the teeth of father, mother, and daughter—all, for their respective ages, particularly handsome—were fully displayed to do her honour.

And then began the neighbourly chit-chat.

"You have heard the news, I presume, my dear lady?" said Mr. Price, with the tone of a person who takes real interest in the subject discussed. "The Manor-house and the Lodge? Of course, you know that it is all settled?"

"Yes, Mr. Price. Sir Charles announced it to us yesterday," replied Mrs. Mathews.

Mr. Price smiled, and nodded with a look of great intelligence.

"No wonder, my good lady; no wonder. It is always pleasant to tell pleasant tidings. The entrance of such a young lady as Miss Emily Steyton into a family might occasion joy anywhere. But HERE, you know!" And having said this, Mr. Price nodded his head, and then shook his head, and then nodded again, his eyes being fixed on Mrs. Mathews all the time, as if quite certain that she comprehended all he meant to express.

She gave no indication of this, however, but looked very much as she might have done had she been made of iron or stone.

"It will be a very gay affair, I suppose," said Mrs. Price,—taking up, as it were, her husband's nodding process, and going on with it.

"Have you almost finished your rug, Miss Louisa?" said Mrs. Mathews to the daughter of the house, who had never suspended for a moment the action of her needle, though the sympathetic movement of her flaxen head showed that she, too, took a lively interest in the conversation.

All the energy of her character, however, was immediately turned into another channel by the question of Mrs. Mathews. "Finished! Why, dear Mrs. Mathews, we only began it this time twelvemonth! I don't think any one can accuse either mamma or me of being idle; but I can't even pretend to guess when it will be finished. I believe you forget that it is all tent stitch."

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Mathews.

"Oh! that just makes all the difference, you know. Is Miss Anderson a worker?"

"Not much, I believe," said Mrs. Mathews,—who, by-the-by, had never made any inquiry on the subject, and knew no more of Janet's propensities in that line than of those of her grandmother.

"Oh! yes, Mrs. Mathews," said Janet, reproachfully; "I am a very great worker. I make everything I wear."

Why Mrs. Mathews should frown so very harshly upon hearing this, poor Janet could not tell, neither could she guess why she should be so rude as to say to her, "Nonsense, my dear! You should never tell fibs, Janet Anderson, even in jest."

It is possible that Janet might have attempted some defence against this vehement attack upon her veracity, which was as undeserved as it was unexpected; for Janet very literally had made everything she had on "*pour cause*," to borrow a significant phrase; for if she had not, her mantua-maker's bill must have been paid by charity. But no opportunity was afforded her, for Mrs. Mathews, rather abruptly turning her back upon her, addressed Mr. Price: "I suppose this wedding will take place in London, Sir?"

This looked very much as if Mrs. Mathews was not in a good humour; for, as she probably knew perfectly well, it would have been very difficult for her to have said anything more painfully grating to the feelings of Mr. Price than these words.

Mr. Price's wishes were probably none of them very vehement or impassioned; but rarely or never had he wished anything more earnestly than that the heir of the Manor-house, and the heiress of the Lodge should be united in the band of holy matrimony in his church, and that he himself should pronounce the nuptial benediction.

"Did Sir Charles say so?" demanded he, with his usual gentle accent, but not without betraying a little agitation.

"I am not quite sure whether he did or not," replied his tormentor; "but it is much more likely, I think, than that they should be married here."

Poor Miss Louisa actually turned pale as she listened to these words; for she was honoured by the intended bride with a greater degree of intimacy than she bestowed upon any other young lady in the neighbourhood, and in her very heart of hearts she had both hoped and expected that she should be selected as one of the bridesmaids. Had Mrs. Mathews happened to look at her at that moment, instead of looking at her mother, she would hardly have had the cruelty to persevere in her fabulous statement, for the woe-begone expression of her pretty little face was piteous to behold; but, unfortunately, the attention of Mrs. Mathews was just then attracted to the generally very unmeaning countenance of her mamma, but which, at that moment, was considerably less unmeaning than usual, for her eyes were earnestly directed to the thin, and not very new black silk of which poor Janet's home-made suit was composed, and there was much too decided an expression of scorn in the curl of her lip and her countenance to have been called unmeaning at that moment.

Mrs. Mathews saw it all, and understood it all, which might be an evidence, perhaps, of the acuteness of her observation; but the result was certainly not an evidence of the goodness of her temper; for, abruptly turning to Mr. Price, she said, in her clear, distinct voice, which rarely permitted any word she uttered to be unheard, or its meaning misunderstood: "Things seem to be going rather sharply against the Oxford gentry, Mr. Price, particularly in our neighbourhood, if all that I hear be true. I am told that Dr. Belton is to be the new dean, and he is positively the most thoroughly low-church divine that we have."

"Don't call him a divine, my good lady! I do most humbly beg and entreat that I may not hear any such epithet applied to him! We have field-preachers, Mrs. Mathews, field-preachers, and street-preachers in abundance, who are ten times more orthodox than he is!" cried Mr. Price, with a degree of vehemence that brought a deep flush to the very roots of his gray hair. "He is an absolute infidel on many points," he added, with a sigh, "and a most audacious dissenter on others—and as to the Rubric, I KNOW that he said . . "

"Never mind what he has said, Mr. Price; and if you will believe me, you had better begin to speak of him with a little more civility, and a great deal more caution; for if they are going to make a dean of him now, you may be very sure that it will not be very long before he is made a bishop; and when that is done, Mr. Price, I feel quite sure that your own sense of propriety will make you very sorry for anything you have ever spoken against him. You know, Sir, we are told that '*a bishop must be blameless*,' and that upon such authority as you will not choose to deny. But do not let us talk any more about it. There can be no doubt, I believe, that Dr. Belton will be a bishop, and therefore the less we any of us say against him the better."

Poor Mr. Price was fortunately rather a thin man, and his pulse constitutionally beat time very temperately; for had it been otherwise he might have been in danger of an attack of apoplexy, for he was at that moment as greatly irritated as it was in his nature to be, and very justly too.

Perhaps Mrs. Mathews was aware of this; for she suddenly let him alone, and was meditating making a generous atonement for all her misdemeanors by looking at and admiring the immortal hearth-rug, when must unluckily

she perceived that the eyes of Miss Louisa were now engaged precisely in the same manner that those of her mamma had been a few minutes before. In short, Mrs. Mathews very clearly perceived that the dress and accoutrements of John Anderson's daughter were undergoing a scrutiny which they were by no means particularly well calculated to stand, and this was a great deal more than it was in *her* nature to bear with patience. She felt it the more, too, because she was conscious that she had been herself most culpably unobservant on this point. She had looked, certainly more than once, in the face of Janet, and found it lovely; she had studied its varying expression, and found more than one look that set her thinking a great deal more about the looks of the father in days past, than of the dress of the daughter in days present. But this was her own fault, and not that of neat, nice, well-dressed Mrs. Price and her fair Louisa; and had Mrs. Mathews been a little more reasonable, and a little less revengeful, she would not have left the Parsonage so mightily well-pleased with the idea of having made herself as disagreeable to its inhabitants as it was well possible for her to do during the very moderate interval that she permitted her visit to last.

We should recommend those who are amused by Mrs. Trollope's novels to skip this and read the next. It is a failure.

Florence Sackville; or, Self-Dependence. By Mrs. Burbury. 3 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

We have perused the intricate and well-contrived autobiography of Florence Sackville with an absorbing interest, which, increasing steadily, carried us without flagging to the close of the third volume.

It is refreshing to take up a romance and to find it is not altogether an unmitigated profitless "love story," though there is love enough even here to satisfy any reasonable craving.

However, notwithstanding the orthodox conclusion to which matters ultimately arrive, we must allow that such love scenes as are introduced are brought in with considerable judgment, and being natural and cleverly imagined, serve to relieve the mind of the reader from contemplating too intently the harrowing trials and desperate efforts of the youthful, but resolute and devoted heroine—a most exalted model of her sex.

A healthy tone pervades the book, and its tendency is undeniably in a good direction, but the authoress, in advocating a right principle, does not seem to know exactly why it *is* right. She is evidently conscious that self-abnegation and self-discipline are the only oars which can row us with any satisfaction across the troubled waters of life, and she consequently urges upon us their importance, but as a means to that end only, and from no higher motive. It follows that just when she appears to be going further in her illustration, we are thrown back with a feeling of disappointment that the truth which we are led on to a certain point to expect, fails in being more fully developed; and while we cannot but admire the heroism of Florence Sackville, we only pity when we ought to respect her.

Mrs. Burbury's style is vigorous and effective, and the scenes she depicts, the characters she delineates, and the conversations she supposes, bear the stamp of a truthfulness, a penetration, and a depth of feeling, which would do honour to one who had been longer before the public.

That part of the story which relates the theatrical career Florence is with repugnance compelled to adopt, to save her mother and sister from starvation, is handled in a fearless and masterly style; and the doings "behind the scenes," in the details of which we are introduced to green-room slang, and are instructed in all the technicalities of the coulisses, are touched off with an ease and familiarity which we should scarcely have supposed could have been acquired without personal experience.

Perhaps there may be "something too much of this," which seems rather unnecessarily to spin out the story, though in the eyes of some readers it may be considered an attraction. We have no doubt that, on the whole, "Florence Sackville" will soon become a decided favourite.

Jacob Bendixen, the Jew. By Mary Howitt. 3 vols.

Among the thousand and one novels of Dumas, that entitled "George" (which may be fairly reckoned as the odd one, since he therein travels out of his accustomed road) is devoted by him to the task of proving, through the medium of a story as attractive as usual, that the Creoles are not inferior to any other race in refinement of feeling or strength of intellect. The knowledge that an author of wide-world celebrity has a sort of personal object in establishing this proposition, enhances rather than detracts from the interest with which the attempt must be viewed. There can be no question that the Danish Goldschmidt, from whom Mrs. Howitt informs us she has adapted the present narrative, was actuated by a similar motive as regards the Jews, for our friend Jacob Bendixen is herein represented as possessing not only all the requisites for making a figure in society and charming the hearts of the fair sex, but the fiery courage which appals the enemy in the field of battle. The opening of the story introduces us to the Jewish community of Funen, in Denmark, occasion being taken to give a series of sketches of their various social and religious customs and observances, the peculiarities of some of which will doubtless be new to the majority of readers. Their position relatively to the Gentile world is also taken into account, and the impression predominant among them is represented to be that they are treated with contumely, and regarded with a feeling approaching to hatred. Be this as it may in Denmark, we cannot admit any such general representation to be correct in these cosmopolitan and enlightened days. All illiberal prejudices against the descendants of Abraham are by this time as extinct as, we believe, on their side is extinct the "in omnes alios hostile odium" attributed to them in olden time by the historian Tacitus. The depression which reigns in the Bendixen family, in common with the rest, is partially relieved by the birth of Jacob, of whom his fond parents entertain the highest expectations from his birth. Duly to develop his nascent abilities he is sent to the college at Copenhagen, one of the first results of which step is that he conceives strange doubts as to the efficacy or reasonableness of certain Jewish religious forms, such as wearing the Arbakamphoth (a bit of woollen cloth) on his breast, to secure the benefits of the ancient covenant, and "laying the Tephilim" before

praying, *i.e.*, binding "one leathern strap nine times round his arm and another round his forehead." The reproaches of his family and an appeal to his pride arrest his further departure from the religion of his forefathers; and, as a Jew, he wins the heart of the beautiful Thora Fougel, carrying the day against all rivals, and notably against one Lieutenant Engborg. The fair Thora appears, previously to her rencontre with Jacob, to have had no other idea of a Jew than an old clothes man, for thus she writes to a friend *apropos* of her inamorato:—

> Thou canst imagine my surprise when I recalled your old Jew—that nasal-toned, wretched, miserly being, with all the qualities of a thief excepting that he will steal in a roundabout way, and always give some trifle to boot for that which he steals. And, after all, this young man is a Jew! It seems to me almost impossible. The very thought of him talking through his nose seems to me like some great sin!

Matters proceed smoothly even to the betrothal, till the arrival of a pragmatical old aunt, who, in her quality of wife of a clergyman, aspires to the glory of converting our hero.

> She anticipated the triumph she should enjoy when she had enriched the community with a new member, much in the same way as she, in her country parsonage, interested herself about a chicken hatched late in the season, or which she had reared up when every one else had given it up.

Signally failing in this notable undertaking, Aunt Mathilda has sufficient influence with the family to delay the completion of the matrimonial compact till, at her instigation, baptism is at first obliquely hinted than unequivocally proposed to Jacob as the immutable condition of it. Indignation at finding Thora herself a party to this sends him off suddenly to Paris, where he consoles himself for a time in the society of Leonine, a fascinating actress of the Vaudeville; but soon reproaching himself with this inconstancy, he yields his place to "old Baron Descamps" (whom he had previously ousted from the good graces of Leonine), in consideration of the baron's purchasing for him a commission in a regiment proceeding to Algiers. Here he is as dashing, as fierce, as the wild Arabs themselves, and continues to render good service to the French, till, on news arriving of the successful Polish insurrection, and the capture of Warsaw, he is induced by a companion, Josinski, a Pole, to desert from the French army, fly to the new scene of action, and transfer his fury from the Kabyles to the Russians. A vigorous picture is then given of the irregular but desperate encounters between the opposite parties, and the ultimate retaking of Warsaw. Poor Jacob is severely wounded in one of these sanguinary affrays, and while at the point of death receives intelligence of the marriage of his faithless Thora with his old rival, Engborg. On the first approach towards recovery he rushes back to Copenhagen; but receiving no consolation of any kind, appears to become bewildered by his misfortunes, and so, to confess the truth, are we also by the winding-up, if so it can be termed, of the story. We have a perception of his death and burial, after causing the death of Thora; but if, as seems to be insinuated, he has previously degenerated into a bill discounter at fifty per cent., we cannot but pronounce that the romance of the story is strangely overshadowed, and that all the sympathy we had felt for Jacob Bendixen the Jew is obliterated.

The Fair Carew; or, Husbands and Wives. Smith, Elder and Co. London: 1851.

We feel assured, after a careful perusal of the novel before us, that it is the production of a lady, and that it is, moreover, her maiden effort. Regarding it, therefore, in that light, we intend to touch but tenderly upon its defects, while we draw attention to its sterling merits, and these we are enabled conscientiously to affirm, are of no ordinary character.

The plot is simple, the incidents are not overwrought, nor are they common-place, neither does the authoress trespass beyond the confines of probability. This sentence, we may assure our readers, conveys at the present day no insignificant modicum of praise; for amid the dismal trash that month by month and week by week accumulates upon the editorial table, it is gratifying to find occasionally a grateful exception.

The narrative commences at an early period of the present century.

A proud and wealthy family of the name of Luttrel, deeply impressed with a high notion of their own importance, and of the heinousness of a *mésalliance*, are greatly horrified by the discovery that a marriage has actualty been solemnised between a poor relative of theirs, by name Carew, and a maiden of plebeian origin.

He is a midshipman, cares little for the frowns of the haughty ones, nor for their exclusion of his wife from their society. In due course he obtains a ship, which founders soon after leaving port, and he is reported to have gone down with her.

His supposed death causes his family to relent towards his wife, whose only companion is now a beautiful daughter. Mrs. Carew receives an invitation to their mansion from the Luttrels, but the proffered hospitality she haughtily declines. Her audacity excites the indignation of all but one, Hartley Luttrel, the *fils de la maison*. He in due course becomes a cornet, falls in love with Selby, the daughter of the widow presumptive, and as his time is brief ere he must join his regiment in the Peninsula, he proposes a clandestine marriage. The mother of his fair one opposes the suggestion, because it is adverse to her intentions of humiliating the Luttrels. At length, however, her scruples are overcome, the young couple are united, and Hartley departs to fight for his country in a state of distraction at being compelled to leave his bride, who has been attacked by severe illness, stretched upon a bed of pain. She recovers, and with her mother takes up her abode at Bath. They have not long resided in that ancient city before the elder lady is astonished by the apparition of—her husband!—John Carew, who reappears after an absence of some years, without giving the most satisfactory explanation of his conduct during the interval.

He is charmed with the beauty of his daughter, but is not made acquainted with her union with young Luttrel. John Carew has not long returned ere he contrives by a *ruse* to introduce his fair daughter at Horton Hall, the mansion of the Luttrels. Much displeased at the trick that has been played upon her, the poor girl endeavours to escape,

taking refuge at a mean inn in the vicinity. Her father and Mr. Francis Luttrel (the brother of the head of the house) urge her strongly to quit the questionable abode to which she has betaken herself, and she is persuaded with some difficulty to accept Mr. F. Luttrel's hospitality. By degrees she is induced to return to Horton Hall, where her surpassing attractions not only excite universal astonishment, but give rise eventually to an intricate state of affairs requiring much tact and ingenuity to unravel.

Our authoress has evidently exerted all her ability in working up this crisis, and we shall not mar the satisfaction of our readers by anticipating their perusal of the novel. Suffice it to say, that after four or five years absence young Hartley returns, at a period when his young wife's position has become peculiarly embarrassing, and when longer delay on his part might have conduced to still more unpleasant results.

A disclosure now speedily occurs, giving rise to painful apprehension on the part of the Fair Carew.

Baseless suspicions are at the same time awakened in the husband's mind relative to his wife's conduct during his absence; and the sequel, like an Adelphi melodrama, is full of "stirring incident." Selby Carew flies from her husband in a chaise-and-pair, he pursues in a chaise-and-four, overtakes her, and after explanation on both sides, their mutual felicity, so long obscured, begins to dawn.

Such is a faint sketch of the plot of the Fair Carew, and, notwithstanding its simplicity, much skill and cleverness are displayed in its development. For a first effort, it may be pronounced decidedly successful; its defects will, we trust, not be discernible in the next production from the same pen. There is throughout perhaps too apparent an effort to protract the story so as to fill the requisite number of pages and the regulation number of volumes. Some uninteresting scenes are unnecessarily drawn out. Several of the dialogues are somewhat prosy and might be advantageously curtailed, and there is throughout unmistakeable evidence of a want of acquaintance with the world and its stern realities. Still we must applaud the fair writer's literary effort, for we think she gives promise of still higher achievements.

The Old Engagement; a Spinster's Story. By JULIA DAY. 1 vol.

THE limits within which the Spinster has been judicious enough to confine her story are so unusually moderate that we have no doubt "The Old Engagement" will recommend itself to more than one reader on this score. It may repay the trouble of perusal by whiling away the idle half hour before dinner.

The story is somewhat commonplace, and the plot so flimsy that it will scarcely bear touching, indeed the catastrophe is so apparent throughout that any allusion to the details would inevitably mar the little interest with which the book might be taken up.

Miss Vaughan is evidently meant to be a paragon, but is so slightly sketched as to call up a very indistinct idea of what a lady in her position and circumstances might be.

Colonel Estcourt is perhaps a shade better executed. Mrs. Pemberton, and "her darling Clara," fill up advantageously, but they are quite old acquaintances, and we have met them (as well as the "timid" Miss Willis, who contrives to elope with a Mr. Frank Edwards from her first ball) so often before, that we cannot allow they add much to the originality of the *tout ensemble*.

As a Christmas tale the volume is well enough, and would perhaps have pleased better the class of readers into whose hands it is likely to pass, had it been gorgeously encased in a wrapper of crimson silk.

John Drayton: being the History of the Early Life and Development of a Liverpool Engineer. 2 vols. London: 1851.

THE author of this work tells us in his introduction that it is a plain story of true and common life, told by a man who has lived for more than ten years in the north end of Liverpool, and winning bread by his exertions as a teacher. He teaches Latin to those boys who seem to have heads—mathematics and French in the evening, and lectures on the natural sciences to young engineers, who turn out in considerable numbers to hear him.

Such are Mr. Mitchell's opportunities of seeing and describing the life of a Liverpool engineer. And now to his performance:—

John Drayton was in figure and strength Herculean; his face was ruddy, sheepish, and good humoured; his great hands and feet were the most unmanageable things in the world. His manner of speech was slow and rather coarse, and he had a propensity to hold down his head and laugh shy rude laughs when a stranger addressed him: yet listen to the homely, unmusical speech, and there was sense in those slow words of John's, sense of which he seemed but doubtfully confident.

Charlie Smith is a smart, sharp, clever, superficial engineer, up to a great many things, and willing to take credit for a great many more.

These two young men are launched into the Society of the working men of Liverpool. Mr. Mitchell does not falsely flatter the subjects of his work; he points out the conceit, the superficial smattering, and the self-complacency of the young men, who, brought into contact with acquirements no higher and intelligence no greater than their own, often fancied themselves vast geniuses, when they were in reality but very common-place young men. Our author says—

In the foundry, at the Mechanics' Institute, which some of them attended, in the singing saloon and low theatre which attracted more, and in their private meetings, measuring themselves with themselves, the complacent lads grew conscious of having reached the highest pinnacle of cleverness and intelligence.

Young political economists then leaped with a bound to startling conclusions which wiser and longer students would not dare; and all were satisfied, for the blank of that hapless equality of theirs, every man fancied himself the greatest. Their very books increased the delusion, for the great inheritance of their country and language did not belong to these young men. It was the new that especially charmed them.

The wise and erudite "reasoners" manufacturing pert doubts of the truth of religion, and repeating difficulties long ago killed and buried in rich old philosophic times,

which the young sceptics would not have glanced at if they could; the vilest of French translations, the seeming profundity of German materialisms. After all these doubting as the great Combe doubted, patronising the Lord of Redemption as Strauss and Voltaire patronised him, listening while good eager men, in false and unnatural positions, laboured to clear the great solemn Book of God from the foolish railings of its antagonists, with a complacent smile —who so clever, so superior, so intellectual, as the young working man?"

And then the author gives us a nearer insight into all this, brings workman after workman upon the stage, and shows us them as sons and husbands, as students, reasoners, agitators, and workmen. The hero is carried unscathed through much temptation, and is left at the end of the second volume an honest contented workman.

Such is the "Life of a Liverpool Engineer," a book of very good intentions, but lacking somewhat in interest and due appreciation of the talent and perseverance often found among the class it treats of.

Cecile; or, the Pervert. By the Author of "Rockingham." London: 1851.
Alban. By the Author of "Lady Alice." 3 Vols. London: 1851.

THESE are controversial novels, and in them we have no part. We hope, however, that we shall be betraying no confidence in communicating to the public that the author of "Rockingham" is the Count de Jarnac, a gentleman who, by his position and his birth, is well able to paint the manners of the highest rank of our English society—*la crême de la crême*. "Cecile" will disappoint those who take it up as a Protestant novel, for the count is a zealous Catholic, and, in setting forth the argument, takes care that the Protestants shall have the worst of it.

"Alban" is a novel of a similar character. The scene is laid in America; the first two volumes detail the quarrels and divisions of the different sects, so numerous in the transatlantic states. In the third volume the author makes his hero acknowledge the advantage of "seeking repose," as Gibbon says, "in the bosom of an infallible Church."

The Tutor's Ward. A Novel. By the Author of "Wayfaring Sketches," "Use and Abuse," &c. Two Vols.

WHEN a writer of fiction once quits the sober realms of probability, and, giving free scope to his fancy, soars into those regions where the restrictions that sway other authors have no longer any influence over him, we confess a strong disinclination to accompany him in his flight. The absence of probability is, however, occasionally atoned for by other and more dazzling attributes. Would that it were so in the volumes before us. It is with reluctance that we pronounce them to possess few redeeming qualities.

The plot has certainly the merit of simplicity; but several of the characters are unnatural, and consequently unpleasing; the dialogue is frequently tedious, and the incidents rarely awaken our interest or elicit our approval.

The following brief outline will enable our readers to judge whether, in some respects at least, our criticism, in the present instance, has been undeservedly harsh:—

Millicent Grey, the heroine, is the daughter of a girl, of whom "The Tutor," John Forde, had long been deeply enamoured. She, however, preferred an unworthy and profligate rival to himself. They are married, she gives birth to Millicent and dies; having, a few days previously, visited "The Tutor" at nightfall, and intrusted her infant to his care, with the injunction that he must henceforth charge himself with its tutelage, and sedulously shield her from her father's baneful influence.

John Forde undertakes, and fulfils to the best of his ability, this onerous and responsible trust; but the memory of the young mother, and the abstract love he ceaselessly cherishes for the departed, render him unfit for the discharge of many important duties to her child, whose education is consequently imperfect.

Ere she has yet emerged from girlhood her father dies, and she is reclaimed by an uncle, who invites her to dwell beneath his roof.

Her character is undoubtedly marked by many noble traits, by generosity and self-denial carried to its extremest limits; she is nevertheless, wild, undisciplined, impetuous, and enthusiastic, and presents a striking contrast in every particular to another young lady, one Juliet Egerton, her cousin, who, with much of evil in her composition, contrives to mask it by her personal graces and her surpassing beauty.

One Stephen Aylmer next appears upon the scene, and succeeds in winning the affections of Millicent Grey. He resembles the men usually delineated by ladies in their novels, and having premised thus much, it is scarcely necessary to add that he is handsome *à ravir*, a very Crichton in attainments and accomplishments, of which he is perhaps excusably vain. Arthur, the brother of Juliet Egerton, has, however, conceived a violent passion for Millicent, but is unable, of course, to elicit any similar feeling from her.

In revenge, he resolves to mar the happiness of the fair one whom he has failed to enthral, and by alienating the affections of her betrothed endeavours to secure her for himself. His sister is the lure, "the proud falcon stoops to the quarry," and poor Millicent is cruelly forsaken. Under these trying circumstances she does not, however, demean herself, as many of her gentle sex have done before, and would, we opine, do again. No! she bears meekly her affliction, allows it to be believed that the rupture proceeded from herself, and actually provides from her own resources an ample fortune for her cousin.

But now comes the moral of the tale. How do our readers imagine the wicked Stephen is punished for his perfidy? We had hardly deemed it, "dignus vindice nodus." A thunderbolt, however, opportunely descends, striking the wretch with blindness, and afflicting him with incurable paralysis. Juliet, his intended, resigns him unhesitatingly to his fate, and to Millicent, who tends and cherishes him with unexampled assiduity, he meanwhile erroneously be-

lieving that Juliet Egerton is his nurse. Millicent, while nursing the unfortunate man, endures much from his coldness, his selfishness, and his cruelty, but her perseverance triumphs in the end, and they are once more on the point of being united. The evil genius, Arthur Egerton, here again interposes, and takes effectual means to prevent the marriage by misdirecting the blind man during a walk, and causing him to precipitate himself down a steep declivity, thus terminating abruptly, though effectually, his love, his afflictions, and his career.

We wish not to be over severe in our comments upon a lady's production, we shall, therefore, leave it to our readers to judge whether the story thus briefly rendered, be not, to say the least of it, a tissue of forced unnatural incidents. The interposition of the electric fluid just at the critical moment to prevent the nuptials of a perfidious pair, is certainly far-fetched. Were such "interferences" usual, we should, we fear, live indeed in a stormy world.

Millicent's is the only redeeming character in the book; but Juliet, notwithstanding her beauty, Aylmer, in spite of his manly form, majestic mien, and gifted mind, as well as Egerton, are unpleasing and repulsive.

Here and there we have, it is true, light, graceful, and sparkling passages, such as the following, on which evidently little art and labour have been bestowed.

The scene is on board a steam-boat :—

There was the usual assemblage to-night. There stands the young Englishman who might have been seen, a few days since, stalking like any heathen through the prostrate groups of kneeling worshippers in St. Peter's, his spy-glass in his eye, and his hands in his pockets. At his side yawns another of our enlightened countrymen, who lately made an excursion to Athens for the purpose of shooting Greek owls; a happy expedient of which he bethought himself when he had exhausted the usual Britannic excitements of shaving his head, dressing like a Turk, and otherwise astonishing the natives, and who in that renowned city having been induced by the earnest entreaties of his valet-de-place to visit the Parthenon, looked around him on these ruins of mournful beauty, and taking his cigar from his mouth, listlessly inquired what they called this place.

Further on is the brisk young clergyman, who, with his aristocratic pupil, spent two months not long since in the Holy City, and employed the interval in falling in love with, and marrying the daughter of a missionary there established; the sentimental preliminaries having been carried on during an excursion to Bethlehem, and the declaration and acceptance having taken place at the foot of the Mount of Olives, such being the habits of the clerical pilgrims of modern times. That sharp cross-looking man with green spectacles and a huge note-book under his arm, has been visiting the Syrian monasteries, where he has been treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality, having been nursed through a six weeks' fever by the good brethren on Mount Carmel. He is now returning to England, where he proposes to enlarge the public mind with a volume of travels, which is to contain a sneering denunciation of the monkish superstition of his late venerable hosts; and further, such an account of their theory and practice as a total ignorance of all languages, save his native guttural and a fund of deeply-rooted prejudice shall enable him to produce.

Our next extract occurs after a discussion, in which Egerton has been discoursing upon the vocation and the misfortunes of poets :—

He paused, and Millicent stood silent, fixing her large wondering eyes on the speaker; but suddenly she was roused by the voice of Charles, who had approached unnoticed.

"Miss Grey, I see you are mute in astonishment, from which I infer that Arthur has been imparting to you some of his peculiar theories; I therefore consider it my duty, for your future peace of mind in all intercourse with him, to announce to you that our respected brother is a poet. If you knew the world a little better, you would understand, that this fact accounts for the very sombre hue of his existence, and for the fund of most melancholy information which it will be his delight to convey to you. For *poet*, in the present day, read—a well-fed, well-clothed, and highly-discontented individual, who, having nothing to complain of, complains of everything, who conceives himself to be surrounded with the most bitter enemies in the bosom of his affectionate family, and feels himself desperately alone when seated at the tea table, where his anxious mother is handing him a plate of muffins. Awful instances of the world's hollowness are to be found in the society of his unsympathetic maiden aunts, and the early duplicity of some of his schoolfellows leaves rankling wounds which time cannot efface."

Charles was an adept in the sneering coldness and contempt with which, in these our times, it is much the fashion to trample on the very souls of our fellow creatures. We doubt if many burdens will serve to weigh men down in their coffins so ably as the load of that murderous carelessness with which they wound the feelings of others, casting the blight of ridicule over things lovely and of good report, and destroying ofttimes in their fellow men that faith in the beautiful which they themselves have abandoned, in conformity with their levelling and sophistical creed. Millicent, however, with her fresh enthusiastic mind, was by no means disposed to adopt Charles's views on the subject, and she turned to Arthur with sparkling eyes.

"A poet! Oh, I am so glad! Are you indeed a poet?"

"I am so unfortunate," he replied, in a low voice.

"Unfortunate! That is not the word to use. How can you so mistake your calling? Oh, it is a glorious thing to be a poet. I know nothing of the world; but this at least I do believe and know: it is a noble thing to make your way into the hearts of thousands, and find an echo there to your own thoughts; a noble thing to be a conqueror, more than ever warrior with his armed force, and that by your sweet words only. Think what an empire of souls a poet wins to himself!"

"Miss Grey, you are rash, very rash," said Charles; "you little know how extremely dangerous the writing species are, or how slight an imprudence will place you in their power. I can see already, with prophetic foresight, the daily arrival of Arthur, with a long roll of MS. under his arm, to which he will hold you bound to listen after this incautious speech. I remember once to have mentioned that I took some interest in scientific experiments before the author of a treatise on chemistry, and the consequences were awful."

Arthur turned hastily away as his brother spoke, but Millicent, whose gentle heart was pained for him, called him anxiously to her.

"Do not go," she said, "your brother does not at all understand what an intense charm there is for me in beautiful poetry. In fact, how can it be otherwise in any one! I am sure you do not yourself feel as you would have us think," she continued, turning with a bright smile to Charles; "not to appreciate poetry is to undervalue one of the sweetest things this world has to offer us,—it is the very music of the mind."

"My poor cousin," said Charles, compassionately; "what a very uncomfortable life you are preparing for yourself, if you continue in this unhealthy state of feeling. Let me exhort you to reflect that an inordinate interest in any thing or person is wholly incompatible with that calm equanimity with which we can alone, at all times, attend to our own peace of mind, and constantly promote that condition of placid enjoyment which is quite attainable in this world if we know how to take proper care of ourselves; for instance, enthusiasm on any subject whatever is altogether a work of supererogation. It is most desirable to divest ourselves of it entirely, or it may be the cause of infinite trouble."

"You are not a believer in your own creed," said Millicent, laughing; or if you are, you must feel exactly like a fish."

"Like a fish!" exclaimed Charles, startled out of his elegant repose of manner.

"Yes," said Millicent, "the analogy may not have occurred to you, but it strikes me forcibly, that peculiarly temperate state of mind to which you think it advisable to reduce yourself is extremely similar to the remarkable coolness of the atmosphere which pervades the whole existence of a fish. You will admit that they are essentially cool, externally and internally. I think we might even define the exact species which such a character as you have des-

cribed would most resemble. I should say, now, an oyster—very calm, very cool—an oyster must be safely incased in his own shell, indifferent, we may believe, to the proceedings of the pikes and the turbots around; not likely, I should imagine to be very enthusiastic, if even a mermaid were to sing by his side."

During this speech, which Millicent delivered with much gravity, Charles turned slowly round, and fixed his eyes full upon her. He met in return only a glance of quiet merriment, and an involuntary smile passed over his own face.

"Talking of fish," he said, "I think I shall go to breakfast."

It would hardly be fair to the authoress to conclude without giving the following highly-wrought passage, as it contains the moral she seeks to promulgate:—

"The murderer, with the spectre Remorse, to whom he was wedded, at his side, knelt on the rock, whence he could see her dwelling;—when it was given him to look upon her once again. Across that threshold, with a calm, gliding step, there passed what seemed to him more like a spirit than a human being—so wan, so wasted. Surely death had passed already on that bloodless cheek, that pure, transparent forehead.

Surely no inhabitant of earth ever looked to heaven with eyes so spiritual, so holy, glittering with pure light, like the stars in the sky. What a stormless serenity on that face, pallid and delicate as monumental marble! What an imploring expression of meekness in the white half-parted lips! What a depth of utter submission in the folding of those pale hands on the still fair bosom; but so fragile, so unlike a living being, moving with the light wind, like the slender form of a white and stainless lily, gliding along without a movement of those quiet hands, or a change of expression in the serene, pale countenance. It was thus, as with spirit-feet, that she passed him, and he arose and followed after her.

Rocking to and fro with every breath of wind while gently waved the white robes around her, the tranquil figure glided on; in the golden sunshine, in the warm, glowing hues of the day, she looked like a pale sheeted ghost, flitting back with its noiseless step to the rest of its own quiet grave.

And to a grave she went,—in one sense her own, for her heart lay buried there. They had made the couch of his deep repose beneath a tall pine-tree, a sweet fair spot, for the long grass waved there and the flowers were growing, and none need have dreamt of the worms beneath; and she passed on, so light the form, her feet left no mark on the turf,—and by the side of that grave she knelt down. Then she folded the meek hands prayerfully, and upward fixed those pure holy eyes, with a rapt and intense contemplation, as though the glory of the skies were drawing her soul through them to heaven. Her lips moved not, and no sound was uttered,—she might have been what she most resembled, a statue of snow-white stone.

Creeping on to her, cowering earthwards, like a dark blighting shadow, came the penitent man; nearer and nearer he stole, trembling and gasping, fearing almost he should see her pass away like a vision, too fair and too angel-like for this cold, cruel world.

But still she remained, so calm and so motionless: the fair lids drooped not over the deep longing gaze, and her quiet breath stirred not the soft summer air. Then he came and laid him down in the dust beside her.

He told her all,—all his terrible tale,—and confessed that from him had the word gone forth, which consigned the being she loved so well, to his death of anguish, and herself to despair. He writhed on the ground as he spoke, for it seemed to him superhuman that she should think of forgiveness now,—yet he asked it, as the frantic man, dying of thirst, asks the draught of pure water that alone can save him. He had not looked on her face, so he knew not how she had borne these tidings, and her sweet voice had breathed no sound while he spoke; but when he asked for pardon her answer came slowly. She rose from her knees and stood upright, softly she laid the fair transparent hand on the dust-soiled head of the penitent man,—clear and sweet as the loveliest music, her voice breathed out on the summer air:—

"I forgive you deeply and fully, as I pray that I may be forgiven."

The hands rested there a moment as if with a silent blessing, then, like the white wings of a dove, from his head were lifted and folded meekly across her own calm breast.

She resumed her place on the quiet grave, and he felt as though waters most pure and refreshing had passed on his guilty soul; but he dare not linger near her, lest a feeling of joy should steal into his heart. No right had he to know aught on this earth save that one word *repentance*, yet his heart groaned to know that she was indeed comforted,—his gentle, beloved victim. Faintly he whispered,—

"Are you, indeed, at rest?" and she answered,—

"I rest, as I never rested on earth before—hear me, and learn life's truth from my lips,—if sorrow hath not taught you already. I thought that the soul's repose was in human love, and thus far I was right, that in love alone the immortal spirit can live, but the human love is only the type of that which can never die. For the glorious substance I mistook the faint shadow, and therefore I erred and suffered. Then in mercy, to the sweet earthly love bright wings were given, that bore it away from my breast to heaven and my soul following after it, upward stole to find *there* the True Love that faileth never. I found it, and now I rest in a rest undying,—so may you find it, and so repose."

The low voice died away on his ear like the sigh of the summer wind when night closes in. He heard the light feet echo past, and the waving of her garments as she glided away, but he dare not look up; he was spell-bound there.

So never more did he look on her face, or hear her sweet voice again.

Spiritual Alchemy. By the Author of "Hearts in Mortmain" and "Cornelia." 2 vols. London, 1851.

With the exception of the quotations, which are liberally interspersed through these two volumes, we see nothing in them on which we can bestow our approval. On the contrary, were we called upon to compose a code for the benefit of a tyro in authorship, we could not sum up our instructions more comprehensively than by recommending him sedulously to avoid, in every particular, the style and sentiment of this work.

A more flimsy plot, if plot it can be called,—more empty, vapid, mawkish dialogue, than that which fills three-fourths of these six hundred pages,—it has seldom been our lot to peruse. If such a book can obtain even a moderate amount of patronage, the public taste must indeed be morbid, and no publisher need henceforward reject any contribution, even from the most unpractised pen. It is a painful thing to speak harshly of any author's production; and we should far prefer to pass over the literary failings of the gentler sex in silence, rather than pronounce upon them unqualified condemnation. We should not perhaps have done so in this instance had the fair writer been a novice in the book-making art; this, however, she is not—twice has she appeared at the bar of public opinion, yet has her experience been of little avail.

Earnestly do we recommend her for the future, should she again aspire to the dignity of an authoress—of an authoress whose fame may endure—to take up altogether a different course from that which she has hitherto pursued.

Spiritual Alchemy, indeed! Gladly would we find that alchemy which should enable us to extract from these volumes one grain of genuine ore, one thought that merited to be treasured, one opinion to garner

for future edification, one sentiment to grave on the tablets of our memory.

Lest our readers should imagine our criticism harsh, we select at hazard a quotation:—

SENTIMENT.

The evening wind had risen, and was very cool, and he took off his hat, and let it (the hat?) blow upon his brow. But his hot and beating heart no soft air refreshed—no dewy stillness soothed.

The intense longing of that heart for sympathy and rest, in constant antagonism to the ever-active, inquiring, and doubting mind—the loving spirit crying for an answer to its whispered calls, yet feeling the insufficiency of every reply—the assent of the moral nature to the claims of individual truth and virtue, while the intellectual understanding was torn by doubt, disapproval, and contempt. Above all, alas! the hindrances which that mind and understanding opposed to the desire of the soul—the soul which ever and anon sprang forward to the bosom of its repose, on the Providence of God, and the compassion of the Saviour, and was as often repelled by the cold questioning of philosophic doubt, and the warnings of a merely intellectual faith.

We offer no comment upon the passage, which is a fair sample of the more elaborate portions of the work. It evidently savours of the lamp—perhaps over much—yet its intelligibility has certainly benefited little by the light it has received.

We take, at hazard, another mystic sentence:—

SENTIMENT.

Is it not rather the natural consequence of the indulgence of morbid sensitiveness, and the constant exercise of the abstract and ideal, rather than the practical and vigorous powers of the mind, that the whole being becomes obedient to mere impulse; so that when the imagination is attracted by what is beautiful, it is ensnared by it; and being fed by outward and inward influences, grows into a passion and desire?

It may be given to a chosen few to understand even this, but the public at large should have had a foot-note for their edification.

Among the various modes adopted by novelists for disposing of their obnoxious characters we do not remember to have met with the one here described.

The unfortunate victim is travelling in a Sunday train:—

While the Sabbath hours, in their white robes, with sober footsteps, went mourning on their way; and their song of gladness was silent; and the chaste lilies of holy peace fell not from their hands to bless their earthly votaries, but were gathered to their bosoms, and wetted with their tears."

The train comes to a standstill in a tunnel:—

That great power-endowed thing, which leads them on grows faint—its pantings are slower and weaker—it cannot work without help—"

* * * * * *

A RAILWAY CRASH.

The great human mass begins to move and wonder; to look out and grow impatient. That "the engine wants water," is no consolation to the people who want deliverance from the dark tunnel, and assurance of safety. Some desire to get out. With the rumour of danger, some women scream. They are persuaded to sit still, and be quiet; but time goes on, and the train continues stationary in the darkness. Baldwin exhausted, has fallen asleep, and is awakened by the bustle of looking out and talking among the people in the carriage.

He asks: "What is amiss?"

The carriage they are in is nearer the end than the middle of the train; and the man who had spoken to him kindly when he thought he was ill, answered him now:

"We are fast in the tunnel, and the express train is on our heels."

He had scarcely spoken, when the shrill whistle of the pursuing train was heard. It came to the ears of those people like a shriek from the lips of Death. And they answered with the screams of fear and horror. The next moment, a crash, an awful tumult; men and women struggling and dying in the dark; groans, and terror untold and unavailing.

And among the dead lay Baldwin Carew.

With this catastrophe we take our leave of the authoress. If, after the above candid declaration of the merits of "Spiritual Alchemy," any of our readers will venture upon a perusal, they cannot, at least, blame us for any dissatisfaction that the operation may engender.

Falkenburg; a Tale of the Rhine. By the Author of "Mildred Vernon," "Germania," &c. 3 Vols.

We have here a novel of the true orthodox stamp, wherein "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove." The hero, Waldemar, Baron Falkenburg, reckons by the score his triumphs in Cupid's arena, but in none of these, to his shame be it spoken, is his own heart concerned. It sufficeth him to enslave those of his fair victims for the time being, and forthwith to proceed to fresh conquests, under the firm and very agreeable conviction, that to be seen is to be adored. If he occasionally reposes in his career, he is influenced rather by a sensation of excess than by any notion that pretty objects, whereon to exercise his power, can ever be wanting: thus exemplifying the apothegm of that noted authority in love matters, Ninon de l'Enclos, who, in her forty-second letter to her anxious pupil the Marquis de Sevigné, thus instructs him:—"Je l'ai souvent dit: l'amour ne meurt jamais de besoin, mais souvent d'indigestion!" And again, "L'economie des sentiments est peut-etre en amour la seule metaphysique raisonnable." Our author seeks, indeed, to rescue his hero from the imputation of being nothing better than a first-rate professor of the tender art:—

When any of Falkenburg's companions had succeeded in any enterprise, let the object have been play, woman, or horse-racing, they were elated, rejoiced, what the world calls happy; not so Falkenburg—success left him dissatisfied, for there was no proportion between the end gained and the energies put forth to gain it. Waldemar wanted development for the strength he felt within him. . . . . "How Providence could possibly plant such an oak in such a gallipot is more than I can understand," was used to say the old Countess Pfefferkorn, a very strong-headed, ill-conducted, free-thinking, witty old woman.

We find nothing, however, in the story to warrant the character thus shadowed forth, which is subsequently more truly described as follows:—

In his ideas of honour, women had absolutely nothing to do; they had as little right to be taken into account in a question of uprightness, honesty, truth, or good faith, as, in the belief of a Mahomedan, they had a right to a soul.

The fair one against whom he, under these impressions, directs his subtle arts, in the present narrative, is a pert, laughing, diminutive Venus, sensible and right-minded withal, by name Helen Marlowe, one of a party of English tourists on the banks of the Rhine. After discharging, however, his whole quiver upon her, during a series of balls at the Kursaal, pic-nics, &c., he observes, with amazement, that she has a smile for another waltzer, polker, and pic-nic-er, and concludes, therefore, that she has broken the general rule and is not in love

with him. "Je trompe ma faim avec une miette," he had said in a letter to a friend, and is proportionately sullen at his supposed ill-success. Failing in the spiritual victory he had counted on, he resolves to achieve a material one, but, after having contrived the opportunity, is disarmed by her calm magnanimity and dignified reproof, and, in the result, owns, for the first time in his life, the soft impeachment. Matters progress smoothly during the remainder of the gaieties on the Rhine, and the visit to England, but the fell demon, money, or rather the lack of it, ultimately mars this fair prospect.

The baron's grandfather, Sigismund, surnamed Longtooth, from his extraordinary appetite, had dissipated the greater part of the Falkenburg property in a series of regal festivities, having been "one of those squanderers of fortune of whom about a century ago the number was far more considerable in Germany than has commonly been supposed." His father, Adolph, again, had made bad worse by his extravagant and indiscriminate patronage of all *soi-disant* scientific inventions, among which "a certain self-acting reaping machine, by means of which a field of two acres was to be shorn of its spiky honours in less than two hours, had drawn from him the sum of four thousand dollars." By-the-way, does our author, in this "ower true tale" as he more than once styles it, intend to claim for his nameless German artificer the credit of the reaping machine? If so, we must leave him to settle the dispute with our friend from the other side of the Atlantic; *non nostrum tantas componere lites*. Be this as it may, the extravagancies of his progenitors have left the baron with no other property than an old chateau, in a terribly dilapidated condition, and something less than sixty pounds a year. The hereditary pride of the Falkenburgs disdains to bestow a thought on such paltry considerations, but not so the more provident Helen. While her inamorata is absent at his said chateau, considering how he may best contrive to repair its walls and flooring, renew its furniture, &c., the lady, having obtained information of the sorry state of his finances, and that they are moreover liable for the support of a young brother, dispatches to him at once a *billet-doux* releasing him from his rash vows. In the arrangement thus proposed he without much difficulty concurs, and the blank in love and money is speedily filled up by Lilian Cameron, a cousin of Helen's, and one of her companions in her tour on the Rhine. This lady, on whose assiduous courtship the noble baron persuades himself to take pity, is not only an heiress but the very queen of beauty and mistress of all the routine accomplishments; here, however, we regret to say, her praises must end.

As to the heart, disposition, temper, as to the moral part of her, Lilian was as utterly untutored, or perhaps far more so, than a squaw of the western wilds of North America. Lady Marlowe (her chaperon) "attended" church twice on Sundays, and a very fashionable church too, and of course Miss Cameron "attended" also; but as to what the principles of her faith were, as to what she was required to believe or not believe, as to what distinguished her essentially from a Catholic, a Puseyite, a Jew, or a Turk, Lilian was in the deepest and most entire ignorance.

Lilian is, in character, the female counterpart of the baron; her ambition being to enslave the rougher sex, as his the softer. Among the rest, she fairly breaks the heart of a sentimental German musical student, Wilhelm Norberg. There is much of pathos and impressiveness in Wilhelm's enthusiasm for his art, but we require a better authority than even the "ower true tale" to induce us to believe that he actually fell lifeless when seated at the pianoforte performing a melody composed in honour of his goddess. Among the remaining characters, which are numerous, should be distinguished the wild, waspish old hag, Babeli, inhabiting the tumble-down chateau, and a young Caliban, Lyulph hight, the deserted brother of the baron, who has been left from infancy in her charge. A vein of poetry pervades the delineation of these strange beings, more especially Lyulph, whose wanton vagaries recal Lord Cranstoun's goblin page, and similar freaks of Walter Scott's fancy, which our author doubtless had in his eye while engaged in sketching them. *Du reste*, he is a perfect master of persiflage, the small talk of flirtation, and the philosophy of the tender passion, on the varying phases of which he treats his readers to many pertinent dissertations.

The Whale. By HERMAN MELVILLE, Author of "Typee," "Omoo," "Redburn," "Mardi," "White-jacket." 3 Vols., 8vo. London: 1851.

IT will be fresh in the memory of our readers that an account lately appeared in the morning papers of the demolition of sundry boats and the destruction of a goodly vessel (the Ann Alexander, of New Bedford), in consequence of the terrific and successive onslaughts upon them of an indomitable South Sea whale.

Punch poetically and pathetically narrated the details of the sad disaster. The *Illustrated News* graphically represented the scene of fearful demolition, and all London for four-and-twenty hours was aghast at the frightful catastrophe.

The fearful event only occurred on the 20th of last August (in lat. 5 deg. 50 min. S., long. 102 deg. W.), and yet already has Mr. Bentley, with the assistance of that prolific writer Mr. Herman Melville, presented the public with a three-volume novel, of which the above incident forms the entire plot! Many, doubtless, will cavil at the application of the term "novel" to such a production as this, seeing that no tale of love is interwoven with the strange ana of which it is compounded. Still we cannot trouble ourselves to devise for it a happier term.

The characters are rough and ungentle in the extreme, and consist almost entirely of the crew of a Yankee whaler the Pequod, and her skipper one Captain Ahab—a strange incomprehensible being he is. Nearly the whole of his life has been passed upon the ocean, and chiefly on the whaling grounds of the South Pacific. On one occasion in his youth he had the misfortune, in a conflict with a monster of the deep, to lose one of his nether limbs. "It was," to use our author's own terms, "devoured, chewed up, crunched, by the monstrousest parmacetty that ever chipped a boat." Enraged at this misadventure, he vows eternal vengeance against the redoubtable whale who caused it. The

whale, it seems, is one of notoriously bad character, about the worst in fact of any known in the Antarctic regions; the havoc he has occasioned among ships, boats, and their crews, are fearful to peruse—all stand in awe of Moby Dick (the soubriquet he has received), but Captain Ahab, who, during a long series of years, has been animated by one hope only—that of vengeance and the destruction of his foe. At the commencement of his last voyage he impresses this strongly upon his men:—

MOBY DICK.

Aye, aye! it was that accursed white whale that razeed me; made a poor pegging lubber of me for ever and a day!" Then tossing both arms, with measureless imprecations he shouted out: "Aye, aye! and I'll chase him round Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round the Norway Maelstrom, and round perdition's flames, before I give him up. And this is what ye have shipped for, men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land, and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out. What say ye, men, will ye splice hands on it, now? I think ye do look brave."

Aye, aye! shouted the harpooners and seamen, running closer to the excited old man: "A sharp eye for the White Whale; a sharp lance for Moby Dick!"

After a long voyage, during which we have sundry digressions concerning the nature, attributes, and physical properties of whales, interspersed with wild rhapsodies from the crack-brained captain, and dissertations upon a variety of topics, Moby Dick is descried in all his glory basking in the morning sun. A three days' chase ensues. A mortal encounter takes places. All the boats are crunched by the monster's jaws—men are slain; the whale has for a moment retired pierced with harpoons and lances, and interlaced with an inextricable network of tangled lines:—

THE FINAL CATASTROPHE.

From the ship's bows, nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of plank, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of overspreading semicircular foam before him as he rushed. Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice, were in his whole aspect; and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooners aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a ravine.

"The ship! The hearse!—the second hearse!" cried Ahab from the boat; "its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.

"I turn my body from the sun. What ho, Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer. Oh! ye three unsurrendered spires of mine; thou un-cracked keel; thou firm deck, and haughty helm, and Pole-pointed prow,—death-glorious ship! must ye then perish, and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of meanest shipwrecked captains? Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. Ho, ho! from all your furthest bounds, pour ye now in, ye bold billows of my whole forgone life, and top this one-piled comber of my death! Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying, but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee. Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine, let me, then, tow to pieces, while still chasing thee, though tied to thee thou d——d whale! *Thus*, I give up the spear!"

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove;—ran foul. Ahab stooped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone Next instant, the heavy eye-splice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and miting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned. "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" Soon they through dim, bewildering mediums saw her side-long fading phantom, as in the gaseous Fata Morgana, only the uppermost masts out of water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their once lofty perches, the pagan harpooners still maintained their sinking look-outs on the sea. And now, concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole; and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the Pequod out of sight.

But as the last whelmings intermixedly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the mainmast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coincidings, over the destroying billows they almost touched—at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar. A sky-hawk that tauntingly had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding Tashtego there; this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood; and simultaneously feeling that etherial thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-grasp, kept his hammer frozen there: and so the bird of Heaven, with unearthly shrieks, and his imperial beak thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of Heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

Such is the melancholy termination of Captain Ahab and of Mr. Herman Melville's whaling narrative. As there was no survivor of the catastrophe, how became the author or Mr. Bentley possessed of all these minute and painful details? We shall not be surprised to find the whole shortly reproduced as an Adelphi melodrama, with Paul Bedford nightly impersonating Moby Dick.

Caleb Field: a Tale of the Puritans. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." 1 vol. London: 1851.

THE great plague is desolating London. A Puritan minister has met his daughter. It is a heath in wild Cumberland. The girl Edith is courageous, enthusiastic, fearless, as should be the daughter of a hunted sect. The Puritan, tender and yielding only to her, has told the mission his conscience imposes. He must away to his sphere of action; "Edith, I must go, plead with them, strive with them, suffer with them. If I save but one it is hire enough." The only struggle that the strong man feels was that he must leave his only child in the hands of strangers.

She lifted her head—she had not been weeping—there were traces in her face of an emotion too great for tears.

"Father," she said, "we are but two of us in the world alone—no kindred—no brethren;—if we have friends they are strangers; we have none of our own blood. We are two—only two—in this great world alone."

Her father raised his hand in appeal—he feared her en-

treaties. This trial was the greatest of all—his Lord's cause and his sole child—how painful was the choice that lay between them.

"Only two," said Edith, with nervous haste. "If thou wert taken away, father, ah! then I should rebel against the Lord; my heart would not submit, if my words did. Father, what wouldest thou say in heaven, if thy sole child were shut out for this blasphemy? for I would be alone, alone! Thou hast not thought what a terrible word that is."

"Edith! Edith!"

"Listen to me, father. If the Lord called us both home, who would weep for us? who would be tempted to this rebellion because *we* had fallen asleep? Father, if thou wentest up alone, would not my mother ask thee for her child? Ah! the Lord knoweth, surely the Lord knoweth best; but alone, father, alone, a stranger and an exile, when ye are all in heaven—is this meet?"

"Spare me, Edith," said the minister; "I am vowed to render up all for his cause—all. My people, whom the Lord gave me to watch for their souls night and day, can I let them die, with no man caring for them, no man pointing them to heaven? Remember, Edith! thou hast prayed for them; they are those who shall be my joy and crown if they be brought to righteousness. It is thy grief blindeth thee; think of this."

"I think of it, father. Yea, I see them, stricken down, and no man caring for their souls; stricken down, and no hand to tend them in their sickness. Ah! father, so desolate it must be, that forsaken sick-bed; so forlorn, so miserable, with only pain living there, and the dark death drawing near in the silence, stealing among the shadows. Father, I have a petition to you; let *me* go to this labour also. I am here only to pine and brood, and forget our Lord, who will not be served in slothfulness, and yonder they are dying who have need of me—even of *me*. Father, I will go also; you will not deny me?"

"I feared this," said the Puritan; "it must not be, Edith; speak not of it again."

"Father, it is not your wont to be more merciful to yourself than to me. I, too—have not I somewhat to answer for in the sight of Him who judgeth righteously. You would have me dwell here in sloth, receiving all mercies and returning no thankful service. But look at me, father, I am strong; I do not fear. We will go together. If He wills it so, we shall return in peace! if He wills it not so, then shall we travel together to his own country in joy. Be it as He wills; I am ready, father. Let us go."

The Puritan was overcome; his voice trembled.

"Edith, I cannot bear this; the Lord demands no martyrdom of thee, my poor child. Rememberest thou not how even He, the Lord, our Holy One, refused in His wondrous patience to tempt God? And why thrust thyself into this deadly peril, Edith? I am called to the labour, not thou; speak not any more of this, it must not be."

"Yea, father," said Edith, hurriedly, "but it was to a vain temptation that he answered: 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord.' It was not a call to render service to the dying, to comfort the stricken, to minister to the sick. Hitherto I have never rebelled against thy kind will; now, father, I rebel! I also am one responsible to God. I also must go to help in thy ministry. Do not say me nay, but sanctify this, my dedication, with thine approval—with thy blessing."

And so he did at last.

Father and daughter ride resolutely forward—the old man forgiving in the way some mysterious wrong done him by a young man—one Sir Philip Dacre—and now repented of, and accepting the penitent as the companion of his journey. They reach London—the city of the plague. From the time that Thucydides acquired an immortality by his picture of the plague of Athens down to the other day when Kinglake, in his "Eöthen," described the plague that did *not* exist in Smyrna, every author has found in the epidemic of a great city a fruitful field for the very highest power of description. The plague of London, however, has had its historians. The best who write upon it can do no wiser than copy, they cannot excel, De Foe.

The Puritan and his daughter are in London. The scenes that meet their gaze are pictured with rare power.

THE PLAGUE STRICKEN.

They passed on. Along the street, thrusting the very few passengers on the footpath aside in his precipitous career, a man thinly clad, with horror in his pale face and wild eyes, came dashing forward. They heard his cry indistinctly before he approached.

"What is it, father, what is it?" whispered Edith, fearfully. She thought him some unhappy lunatic escaped from confinement.

But the passers-by showed no signs of terror; they looked at him with compassionate eyes; they uttered ejaculations of prayer, strange to hear in that public place and time. The unhappy wanderer rushed on, uttering his sharp, monotonous cry: "Oh! the great and terrible God!" and men looked on in solemn quietness, not marvelling. The healthful blood ran cold in the young veins of Edith Field. What cries were these for the streets of a mighty city!

They proceeded on—so many deserted houses frowning dark with their closed doors and windows upon the life around—so many signs of panic and terror, from wild apprehensions of God's wondrous vengeance, like that of the maniac who had passed them, to the helpless, tremulous anxiety of those serving maids and labouring men, who crowded about the apothecary's door—combined to throw a cold blight of despondency upon the strangers. Up in the clear sky before them, Edith's eye had been caught by the glorious golden hue of a singular cloud. The heavens were flooded with the light of the setting sun; in beautiful relief against the blue sky, the cloud turned forth its mellow roundness to the gentle summer breeze, gliding onward stately and slow, as you may see a full sail sometimes on the verge of the far horizon, with the sunshine in its bosom. As Edith observed it, they came up to a knot of people gathered in the middle of the street.

"Lo!" exclaimed a female voice, "how he stretches forth his sword, and his eyes like fire gazing over the city, and his face terrible, and yet so fair, and his garments like a wondrous mist, with the sunshine below! Ah! Sirs, do ye not see him? Lo! now he bends to the east and to the west, with his sword gleaming like a diamond stone, awful to see! Can ye not see him?—can ye not see him? or hath his glory blinded your eyes?"

She was gazing up with passionate earnestness at the cloud as it floated above.

"Yea, yea, yonder is the flashing of his sword over St. Paul's!" cried a man beside her.

"I see him! I see him!" said another; "what a glorious creature he is!"

This is better than Harrison Ainsworth's imitation, but it is not so good or so truth-like as the "History of the Plague."

The Puritan passes on to his proper sphere of ministry at Hampstead, whence he had been previously expelled. Edith becomes the almoner of a wealthy terrified merchant, who leaves alms behind him in her hands and flees the pestilence. Daily does the Puritan go forth into the infect city and preach and minister and counsel, but hourly does the dark shadow draw nearer and nearer to his home upon the hill.

IT IS COME.

They had reached the bounds of the city in their visitation; they were returning at last by the high road. A short time before they reached the house of the Turners, at which Edith had called on the previous day, they met a singular group, about whose rear, as they proceeded with some pomp towards London, a little crowd, eager and yet afraid, hovered. The two principal persons wore the garb of respectable citizens; grave, thoughtful, important men. A slight red rod was in the hand of each; and there was a subdued solemnity and pomp about their mien, the importance of office in its first novelty overcoming the fear of the terrible occasion which brought them hither.

"Who are they, Mercy?" asked Edith, anxiously, as she with difficulty kept her young companion from the crowd.

"Oh! heaven save us!—the examiners!—the examiners! it has come!" cried a woman beside them, wringing her hands.

Edith shrank back hastily to the foot road, holding Mercy's hands.

"Oh, what will become of us!" said Mercy, with a sup pressed scream, "look, Mistress Edith, look!"

Edith looked up. Upon the house at whose door they were standing appeared the terrific red cross, and solemn supplication, "Lord have mercy upon us!" of which they heard so much as the sign of those places shut up, infected with the plague. It was no longer fear but certainty;—the pestilence had come.

Near the door, sullenly reserved and silent, stood the man appointed to watch. Edith perceived, as she recoiled from its vicinity in terror, that it was Ralph Tennison.

"Who is it, Ralph?" she asked.

"Speed the away from this, Mistress Edith," said the man hastily; "wherefore should ye be in peril more than ye need? It is Phœbe Turner, that came yestermorn from Westminster; she has brought it into the midst of us. But haste thee home, Mistress Edith, I say."

A few days pass, and Edith and Sir Philip Dacre meet. Dacre had come to London to carry away his mother, a stern dame who would not yield even to this stark terror. She would not fly. There are dark hints of wrongs that this woman had done to Edith and her sire—wrongs that she had been told not of. But the pestilence strides on.

THE DEATH CART.

The wheels of some heavy vehicle, solemn and slow, were passing along the deserted road; and then the clear echoes gave forth the hoarse tinkling of a bell. The silvery night air seemed to soften it; yet the two girls in their quiet chamber shrank and trembled, and looked fearfully, in silent terror, into each other's faces.

Then there followed a voice, inarticulate in the distance. Alas! they knew too well what those terrible words would be. The sound came nearer—nearer; and Mercy started from her bed, and throwing herself at Edith's feet, clasped her arms round her in the convulsive dependance of fear, as the voice rang sharp into the silent house: "Bring forth your dead!"

Edith and Dacre work together in their terrible work of charity—can love be born in scenes like these? In the course of her ministrations Edith is attracted by a cry of agony to an unbarred door, she enters and sees Lady Dacre—she is alone and dying, the plague madness strong upon her.

This death scene is terribly worked—the evil woman struggles and defies to the last.

And now Caleb Field tells his daughter his tale of wrongs. He had dared to wed a cousin of this proud woman. He, a plebeian, had dared to wed a Dacre. They lived in poverty and bliss, and Edith was born. But the times were not the times of peace. They were driven forth from a blazing dwelling—and then comes

THE WRONG.

"So we went forth upon the bleak road, Edith, if perchance, we could have reached the humble shelter of Ralph Dutton's cottage; I knew we might be safe and secret there; but thy mother's strength failed her, and in despair I sat me down at the gate of Thornleigh, while my Edith went to the door of her hard kinswoman, to crave a shelter for herself and thee. The lady then had a little one of her own—this good youth Philip—and I believed not but her heart would melt to the young mother and her child.

"Edith, she came forth in her pride to the threshold, where stood my gentle one, and with the keen wind cutting over that blessed face, and the weariness of her wayfaring bending her to the earth, the door of her father's house was shut upon her! in the extremity of our distress, yonder evil woman had nought but reproach to say to her!—her own kindred, her own blood—the young mother with the infant in her weary arms!

"She came out to me again, Edith—I had waited to see that she was but safe, ere I went upon my lonely way—she came out to me with a smile upon her lip—such a smile!—thou sawest never the like—'We will go on, Caleb,' she said, 'we will go on;' that was all. Edith, I was nigh maddened! I saw the cold striking into her heart—I saw her totter as she laid her hand upon my arm, and I—I could do nought—my soul was mad within me: I could scarce speak comfort to her.

"And we went on—how I dare not try to think; yet we did toil up yonder hills—thou wailing on her bosom, and I carrying ye both in my arms—a dreadful journey! God save thee, Edith, from ever such agony as thou hadst an unconscious part in then!

"We reached our shelter at last, when the gloom of night was on the hills—the bleak, chill gloom of night; and then, Edith, I tried to hope. God help me! I looked upon her face as she lay yonder, and tried to hope. But she had only come there in time to die! Edith—Edith! it was thus thy mother died!"

The pestilence ebbs and flows, but at length men feel that the curse is removed. The daily deaths decrease to their wonted number, and the work of Caleb Field and Edith is done. Father and daughter stand on the heather of breezy Cumberland again.

THE END.

But Dame Dutton went about her household work thereafter with smiles and secret whispers—and Edith standing at the cottage door with a tremulous gladness about her heart, to look out upon the far stretching slopes of those blue hills of Cumberland, retreated to her own chamber, with a nervous haste, for which she could not very well account, when she saw her kinsman, Sir Philip Dacre, ascending the narrow pathway over the hills.

And so it came to pass ere long, that a second Edith Dacre entered the old halls of Thornleigh to be lady and mistress there, where her mother's clouded youth had past. A dim beginning—yonder sad time of the plague in London, was indeed the dawning of a pleasant day.

And there followed sunny years—years of household quietness, of growing wisdom, and of such generous labour, full of all bounties and kindnesses, as doth become so well those gentlefolk of God's appointing, whose errand is to bind together the different circles of His earth in the wide sympathies of one humanity. Never houseless man again sat vainly at the gate of Thornleigh, waiting the issue of his wearied wife's petition, as he did once, whose manly head began to whiten within, under the snow of peaceful years. Never wayfarer sought shelter vainly—never poor turned without hope, or help away. Gentle alms—deeds, and charities—gentler words of brotherhood and kindness—gentlest and highest, merciful teachings of the Gospel, fell pleasantly like summer dew about the old house of Thornleigh!

There is power and vigour in this book—as who that has read Merkland could doubt to find. We might have sympathised more entirely with Edith had her virtues been set in a less stern creed; but the devotion which regardeth not peril, the calm serene courage of a brave, yet softly feminine heart, are a spectacle for humanity to admire. We carp not at the setting of such pure gems.

Revenge. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 vols. London: Newby.

IT is by no slight effort we collect our ideas, and regain the composure requisite for the due performance of our critical office, as regards these volumes, so terribly has our nervous system been excited by the perusal of them. Truly, we have supped full of horrors, enough "to make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and far surpassing any dreadful stories of hobgoblins and midnight devilries narrated to an affrighted auditory round the yule-log. What appalling visions does not Mr. James evoke before our bewildered imagination. *Horrescimus referentes.* "A very beautiful

lady," "of high-born and proud parentage," Mrs. Hazleton by name, deliberately murders by poison her "dear friend," the gentle Lady Hastings, who has given her no iota of offence, but whose removal she considers essential to the furtherance of certain dark designs. By a refinement in cruelty she contrives to convey to the mind of Sir Philip Hastings (using thereto a device as flimsy as the motive for the murder) a conviction that the culprit is no other than his own daughter, into whose guileless breast the father, carried away by ungovernable fury, plunges the assassin's knife. On the discovery of her innocence, which is speedily made apparent, he sinks into hopeless insanity; while the female fiend, detected in these and other devilish machinations, to escape from justice, inflicts a mortal injury upon herself, and maintains, during a fortnight's dying, a bold impenitence, proclaiming with her last breath that repentance is "all trash," and that she "will not think of hell till it has hold upon her, if that should ever be!"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" while we endeavour to rally our scattered senses, and investigate, so far as possible, the causes of these effects, or, rather, the causes of these defects, "for these effects defective come by cause," however inadequate that cause. The ruthless Medea, the Erinnys of the story, is introduced to the reader a widow and childless, in excellent spirits withal, and possessor of a fine old mansion and estate, but which she has scarcely begun to enjoy when a claimant springs up in the person of a Mr. Marlow, who alleges that his grand-uncle who sold the land to her father had no power to do so, the property being strictly entailed. Whatever degree of validity there may be in Mr. Marlow's claim to the estate, there can be no doubt that, in the course of an interview with Mrs. Hazleton on the subject, he establishes an indefeasible lien upon her heart, without in the least intending it; while she, on the other hand, having "never been contradicted in her life," resolves, come what may, not to be contradicted or thwarted in this. Love and interest combine; what shall be suffered to thwart these when Mrs. Hazleton is the party concerned? Nothing. A serious obstacle, nevertheless, soon presents itself in the evident devotion of Mr. Marlow to Miss Hastings, the daughter of Sir Philip, and undying hatred and "revenge" is at once vowed against the ill-fated Emily. Sir Philip, again, being consulted by her on Marlow's claim, and her project of marriage with him, mortally offends her by suggesting the disparity of years as an objection, and to make the matter worse when she expresses her confidence that he would take care of her interest, he stiffly adds, "and of your honour, my dear Madam." On no weightier provocation than this Mrs. Hazleton registers him also in the black catalogue of her "revenge." No long time elapses before she discovers ground from which to commence her operations. She hunts out the fact that an elder deceased brother of Sir Philip's had contracted an unfortunate liaison with a cottage girl named Ayliffe, the result of which was a son, John. Prove but the legitimacy of John Ayliffe, and the Hastings family not only lose their title but are reduced to comparative poverty. Here will be a grand step on the road to "revenge." Accordingly she engages in her service an attorney, Shanks, one of the most unscrupulous of his class, and enjoins him at any cost of money, fraud, or perjury, to establish the required point, she herself supplying the whole of the first, and being always ready to assist Shanks in the two latter items. The suit is commenced. In aid of the unimportant facts that the late baronet had granted an annuity to the Ayliffes, and that there is a letter in existence wherein the seducer addresses the mother of John as "My dear little wife," they contrive to abstract a leaf from the parish-register, to induce the suspicion that the record of the marriage had been there entered, and further procure an affidavit of the marriage from an old crone living with the parties. "To be sure," says Shanks, "she wanted to put in something about 'in the eyes of God,' but I left that out as beside the question." In addition to these little stratagems, the unlimited commission given by Mrs. Hazleton to Shanks, and the knavish skill with which he avails himself of it, produce such an array of evidence as to lead Sir Philip to consider defence hopeless, and to vacate house and lands, in possession of which John Ayliffe forthwith instals himself. Most revengeful people would have been satisfied with this triumph; not so our heroine. Being in intimacy and frequent correspondence with Emily Hastings, she counterfeits her handwriting in an anonymous letter to Vernon, the Secretary of State, implicating Sir Philip in Sir John Fenwick's conspiracy in the year 1692, by perverting a casual expression in conversation. Sir Philip is in consequence arrested, conveyed to London, and subjected to a lengthened imprisonment; till, being brought up for examination, the letter in question is placed before him, and to his other griefs is added the conviction of his daughter being his concealed enemy. In the meantime Marlow, notwithstanding the misfortunes and disgrace of the Hastings family, remains firm in his devotion to Emily, and by his unwearied activity, discretion, and tact, succeeds in tracing out every thread of these tangled plots. While he is thus engaged, Mrs. Hazleton, apprehensive that her schemes may after all be undermined, influences Lady Hastings, by professing unbounded regard and concern for her, to lay her maternal prohibition upon Emily against the marriage with Marlow. Knowing that a sense of filial duty will render this prohibition for ever binding, she hastens to secure herself against its possible retractation by preparing the deadly potion, which is administered by the daughter's own hands. If this be not the quintessence of revenge, we know not where to seek for it. We had heretofore regarded Zanga, the Moor, the hero of Young's famous tragedy, as the truest personification of the principle of vengeance, but he must hide his diminished head before the superior pretensions of Mrs. Hazleton. Cruel, remorseless, unrelenting, he did but follow the impulses of the hot blood of the Arab, "with whom revenge is virtue," but what can be said of Mrs. Hazelton—

> More cruel and inexorable far
> Than raging tigers or the roaring sea.

Let Mr. James resolve the difficulty. We abandon it in despair.

Kossuth: His Career, Character, and Companions. London: Bogue. 1851.

THIS was a book to meet the topic of the moment. When it appeared Louis Kossuth was in England, and everybody was either feasting him, staring at him, eulogising him, or libelling him. So, very naturally, Mr. Bogue brought out a cheap book, descriptive of the Lion.

We confess that we care very little for Kossuth, or for Hungarian heroes. We believe it to have been a battle between an emperor and a band of little feudal tyrants which should oppress the common people. It was a fight between the tiger and hyena; the trembling victim had no mercy to hope from either, and had no love for either, as the scenes in Silesia can testify.

However, our business is not with speculations upon past revolts, but with this book about Kossuth. Louis Kossuth is now just fifty years old. His parents were of ancient but impoverished family, which boasted that during the civil wars from 1527 to 1715, seventeen of its members had been guilty of high treason. Kossuth obtained his diploma, practised as an advocate, and procured a productive business.

In 1832 the diet began its opposition to Metternich, and to insist upon the ancient privileges of the Hungarian nobles. It is true that these nobles comprehended half the population, but the other half had no more interest in the question than the Hottentots. It was then Louis Kossuth appeared as the editor of a journal, not printed, but copied with the pen, in order to escape the censorship, and circulated by the federal officers of the *comitat*, to avoid being stopped at the post office. He was imprisoned by order of Metternich.

Several people who had followed his lead in the agitation of their *comitats* were also arrested on charges of high treason. He himself was conveyed to the fortress of Ofen, where, however, he was allowed books, writing materials, and newspapers, and a daily walk on the bastions with an officer. He here devoted himself with much application to political studies, and to the French language. The daughter of a noble of Stuhlweissenburg, Meszlenyi, inspired with admiration for his political exertions, sent him books and exchanged letters with him in his captivity. They were married soon after his liberation in 1841. The proceeding for high treason ended in 1839 with a sentence of four year's imprisonment. Through the interference of the Diet he was, however, liberated, and started a newspaper, which had such success that in a few years he was enabled to purchase a considerable estate.

The publisher of the newspaper, however, managed to get it into his own hands; Kossuth tried to get Metternich to give him permission to start another, but failed. Then he was elected by the influence of Count Batthyany to the Diet. We now quote from the book:—

> In Presburg, Kossuth became paramount at the table of Deputies; the proceedings, however, had not yet stepped beyond the usual track of Opposition policy, when the Paris revolution of February exploded, and spread its influence over the kingdom of Hungary. In Kossuth it revived visions of his country's glory, in whose splendour all personal risk was despised. With the Vienna revolution came the necessity for immediate action. A Hungarian ministry was planned, with Count Louis Batthyany for its president. The table of Magnates demurred, but the second day of the spreading insurrection of Vienna made resistance impossible, Kossuth availed himself of the moment with all the energy of his nature. The youth of Presburg were armed as a national guard; in Pesth patriotic assemblies were organised. On the 15th of March, Kossuth appeared as the hero of his country, at the head of a states deputation in Vienna, in order to receive his own appointment to a ministry. Vienna national guards, with the theatre director, Carl, at their head, drew his carriage into the city. Guards of honour were posted at his lodging; Count Brenner, Prince Lamberg, Professor Hye, and other notabilities of the Austrian Liberal party, waited upon him; and the students, carried away by enthusiastic admiration for the young Magyar, declared their readiness to storm the palace should his appointment be refused. The ministry was ratified by an imperial signature, and Kossuth returned in triumph to Presburg, where he might have boasted that he held the fate of the house of Hapsburgh in his hand.

The Hungarian sympathiser who compiled this book boasts the moderation of these Hungarian reformers. The "moderation" was to prevent any privileges they might obtain from descending below the rank of the privileged or noble classes.

> "Nothing can be more erroneous than to consider the liberal efforts of the Hungarians as an imitation of French or German frowardness. These were always a development of the Hungarian constitution, rather than an importation of foreign or ultra-democratic ideas. Reform, parliamentary and electoral, was voted; but to what extent? Every person *who possessed eight acres of land* (a quarter *session*) was declared to have a vote. Was this too near an approach to universal suffrage? As to the composition of the ministry, Louis Batthyany was President of the Council; Prince Esterhazy, Minister of Foreign Affairs."

The Kossuth and Batthyany ministry "offered the Emperor every assistance in Italy, on condition that the court would support Hungary against the *rebels* in Crotia. The Palatine, Batthyany, and Kossuth did their utmost to convince the ministry that the part which the Croats were intending to play, of saviours of Austria, belonged of old to Hungary, and would be the one most conducive to her own future interests. But these patriotic efforts were fruitless."

So that Kossuth was quite ready to dragoon Italy into submission to Austria if Austria would support Hungary against "the rebels of Croatia." We quote again:—

> During the months of July and August the strife between the Imperial Government and the Hungarian was waged with arms of courtesy; but by September they had come to more clearly defined positions. Early in that month the Emperor refused to sanction the decree of the Diet for the emission of the paper money; and *this refusal was met in Hungary by another decree making it a capital felony to refuse the national currency.* Meanwhile civil war was raging with great vehemence in all the border lands of Hungary: some troops were assembled on the frontiers of Croatia, under the immediate command of Meszaros, the Hungarian Minister of War; but they consisted chiefly of Sclaves, at that time an inefficient body, and scarcely to be relied on.

Then came the vote of the Diet declaring itself permanent, and appointing Kossuth governor with a Committee of Public Safety for his Council. The Declaration of Hungarian Independence followed, and then the war.

With the fighting part Kossuth had little to do except to appoint the generals and to direct their objects. Görgey's and Dembinski's deeds are fresh in the memory of Europe, and we have no space to write a new history of the gallant struggle. We now recur to the book:—

> The arms of Austria alone were insufficient to coerce the Hungarians, and Russia was applied to for help. True to

his destiny as a despotic monarch, the Czar sent his savage legions to coerce the Magyars. Kossuth and his friends did all that was possible, and had yet a chance of success when Görgey declared himself unwilling to prolong the contest; laid down his arms to the Russian commander, and the struggle was over.

Nothing remained for Kossuth, Bem, Dembinski, and Perczel, but flight. Happily they reached in safety the Turkish frontier; and the Sultan, unawed by the threats of his northern neighbours, promised a secure asylum. Bem, who declared that his only religion was to be the enemy of Russia, turned Moslem, and took a command in the Turkish forces, but did not live to turn his newly found scimetar against his hated foe. Kossuth and his remaining companions were subsequently located at Widdin, from whence he addressed (September 20) a letter to Lord Palmerston, in which is the following passage:—

"Many of my brethren in misfortune had preceded me on the Turkish territory. I followed thither in the hope that I should be permitted to pass to England, and there, under the protection of the English people—a protection never yet denied to persecuted man—allowed to repose for awhile my wearied head on the hospitable shore of your happy island."

This hope has been long since realised. Kossuth has had his arm nearly shaken out of joint at the Guildhall, and his "weary head" has been made to ache with British cheers. We have all been startled with his eloquence in a foreign tongue, and charmed into applause by the adroitness with which he has tickled our national vanity. Some doubts intrude themselves as to the honesty of the statesman, and, perhaps, if we had not been betrayed by our enthusiasm into constituting ourselves the champion of his consistency, we should be a little shaken by the part he took against poor Italy, and by the letters of Esterhazy and Batthyany. The remonstrances of Bem, the weak defence of Lord Dudley Stuart, and the apparent influence over him of that most crotchetty of all mortals, Mr. David Urquhart, might have caused us another doubt. But Kossuth has been so clever, he knew so well that our corporations were composed of little notorieties who love the office of bear leaders, he led us so neatly into a gigantic *mayor's* nest; and we cheered so loudly and so long that, be he what he may, we should only make ourselves more ridiculous by shrinking from his side. We are committed to the work, be it wise or be it silly, and in decency we must go on throwing up our caps, and crying—Hurrah! for Kossuth.

Kossuth and Magyar Land; or, Personal Adventures during the War in Hungary. By CHARLES PRIDHAM, late Correspondent of the TIMES in Hungary. London: 1851.

WE take this book a little out of its proper place—for it certainly is not a biography—because its subject is identical with that of the preceding work. It is quite apparent that Mr. Pridham is not at present, or likely to be in future, the correspondent of the *Times* either in Hungary or elsewhere, for Mr. Pridham speaks irreverently of the "Thunderer;" and intimates plainly that the Polyphemus who forges the anti-Kossuth thunderbolts is Metternich, and that the bolts themselves are made of Austrian gold. But upon this delicate topic we prefer to allow Mr. Pridham to speak for himself:—

An unlooked-for contingency has rendered its publication a paramount duty; and, from a paramount duty no free-born Englishman can, or ought, to shrink, whatever be the cost. A journal, grown hoary in political infamy, has stepped from out its line, as a public monitor, to traduce a noble cause and nation—sacred to every Briton—through its most eminent citizen. It was not the friends of Kossuth who chose to narrow the rights of his unfortunate country, by an exclusive consideration of his personal merits, however illustrious. It has been reserved for the *Times*, acting under the inspiration of absolutism, to drag forward and endeavour to steep in the mire of its calumny, the embodiment of Hungarian expression. The assertors of liberty, firm as was their confidence in his unsullied purity, knew too well generally the danger of hazarding the character of a contest for human rights on so perilous a die as the conduct of an individual, subject, like every one, to human imperfections. To them it appeared monstrous, nay, positively silly, to resort to such a standard of criticism. But no alternative was conceded to them. They soon found they were left to battle on an unequal field. The journal, their adversary, knew it lied—knew, to, that its falsehood had been disproved, but with a pertinacity, indefensible in the promotion of right, excluded all refutation from its columns, and proceeded in its career of traduction. Its charges and insinuations, a thousand times belied, have been periodically reproduced, as the struggle from time to time became critical, and have since been persevered in with the most unblushing effrontery. In vain did the persons, who only could authenticate or gainsay the assertions to which it afforded currency, give them one after the other an emphatic contradiction. It heeded neither person nor thing, so long as they refuted its calumnies; and suffered not their antidotes to see the light. Iteration, once the motto of a barefaced Irish agitator, was unscrupulously dragged from the obscurity into which British intelligence had consigned it, and with the equally celebrated apophthegm of Danton, was employed to serve a threadbare but still appropriate purpose." The friends of Kossuth can afford to be generous. Satisfied with vindicating his reputation from the aspersions so malignantly cast upon it, they do not seek to pry into the mysteries of Printing-house square, or to inquire into the character of its parasites. They are quite content to wait and see that huge automaton collapse of itself, or perchance be reformed before the awakening perception and indignant expostulations of those who have been hitherto its dupes. There is something far more rotten and corrupt than the Corporation within the precincts of the City. But a truce to the grounds for the appearance of this work, and a truce, therefore, to further animadversion upon the *Times*. As yet, I have only lifted the visor, let them beware ere they compel me to tear off the mask.

This pebble thrown at a giant is not from the sling of a David. The "collapse" of the *Times* is a far off event. All things, now a days, tend to centralisation, and the press seems to centralise in the *Times*. So long as that journal retains its advertisements, it has little to fear from the effects of any hostility it may choose to evince to the public opinion of the day. Half the business of the country is now transacted by advertisement: it is the advertisers who make fortunes. Day by day they are thrusting "the old respectable houses" quite out. We doubt not that Dakin sells more tea than Twining; Moses certainly sells more coats than Stultz; Holloway sells more pills than Apothecary's Hall. The fact that extensive advertising is a certain profit, long since proved in America, is becoming recognised here, and in a few years not a village shop-keeper will be ignorant of the truth that Advertise! Advertise! Advertise! is the first secret of trading success. Whether this ought, or ought not, to be so we do not now stay to inquire: it is sufficient for our purpose that it *is* so. So long, therefore, as the *Times* remains by general consent the best medium of advertising—so long as the Londoner who wants a servant, a house, a dog, a horse, an estate, a situation, or any other of the million wants of humanity, is sure that he will find in the advertising columns of the *Times* the best chance of having his wants supplied—so long will the *Times* remain the

leading journal, let its politics be what they may, and let any conceivable quantity of revelations about Printing-house-square be made by a dozen Mr. Pridhams.

A truce, however, to speculation about the *Times*—return we to our author and his book. Commissioned by the *Times*, and supplied with letters to all the Hungarian leaders, he set forth from London in the spring of 1849, at the moment when the Russians were on the point of entering Hungary.

Mr. Pridham reaches Vienna without any adventure worthy of chronicle, unless it be that "the prettiest of grisettes" sewed his letters of introduction to Kossuth, Batthyani. and Görgey, into his gaiters at Paris. Being at Vienna, he apostrophises the Viennese in several pages of fine writing, of which the following may perhaps be thought a sufficient sample:—

Aye! but why wear so ghastly a laugh to all men alike? Ah! the Russian. Well, but you have always been his slaves. Your Machiavelli was always his middle-man. To him he long ago surrendered your honour; you have kept your territory, but by no allodial right. You were his serfs, whether it were to march against the high-souled Mussulman, or his vanguard, to quench nascent freedom in the West. Ah! you laugh, gamester-like: it is your last die. Well, you have won. The Muscovite will spare you once more; but where are his wages? Wallachia and Moldavia! Already he lords it over the north of the Danube, your birthright. And, you, too, laugh; for you have no longer a country. Austria is the Cæsar's, not yours. The Sclave, though a bear, may be generous. Well; sit there, and brood over anarchy.

The age of alchymy, a tale of the past in Western Europe, yet lingers in the East, aiding the tyrant to abstract his quotidian essence from human intelligence. Hark! from every quarter of the horizon issue sweet strains, and Strauss, lord of the galops and waltzes, revels fitly on the unearthly scene, while a blood-sucking bureaucracy are forging anew their fetters. Melody, as in China, soothes the opiate-tranced soul, and drowns the groans echoed from the dungeons of Spilberg. Yet but three months since, and Strauss warbled nobler music—strains, breathing a future for his kind, yet their notes have already faded on the ear, and the iron hoofs of tyranny are once more rampant in high places. Thrice unhappy Viennese! why did ye linger over pæans, when he should have shouldered the musket; or chant *Io triumphe!* in the place of the war song? Is history ever to be profitless, and did ye think he had slain the snake ye had but scotched? Not even a Bem can drag ye from the slough of imbecility. Fools! has not your history alternately been a tragedy and a comedy? Why speculate on the unity of an unreal drama, while Windischgrätz, already in sight from St. Stephens, is hastening to exhibit you a real one? Soon ye may have part in a stake God deigns not in every age for man. Alas! ye are not his soldiers; his are not you men in stage properties, with flaunting feathers: his are men of modest carriage, but iron will, ye lack them there.

A man who writes such nonsense as this is not likely to be of any great practical service to any cause, or to any paper. He managed matters so badly that he was refused a passport into Hungary; but Prince Schwartzenburg offered him that if he would stay where he was, he should have a copy of the *Wiener Zeitung* regularly transmitted to him. As this paper might have reached Printing-house-square without Mr. Pridham's agency, and as the *Times* was grumbling for want of its correspondence, "our own correspondent" starts off upon an attempt to get into Hungary by force, stealth, or stratagem. By dint of dodging, running, hiding, and sleeping out in the forest, he succeeds in getting a little way into Hungary, as far as Pinkafeld, but very far short of the scene of war. The end of this attempt he shall tell in his own words:—

In turning suddenly a corner of the road, I came quite unexpectedly upon an Austrian post, and, before I had time to effect a retreat, I was greeted by a sentinel on the look-out with the startling challenge "*Wass machen Sie?*" The guard turned out in a twinkling. Every officer chanced to be absent from the post, or my fate might have been reserved as heretofore, but the soldiers, in their ignorance, were naturally disposed to view the incident under its more serious complexion, the more that they were unable to decipher a syllable of my passport, and, after a long consultation, as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, it was finally resolved that I should be forwarded to the next post in charge of three of the men. I gathered from my guard that we should find a subaltern stationed there. Having once been stopped, however, the officer, regardless of the proofs which the passport afforded of my having passed through Friedberg and Pinkafeld unmolested, decided, after a conference with his subordinates, on sending me to his superior at the next post, and in this manner I was ultimately transferred to Friedberg. The civil commissioner happened to be on session. *I entered the bureau of the police with a cigar in my mouth*, but removed it immediately upon coming in presence of the magistrate. He eyed me, however, in a manner so vindictive, and assumed a scowl so savage and insolent, that, on perceiving he intended to continue smoking himself, I instinctively resumed it, determined rather to commit a breach of decorum, than manifest the slightest symptom of trepidation. He ordered me to extinguish it. I replied that I should be happy to comply the instant he set me a better precedent. For a moment he hesitated, and then removed his pipe; but while in the act of following his example, my cigar was dashed from between my teeth by one of the bailiffs in attendance. *A momentary scuffle ensued* between myself and my assailant, but I was in an instant surrounded, while the latter retreated in the rear.

Our author was now sent back to Vienna, kept there for some time, then ordered to quit Austria in forty-eight hours—results which might have been anticipated from the strange want of tact with which his own account shows him to have acted.

Meanwhile, the news of Görgey's defection has reached him. The Hungarian cause is crushed, and that without his having been able to furnish the *Times* with one letter upon the subject. Now he departs to Viddin, in Bulgaria, where the Hungarian chiefs had taken refuge.

At Viddin, Mr. Pridham meets with General Guyon, Kossuth, Dembinski, and Bem, and this is really all that he saw either of Hungary or the Hungarians. Here, however, was an opportunity for an interesting description, and nothing more strikingly shows the utter incompetence of this gentleman for the work he had undertaken than the miserable account he has given of these interviews. We extract his account of his

INTERVIEW WITH KOSSUTH.

The day after my arrival, I accompanied General Guyon to an interview with Kossuth. We found the Governor of Hungary residing in apartments scarcely better provided with furniture than our own, which he shared with Count Dembinski, his aide-de-camp, his young and beautiful wife, and another friend. Kossuth received me with his wonted suavity of manner; and at once commenced an animated conversation in English, which he speaks fluently, and without any perceptible peculiarity of accent.

My feeble efforts, individually, had been directed without ceasing towards the promotion of the cause of Hungary. At the same time I was a contributor to a journal which had defamed all his actions, and had thought proper, in the last article of the struggle to yield to all the base instincts which only the success of his measures had hitherto tended to repress, consequently I was unable to conceal from myself the disadvantage under which I laboured in approaching him. In his allusions to the stigmas heaped upon his character, he manifested no expression of acerbity; he knew that Austrian gold, however lavishly squandered in purchasing ephemeral mendacity, must eventually yield to the overpowering influence of truth. Had he not, within the

last month, exhibited his indifference to the object for which his calumniators had sold their souls to blacken him? Had he not, when the struggle was over, and no other alternative than execution or exile awaited him, romantically spurned, and left to the Austrians to inherit the treasure he had accumulated for the last hour of need at Arad, and was he not then made hourly sensible by his countrymen's and his own privations, how vainly his unparalleled purity had sufficed to stop the mouth of the assassin?

Kossuth had by this time shaved off the handsome beard by which he is distinguished in the portraits; and misfortune had given an interesting tinge of melancholy to his striking countenance, which harmonised with the soft melody of his voice. One topic broached during the interview I had afterwards cause to remember, as it was coincident with an important event then in the process of fulfilment.

It related to the defence of Comorn, which was then invested by Haynau. "If you were there, General," remarked the Countess Dembinski, addressing herself to Guyon, "we should rely on your holding out for a couple of years at least, but as matters at present stand, we have our fears for the issue." "And were you there, Guyon, I too should be sure of Comorn," said Kossuth. Ten days afterwards a Turkish merchant brought tidings of its fall, which had happened on the self-same day.

This is absolutely all this book contains, from personal experience, about the Hungarian war and the Hungarian chiefs. We took up the work with great expectations—we put it down with great disappointment and some indignation. It is a most unworthy piece of bookmaking, by a man who has nothing to communicate, and who writes three hundred and twenty-seven pages to make that fact manifest.

Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; his Life, Captivity, and Escape from the Fortress of Ham. London: Newby. 1852.

THIS work consists of an eulogistic account of the life of Louis Napoleon from the time when, being a child of seven years old, he threw himself upon his uncle's neck, and was handed back to his mother, with the injunction, "Tenez, embrassez le, il aura un bon cœur et une belle âme. C'est peut être là l'espoir de ma race," to the date of his escape from the fortress of Ham. It has a very good frontispiece sketch of the Prince as he appeared eleven years ago, and fac-similes of his handwriting and of that of his relations.

Recent events have given to the early adventures of the heir of Napoleon le Grand an interest our English public was slow to manifest when ridiculous failure only attended his efforts to overthrow the throne of the house of Orleans. We ourselves have no great reason to love the young Napoleon or his works, for his post-office officials stopped every contribution to this review that was entrusted to their care. Our engagements with our own readers prevent the advocacy of any political views in our pages, for we hold that literature is of all parties, and there could have been no reason why this course should have been adopted, except, perhaps, that the handwriting was known to be that of writers who were accustomed to influence public opinion in France. He caused us very great inconvenience at a very critical moment; but we are not going to call him hard names on that account, or to deviate in any respect from the neutrality that we intend to observe upon all subjects which do not affect the only republic we recognise—the republic of letters. We leave his crimes and his virtues to those whose duty or paid task it may be to set them forth. Whether there be innocent blood upon his hands, perjury upon his lips, and despotism in his heart; or whether he be a ruler of much suavity and firmness, who seeks only the good of his country, and the triumph of that order that still reigns at Warsaw and in Paris, we leave others to discuss—we busy ourselves, humbly, with his bygone doings.

The reader who glances at this title-page, with its date of 1852, and at the preface, which speaks of contemporary matters that took place in 1846, will be inclined to suspect that this is a five year old book, with a new title-page. The heading that precedes the first chapter, "The Prisoner of Ham," will possibly suggest the recollection of a book with the same title that appeared thus long ago; and if he advance in his examination he will probably become more and more convinced of the fact, that as some old Jew of the middle ages might have been converted to a semblance of Christianity, and changed his name at the font from Ben Isaac to Montefiore, or from Soloman to Ximenes, so "The Prisoner of Ham" has been changed by a few drops of ink sprinkled upon its title page to "The Life of Prince Louis Napoleon."

Bating, however, that this publication is an imposture, it is by no means badly adapted to those who may wish to remember the early career of a man who just now is making no little noise in the world. The author is evidently one of the Prince's familiars, wrote avowedly at his instigation, and probably at his dictation.* All that can be said in favour of the Prince's pretensions is here set forth, and the escape from Ham is related with a graphic minuteness as interesting as the memoirs of Baron Trenck. We cannot praise the *honesty* of this publication, but the re-issue is certainly well timed.

* The "Prisoner of Ham" was written by a Mons. Briffault, who was, and as we believe now is, the Prince's private secretary.

The School for Husbands; or, Molière's Life and Times. By Lady BULWER LYTTON. London: 1852.

IN the stern discharge of the critic's duty, we are compelled to discard alike all consideration of the "wrongs of woman" as completely as we do all political topics and polemical dissertations. Did we not, we might pause to comment upon the observations with which Lady Bulwer has thought proper to preface her last production. It is always satisfactory to be enabled to gather some inkling of an author's object and intention from the preliminary remarks which it is the custom to insert between the title-page and the body of a work. With this view, we patiently waded through no less than six-and twenty pages of matter, hoping in each new sentence to find some clue to the three volumes before us. The greater portion of the preface is occupied with violent diatribes against malignant

persecutors, hired slanderers, and cowardly assassins, from whose vile practices it seems that the authoress has long been suffering. She then inveighs bitterly against some of the smaller fry of the press, of whose unfairness and injustice, she alleges, she has been the victim; adding, that she knows full well that, both in the literary and the political arena, "the abuse, or praise of the press, with a very few honourable exceptions, are entirely done to order." We take no cognizance, and desire to take none, of personal injuries any more than of their origin. Such topics are wholly beyond our province. But we cannot help observing that we deem it most unadvisable in authors to obtrude their private grievances upon the world.

Irrespective, however, of all other considerations, we cannot but regard the tone and language of the aforesaid preface as indicative of questionable taste, and for her own sake it is to be regretted that Lady Lytton, in this matter, did not allow herself to be swayed by the advice of her publisher. Having premised thus much, we come to the consideration of the "School for Husbands."

After a careful perusal, we are able conscientiously to affirm that its literary merits are of the humblest order. The intention of the authoress is obvious enough from the first, for she takes no pains to conceal the spirit that animates her. The moral, however, does not redeem the dulness of the novel. The incidents are common place, the style is not pleasing, and the characters are far from natural. Our readers may form a tolerable idea of this work from the following brief statement of the plot, if plot it can be termed. We may mention parenthetically, that, throughout the three volumes, there are, in addition to sundry grammatical errors, numerous palpable faults in orthography, for which, in these days, no apology can be admitted.

We select a few at random. Thus we have "monsterous" for monstrous, "Hyperian" for Hyperion, "Licurgus" for Lycurgus, "Caucassus" for Caucasus, "Eepée" for epée, "tourneur" for tournure, "Tartufe" for Tartuffe, &c., "affeublée par sa vertue" instead of "affublée de sa vertu," "Aile d' Armour" instead of Aile d'Amour, "Commet va, Monsieur" for Comment, &c., "Qu est ce que tu nous chante là" instead of qu'est ce que tu nous chantes là—to show that these are not mere inadvertencies, we find the blunders constantly repeated, sometimes even twice in a page.

But oh! shade of Vattel, what thinkest thou of the operation undertaken by a M. Despreaux, (Vol. I. p. 139), "who though no cook, undertook *de faire sauter le gigot*. And he *did*." This absurdity, however, is made more prominent by the foot note appended, in which, we are gravely told, that, "sauter in French, means to *hash!*"

Lady Lytton has indeed made a sad hash of her French; but we beg to assure her and her readers that the veriest marmiton would laugh her to scorn, were she to order him to *faire sauter un gigot*. It is a feat that can only be performed by a Welsh sheep. The word *sauter* has, indeed, numerous meanings, according to the context; for instance, "se faire sauter la cervelle," to blow out one's brains, "sauter aux nues" to tower with passion, &c. &c. In the sense culinary, however, it means to *fry lightly* with a small quantity of oil or butter, as an omelette should be cooked, in contradistinction to *frire*, under which process, the article to be operated upon is wholly immersed in boiling oil, &c., as were some of the early Christians.

Again, in a foot note (vol. i p. 159), we are assured that "*Zara* means chance, in Italian;" this is not so, it designates a game of chance.

Another note (vol. iii. p. 212) gravely informs the world that "Procureur du Roi," (literally Attorney-general), means *Chancellor!* As well might the writer have advanced that *mousse* is French for Admiral!

Molière, whose real name, by-the-bye, was Poquelin, and who only assumed the other after he had acquired some little degree of celebrity, is made the hero of the novel. The fact of his being in the habit of reading his plays to a stupid old housekeeper is well known, though nothing has ever been recorded of her beyond that. We have her here, however, developed with a character, certainly a most unamiable one, and playing a somewhat prominent part in the tale.

Molière, at a mature period of life, falls in love with Mdlle. Amande Béjart, an actress, whose charms had elicited his youthful admiration. He marries her. A dull, heavy, and most uninteresting English family are now brought upon the scene, and introduced, not to Molière, but to Paris. The description of these dreary folks is as vapid as hackneyed, and as commonplace as can well be imagined, and must, we think, have been penned from a recollection of the old farce "Les Anglaises pour rire." These disagreeable people are brought, during their sojourn at Paris, into contact with Madame de Sevigné, who is paraded in a ridiculous light. Nothing, in fact, can be conceived more miserable, and more glaringly improbable, than this episode.

Madame Molière, not long after marriage, excites her husband's jealousy, and takes good care too that his suspicions shall not be groundless. The constant excitement in which he is kept from this cause seems to constitute the main point of the book. In fact, the perpetual tirades of Molière against the conduct of his wife; his expressions, indicative alternately of love and jealousy, reiterated *ad nauseam;* his constant attempts to excuse his wife on account of his own age and ugliness, are enough to weary the most patient reader. Nor is the tedium relieved by the introduction even of such scenes as the one in which Lauzan is caught by Molière in an equivocal situation with his wife, has his sword broken, and gets unceremoniously turned out of the room.

Lady Lytton is not successful either in her attempt to make out that Molière's latter plays were allusive to his domestic griefs; we cannot admit that there is any reasonable ground for such a supposition. The interest of the novel terminates, of course, with the death of Molière, represented by Lady Lytton to have occurred on the 17th February, 1763 (an error, by-the-bye, of just one century), while acting the part of the "Malade Imaginaire," another error for which there is no other foundation than a vague rumour. Nor do we think that a faithful biographer would have been precisely justified in styling Madame Molière the murderess of her husband. However, we will let that pass. We have pointed out so many errors and so many blemishes in this last production of Lady Lytton's, that we fain would pause. We have again turned over her pages, in hopes of being enabled to select some

passage as a specimen of this lady's somewhat peculiar style. We give one short passage, leaving our readers to draw from it what inference they please.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

"If the world were to pause, or to vary but a hair's breadth from its usual routine, for every heart that aches or breaks, its changes would even be more sudden and astounding than those of modern patriots (?), who foam free-traders to subside protectionists, or *vice versa*, as the case may be, and its progress would be more dilatory, if possible, than the proceedings of the aforesaid rogues in grain, and rogues at sea. But luckily it does not, but adopts what may be called the jolly school of philosophy of the celebrated miller of the River Dee—that is, the lion's share of this philosophy; for the miller only reciprocated *nobody's* carelessness, because *nobody* cared for him; while the world cares for nobody, probably because everybody cares for it, at least with a very few sensible exceptions; and these the said world always revenges itself upon in the most signal and vindictive manner. For no one can disregard it with impunity, unless they set it boldly at defiance, and *then* it is often not only bullied into the most unaccountable complaisance, but actually becomes an accomplice and a partisan; but, like a heartless oldcoquette as it is, *indifference* is what it *never does* forgive."

The Pursuivant of Arms; or, Heraldry Founded upon Facts. By J. R. PLANCHE, F.S.A. Wright, Bookseller to the Queen, 60, Pall-mall. 1852.

ALTHOUGH we are free to admit that it is much the fashion now-a-days to decry the study of heraldry, and to stigmatise it as an useless and a frivolous pursuit, still we think it scarcely requires much argument to induce the educated and the intelligent reader to arrive at an opposite conclusion. Without some knowledge of heraldry, it is impossible to acquire any available amount of genealogical lore, or to pretend to any great degree of proficiency even in general history. Well would it have been for the community had the annual "visitations" been continued, sanctioned, and supported by the Earl Marshal's authority, and had the Herald's College been maintained in all its pristine integrity and vigour. The ridiculous anomalies and absurdities that have since crept into the science, and the arrogant pretensions of upstarts, would have been altogether prevented. The modern disgraceful system of granting arms to those who can have no possible claim to them, the ludicrous practice of bearing a multiplicity of crests so frequently adopted, more especially by those who have no right to any, the glaring incongruities observable on the panels of our wealthy parvenus, would all have been at once peremptorily checked. Indeed a knowledge of heraldry woul d, as our author justly observes, add greatly to the interest of the student of English history, by recalling numerous exploits in which the founders of noble families were engaged; it would be of advantage to all, in enabling them to decip her the bearings upon the monumental tablet, the *p*assing equipage, or the funereal achievement—the meaning of all of which is sealed to the vulgar throng. As an incentive to the pursuit, we may add that it not only becomes more pleasing to the tyro at every advance, but it is one which now-a-days, as in bygone times, is almost exclusively studied by the gentle and the high-born.

Notwithstanding all that has been written and urged to the contrary, heraldry, as a science, cannot be admit'ed to have had an existence prior to the twelfth century. The precise period of its origin it is indeed difficult to name, but we are enabled pretty positively to state that it dates back no further than the commencement of the Crusades. No long interval, however, elapsed from the time of its invention, until it was generally recognised and adopted by universal consent throughout Europe. It soon became of as great importance to fix and define the various "charges" upon the shields of the nobles, as to determine their just rank, precedence, and title.

We use advisedly the term "noble," for, according to the best authorities, *they* only were to be esteemed noble whose coat armour had descended to them through five generations of ancestors, in regular gradation from atavus, abavus, proavus, avus, and pater; thus a grant of arms conferred no true nobility until the birth of the grantee's great-great-grandson. A broad distinction must be drawn between the modern and the ancient science. Of late it has been the custom for almost every writer to introduce into the subject new dicta and new laws, originating solely with himself. In this way we have a variety of conflicting codes, antagonistic rules, and contradictory assertions, which it is impossible to reconcile. Mr. Planché's work is calculated to remedy much of this evil, to simplify the study for the future, and to strip it of those incongruities which have hitherto deterred many in limine from its further prosecution.

Thus, among modern heralds, we find enumerated no less than eleven classes of arms, there being in fact only two, those of concession and of assumption. Some, too, affect to treat with contempt what are termed canting arms, or "armes parlantes," these in former times being frequently among the most ancient and the most honourable. For in heraldry it should not be forgotten that simplicity affords strong presumptive evidence of the sterling character of the bearings in which it is apparent.

The only object of the institution of heraldry was to regulate certain distinctive marks, by which to the initiated, at a glance, could be discernible the precise status, the family, ancestry, and, in some cases, the prowess of the bearer. It is scarcely necessary to observe that, in consequence of the unwarrantable assumption of late by the ignoble of the arms of noble families whose names bore some similarity to their own, no value can be attached, except under special circumstances, to any grant of modern date. Such of our readers, therefore, as are desirous of speaking confidently upon heraldic subjects, and of being enabled to discriminate between the creations of ignorant sign-painters and the genuine quarterings of those who deduce their descent from men ennobled by their deeds of valour centuries ago, should turn to the pages of the early fathers of heraldry, and master the principles they will there find enunciated.

Of these, the venerable Sir John Ferne may be considered to possess the greatest weight, and his "Blazon of Generosity" will be perused with pleasure even by the most apathetic. Bossewell's works on "Armorie," printed about the end of the sixteenth century; Camden's "Remaines," André Fairne's "Theater of Honour and Knighthood," Gibbon's "Introduction to Blazon," written about a century later than Bossewell's treatise; Holmes' "Academy of Armorie," Milles' "Catalogue of Honour,"

Yorke's "Union of Honour," and Selden's "Titles of Honour," are all entitled to deference, and may be studied with advantage and satisfaction. But as most of these works are rare and costly, Mr. Planché's "Pursuivant of Arms" may be deemed a valuable auxiliary to the study of heraldry, for he has evidently given much research to the subject, and has laid before the public, in a pleasing and compendious form, the result of his studies. As a manual of heraldry, this book is one of the best that has been produced. We recommend all who desire to attain more than ordinary proficiency in the gentle craft, to read it with attention. If they do so, and retain what they have read, they will know more than most of the members of the modern college.

The facts established by Mr. Planché, may be thus succinctly stated:—

I. That heraldry appears as a science about the commencement of the thirteenth century, though no precise date can be fixed upon for the first assumption of heraldic bearings.

II. That their assumption was not so much to record a particular achievement, as to effect a distinction, to exhibit pretension to certain estates, &c., to attest alliances, or acknowledge feudal tenures.

III. That in many cases the popular traditions relative to certain coats, have been nothing more than modern invention, frequently fabricated to flatter men, by attributing the most improbable achievements to their ancestors.

IV. That of late the real importance of heraldry has been acknowledged, from the means it affords of eliciting genealogical facts which admit of elucidation from no other source.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Junius and his Works, compared with the Character and Writings of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. By WILLIAM CRAMP. Prospectus of a New Edition of Junius, edited by W. Cramp, London, 1851: Hope and Co.

WE shall not be provoked just at present into any controversy upon the Junius riddle. We hold that nothing less than a large volume could treat the subject even indifferently well. As to any mere exparte statements, nothing is more easy than to make out a case. We would be bound to show, *almost* demonstratively, either that Lord G. Sackville, or Sir Philip Francis, or that Lord Portman, Barré, Burke, Single Speech Hamilton, General Lee, Mr. Rosenhagen, Horne Tooke, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, Lachlan Maclean, Wilkes, Lord Chesterfield, or any one, or two, or three of twenty other names was or were the real Junius. It is now some years since Mr. Wingrove Cooke, in his "History of Party," summed up the controversy in a way which so convinced Sir David Brewster of the folly of mere speculation on such a question that he abandoned Lachlan Maclean, whom he had just put forth to the world as an undoubted Junius. Since that time Mr. Britton has proved entirely to his own satisfaction, and also we must say to the satisfaction of any reader who, knowing nothing of the controversy, should cursorily read his argument, that the letters were written by a committee composed of Lord Ashburton, Isaac Barré, and the Earl of Shelburne. Mr. Cramp now takes up Lord Chesterfield, whose case is even weaker than that of Lachlan Maclean.

The author of this pamphlet puts it forth as a recommendation of a new edition of Junius. We very humbly submit that a man with a hypothesis is the very worst editor that Junius could have. It was the merit of Mr. Goode, who edited Mr. Woodfall's edition of Junius, that he stood impartial in the strife, had no awkward passage to omit, no date to remove out of his way. We observe that Mr. Murray has advertised the publication of the Grenville papers, and although these are not likely to appear before this article has passed through the press, we expect that these will contain some direct testimony upon this much-vexed question. The Grenvilles have always indirectly affected to have the secret in their custody, and we have heard that when asked some years since, whether it was a fact that they were the depositaries of the secret, they replied that any secret deposited with them would of course not be revealed. This was no answer to the question, for we believe that no one ever dreamt of asking them to reveal any secret, but it so far favoured the report that the solution of the mystery did exist, that it stopped other investigations which were then being carried on. If these Grenville papers contain nothing upon the subject, we may absolve that family from any suspicion of being the custodian of the secret, and Mr. Cramp may continue his speculations upon his worst and weakest of all the Junius hypotheses.

Essays and Opinions. By ALFRED BATE RICHARDS, Esq. 3 vols.—Aylott and Jones, Paternoster-row. 1851.

THE author of these volumes has already achieved for himself a reputation in the literary world by his previous writings. The selections now brought out in their present form appeared some time since in "The Mirror of the Time," a journal established and ably conducted by Mr. Richards. It is satisfactory, for many reasons, to find these essays thus re-produced, because they will now be perused by many who have yet had few opportunities of making the acquaintance of an able and powerful writer.

His style is remarkable for great terseness and vigour, and frequently displays a degree of eloquence rarely met with in modern times. The illustrations he introduces to give force to his observations are always apposite and happy. His arguments are those of a man well informed upon the subjects of which he treats, and, above all, they carry with them the strongest conviction of the author's sincerity.

We believe him to be solely actuated by the desire to instruct, to elevate, and improve his fellow men, and though we may differ from him as to the means by which that mighty end is to be accomplished, we are ready to pay all honour to the chivalrous spirit that animates him, and earnestly do we wish him success.

We have culled two very brief extracts, and we think that the beauty of the sentiment expressed in one, and the truth conveyed in the other, will induce many of our readers to study with attention Mr. Richard's interesting essays:

A SUMMER MEMORY.

There was something in the beauty of that day I shall never forget. It is a memory folded up and put by with a perfume in the rosewood cabinet of the mind. When the sun streams brightly in through an open casement upon our solitude and chequers in the gloom of our existence, we

draw out such memories as these, and sigh as we replace them.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

It is curious in so practical and mathematical matter of fact age how extensively both theorem and problem are worked from wrong data. It is an age of few brilliant virtues and few great truths. Self-sacrifice is so rare as to be forced and unnatural even on the stage, and is doubted in poetry or a novel. There is a great fusion of good and evil. Startling crime is only repressed, because the facilities of discovery are so much greater, and punishments are lessened, not in accordance with the improvement of human morality, but in the ratio of our progress in science and mechanics. Still, the selfishness of a monied age and of a plethoric empire predominates. There is no heroism extant.

The Creed of Christendom, its Foundations and Superstructure. By WM. RATHBONE GREG. London: 1851. 8vo., pp. 307.

THE author takes for his motto two lines, among others of Tennyson:

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

The professed object is to place the question of biblical authority upon a sounder footing. This is just now a favourite theory with certain schools. Neander, the German champion of Christianity, and the antagonist of Strauss, commences his defence by abandoning the actual inspiration of the gospels. Mr. Newman, in his "Phases of Faith," tampers quite as much with our Bible, and Mr. Greg, who describes his work as a "*pioneering* one," takes very much the same view, and perhaps intends to go further. "It is," he says, "with a strong conviction that popular Christianity is not the religion of Jesus that I have resolved to publish my views." But perhaps our readers have had enough, if not, in the name of—anything they like—let them go to the book itself.

The Pappenheimers. A Novel. Edited by Captain ASHTON. 3 vols. London: 1851.

THIS is a clever work of fiction, the materials are well selected and skilfully interwoven. The descriptions are vivid and highly wrought. The characters are just such as in tales of this kind are calculated to awaken and sustain the interest they are intended to occasion. There is great power and originality displayed throughout, and if the story be, as we presume it is, a translation from the German, it has been creditably rendered into the vernacular by Captain Ashton.

The PAPPENHEIMERS was the distinctive appellation of a troop of daring soldiers who, during the memorable thirty years war, fought and bled in the ranks of Wallenstein. Their renown for daring and valour was so great, that their very name inspired terror wherever they appeared in hostile guise.

The novel is intended to represent and illustrate the manners of the military of the time in question, when the Imperialists were engaged in almost perpetual daily conflict with their redoubted adversaries.

The dialogue is sparkling and lively, and the three volumes are thickly interspersed with occurrences, depicted with no ordinary dramatic ability. The author's powers as a novelist are great, and he possesses skill and talents which cannot fail soon to place him in the prominent ranks of modern writers of fiction.

The Hall of Chavenley, a Winter's Tale of 1649. By HENRY CURLING, Author of the "Soldier of Fortune," "John of England," "Shakspeare, a Romance," &c. W. N. Wright, 60, Pall Mall: 1852.

THIS is a spirited little tale written in a pleasing style by one who seems thoroughly conversant with the times and characters he introduces.

We strongly object, upon principle, to what are termed historical romances, and although the immortal name of Scott has hallowed to a certain extent these compositions, yet we have always been of opinion that the blending together of fiction and truth, however skilfully effected, must have a pernicious effect.

How many are there whose notions of some of the most illustrious personages in history are not altogether based upon the sketches drawn by the great novelist; these, however graphic, they may occasionally be, are, in innumerable instances, little more than creations of the author's brain often too highly coloured, or too prominently introduced. The anachronisms in these works—not so much the result of ignorance as of a desire for effect—are notorious, and scarcely need a comment. Even in the hands of the great author to whom we have alluded these blemishes occasion regret, but our regret almost merges into reprobation when we find men of comparatively moderate pretensions adopting a similar course.

A few years ago there appeared a curious romance interspersed with a few distorted facts, entitled a "History of the Tower of London," in which was given a long and elaborate account of the siege of the Tower, without even a note to warn the unwary reader that it was still a maiden fortress. We remember some time after the publication of this work, hearing it gravely quoted in society as an unquestionable authority in support of the above well-known *historical facts!*

We only instance this to show the pernicious tendencies of this class of compositions, though we do not intend the whole weight of the argument to apply to Mr. Curling, whose "Christmas piece" is redeemed by many excellent points and by the lively manner in which the incidents are woven together.

The House on the Rock. By the Author of the "Dream Chintz," "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c. &c. Wright, 60, Pall-mall, Bookseller to the Queen. 1852.

EVERYTHING that emanates from the graceful pen of the fair writer who has just completed her "House on the Rock," is certain to be interesting from the incidents introduced, pleasing from its simplicity, and edifying from the purity of the moral she inculcates. Would that we could speak as highly of every modern author, or even of those who at this season consider it their duty to load the critic's table with their brilliantly-bound effusions in prose and verse. Of a verity, from the dazzling heap before us, we have only been enabled to select a very limited number even for a brief notice, but first and foremost of these stands the "House on the Rock." A charming structure indeed it is, as the golden design emblazoned on the azure volume sufficiently typifies —all refulgent with sunshine and beauty.

We will not mar the pleasure in store for our readers by giving them even the faintest clue to the

tale before us, but we will venture to predict that none who take it up will lay it down until they reach the final page; and even then their only regret will be that they have awakened all too soon from the pleasing vision on which they have gazed with so much interest.

Though it is not long since our authoress made her *debût* in the world of letters, she has already attained a position as unquestioned as it is flattering to her abilities. She has left behind her many of her competitors, and each new work that she gives to the world yields promise of still greater achievements. As yet her flight has been somewhat lowly, and her aspirations modest; but we doubt not that, as she becomes better acquainted with her own powers, and has proved the strength of her pinions, she will wing her way to the higher regions of fancy. Of one thing we feel assured, let her aim be what it may, she has only to desire, in order to ensure success.

This may seem much to say of one whose writings have hitherto been chiefly remarkable for their sprightliness and grace, than for other and more solid qualities. Still we retract not one jot of what we have advanced. We have perused with attention her earlier and more recent works, and in all there is evidence of great originality, keen perception, of considerable descriptive power, combined with elegance of diction—qualities that need only further cultivation to enable their possessor to take rank among the most distinguished of our writers of fiction.

We would earnestly exhort her in future to exert her capabilities, which are of no ordinary kind, upon some undertaking that may still further enhance the reputation she already enjoys, while at the same time it cannot fail to extend the sphere of her utility.

Bertha: a Romance of the Dark Ages. By Wm. Bernard MacCabe. 3 vols.—London, 1851.

This is quite refreshing! A romance in the good old-fashioned Minerva press style. Forests, thunder and lightning, persecuted damsels, shocking bandits of the O. Smith walk, castles with concealed doors, mysterious paternities, terrible priests, a heroine who can only be described "by the hackneyed term angel," as Mrs. Radcliffe always says, and an hero who is beautiful as Adonis, brave as Ajax, chaste as Origen, and, towards the end of the story, rich as Crœsus, and nobly-born as Patroclus—in a word, a book for sempstresses to sob over, and for people of sense to shun.

Mr. MacCabe some time since produced a history of England by cutting out and then pasting together the old chroniclers—a piece of patchwork that was rather curious than pleasant to look upon. Whether he has produced his romance by the same process, we do not know, but if there are any of the stereotype plates of the old Minerva press about town, we would be bound to produce something very like it, at very small cost and in a very few hours.

Harry Brightside; or, the Young Traveller in Italy. By Aunt Louisa. London: T. Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly. 1852.

This is one of a very useful and meritorious class of books, calculated to be of essential service to the younger portion of the rising generation. Its aim is not high, but it is successfully attained. The authoress, it seems, about six years ago made an ordinary continental tour, passing from Marseilles to Genoa, thence to Pisa and Naples—duly exploring its well-known vicinity during a sojourn there of some duration. From Naples she travelled to Rome, and from Rome through Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua to Venice; from Venice she passed to Milan, Como, Chiavenna, and then homeward again by the Splugen Pass, the Via Mala, &c., with, every mile of which journey we presume most of our readers to be as well acquainted as ourselves. Instead of giving the result of her observations in the ordinary form, or committing to the press the diary she kept, our authoress presents her young readers with the details of her journey in the form of an imaginary narrative, for the purpose no doubt of introducing, as she frequently does, very cleverly some opposite remark or little useful hint. The volume is prettily and creditably got up, and illustrated with a coloured title page, representing the difficulties of ascending Vesuvius. It will form a very acceptable present at this season for the junior members of the community.

Arthur Conway

Is a novel of the drearily dull school. In the first page we find the very original opening about "the wind swept in furious gusts down the," &c. &c. &c. It is said to contain some descriptions of West Indian scenery and society, but we could not delve far enough into the work to find them out.

Euphranor: a Dialogue on Youth,

Is a pamphlet of eighty pages. Euphranor, and Lexilogus, and Lycion, and other Cambridge men, with names equally common at Cambridge, discuss many questions, from Digby's "Broadstone of Honour," to a game of pool at the Three Tuns. There is a good deal of Greek in it, if that be any recommendation.

The Philosophy of Ragged Schools

Is written in a narrow, sectarian spirit, totally unworthy of the subject. Mrs. Carpenter has written better.

A Treatise on the Law of Agricultural Tenancies, with Forms of Tenancy Agreements and Farming Leases. By George Wingrove Cooke, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens and Norton, Bell-yard. 1852.

This is a new issue of Mr. Wingrove Cooke's work, and merits special attention owing to the important alterations introduced by the act of last session into the relations of farmers and landlords. The law of fixtures, outgoing allowances, and distresses upon farming stock being entirely changed, as both landlords and tenants ought to know.

We do not here propose to comment upon the utility of a work which, from the reception it has met with, is shown to have been imperatively required by a large and important class of the community.

The necessity for a standard book of reference upon this subject had long been admitted, more especially since written agreements and demises under seal have been gradually superseding mere lettings from year to year. This desirable change has in a great measure been brought about by the great improvements recently effected in husbandry

throughout the country. A farmer who manures highly and drains extensively, who has expended a large amount of capital in rendering productive a poor and hungry soil, cannot be expected to dispense with some security for the due return of his outlay. Precise, intelligible contracts, in black and white, must keep pace with the advances yearly taking place in agriculture. They tend to promote not only the security of the tenant, but to maintain that harmony which should ever subsist between the owner and occupier of land.

Previously to the appearance of Mr. Wingrove Cooke's most acceptable treatise all was vague, uncertain, and undefined. He has collected the general and unchanging principles of law bearing upon his subject, has collated all the decided cases, and has succeeded with much labour in compiling a statement of the *district* customs peculiar to different counties, a task, we believe, never previously undertaken.

In treating of the requisite stipulations for agreements and the more important covenants of leases, the author discusses with much ability, and evidently with thorough knowledge of his subject, the great questions of tenant right, produce rents, culture covenants, and the expediency of terms of years, avoiding, at the same time, all vague, crude theories and opinions unsanctioned by experience.

The new statute is brief, yet in four short sections the chief evils of agricultural landlord and tenant law have been almost if not entirely removed.

We strongly recommend this volume, with its additions, to the consideration of all who are in any way interested in the matters upon which it is so useful and complete a book of reference. The country attorney or land agent cannot perform his duties without it, and any landlord or considerable farmer should have it by his side, if he wishes to avoid getting the worst of a bargain.

The Golden Legend. By HENRY WORDSWORTH LONGFELLOW. David Bogue, Fleet-street. 1851.

WE have so frequently derived pleasure from the perusal of Longfellow's poems that we anticipated renewed gratification from the little volume just transmitted to us. We will not say that we were disappointed, but we scarcely think that so high an encomium can be passed upon the "Golden Legend" as on the "Voices of the Night," and some of the poet's other and earlier works. There is a wildness, a mysticism, about it, that renders it frequently almost unintelligible, and the characters introduced are many of them not of this world. Probability is altogether discarded, and this of itself is objectionable; however, our readers will form their own opinions of the nature of the "Golden Legend" from the following short analysis:—

The prologue discovers Lucifer engaged, with the Powers of the Air, during a night of storm, in an attempt to deface the beautiful old spire of the cathedral of Strasburg, by tearing down the cross, dismounting the bells, and demolishing the portals—the design, however, proves fruitless, through the fortunate intervention of guardian angels. The Arch-fiend upbraids his craven followers, while he consoles himself with the hope that Time will effect the utter destruction of the glorious edifice. The organ and midnight chant blend their solemn echoes with the receding storm, as Lucifer and his attendants depart from the scene of their discomfiture.

The poem is dramatic, and is divided into six parts. The *dramatis personæ* are Lucifer, who appears successively as a travelling physician, a priest, a friar, a pilgrim, a doctor, and as Friar Angelo; Prince Henry of Hoheneck; Count Hugo of the Rhine; Abbot Ernistus; Walter, the Minnesinger; Friars Cuthbert, Claus, Pacificus, Paul, and John; Siebald, the Refectorarius; Gottlieb, a farmer; Max, his son; Hubert, porter at the Castle of Vautsberg; Irmingard, an abbess; Ursula, wife of Gottlieb; Elsie and Bertha, his daughters; an angel, two doctors, a travelling scholastic, a parish priest, the padrone of a felucca, a forester, a guide, monks, students, &c. The scenery comprises the Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine; a farm in the Odenwald; Elsie's chamber; the chamber of Gottlieb and Ursula; a village church; a street in Strasburg; the cathedral itself; the road to Kirschau; the Convent of Kirschau in the Black Forest; the neighbouring nunnery; a bridge at Lucerne; the Devil's Bridge; the St. Gothard Pass; at the foot of the Alps; the inn at Genoa; the school of Salerno; and the cottage in the Odenwald.

The plot is somewhat complex, but may be thus briefly rendered:—Prince Henry of Hoheneck is seized with a fearful malady, for which no cure but one can be prescribed, and that is the blood of a maiden, who, of her own free will, shall give her life to redeem that of the prince.

His fate being pronounced inevitable, and the distemper infectious, the priests chaunt over him the "Mass for the Dead," and laying upon his head a shovelful of dust, saying: "This is a sign that thou art dead, so in thy heart be penitent!" He is then dismissed in disgrace, clothed in a grey cloak, and bearing a bell, to warn all travellers from him. One of his tenants in the Odenwald, grateful for past kindness, and regardless of ulterior consequences, receives him into his lowly dwelling. Elsie, his daughter, offers her life to save that of the prince. She prays for guidance, and receives a heartfelt assurance that Heaven approves of her resolve. Her parents attempt in vain to dissuade her from her purpose. The prince seeks advice, and Lucifer, under the guise of a priest, approves of the design; but the prince is cautioned by an angel that the proposed sacrifice would be a deadly offence. The prince, urged by a desire for life, determines to avail himself of the proffered boon. The parents surrender their child, who is only anxious that she should be permitted to die for her prince. The deed is to be accomplished by the aid of a Friar Angelo, at Salerno, and the prince and Elsie, with attendants, on their arrival there, are received by Lucifer, under the disguise of Friar Angelo. The prince now repents of his determination, and rejects the horrible sacrifice. Lucifer, however, actuated by other views, is desirous of proceeding to the issue. He endeavours to drag the virgin from the prince, and complete the fatal design. The prince strenuously opposes the act. Her life is spared, and he is cured by touching the bones of St. Matthew. He then makes a vow to marry Elsie, and they return with great rejoicing to the Castle of

Vautsberg—the drama closing with the consummation of their nuptials. Thus Lucifer is disappointed, and in an epilogue the angels loudly proclaim the triumph over the powers of sin.

Notwithstanding our preliminary remarks, we are free to admit that a very high order of imagination, refined taste, and, in many instances, much tenderness of feeling are observable in the "Golden Legend." We subjoin one or two brief extracts, from which those who are at present unacquainted with the high merits of the American poet will perceive that his pretensions are of no ordinary character. Take, from a child's lips, the following description of

DEATH.

'Tis the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie:
And no one knoweth more than this.
I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked the skies
Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of wings,
As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,
And Mary, and Our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined!

The next passage may be considered as a fair specimen of the poet's descriptive powers, it is impossible to read it without its recalling one of the creations of Cattermole's immortal pencil.

THE OLD CASTLE.

How sad the grand old castle looks!
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,
So few are now the feet that pass;
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
Come hopping down the steps of stone,
As if the castle were their own;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.
Alas! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door;
No eyes with youth and passion shine,
No cheeks grow redder than the wine;
No song, no laugh, no jovial din
Of drinking wassail to the pin;
But all is silent, sad, and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
And horses stamping in their stalls.

The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. In 2 Vols. Chapman and Hall. London: 1852.

We shall not discourse the old question, why a generation which remembers Byron, and has but just mourned Wordsworth, should have no great contemporary poet, and should esteem no contemporary poetry. Theories upon the subject are rife enough, and all of the most recondite and metaphysical character. If we did venture upon a theory, we should be bound in vanity to produce one which should yield to none of its competitors in deep incomprehensibility. There would clearly be no credit in merely pointing to the plain fact that a generation, which has a hundred good volumes of poetry, well assayed, will not readily take the trouble to test every piece of pinchbeck offered, with the chance of finding at last some one good piece of sterling worth. We are satisfied, therefore, to take the fact as we find it. Ask any publisher or any librarian, and he will tell you at once, and from wide experience, that the public has no contemporary poet (except Tennyson and Longfellow, who provide presentation volumes for young people), and that the public does not want one.

The author of the volumes before us is no new candidate for the bays. For two and twenty years has he been pouring upon the public mind drop by drop, small dribblets of poetry, hoping in the proverbial efficacy of such a practice at last to wear away the stony indifference of the general taste.

Little, however, as people watched or cared about this perennial drip, it was not suffered to run off to waste. *Some one* cared for "Cain the Wanderer," there was *one* watcher of "the Revolt of the Angels," and that prudent painstaker has at last gathered the whole can-full together, filtered it and flavoured it, and now pours it at one dash over the heads of the reading public.

Having a little recovered from the shock, we are not prepared to deny the sensation of something like a glow. We do not mean that we can greatly admire "Cain the Wanderer," even under its new name of "Destiny," nor that we can enjoy fifty pages of "The Deluge," or sit in ecstacy over any other of Mr. Reade's dramas of the ancient or the other world. We perceive also that "facta ad unguem" as these productions undoubtedly now are, the author's ear has not so far improved as to enable him to get rid of that ruggedness which, in despair of curing, he formerly boasted of as a grace, citing "Glorious John" as his justification, and chiding Pope because he had it not.

These defects continue; but still Mr. Reade is more like a poet than ninety-nine out of a hundred of his competitors. We cannot read his tragedy of "Cataline," without feeling that the sense that vibrates only to true poetry is sometimes touched; and, although his evil genius ever compels him to choose the themes which have been made their own by master poets of their age, we can hear him sing of Italy and not be wearied. We have no right to take our readers through a critical analysis of poems that have already been long since elaborately examined—sometimes too harshly censured and sometimes too unreservedly eulogised. Additions and emendations, with here a title altered, and there a stanza omitted, would be no good apology for such a task, but we may place before the reader a few verses from the volumes, and recommend him, if he like them, to go to our author for more.

Take the poet's musings in the Forum. We quote from "Italy," which we consider his best work:—

Yon arch, is't Jove's or Fortune's?—on that sod
Was the beaked war-denouncing rostrum piled,
Where Tully stood like a descended god?
Where sacrificed the Roman his loved child,
That human flower whose love was undefiled?
Where rose spare Brutus when his friend he slew,
The glorious martyr of ambition wild?
Behold the arch of Titus: we renew
No more vague wanderings, here reposing on the true

Record of sage and hero, who behind
A greater left: he who lost a single day!
Though rent that arch, the columned front disjoined,
Well read'st thou there the moral of decay,
How empires as religions pass away;

Idols renewed, till waxing old, they fail,
And falling manifest their feet of clay:
Deem ye the Hebrew slave who graved his tale
Of slavery there, felt not his creed should still prevail?

That the mocked symbols of a faith accursed
Should crown yon altar-places desolate,
The fondest, latest by religion nursed:
When Truth should point her path to heaven and fate
Become a word to raise the smile sedate;
When the gods multiform should bow to ONE?
Lo, there the victors on the vanquished wait!
The secrets of their creed revealed in stone,
Once heathens' scorn and gibe while lightly passing on.

In the "Revelations of Life," an enthusiast, a fatalist, and a fanatic reveal the development of their respective minds. The pastor, pointing to a Christian faith, shows how all excesses run into kindred vices. We quote the opening of this poem:—

Ancestral England! filial is our love
To thee, yea reverential our trust,
Mindful of all thou hast been, all thou art.
Among thy vales with watching trees o'erhung,
Thy brooks' deep chorus swelling at our feet
Filling the temple of our life with sound;
Thy cottages, gray faces peering seen
Through branches aged as their brows, the sky,
Hallowing untrodden sanctuaries of shade;
There, while the eye feeds on the beautiful
It half creates, while we drink in the air,
Feeling its spirit in our life instilled:
The sense of a pervading moral truth,
The consciousness of honourable freedom,
There do we murmur from our heart of hearts,
"How beautiful is England!"

Mr. Reade has certainly not much of the world's prudence about him. If he had challenged less dangerous comparisons, he had been more appreciated.

Stories from Boccaccio, and other Poems. By JAMES PAYN, Trin. Coll., Cambridge. London: Wright, 60, Pall-mall, Bookseller to the Queen. 1852.

THIS volume, without any high pretensions, contains some pleasing pieces. Still they carry with them indubitable evidence that the experience of the author in the art of poesy has not been great. They are very unequal; in some the diction is sweet and flowing, in others the reverse, and in more than one the rythm halts, and the scansion is imperfect. But it would ill-become us to speak in terms too harsh of one who comes before us in so modest a guise. He has given evidence of some powers without which none successfully can woo the Muse, still there are others almost as essential, in which he is palpably deficient. Yet should his ambition tend towards the Chancellor's prize, we can, for his consolation, aver that we have known it to have been gained, on more than one occasion by those whose merits were far feebler than his own. The following we think a fair specimen of Mr. Payn's descriptive powers; it is from the poem entitled "Tederigo and Giovanna":—

WINTER.

A light wind goeth through the trees,
And stirreth up along the leas
A single dead leaf here and there,
For the lofty heads are bare,
And the gnarled arms on high
O'erstretch them naked to the sky;
A strange and faintly solemn sound
Circleth all the landscape round,
As if the yet green fields foreknow
Of blighting frost and drifting snow,
And have their grateful grief to pour
For sunlit summer, now no more.
A time for pale cheeks and dim eyes,
Despairs and bitter memories.

The next selection is from "Gomito and Constance;" it is indicative of considerable poetic feeling.

RESIGNATION.

Now wars around her the wide ocean waste,
She did not shudder at its wide abyss,
But in't her little oars and rudder cast,
That nought might keep death from her loveliness.

Then she lay down and prayed beneath her breath,
Though the dark Heaven scowled on her above,
Though the fierce billows raved for her beneath,
Without all danger, but within all love!

Most people, not undergraduates, will doubtless concur with us in the opinion that, however well slang expressions may sound in the Ingoldsby legends, in the poetry of *Punch*, or in that, sung over a college supper table, they ought to be sedulously excluded from all more serious productions.

We need not offer any observation on the subjoined lines from "Isabel;" we leave our readers to estimate them according to their own standard.

CONTEMPLATION.

Contemplation looks exceedingly well,
Teeth very white, eyes a beautiful blue,
Form manly but slight, age about twenty-two;
As his fingers his silken locks run through,
One may see he has rings, p'rhaps—*rather a swell!*

* * * * *

Now Contemplation's arm was round her waist,
And Contemplation's lips would soon have kissed her,
Had not this Marplot cried, "Immoral beast!"
And "*Won't you catch it just, my precious sister!*"

* * * * *

"Your cousin? no, no more than he's your father;
Those hands—unclasp them!—show the lover rather;
Trowel and mortar! these licentious tricks
Must be restrained by something—aye, *like bricks!*"

We can, however, conscientiously commend the "Scythe-stone Cutter," as a pleasing little poem, prettily and simply told. This picture is cleverly sketched and brightly coloured:—

MORNING.

The early sun was shining
O'er heath, and wood, and cliff;
The little bay was dotted
With many a burnished skiff;
The ocean breezes mingled
With odours from the shore,
And little birds were singing
To the music of the oar;
The fisherman was mending
His nets upon the strand,
When forth the miner started
His pickaxe in his hand.

He arrives at the quarry; but unhappily loosens an overhanging mass; he looks round to ascertain the safety of his children, who were playing near him.

But nothing could he see:
A mass of falling sandstone,
Some glimmerings of light,
And wall, and roof, and passage
Came whirling on his sight;
A deafening clap of thunder,
A splitting earthquake shock,
The sand in roaring torrents,
The rending of the rock,
The death shriek of a victim—
(A sound distinct and clear)—
Fell in one fearful moment
On his bewildered ear;
And then a piteous gasping
Of suffocating breath,
An agonising struggling
Against the strength of death.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Etudes sur les forces Productives de la Russie. Par M. L. De Tegoborski. Paris: 1852.
Le Monde Slave, Son passé, son Etat présent, et son Avenir. Par Cyprien Robert. Paris: 1852.

Two authors in very different positions, of very different minds, and with very different objects, have simultaneously put forth elaborate works upon the same subject—the greatness of Russia.

Tegoborski is a privy councillor of the emperor, and a member of the Imperial Council of Russia. He has collected the statistics of the mighty Russian empire, and dedicates his work to the Czar.

Cyprien Robert is professor of Sclavonian literature in the Collége de France. He treats of Russia as the head of the Sclavonian race, and works out in his two volumes the great problem of Panslavism.

The privy councillor is dry, arithmetical, and eminently practical; the professor abounds in abstract ideas, treats chiefly of "-isms," and is discursive, theoretical, and somewhat wild. The privy councillor is endeavouring to introduce into his country that system of registering events of which France was the first to see the importance, and which she, twelve years since, was carrying on with such earnestness that we notice that in the report of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, presented to Louis Philippe in 1840, no less than a hundred thousand individuals had contributed to the collection of materials that formed the basis of that great statistic. The professor, on the other hand, has a theory which he wishes to push. He finds among the Sclaves the true mixture of Socialism and Absolutism which is hereafter to be developed as a blessing to the whole world. True freedom and true Socialism exist only in Russia—a Frenchman has discovered it there—and the world is now given to know that the only hope of being free is to become a slave.

"Chaque commune rurale, est en Russie une petite république qui se gouverne elle-même pour ses affaires du dedans et qui ne connait ni propriété foncière personnelle, ni prolétaire. En réalité, ces hommes pratiquent depuis longtemps, comme un fait naturel, une partie des utopies Socialistes. Là on ne sait pas vivre, on n'a même jamais vécu autrement."

As we believe the public mind in England is not very well informed upon the history and present position of the Sclavonian race, we will devote a few sentences to the subject.

For their early history we shall search in vain the works before us. We must go back to earlier authors, and to whom better than to our own Gibbon?:—

The wild people who dwelt or wandered in the plains of Russia, Lithuania, and Poland, might be reduced, in the age of Justinian, under the two great families of the Bulgarians and the Sclavonians. According to the Greek writers, the former, who touched the Euxine and the lake Mæotis, derived from the Huns their name or descent, and it is needless to renew the simple and well-known picture of Tartar manners. They were bold and dexterous archers, who drank the milk and feasted on the flesh of their fleet and indefatigable horses, whose flocks and herds followed, or, rather, guided the motions of their roving camps, to whose inroads no country was remote or impervious, and who were practised in flight though incapable of fear. The nation was divided into two powerful and hostile tribes, who pursued each other with fraternal hatred. They eagerly disputed the friendship or rather the gifts of the emperor. The Bulgarians, of whatsoever species, were equally attracted by Roman wealth; they assumed a vague dominion over the Sclavonian name, and their rapid marches could only be stopped by the Baltic sea, or the extreme cold and poverty of the north. But the same race of Sclavonians appear to have maintained, in every age, the possession of the same countries. Their numerous tribes, however distant or adverse, used one common language, and were known by the resemblance of their form, which deviated from the swarthy Tartar, and approached, without attaining, the lofty stature and fair complexion of the German. Four thousand six hundred villages were scattered over the provinces of Russia and Poland, and their huts were hastily built of rough timber, in a country deficient both in stone and iron. Erected, or rather concealed, in the depth of forests, on the banks of rivers, or the edge of morasses, we may not, perhaps, without flattery, compare them to the architecture of the beaver. The fertility of the soil, rather than the labour of the natives, supplied the rustic plenty of the Sclavonians. Their sheep and horned cattle were large and numerous, and the fields which they sowed with millet and panic, afforded, in the place of bread, a coarse and less nutritive food. The incessant rapine of their neighbours compelled them to bury this treasure in the earth; but on the appearance of a stranger, it was freely imparted by a people, whose unfavourable character is qualified by the epithets of chaste, patient, and hospitable. As their supreme god, they adored an invisible master of the thunder. The rivers and the nymphs obtained their subordinate honours, and the popular worship was expressed in vows and sacrifice. The Sclavonians disdained to obey a despot, a prince, or even a magistrate; but their experience was too narrow, their passions too headstrong, to compose a system of equal law or general defence. Some voluntary

respect was yielded to age and valour; but each tribe or village existed as a separate republic, and all must be persuaded where none could be compelled. They fought on foot, almost naked, and, except an unwieldy shield, without any defensive armour; their weapons of offence were a bow, a quiver of small poisoned arrows, and a long rope, which they dexterously threw from a distance, and entangled their enemy in a running noose. In the field, the Sclavonian infantry was dangerous by their speed, agility, and hardiness; they swam, they dived, they remained under water, drawing their breath through a hollow cane; and a river or lake was often the scene of their unsuspected ambuscade. But these were the achievements of spies or stragglers; the military art was unknown to the Sclavonians; their name was obscure, and their conquests were inglorious.

Such were the fathers of that race of many millions who still occupy the same great territory, and are now making huge efforts to extricate themselves from the alien races who have placed themselves among them, and often above them, and to recover their ancient ascendancy in the east of Europe.

The Slaves have a tradition, still living in their national songs, that the name of Slave, which signifies "the illustrious," was given them by Alexander the Great, in admiration of their courage and fidelity. Dying, he bequeathed to that race all those lands which lie between the Adriatic and the Frozen Northsea. "Thence since (runs the history-song that all Slavonia chants) the great Sarmatia is our own. Poland and Muscovy, Bohemia, Hungary, Bulgaria, nurse of heroes, all are ours. Fertile Primoria and Albania, Serbia and all the Russias we command; e'en Tartary and Prussia are a part of our large heritage. 'Twas thus the wide world's conqueror decreed. Great Alexander, in his own white name-sake city dying, spake—and thus he willed his world unto the Slaves."

The race that claims so vast a heritage, and retains a community of language and traditions, is now divided into four nations, Russia or the Russias—for although the French, like ourselves, now call Russia La Russie, the kingdom was always composed of three divisions, the White Russia, the Red Russia, and the immense Black Russia, and until recently the French always spoke of that kingdom as Les Russes—is the first of these, containing, as Tegoborski tells us, sixty-two millions of inhabitants, and one hundred and fifty millions of square miles of productive land, all cultivated as arable or meadow vineyards or gardens, and having, as the same author boasts, to every Russian three times as much productive soil as Prussia or France can afford to a Prussian or a Frenchman, and three and a half times as much as Austria can afford to every Austrian.

The second of these four nations is the Poles. In trusting to a Russian councillor of state, we have of course already included all Russian Poland in the estimate of the Russian population. We have, however, no great deduction to make, for although Poland in her prime numbered twenty-five millions, oppression has reduced this number to ten, whereof five or six are now found in Poland, two in Prussia, and two in Austria.

Bohemia, the land of the Tchekho Slaves, is the third of the Slave nations. This race inhabits the kingdom of Bohemia, the Duchy of Moravia, with a part of Silesia, and all the comitats in the north-west and south-east of Hungary, forming the least fertile provinces of that kingdom, and known by the general name of Slovakia. The Tcheko Slaves amount to seven millions and a half, whereof three are Slovakians, a timid, humble race, who are almost, in our sense of the word, the *slaves* of the Maghyars.

The Jugo-Slaves—Illyrians, Croats, and Serbes—form the fourth Slave nation. The Serbo-Illyrians are reckoned at 7,300,000, and of these the Croats number two millions.

Thus we have a population of seventy-four millions eight hundred thousand souls: men of one race, and of one language, and of one set of traditions. They sprang, their fables say, from a little fortress in Croatia, the ruins of which are still visible. There in the Krapina did Iliria bring forth three sons, Tchekh, Lekh, and Russ, and having educated them, sent them forth into the unpeopled north, where they became the fathers of nations. Iliria herself remained at home, and was the mother of the Illyrians—the hardy mountaineers of Albania, who conquered the world under Alexander, and who, when they were dispossessed of their mountains by the Romans, went northwards to their brethren, and brought back those hordes *of slaves* which ate up the Roman empire.

M. Robert attaches much importance to these traditions, indeed he implicitly believes them, and bitterly does he lament that four millions of Maghyars should keep in subjection eleven millions of these their fellow denizens of the Danube banks. Why is this so? Because the Slaves are divided. There are Greco-Slaves and Latin-Slaves, the slaves of the Greek and the slaves of the Roman Church. The Kossacks, who form the military strength of the Czar, were of the Greek Church, and were once also in fraternal union with Poland. But Poland was of the Latin Church, and wished to convert their brethren from schismatics into true believers. The Kossack preferred his heresy to his alliance with Poland, and he carried his savage power to the side of the Russ. Then the Muscovite grew as Poland declined, and the growth of the declension went on until the natural catastrophe occurred.

It is one of M. Robert's theories that Russia is now bent upon uniting all the branches of this great race into one colossal empire. He traces the steps by which she is gradually advancing in her great design, and sees in the annihilation of Poland only a destruction of what Russia considers as a schism of race. The Maghyars have been lately crushed, the Croats will soon be added. The Illyrians will be invited to shake off the dominion of Austria and the feeble despotism of Turkey. The Slave will enter again into the heritage which Alexander bequeathed. Europe, from the icebergs of the north to the vineyards of the Adriatic, will again recognise the law of the Slaves, and the Czar will be the mighty monarch of the race that dominates the world.

This is the Russian view of Panslavism: but there is another view of the same -ism which the Czar and M. Tegoborski would not so much approve. Under this latter view it would appear that Panslavism means a federal republic formed by the four great nations:—

"Le panslavisme, si l'on vent définir ce mot dans son acception rigoureuse, est la réconciliation, le rapprochement fraternel, et finalement la réunion de tous les Slaves en un seul corps moral.

Cette réunion est le but commun de tous les Panslavites: Sur ce but, tout le monde est d'accord; mais par quels moyens, et quelles conditions le rapprochement doit il s'accomplir? Là-dessus il y a divergence. C'est ce qui explique pourquoi l'on n'a généralement en Europe que des idées si vagues, si fausses sur le Panslavism. Les opinions si variées des publicistes Slaves sur cette grave question peuvent à la rigueur être rameneés à deux grands systèmes. Les uns, courtisans libres ou salariés du tsar, partant du principe de la centralisation absolutiste, repoussent les nationalités et révent une grande unité gouvernementale pour toute la race. Les autres patriotes sinceres, partent de l'idée de nationalités distinctes, et ne cherchent l'unité que dans une fédération librement consentie. Ces deux systèmes forment ce qu'on pent appeler le Panslavism monarchique et centralisateur et le Panslavism féderatif."

What the races of Western Europe may say to all this, it is no part of our present task to inquire. We have preformed our promise to lay before our readers a condensed account of the origin, early history, and present position of Le Monde Slave. If he study the subject thoughtfully, we think, an Englishman may perhaps find in it a solution of some of the otherwise incomprehensible heavings of the great human mass that has life upon the soil of Eastern Europe.

Histoire de la Restauration. Par A. De Lamartine. 2 tom. Paris: 1851.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vizetelly and Co. London: 1851.

Lamartine has written his account of "The Restoration of Monarchy," as he pretends (in order to humour our law of copyright) both in French and in English; so that we should, perhaps, have been justified in treating of this book under the head of Original Works of English Literature. The fiction, however, is too transparent, and we place it in its proper position among the French books of the season.

One of the most miserable thoughts that can haunt the latter days of an able and ambitious man must be that he has had an opportunity of doing immortal deeds, and has been found unequal to the occasion. A soldier who has been placed at the head of an army only to make conspicuous blunders and suffer disastrous defeat, a lawyer who has led his circuit and has been displaced by younger men, an architect who has been entrusted with a national structure and has produced a deformity, all receive the pity or the ridicule that are produced by the contrast between mighty expectation and mean performance. But Lamartine has had a *rôle* to play greater than soldier, lawyer, or artist, ever had. A chaos of nations was whirling and crashing around. Men cried aloud for some master spirit to reduce the confusion to order. Lamartine stepped forth and all welcomed, all applauded. His words became laws—to hear was to obey him. Trembling at the turmoil that was raging about them, the affrighted bourgeoisie would have done anything for order, anything for safety. Lamartine might have been a Monk, he might have been a Washington. What was he—and what is he? He proved in the hour of trial a mere common, insufficient man, borne to the surface rather by the lightness of his head than by th vigour of his limbs. Instead of a Monk, France found in him a Rienzi; instead of a Washington, the world saw a Massaniello. The dictator has gone back—not willingly and nobly—to his quill and his desk: and he is heard ever and anon complaining to an inattentive world that cruel creditors are depriving him of his paternal chateau; he is seen trying strange experiments upon our English law of copyright—and attempting to frighten our English bibliopoles from translating his books. The retrospect of his period of power carries us back only into a mist of verbiage. Acts of the feeblest inefficiency are clothed in vapid fustian and turgid bombast. Now and then we have a noble instinct, a chivalrous and poetic act, a great moment of eloquence—but the crisis passes and the power of the leader passes with it. Irresolute, shifting, and feeble, he loses his grasp upon mankind and subsides into a position of indulgent contempt. A French revolution has again raged, and the name of Lamartine has never been even whispered during the conflict.

Those who had seen the mind of Lamartine as it lies mapped in his writings might guess that all this would happen. We speak not of the more than feminine vanity, the more than a poet's sensitiveness, the more than a Frenchman's selfishness, the more than a constitution-monger's ignorance which appeared in his continuation of Childe Harold, in his harmonies, meditations, souvenirs, and in his Voyage en Orient, but we judge rather from that want of practical worldly knowledge which made him seek to unite a sort of chivalrous, cavalier-like love of the Bourbon race, the right divine of kings, the pomp of courts, and the pride of ancestral honours, with dreams of social regeneration, homage to every new "idea" that obtained its fleeting hour of popularity, and enthusiasm for the great principle of French democracy. A mind filled with such ravelling-heaps of inconsistencies might astonish men by its fancy or its eloquence, but could never be the inspiring power of a practical ruler or a great man of action.

The name of Lamartine has tempted us to observations which we did not intend to make, for our business here is with Lamartine at his writing desk, and not with the dictator.

Few of our readers who have been charmed with the glowing style and captivating, though vicious eloquence of Lamartine's History of the Girondins, will fail to look into his new work upon the Restoration of Monarchy—a work which, ere it is completed, will find its subject extended to another republic, another military despotism; perchance to another consulate for life, another empire, and, perhaps, to another restoration, and to another expulsion.

In the preface, Lamartine gives what he calls his profession of faith. Here it is:—

Revolutions are made by republics; they arise from the government of the people, operating in their great experience upon themselves. This age has works of too much importance to accomplish, and questions of civilisation and religion too complicated to solve, not to continue long Republican, or not to return frequently to that form of government. I am, therefore, a Republican, from a knowledge

of the things that must happen and from devotion to the great work of the age. Without overlooking any of the inconveniences and dangers of democracy, I am of opinion that we should accept them heroically as a task. It is the instrument which wounds and bruises the hand of the statesman, but it is the instrument of great things. We must renounce great things. We must again recline on the indolent couch of habits and prejudices, or we must risk the Republic. This is my profession of faith.

And a very dreamy, indefinite profession of faith this is. He has, it seems, a sort of notion that there ought to be a Republic, although he dislikes it; in the next passage he shows that he would love a Monarchy, although he thinks that perhaps it ought not to be.

My infancy, my earliest thoughts, my blood were royalist. In the paternal mansion I had been rocked in my cradle by those domestic narratives of the still reeking dramas of the Revolution. A young and beautiful queen, dragged from her bed, and pursued, half naked, by the daggers of the populace in her own palace, on the 5th and 6th October; her guards slaughtered in defending her, on the threshold of her chamber, by the pikes of assassins; a royal family flying, with their children in their arms, from the Tuileries to the National Assembly on the 10th of August; the towers of the Temple filled with the mysteries of their captivity; the scaffold of a king, of his wife, of his sister; his son brutalised by solitude, the mockery of a brutal artisan; his daughter left alone, to weep the destruction of her race, under the vaults of a prison worse than a sepulchre; then liberated, in the darkness of the night, on condition of perpetual exile; princes hitherto celebrated for their intellect, their grace, and even for their volatility, wandering from court to court, from retreat to retreat, without any one knowing where they concealed their miseries;—there was, in this frightful catastrophe, something to excite the nerves of an infant. The heart, when of noble origin, is always on the side of the unfortunate: the imagination is the veritable plotter of Restorations.

The two volumes before us bring down the history of the restoration, to the accomplishment of that restoration, and the end of the reign of Louis XVIII. After a short retrospect, he begins with the year 1815, and the first volume may be considered as an answer to M. Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire.

In the scant space allotted to us we cannot venture to enter upon such a subject as is here spread out, and we must content ourselves with affording to the English reader some specimens of what they may expect in these two first volumes of a work which is certain to be read throughout Europe. It has all Lamartine's faults and excellences. Great and noble passages, lofty thoughts, mixed up with most pernicious views of morals. Crime is not crime, if committed in working out some grand idea; imagination is the great and good man's guide—wherever it leads him, Lamartine applauds—falsehood, corruption, bloodshed, are sad things, but Lamartine pardons them all to a man who has an idea and follows it out. So long as this great vice of Egoism exists—so long as every Frenchman thinks himself the world's regenerator and entitled to carry out his crazy crotchets by force—so long as the mind of Lamartine is the type of the Gallic mind—so long we must be content to hear every three months that a new revolution in France is either accomplished or expected.

The following extract will show how Lamartine deals with Napoleon:

THE TREATY OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

Caulaincourt and Macdonald brought this treaty to Fontainebleau, without dissembling the difficulties they would have to encounter in obtaining Napoleon's signature to it; but they were resolved equally with Europe in having it accomplished, even against the apparent will of him whose fate it was to seal. People were tired of struggling with him and against him; honour and fidelity were satisfied, and, ratified or not, the treaty was thenceforward the law of destiny.

Napoleon received it with affected indignation, although he was previously made acquainted with all the details by the private reports which Caulaincourt had sent him from hour to hour. But it suited the future part he had to play to protest against it, even to the last stipulation. He seemed also to expect something further from time; and he did not wish to lose in his hurry what it might yet have in store for him. "Have you brought me my abdication at last?" he cried with a piercing voice, on seeing his plenipotentiary again. Caulaincourt, astonished, replied, that the first basis of any treaty at all was naturally the abdication remitted to the allied sovereigns, and that it had been long before consigned to the same publicity as other official documents. "Well! of what use is this treaty to me?" replied Napoleon. "I shall not recognise it; I don't wish to sign; I shall not sign it."

He thus consumed the whole day in contesting with his negociators; till, worn out with his subterfuges, and discouraged by his resistance, they deposited the treaty on the table, and retired, leaving him to the night and to his own reflections.

In the middle of the night the servants of the Emperor knocked at the door of Caulaincourt's apartment, and called him out of his sleep to go to their master. Caulaincourt found Napoleon pale and depressed, suffering from spasms of the stomach and nervous lamentations, which had alarmed his domestics. His principal surgeon, Ivan, was in attendance on him; and it was whispered in the chamber that he had attempted to commit suicide by swallowing the poison of Cabanis, by which Condorcet, when imprisoned, had avoided capital punishment. The Emperor neither admitted nor denied this supposition, which would give a tragical motive to a slight indisposition, and a text for the tender supplications of his friends. His medical attendant contented himself with administering some cups of tea to his patient; by which he was relieved, and he fell asleep again without any other medicine. The doctor appeared so unconscious of the symptoms, and was so little alarmed at the consequences of this pretended poisoning, that he retired from Fontainebleau at day-break.

On awaking, Napoleon, referring in ambiguous terms to the idea of the poisoning which fatality had prevented him from accomplishing;—"God would not permit it," he said; "I cannot die!" And as his servants, affecting to fear that he would still renew the attempt, spoke to him of his glory, of France, of his wife, of his son, who ought to attach him to life:—"My son," he exclaimed; "my son!—what a dismal inheritance I leave him! This child, though born a king, at present has not even a country! Why was I not allowed to die?"

"No, Sire," tenderly replied Caulaincourt, "it is while living that France should weep for you!"

"France has abandoned me," said Napoleon. "The ingratitude of men has made my head turn with disgust!"

With a violent gesture he drew aside his bed curtain, which had obscured from him the first rays of the sun. He appeared so full of life and of self-command, that a thunderbolt alone seemed capable of destroying him. "These few days past," he said, "I have experienced such a concentration and jarring of events within me, that I dread insanity. "Insanity," he added, "is the abdication of humanity! Rather give me death!"

"I shall sign to day," he continued, after a moment's silence; "you may retire."

These last words sufficiently explained the secret of the night. Napoleon wanted witnesses of the moral violence which had torn from him a concession which it was his intention one day to call in question. He would be said to have struggled even to suicide, and not to have yielded but to the impossibility of dying. No person of observation believed in this poisoning. The perfect possession of his faculties, attested by the obstinate diplomacy of his actions, of his words, of his negociation during these long days, the elasticity of his mind before and after the night scene, the lightness of his indisposition, the trifling nature of the remedies, the indifference of the doctor, the promptness of the recovery, all indicated either an accidental illness, or a premeditated tragical scene, to excuse him from signing, or to excite the pity and commiseration of the age.

We wish we had space for the whole of the narrative of the assassination of the Duc D'Enghien. This tragedy has been often told before, but never told so well. The events seem to pass before our eyes as we read.

When Lamartine has written the tale, he bursts forth in indignation. Let the reader look upon our next and closing extract, and say whether we are not justified in promising him great and gorgeous passages in this work. It is seldom that we can, as in this instance which we are about to quote, so greatly admire and so cordially approve.

The First Consul had said, "'Tis well!" But conscience, equity, and humanity protest alike against this satisfaction of a murderer who applauds himself. He claimed this crime to himself alone, in his revelations at Saint Helena. Let him then keep it all to himself! He has mowed down millions of men by the hand of war; and mad humanity, partial against itself for what it calls glory, has pardoned him. He has slain one alone cruelly, like a coward, in the dark, by the consciences of prevaricating judges, and by the balls of mercenary executioners, without risking his own breast, not as a warrior, but even as a murderer. Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon him this spilling of blood. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the Palace of the Invalids, where the statues of twelve victories, hewn out from one single block of granite, harmonising with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand the sentinels of ages around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on his sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others,—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins, from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum in which he confided, and slaughtered by the light of a lantern at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipsic, and of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shown, at the angle of a wall, round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marshmallows, and they exclaim—"It is there!" With a cry of indignation they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim, and an implacable resentment against the assassin!

This resentment is a vengeance for the past; but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect, that if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity afterwards to judge them, and pity to detest them. The murderer has but his hour,—the victim has all eternity!

The ex-dictator has only yet brought down his history to the threshold of the scene of the hundred days. He closes his second volume with a comparison between Napoleon and Cæsar: "Lorsque César passa le Rubicon pour venir anéantir la republique, il conduisait deux cent mille Romains contre Rome. Napoléon n'allait ramener que son nom et l'ombre de ses victoires pour renverser l'œuvre de l'Europe et pour reconquérir sa patrie." The nephew of Napoleon reverts to the tacties of the old conqueror of the Gauls. Before he cries *jacta est alea* he puts himself at the head of a hundred thousand men, and if he succeeds, it is because in the opening words of the Commentaries, "*Omnis Gallia divisa est in tres partes*"—the whites—the tricolours—and the reds.

Histoire de Marie Stuart. Par M. MIGNET. Two Vols. Paris: 1851.

MANY of our readers will, perhaps, excuse us if, before we notice this work, we remind them in a very few words of the chief facts in the History of Mary Stuart.

She was born a few days before the death of her father, James V. Mary of Guise being her mother, sent her to be educated in France, and married her to the Dauphin, eldest son of Henry II. The Dauphin, in the course of nature, became King of France, and died without issue in the year 1560, leaving Mary, a young widow of nineteen, dowager Queen of France, and reigning Queen of Scotland. She returned with regret to the country of her birth, and reigned a Roman Catholic monarch over a nation of the sternest and most bigoted of all Protestants. Five years after the death of her first husband, she married Lord Darnley, and gave him the title of king. Within a year Darnley grew distasteful to his wife, and no wonder, for he was silly, sottish, and brutal. Incited by jealousy, and, perhaps, equally by vanity, he instigated the murder of Rizzio, and himself tore the trembling minion away, and gave him to the dagger of George Douglas. Mary told him it should be dear blood to some of them. A few months only had passed, and the husband, whom she had loved at first sight, was at once despised and hated. Before the end of the year which followed that of her marriage, she was deeply in love with James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. In the following year (1567) the king, her husband, falls sick of the small pox. The beautiful queen does not, of course, expose herself to so terrible a danger for such a wretched husband, and, struck with her indifference, but ignorant of the nature of the disease, the public attributed his illness to poison.

He, however, recovers, and Mary visits him at Glasgow, and overwhelms him with affectionate caresses, maintaining, however, during her stay there a close correspondence with Bothwell, and pouring forth strains of tenderness which have unfortunately been preserved.

Darnley had been suspected of an intention to leave the kingdom. Mary's caresses were intended to dissuade him, and they succeeded. He allowed himself to be brought back to Edinburgh, was lodged in a house in an open field out of the city, and upon a rising ground. The salubrity of the situation was the reason of the choice. Mary attended him night and day, except upon one unfortunate occasion. It was Sunday, the 9th of February, 1567, and the queen left the Kirk of Field to be present at a mask at the palace. It unluckily happened that during the progress of the mask an explosion shook the city, and the house in which the king lay was found to have been blown up by gunpowder.

The scandalous public said that Bothwell had done this, and Mary having made him governor of Edinburgh Castle, had him brought to trial. Bothwell, as privy councillor, arranged the preliminaries, and no evidence being adduced against him, he was most honourably acquitted.

Testimony was indeed in existence, and is still recorded, which would appear not only to prove that Bothwell performed this operation of ridding the queen of her husband, but even to detail the exact way in which Bothwell did it. However, of course Mary did not believe this, for she married the earl just three months after the explosion. The long delay may be explained by the little circumstance that, at the time of the death of Darnley, Bothwel

of the things that must happen and from devotion to the great work of the age. Without overlooking any of the inconveniences and dangers of democracy, I am of opinion that we should accept them heroically as a task. It is the instrument which wounds and bruises the hand of the statesman, but it is the instrument of great things. We must renounce great things. We must again recline on the indolent couch of habits and prejudices, or we must risk the Republic. This is my profession of faith.

And a very dreamy, indefinite profession of faith this is. He has, it seems, a sort of notion that there ought to be a Republic, although he dislikes it; in the next passage he shows that he would love a Monarchy, although he thinks that perhaps it ought not to be.

My infancy, my earliest thoughts, my blood were royalist. In the paternal mansion I had been rocked in my cradle by those domestic narratives of the still reeking dramas of the Revolution. A young and beautiful queen, dragged from her bed, and pursued, half naked, by the daggers of the populace in her own palace, on the 5th and 6th October; her guards slaughtered in defending her, on the threshold of her chamber, by the pikes of assassins; a royal family flying, with their children in their arms, from the Tuileries to the National Assembly on the 10th of August; the towers of the Temple filled with the mysteries of their captivity; the scaffold of a king, of his wife, of his sister; his son brutalised by solitude, the mockery of a brutal artisan; his daughter left alone, to weep the destruction of her race, under the vaults of a prison worse than a sepulchre; then liberated, in the darkness of the night, on condition of perpetual exile; princes hitherto celebrated for their intellect, their grace, and even for their volatility, wandering from court to court, from retreat to retreat, without any one knowing where they concealed their miseries;—there was, in this frightful catastrophe, something to excite the nerves of an infant. The heart, when of noble origin, is always on the side of the unfortunate: the imagination is the veritable plotter of Restorations.

The two volumes before us bring down the history of the restoration, to the accomplishment of that restoration, and the end of the reign of Louis XVIII. After a short retrospect, he begins with the year 1815, and the first volume may be considered as an answer to M. Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire.

In the scant space allotted to us we cannot venture to enter upon such a subject as is here spread out, and we must content ourselves with affording to the English reader some specimens of what they may expect in these two first volumes of a work which is certain to be read throughout Europe. It has all Lamartine's faults and excellences. Great and noble passages, lofty thoughts, mixed up with most pernicious views of morals. Crime is not crime, if committed in working out some grand idea; imagination is the great and good man's guide—wherever it leads him, Lamartine applauds—falsehood, corruption, bloodshed, are sad things, but Lamartine pardons them all to a man who has an idea and follows it out. So long as this great vice of Egoism exists—so long as every Frenchman thinks himself the world's regenerator and entitled to carry out his crazy crotchets by force—so long as the mind of Lamartine is the type of the Gallic mind—so long we must be content to hear every three months that a new revolution in France is either accomplished or expected.

The following extract will show how Lamartine deals with Napoleon:

THE TREATY OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

Caulaincourt and Macdonald brought this treaty to Fontainebleau, without dissembling the difficulties they would have to encounter in obtaining Napoleon's signature to it; but they were resolved equally with Europe in having it accomplished, even against the apparent will of him whose fate it was to seal. People were tired of struggling with him and against him; honour and fidelity were satisfied, and, ratified or not, the treaty was thenceforward the law of destiny.

Napoleon received it with affected indignation, although he was previously made acquainted with all the details by the private reports which Caulaincourt had sent him from hour to hour. But it suited the future part he had to play to protest against it, even to the last stipulation. He seemed also to expect something further from time; and he did not wish to lose in his hurry what it might yet have in store for him. "Have you brought me my abdication at last?" he cried with a piercing voice, on seeing his plenipotentiary again. Caulaincourt, astonished, replied, that the first basis of any treaty at all was naturally the abdication remitted to the allied sovereigns, and that it had been long before consigned to the same publicity as other official documents. "Well! of what use is this treaty to me?" replied Napoleon. "I shall not recognise it; I don't wish to sign; I shall not sign it."

He thus consumed the whole day in contesting with his negociators; till, worn out with his subterfuges, and discouraged by his resistance, they deposited the treaty on the table, and retired, leaving him to the night and to his own reflections.

In the middle of the night the servants of the Emperor knocked at the door of Caulaincourt's apartment, and called him out of his sleep to go to their master. Caulaincourt found Napoleon pale and depressed, suffering from spasms of the stomach and nervous lamentations, which had alarmed his domestics. His principal surgeon, Ivan, was in attendance on him; and it was whispered in the chamber that he had attempted to commit suicide by swallowing the poison of Cabanis, by which Condorcet, when imprisoned, had avoided capital punishment. The Emperor neither admitted nor denied this supposition, which would give a tragical motive to a slight indisposition, and a text for the tender supplications of his friends. His medical attendant contented himself with administering some cups of tea to his patient; by which he was relieved, and he fell asleep again without any other medicine. The doctor appeared so unconscious of the symptoms, and was so little alarmed at the consequences of this pretended poisoning, that he retired from Fontainebleau at day-break.

On awaking, Napoleon, referring in ambiguous terms to the idea of the poisoning which fatality had prevented him from accomplishing;—"God would not permit it," he said; "I cannot die!" And as his servants, affecting to fear that he would still renew the attempt, spoke to him of his glory, of France, of his wife, of his son, who ought to attach him to life;—"My son," he exclaimed; "my son!—what a dismal inheritance I leave him! This child, though born a king, at present has not even a country! Why was I not allowed to die?"

"No, Sire," tenderly replied Caulaincourt, "it is while living that France should weep for you!"

"France has abandoned me," said Napoleon. "The ingratitude of men has made my head turn with disgust!"

With a violent gesture he drew aside his bed curtain, which had obscured from him the first rays of the sun. He appeared so full of life and of self-command, that a thunderbolt alone seemed capable of destroying him. "These few days past," he said, "I have experienced such a concentration and jarring of events within me, that I dread insanity. "Insanity," he added, "is the abdication of humanity! Rather give me death!"

"I shall sign to day," he continued, after a moment's silence; "you may retire."

These last words sufficiently explained the secret of the night. Napoleon wanted witnesses of the moral violence which had torn from him a concession which it was his intention one day to call in question. He would be said to have struggled even to suicide, and not to have yielded but to the impossibility of dying. No person of observation believed in this poisoning. The perfect possession of his faculties, attested by the obstinate diplomacy of his actions, of his words, of his negociation during these long days, the elasticity of his mind before and after the night scene, the lightness of his indisposition, the trifling nature of the remedies, the indifference of the doctor, the promptness of the recovery, all indicated either an accidental illness, or a premeditated tragical scene, to excuse him from signing, or to excite the pity and commiseration of the age.

We wish we had space for the whole of the narrative of the assassination of the Duc D'Enghien. This tragedy has been often told before, but never told so well. The events seem to pass before our eyes as we read.

When Lamartine has written the tale, he bursts forth in indignation. Let the reader look upon our next and closing extract, and say whether we are not justified in promising him great and gorgeous passages in this work. It is seldom that we can, as in this instance which we are about to quote, so greatly admire and so cordially approve.

The First Consul had said, "'Tis well!" But conscience, equity, and humanity protest alike against this satisfaction of a murderer who applauds himself. He claimed this crime to himself alone, in his revelations at Saint Helena. Let him then keep it all to himself! He has mowed down millions of men by the hand of war; and mad humanity, partial against itself for what it calls glory, has pardoned him. He has slain one alone cruelly, like a coward, in the dark, by the consciences of prevaricating judges, and by the balls of mercenary executioners, without risking his own breast, not as a warrior, but even as a murderer. Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon him this spilling of blood. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the Palace of the Invalids, where the statues of twelve victories, hewn out from one single block of granite, harmonising with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand the sentinels of ages around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on his sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others,—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins, from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum in which he confided, and slaughtered by the light of a lantern at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipsic, and of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shown, at the angle of a wall, round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marsh-mallows, and they exclaim—"It is there!" With a cry of indignation they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim, and an implacable resentment against the assassin!

This resentment is a vengeance for the past; but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect, that if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity afterwards to judge them, and pity to detest them. The murderer has but his hour,— the victim has all eternity!

The ex-dictator has only yet brought down his history to the threshold of the scene of the hundred days. He closes his second volume with a comparison between Napoleon and Cæsar: "Lorsque César passa le Rubicon pour venir anéantir la republique, il conduisait deux cent mille Romains contre Rome. Napoléon n'allait ramener que son nom et l'ombre de ses victoires pour renverser l'œuvre de l'Europe et pour reconquérir sa patrie." The nephew of Napoleon reverts to the tacties of the old conqueror of the Gauls. Before he cries *jacta est alea* he puts himself at the head of a hundred thousand men, and if he succeeds, it is because in the opening words of the Commentaries, "*Omnis Gallia divisa est in tres partes*"—the whites—the tricolours—and the reds.

Histoire de Marie Stuart. Par M. MIGNET. Two Vols. Paris: 1851.

MANY of our readers will, perhaps, excuse us if, before we notice this work, we remind them in a very few words of the chief facts in the History of Mary Stuart.

She was born a few days before the death of her father, James V. Mary of Guise being her mother, sent her to be educated in France, and married her to the Dauphin, eldest son of Henry II. The Dauphin, in the course of nature, became King of France, and died without issue in the year 1560, leaving Mary, a young widow of nineteen, dowager Queen of France, and reigning Queen of Scotland. She returned with regret to the country of her birth, and reigned a Roman Catholic monarch over a nation of the sternest and most bigoted of all Protestants. Five years after the death of her first husband, she married Lord Darnley, and gave him the title of king. Within a year Darnley grew distasteful to his wife, and no wonder, for he was silly, sottish, and brutal. Incited by jealousy, and, perhaps, equally by vanity, he instigated the murder of Rizzio, and himself tore the trembling minion away, and gave him to the dagger of George Douglas. Mary told him it should be dear blood to some of them. A few months only had passed, and the husband, whom she had loved at first sight, was at once despised and hated. Before the end of the year which followed that of her marriage, she was deeply in love with James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. In the following year (1567) the king, her husband, falls sick of the small pox. The beautiful queen does not, of course, expose herself to so terrible a danger for such a wretched husband, and, struck with her indifference, but ignorant of the nature of the disease, the public attributed his illness to poison.

He, however, recovers, and Mary visits him at Glasgow, and overwhelms him with affectionate caresses, maintaining, however, during her stay there a close correspondence with Bothwell, and pouring forth strains of tenderness which have unfortunately been preserved.

Darnley had been suspected of an intention to leave the kingdom. Mary's caresses were intended to dissuade him, and they succeeded. He allowed himself to be brought back to Edinburgh, was lodged in a house in an open field ont of the city, and upon a rising ground. The salubrity of the situation was the reason of the choice. Mary attended him night and day, except upon one unfortunate occasion. It was Sunday, the 9th of February, 1567, and the queen left the Kirk of Field to be present at a mask at the palace. It unluckily happened that during the progress of the mask an explosion shook the city, and the house in which the king lay was found to have been blown up by gunpowder.

The scandalous public said that Bothwell had done this, and Mary having made him governor of Edinburgh Castle, had him brought to trial. Bothwell, as privy councillor, arranged the preliminaries, and no evidence being adduced against him, he was most honourably acquitted.

Testimony was indeed in existence, and is still recorded, which would appear not only to prove that Bothwell performed this operation of ridding the queen of her husband, but even to detail the exact way in which Bothwell did it. However, of course Mary did not believe this, for she married the earl just three months after the explosion. The long delay may be explained by the little circumstance that, at the time of the death of Darnley, Bothwel

had a wife living—and it takes some short time to get a formal divorce, even in Scotland.

The rest of her history is but one of the large facts of the world's story. Her vassals, instigated a little by their dislike of her conduct in domestic matters, more by their aversion to her particular form of religion, and, perhaps, still more by their own feuds, rose against her and drove her to England, when, after due delay and decent scruple, Elizabeth murdered her.

Such are the broad public facts of this woman's life. Yet to the great dishonour of History, Mary Stuart has been one of her great favourites. It has been thought a mark of generous chivalry to espouse her cause, and an act of loyalty to defend her memory. To asperse the memory of Elizabeth, and to exalt that of her victim, was a courtier-like and a cavalier-like thing under the Stuart Kings. Ronsard and Brantome have been ransacked to show how charming, how lovely, how accomplished she was in her early youth, how gracefully she moved in the licentious court of Henry II. of France, where adultery was *de rigeur* as a point of etiquette, and a scented, perfumed vice formed the atmosphere of the place. We are then shown this tender flower, first exposed to the blighting maledictions of John Knox, then slighted by a brutal husband, captured, coerced, and even bodily ill-treated by coarse, barbarous Scots, her faithful servant torn from her as he grasped her robe, stabbed in her ante-chamber, and cast dead from her palace window; then, for nineteen years a prisoner, held in durance by a sister queen; and at length innocent of crime, and at peace with Heaven, mounting the scaffold with an angelic fortitude, and dying noble in her demeanour, constant in her faith, happy in her hope, strong in her innocence.

Now, it so happens that there is no epoch in all history which is more rich in trustworthy evidences than that in which Mary Stuart lived and sinned. We have her letters, the letters of the ambassadors resident at her court, the memoirs of persons who took part in the constant conspiracies of her time, the public depositions of witnesses, the confessions of condemned criminals, and an unusually copious collection of correspondence. To these M. Mignet has now added the despatches which Philip II. of Spain received from his ambassadors in England. There appears to be nothing lost. Everything that was secret to contemporaries is open to posterity.

Upon one point we certainly have no direct testimony. We have never been precisely told, either by Rizzio or by Mary, what their relations were. We know, indeed, that he was raised by her from an office almost menial to be her confidential secretary; that after the first few weeks of Mary's marriage with Darnley his favour went on increasing, so that the husband was deserted by the courtiers, and all petitions for pardon or supplications for favour were addressed through Rizzio. We know also that Rizzio was alone with the queen in her private chamber when the conspirators drew him forth and slew him. We are sure that when Rizzio was dead her heart was empty, for it was a remarkably short time after, that Bothwell had full possession there—and Bothwell was a married man. That Mary had much liking, full opportunity, and no scruples, is evident enough. That her contemporaries had no doubt of the nature of the connexion is perfectly clear. Elizabeth expostulated, her own vassals, slew her minion, her husband refused to be present at the christening of the child, born three months after the tragic scene that passed in her apartment.

It is a dangerous and an awkward bit of history. Robertson has shut his eyes and vaulted over it. Mignet gives no opinion, but sets out the evidence. Had it been a less important matter than it is, every one would probably have been tolerably satisfied with evidence somewhat stronger than that upon which divorces are granted by the House of Lords and verdicts given in Westminster Hall. But then this child was afterwards James the First of England, and it followed that if Darnley was not the father of the son whom he disowned, then our Stuart kings were the produce of an intrigue between Mary Stuart and an Italian valet. Queen Elizabeth, indeed, believed this, for she said in her wrath, "No knave's son shall sit in my seat;" but history must not listen to evidence or testimony that leads to such conclusions as these. When the Regent was asked to recognise a son of one of his mistresses, rather noted for her talents and her liveliness upon the stage, he utterly refused. "Il est trop harlequin," objected the duke. Posterity may perhaps think there was more of the Italian than of the coarse drunken Scot in James the First.

M. Mignet paints with a dreadful circumstantiality the progress of the conspiracy that eventuated in the murder of Darnley. He shows Mary smitten by Bothwell, and eager for a divorce, repining at the difficulties and the delay, yet fearing to do anything that might throw a doubt on the legitimacy of her child—fears and anxiety that seem to hint a consciousness and a remembrance. He then introduces Lethington proposing to Mary to murder her husband, and receiving, not an indignant rebuke, but a faint refusal.* More intense grows the interest and the horror as Mary's visit to her husband at Glasgow is described. We see her loading him with caresses, winning back in a few hours his confidence and his love—and we cannot but see that it could not have been entirely his fault if a husband so completely under her influence was ever estranged from her side. Meanwhile she is writing to Bothwell, letters of flame and passion, telling how she baulks her husband's desires, confessing that she feels like a traitress, and whetting her lover's jealousy by hinting to him that Darnley will not come with her to the shambles they have prepared, unless she consents to share his table and his bed. The poor, silly, trusting fool, believed in the well-worn smiles, trusted, and was lost. "I will go with her though she should murder me," was his answer to a friendly hint. He did go, and when the day was fixed she wrote to Bothwell—"according to your direction, I shall bring him with me on Monday." It was she who lodged him in the house at the Kirk of Field, overruling all objections

* When Lethington in misunderstandable terms offered to kill Darnley ("to find mean that your Majesty sall be quite of him without prejudice of your sonne; for I am assurit that my Lord of Murrayе will looke thro his fingeris thairto, and will behald our doeings saying nathing to the same"), Mary's temperate reply was that she would allow nothing to be enterprised which would bring a stain upon her honour. Lethington, naturally expounding this as a permission, replied, "Madam, let us guyde the matter amongis us, and your grace sall see naething but gud;" and so Balfour, Huntley, Lethington, and Argyle entered into a bond to kill Darnley, just as Darnley and Ruthven had entered into a bond to kill Rizzio. Bothwell, for whose benefit the deed was to be done, held possession of the bond.

from his own servant, and it was she placed his bed on the first floor, and her own in the room immediately underneath it. Bothwell found *her* bed inconveniently placed, for it was just in the spot where he wished to place the barrel of powder. He told *her* servant, Francis Paris, to remove it; and the Queen coming in, and finding it had not been removed, rebuked Paris sharply for his neglect.

Several nights she slept in that room underneath her victim, several days she tended him with assiduous semblance of affection. On the day appointed she removed a favourite velvet bed furniture from her room and sent an old one in its place, and chatted affectionately with the king while Paris and Bothwell were carrying the powder into the room underneath. All being concluded, she wished him a gay good bye, and went off to the ball. Bothwell danced till midnight, and then left the place. History tracks his every step, from his departure till his return.

Is not this creature a fiend? Is it not as culpable to make a martyr and a heroine of such a creature as it would be to try to excite pity for Mrs. Brownrigge, or admiration for any of the husband-poisoners of Essex? We need not follow her through her career—it were easy to show how consistent it was—to show that Mary Stuart is a name that should never be spoken without a shudder. It will be always quite enough to read either from Fraser Tytler or from Mignet that terrible tragedy of the Kirk of Field.

We have left ourselves no space to follow M. Mignet in that part of his history where he is strongest—the negociations of Mary, while in captivity, with the English Catholics and with the Court of Spain, and her proposition to bequeath the realm of England to Philip II. We cannot blame Mary for doing her utmost to call any friend, and especially one of her own faith to her aid, or to incite any rebellion that might set her free. But on the other hand it must be remembered that it is now quite clear that Mary was never for a moment free from such projects; that the massacre of St. Bartholomew had happened during her captivity, and had excited in England a horror against Popery which was almost a frenzy. It must be remembered also that the Spanish Armada was but a tardy completion of a design which was a design of Mary Stuart. Let these things be remembered, and we shall look a little more impartially than we have yet done upon the act which weighs most heavily upon the memory of Elizabeth. We cannot, and we would not, justify a crime by calling it a work of necessity, but when we come to clear this woman's name from the fables of the Scot writers, we shall readily enough understand that it was not only a woman's rivalry or a woman's hatred that made Elizabeth put Mary to death—it was stark terror, and terror not ill-grounded.

M. Mignet's work is so valuable that it should at once receive a good translation. But the translator should be not a mere scribe, but an historian. He should search out the authorities which the author translates, and restore them—not retranslate them. We must add that the English and Scotch quotations are sadly mangled by the French printers.

Etudes sur les Beaux-Arts en Général. Par M. GUIZOT. Paris: 1852.

A COLLECTION of the articles written by M. Guizot upon these subjects. The celebrated author states that he first learned to love and appreciate the *chef-d'œuvres* of art during the period, between 1808 and 1814, when they were all collected in Paris. These essays are chiefly reprinted from the "Musée Royal" and the "Musée Imperial."

Meditations et études Morales. Par M. GUIZOT. Paris: 1852.

THIS is a collected series of essays published by M. Guizot at different periods. They will very well repay perusal, and we recommend them strongly to our readers, although the subjects are scarcely suited for discussion in our pages. In April M. Guizot presided at a Protestant bible society meeting, and pronounced a discourse upon the state of religion in France. This speech attracted considerable attention, and these essays are put forth to continue the subject. The chapter "Du Catholicisme, du Protestantisme, et de la Philosiphie en France," especially excited our interest.

Portraits Politiques et Révolutionnaires. Par CUVILLIER-FLEURY. Paris: 1852.

THIS is a reprint of articles that have appeared in the *Journal des Débats* from time to time, and contains criticisms upon men, books, and events that have acted, appeared and happened, since the revolution of 1848. The subject is too large for us to enter upon, tempting though it be, and as we do not pretend to criticise the daily papers, we content ourselves with simply indicating the nature of the work.

Exposition et Histoire des Principales Decouvertes Scientifiques Modernes. Par LOUIS FIGUIER, Docteur en Sciences. 2 vols. Paris: 1852.

THIS is a very useful little work, which might be advantageously given to our public in an English dress. It treats of photography, the electric telegraph, etherisation and chloroform, electrotype, ærostatics, application of gases to lighting, newly-discovered planets, fulminating substances, gun cotton, and all the other inventions of our own age. The matters treated of are dealt with in plain, popular language, and the book is both entertaining and instructive.

Histoire des Arabes et des Mores d'Espagne. Par LOUIS VIARDOT. 2 Vols. Paris: 1851.

THIS is an amplification of the author's "Essai sur l'Histoire des Arabes et des Mores d'Espagne," published nearly twenty years since. The conquest of Algeria gives a peculiar interest to the subject in France, but much of the Spanish part of the work has been anticipated by M. Romey in his large "History of Spain," which has been in course is publication during the last thirteen years, but is[lo]ft incomplete.

Les Affiches Rouges. Par un GIRONDIN. Paris: 1851.

WE know a gentleman who takes particular care to copy into his journal every writing he sees upon a wall during any time of popular excitement. He has more than a hundred "No Popery" inscriptions, and a few on the other side of the question, a large collection of electioneering mural squibs, and many Chartist apothegms. He says he looks upon his

journal as an excellent burlesque upon what is called public opinion.

What our friend does for his own amusement, this Girondin has done for the benefit of the Republic. During the last, we mean the penultimate, revolution, the most generally read literature of France was written upon the walls of Paris. Here we find it all re-printed, and a most unamusing mass of evaporated bombast it makes. We miss the best we ever read; but the Girondin confines himself to the affiches of the Reds. The placard that amused us ran as follows:

LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE.
Liberté.—De Mourir de faim.
Egalité.—Dans la Misère.
Fraternité.—De Cain.

Perhaps the Girondin in his next edition will add this morceau. According to present appearances it will be long before this gentleman will be able to add any more red affiches to his collection.

Histoire de huit ans 1840-1848. Par M. ELIAS REGNAULT. Paris: 1852.

A CONTINUATION of the "Histoire de dix ans" of M. Louis Blanc, producing that contemporaneous history to the end of the reign of Louis Philippe. It is not a work that calls for special remark.

Les Clubs et les Clubistes. Par ALPHONSE LUCAS. Paris: 1851.

THIS book consists of short notices of all the clubs that have existed in Paris since the Revolution of 1848. They are arranged in alphabetical order, and the accounts given of them are too succinct to afford us much material for criticism, or any opportunity of extract.

L'Angleterre Comparée a la France. Par un ANCIEN AVOCAT. Paris, 1851.

THE work of a French avocat who, in 1838, for some reason satisfactory to himself, changed his domicile to England, and took upon himself the profession of avocat consultant.

In this capacity it was necessary that, in order to advise his countrymen, he should know something of English law, and he pathetically complains of the difficulties that beset his studies. "In the laws of England," he says, "there are neither codes nor classification. The legislation is a confused mass of ancient edicts and old charters, statutes ancient and modern, bills or acts of Parliament of like diversity, orders of the Privy Council, &c. &c. These fill more than a hundred folio volumes. The reports make more than four hundred volumes, wherein the barristers find a profusion of arguments pro and con upon any question sufficient to entangle the sagacity of any judge. If the student seeks the clue of this labyrinth in the text works and treatises, he will find such a diversity of opinions upon every subject, that his researches in this direction only redouble his embarrassment."

Moreover, our author complains that our Norman French is not French, and our law Latin is not the Latin of Cicero.

The object of the volume, the quintessence, as he tells us, of four which he had prepared, may be summed up in his own words:—

Les etrangers, au moyen de mon livre sauront ou et à qui s'addresser dans les affaires d'interet. Ils sauront comment et à quel prix on obtient en ci pays justice. Ils pourront même la reclamer sans deplacement. On bien, s'il leur plait de visiter l'Angleterre, ils ne le quitteront plus en emportant seulement ces connaissances toutes superficielles que fournissent les Itineraires ou Guides des voyageurs.

We cannot guarantee the entire accuracy either of the law, or the facts of our author. We open the book at random, and we read, p. 83, that the ecclesiastics called rectors are the ministers of the principal churches, the ministers attached to chapels of ease are designated by the title of vicar, while the pastors of private chapels are called curates. At the same page it is remarked as an incongruity that there is *no Bishop of Manchester*.

Histoire du Directoire. Par A. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC. Paris, 1851.

AFTER the recent work of Thiers, to make no mention of a hundred less remarkable productions, we were scarcely prepared for a new History of the French Revolution, or of any part of the great epoch it occupies. Here, however, is a history put forth by an advocate of the party of order—a man who does not, like Lamartine, worship any author of any atrocities, if he should happen to commit his crimes for the promulgation of some political or social "*idea*;" and who does not, like Thiers, look upon the revolution as a great remedy working by violent means.

We have sounded the key-note of our author's strain: we cannot hope to interest our readers to travel with us a road so often by them trodden as that of the track of France from an absolute monarchy to the most sanguinary anarchy the world ever saw, and back again to the most absolute military despotism that modern Europe has ever stared in stark terror at. The style and tendency of the work may be judged by the following extract, in which M. de Cassagnac reviews the state of France at the dissolution of the Convention:—

Tel était donc l'etat dans lequel la Convention laissait la France.

Les populations, décimees par l'exil, par la guerre, par l'échafaud; l'agriculture, sans revenus; l'industrie, sans produits; le commerce, sans capitaux; l'etat, sans trésor et sans credit; les familles sans sécurite et sans pain; les lois, sans authorité; la religion, sans temples et sans prêtres; le foyer domestique, sans pudeur; les lettres, les arts et les sciences, sans culte et sans asile; mille monumento abattus, pas un élevi.

Tous les supports de la société étaient brisé à la fois, et les générations nouvelles naissaient et grandissaient pour un chaos sans limite et sans terme.

Des millions d'enfants grandissaient, n'ayant eu ni prêtre pour les baptiser, ni maitre pour les instruire.

* * * * * * *

Enfin, tels étaient l'abandon et la barbarie, l'absence de tout gouvernement et de toute administration, que les bêtes fauves se multiplièrent a l'infini, envahirent les compagnes et les dévasterènt. Le corps législatif dut prendre des mesures énergiques pour arrêter ces ravages; et le rapporteur d'Aubermesnil Constata q'en l'an VI., il avit été tue cinq mille trois cent cinquante et un loups.

This work is quite free from the false taste, false morality, and false philosophy which disgust Englishmen so much in Frenchmen's writings upon this period of the history of their country; and if any of our readers who are capable of appreciating French literature, are also equal to reading another work upon the French Directory, we recommend this to their attention.

Le Drama de Quatre-vingt-treize ; scenes de la vie Revolutionnaire. Par Alexandre Dumas. 4 vols. 18mo. Paris: 1851.

DUMAS, wearied of turning the history of France into romance, has taken to gather together the anecdotes and little episodes of that history. He makes these really as amusing and quite as unreal as his professed fictions. Those who delighted in the brilliant declamatory style of Lamartine, and who read greedily and at long sittings his History of the Girondins, are now offered an equally exciting banquet in the epigrammatic and scenic style of the greatest of French novelists.

The drama of '93 does, indeed, pass in these pages like a procession before us. Each step in the story is represented by its incident. It is true that these "scenes" are sometimes of a doubtful or altogether apocryphal authority, are often dressed up with small details, scraps, and spangles chosen from the property room, and are always placed in the full glare of the footlights.

Just tacked together with a single stitch of narrative, the anecdotes are much of this kind:—

MARIE ANTOINETTE AFTER THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

Elle était bien malheureuse dans ce château des Tuileries où la garde nationale, effrayée de sa responsabilité, la gardait à vue, ou elle était obligée du tenir ouvertes sa salle de bain et sa chambre à coucher; où une fois ayant fermi les rideaux de son lit, un garde national vint les tirer de peur quélle ne s'enfuit par le ruelle; où enfin le roi etant venu la visiter une nuit à une heure du matin et ayant fermé la porte, non pas de la reine, mais de la femme, la sentinelle la rouvrit trois fois eu lui disant:—"Fermez la tant que vous voudrez, je la rouvrirai autant de fois que vous la fermerez."

Or this:

THE OMEN.

"Quelques jours avant la fuite du 21 juin, étant à sa toilette éclairée par quatre bougies, la premiere s'éteignit toute seule, puis la seconde, puis la troisième.

Alors elle avait dit tout haut et comme pour se rassurer elle-même.

"Je ne m'inquiète point de ce qui vient d'arriver à ces trois premières bougies, mais si la quatrième bougie s'éteint, malheur à moi!"

Et la quatrieme bougie s'etait éteinte."

Those who have read M. Dumas's Memoirs de la Regence, and who were, of course, disgusted by it, will be pleased to find that this is very superior, and quite inoffensive.

Les Sept Péchés Capitaux-L'avarice. Par EUGENE SUE. Paris: 1851.

IT was an excellent idea of Eugene Sue to take the grand vices singly. Seven pictures he has now given us, and a capital sin is the centre piece of each. Last comes Avarice, the most degrading and disgusting of all.

We took up this number of the series with some interest, for we were curious to see how he would treat this "good old gentlemanly vice." Remembering that he had turned envy into a virtue by converting it suddenly into emulation, and had pictured pride in the person of a chaste grisette (called "La Duchesse" by her companions) in so captivating a form, we thought that as these two very unamiable vices had fared so well at his hands, perhaps, Avarice might find itself eulogised as prudence or personified by benevolence.

The *avare* in this volume is an *ecrivain public*—a man who has two millions of francs, yet educates his son at a charity school, keeps him in entire ignorance of his wealth, never draws a sou from his capital, but lives upon the little fees he gains by writing letters for the half-famished brodistes and sempstresses, who come to him to read and write their love letters. He is not a bad man, or a hard-hearted man, or a vicious man in aught except his master passion. In obedience, however, to this his fingers close upon the sous that should have bought a sick girl food, and he abuses the confidence imposed in him by his ignorant clients. He disappears, and comes back, and sees how his heir spends his money. Sue, however, has quite changed the idea of a miser's punishment. Richard *fils*, when the old man comes back, is trying only how much *good* money will do.

We have, as usual, poor people of the most wonderful honesty, courage, and virtue, and rich people who are destitute of all three, but allowing for this common mannerism of Sue, L'Avarice may be read through at a sitting with great interest.

Le Montagnard ou les deux Republiques, 1793—1848 Par De Bazancourt. Paris, 1851.

THIS novel is to consist of two parts, whereof the first is not yet complete. A man must write quickly in these days. Before M. de Bazancourt has got to the Republic of 1848 the thing will, probably, be too stale to entice one reader. However, as the Parisians are probably by this time convinced that it is much safer to see revolutions upon paper than to witness them from the balconies of their houses, perhaps, if this taste continue in Paris, M. de Bazancourt and the ennobled M. Dumas may be allowed to cater for it.

The time of action in the novel is when the reign of terror was in full *verve*, and the massacre of the nobles was at its hottest. Fiction woven from such events does but weaken the reality, and this author, when he draws every nobleman as an angel of benevolence, piety, courage, honour, and philanthropy, and every republican as a ruffian, a coward, and a fool, disgusts us just as much as Madame Dudevant or Eugene Sue do when they picture every rich man as a scoundrel, and every poor one as a model of all the long-suffering virtues. It is vain, however, to hope to find a Frenchman writing without a theory, and it is dreary work to see facts, characters, plot, catastrophe, and poetic justice all measured and cut to the exact standard of some trumpery, crazy crotchet.

This observation does not apply so strongly to the work before us as to others of the opposite school. If this author, however, had been decently impartial he would have been more life-like, and, therefore, more interesting. Those who wish to see in full detail the baronial state and sad reverses of those courtly old gentlemen, who taught our grandmothers to read French and to dance cotilions, may tell M. Rolandi to send them each volume of La Montagnard as it appears.

Confesssions d'un Ouvrier. Par Emilie Souvestre. Paris, 1852.

AN autobiography of Pierre Henri, master mason, called La Rigueur, on account of his severe probity. This is not quite the usual French story of brave, honest fellows, all philanthropy and self denial, and girls all beauty and all virtue, yet all famishing in garrets; yet we cannot think it will acquire much popularity with English readers.

Louis de Gourdon ou les Croquarts par le Marquis de Foudras. 3 Vols. Paris, 1851.

An historical romance of the time of Henri Quatre, which we venture to predict our fair readers will find intolerably dull and the men will vote stupid. Of course the plot consists of the passions existing between two young persons of the opposite factions. Our neighbours seem to have got to the end of their invention and are taking to pilfering like our own farce writers. La Comtesse Dash some time since worked up the memoirs of Bussy Rabutin into a sort of story, compiled entirely from "Les amours des Gaules," and the letters of Madame Sévigné. This is the same sort of thing much more indifferently done. Alexandre Dumas has his faults, and they are grave ones; but while one of his historical romances remains unread, we do not counsel a lecture of the Marquis de Foudras. The catastrophe is neither comfortable nor original, for the hero is wounded and then drowned, and the heroine dies upon his tomb, in a very doubtful state of faith be it observed, halting much between her lover's religion and her own.

Le Chateau dee Désertes. Par George Sand.

This is one of Madame Dudevant's "Consuelo" style of productions—all art and artists, poets, painters, and singers, and duchesses dying in love for them. To read this lady's productions when she writes upon such subjects and to admire her, we must begin by throwing overboard nearly all our English proprieties, and we must then resolutely shut our eyes to the rather glaring fact that at least nine-tenths of all artists are very coarse, underbred people. Having, however, made to ourselves an imaginary world wherein passion is in itself a virtue, the instinct of love a wild happiness to be never checked, and variety a condition of its full enjoyment; having moreover peopled this world with artists and artistes all honour, fire, passion, genius, ardour, and love; having done this, we may then sit down comfortably with George Sand, and follow her story with interest to the end.

The first few opening lines will indicate the general tone of this volume:—

"I am the son," says the hero, "of a poor tenor singer of Italy and a great lady of France. My father's name was Tealdo Soavi, my mother's name I shall not tell. She never acknowledged me as her son, but she was good and generous to me as a benefactress. Suffice it to say, that I was brought up in the house of the Marquise de * * *, at Turin and at Paris, and that my name was a name of phantasy."

The *good* marquise dies, and the young man becomes a painter. A duchess loves him, courts him, idolises him, but she loves also other successful talents, and our authoress humiliates the lady of rank before the grandeur of genius.

The title of the book, however, is derived from the chateau of a monomaniac marquis, whose fixed idea is that he must be ever in a theatre. When, therefore, he goes to his chateau he procures a complete troupe to accompany him; but, as he has another peculiarity, namely, a horror that the world should suppose him to be a gay old gentleman, he compels his theatrical friends to disguise their real profession, and to have their rehearsals stealthily and by night. No wonder that the country people finish by believing that the old man is a sorcerer, and his actresses are fiends.

We need not continue the plot. Any one who has read "Consuelo" can readily guess what Madame Dudevant makes of such a position as this.

La Bonne Aventure. Par Eugene Sue. 4 vols. Paris, 1851.

A four volume story of an old witch and a trial in which great names are concerned. This is a considerable falling off from "Mathilde." The work is of the vulgar, harrowing, melodramatic school. We miss that mental anatomy which makes us follow Sue through some of his interminable novels in spite of ourselves—always grumbling and threatening to throw down the book, yet never able quite to do so.

Le Coureur des Bois. Par Gabriel Ferry.

Those who read French will find in this novel an agreeable and interesting story, unstained by the licentiousness and false sentiment which too generally renders, or should render, this department of French literature sealed books to English readers.

The scene is laid among the prairies of the South American continent, and the events approximate closely to those which Cooper has loved to depict in his "Last of the Mohicans" and other novels of the same class.

The Countess of Mediana was beloved as a maiden by two brothers, the Count (a Spanish nobleman) and his younger brother. She marries the elder, who soon afterwards is called upon to join his regiment, and is killed fighting against the French invaders. The Countess, retired within the castle of the Medianas on the Spanish shore, tends her infant son, and bewails her loss. The younger brother, who had departed none knew whither, desperate with jealousy, stifles his love and thenceforth thinks only of ambition. Furious at finding that an infant stands between him and the chieftainship of his family, he scales the window of the chamber of the Countess, carries off her and her child, stabs the mother, and, placing the corpse and the infant in an open boat, leaves them adrift upon the ocean.

The child is rescued by a Canadian sailor, and grows up, unwitting of his parentage, a hunter in the American plains. Hunting, however, in every white man in those lands is a subservient passion to gold seeking. There is a valley in the mountains of the mist where masses of gold hang like stalactites in limestone caves. Thither the hopes and steps of several expeditions of gold seekers tend. Covetous to possess the whole prize, they are ever attempting to destroy each other, and the Indians track them all at every step and attack them at every opportunity.

In these scenes the young Fabian takes part, accompanied by two hardy hunters, Pepe, a Spaniard, who had taken an indirect part in the tragedy of the castle of the Medianas, and Bois Rosé, the Canadian who had rescued the infant from the sea. These two characters are evident imitations of Cooper's "Hawk-Eye," and the adventures they meet with in traversing the plains are not unlike those which La Longue Carabine meets with in that interesting series of novels, which a century hence will be the best and perhaps the only really graphic description of an extinct race of humanity. The north and the south Indian differs however in this, that while the former steals stealthily along the war path, the latter scours the plain upon his half wild steed. Not all three, however, of the Frenchman's creation—

not Fabian, Pepe, and Bois-Rosé put together, can equal the American's single creation, the good and brave old Leather-stocking. Fabian arrived at the golden valley, meets his uncle under circumstances that reveal his parentage and the Count's guilt. The nephew tries the uncle, convicts him, and causes him to be put to death. There is a damsel of great beauty, of course, and Fabian loves and is beloved, equally of course, but the lady is not often obtruded into scenes which the politeness of Mons. Gabriel Ferry doubtless taught him she was little fitted for.

We must find a passage for extract. The three hunters have taken refuge upon a little sedgy island in a river, and are attacked by a tribe of Indians. The evening shades are lengthening, and the Indians have cut willow boughs and branches, and are floating down the river under their cover hoping to land unperceived.

Personne ne répondit à cette phrase du Canadien, qui était plutôt une pensée traduite à haute voix qu'un avis de se tenir sur ses gardes.

Cependant l'ombre s'épaississait petit à petit. Les buissons qui croissaient sur la rive commençaient à prendre les formes fantastiques que donne aux objets dans la campagne la lumière incertaine du crépuscule.

La verdure des arbres se *glaçait* de tons noirs; mais l'habitude avait donné aux deux chasseurs, le Canadien et l'Espagnol, l'œil perçant des Indiens eux-mêmes, et rien, avec la vigilance qu'ils déployaient, n'aurait pu mettre en défaut leurs sens exercés.

— Pepe, reprit le chasseur à voix plus basse, comme si tout d'un coup le danger attendu se présentait, ne vous semble-t-il pas que ce buisson là-bas (et il montrait du doigt à travers les roseaux une touffe d'osiers) a changé de forme et qu'il s'est élargi? — Oui, répondit l'Espagnol, le buisson a changé de forme.—Voyons, Fabian, continua le chasseur Canadien, vous qui avez la vue perçante que j'avais à votre âge ne vous semble-t-il pas qu'à son extrémité de gauche, cette touffe d'osiers ne dresse plus ses feuilles comme celles qu'alimente encore la séve des racines!

Le jeune homme écarta légèrement les roseaux et considéra d'un œil attentif le point indiqué par Bois-Rosé.

— Je jurerais, dit-il, mais. . .

Il s'interrompit pour regarder à quelque distance de là.

— Eh bien! demanda le Canadien, apercevez-vous quelque autre chose, oui ou non?—J'aperçois là-bas, reprit Fabian, entre ce saule et ce tremble, à dix pas de la touffe d'osiers, un buisson qui, certes, ne s'y trouvait pas il y a une heure. —Ah! dit le Canadien, voilà ce que c'est que de vivre loin des villes, les moindres accidents de paysage se gravent dans la mémoire et deviennent de précieux indices; vous êtes fait pour vivre de la vie des chasseurs, Fabian.

Pepe levait sa carabine dans la direction du buisson indiqué.

— Pepe comprend à demi-mot, dit Bois-Rosé, il sait comme moi que les Indiens ont employé leur temps à couper ces branchages et à s'en faire des abris portatifs; mais en vérité c'est par trop mépriser les blancs dont deux pourront peut-être leur apprendre des ruses qu'ils ne connaissent pas encore. Laissez ce buisson à Fabian, reprit le Canadien en parlant à Pepe. Ce sera pour lui un but plus facile, vous, tirez sur ces branches dont les feuilles commencent à se flétrir. C'est derriére elles qu'est l'Indien. Au centre, au centre, Fabian, acheva-t-il vivement.

Deux coups de feu partirent à la fois de l'île de maniére à se confondre en un seul. Le buisson factice s'affaissa non sans que l'œil des deux chasseurs eût aperçu un corps rouge qui se débattait derrière les feuilles, et les branches ajoutées à l'autre touffe d'osiers s'agitèrent convulsivement.

Pepe, Fabian et Bois-Rosé s'etaient jetés sur le dos, les deux premiers rechargeant leurs armes, le troisième prêt à faire usage de la sienne.

Une décharge de balles vint briser, au-dessus de la tête des chasseurs, de feuilles et de menues branches qui tombèrent en s'éparpillant sur eux, en même tempts que le cri de guerre des Indiens surpris vint déchirer leurs oreilles.

This is the sort of stuff of which the novel is made up. Gabriel Ferry is not a very great name among French romancists: but many greater reputations produce less readable books.

Une Histoire Hollandaise. Par Mme. ***. Paris: 1851.

This is a story in one volume told in very tolerable French. It is a tale of love and woe, of stern despotism and crushed hearts. A cold, inflexible, unpitying Dutch merchant has married a Spanish girl, and brings her home to pine amid the fogs and fens of Holland. There is a daughter who shares her mother's hot blood and passionate temperament. Of the cause we are not informed; but the merchant loves neither wife nor daughter, and is himself as unloveable as a statue of Rhadamanthus. The mother sinks into the grave, the daughter loves and is beloved by one of her father's clerks, elopes, and is retaken, and is thereupon sent into a convent. The principal object of the authoress appears to be to show with what unerring and fearful certainty immurement in the walls of a convent will freeze even the bounding pulses of a southern girl who loves, and will break the spirit and subdue the intellect.

Poor Christine, after five years' imprisonment, is released by the bankruptcy of her father and the kindness of her uncle, just as she is about to take the veil. But the work has been done. Even the meeting with her lover fails to restore her to herself. She has lost all memory, except for her Latin prayers, and all wish except to immure herself for life—she voluntarily becomes a nun.

We shall choose for our extract the scene where Christine, after her mother's death, has escaped with her lover, who is rowing her away by night.

THE PURSUIT.

La barque fuyait; le fleuve, derrière elle, se couvrait d'écume: le jour était bien loin encore; tout souriait aux deux fugitifs, qui se regardaient, se taisaient et se laissaient entraîner au gré de l'onde. L'amour, le silence, la nuit, la rêverie, tous les bonheurs qui rendent la vie trop belle, faisaient battre leur cœur,

Tout à coup Christine s'écria:

—Herbert, cher Herbert, n'avez-vous rien entendu?

Herbert cessa de ramer, se pencha, écouta.

—Je n'entends rien, dit-il, rien que le bruit de l'eau qui frappe le sable du rivage.

Il reprit les rames; le canot poursuivit rapidement sa course. Christine avait pâli; á moitié levée, la tête tournée en arrière, elle essayait de voir, mais l'obscurité était trop profonde.

—Calmez-vous, ma bien aimée, dit Herbert en souriant à Christine; l'effroi vous fait entendre des bruits qui ne sont pas; rien n'est changé autour de nous; tout est calme, tranquille; tout semble nous protéger et nous aimer.

—Herbert! s'écria Christine en se levant brusquement toute droite dans le bateau, je ne me trompe pas! Herbert, une rame frappe l'eau derrière nous;—ne vous arrêtez pas pour écouter. Pour l'amour du ciel, ramez, Herbert, ramez!

La terreur de Christine était si grande, elle paraissait si sûre de ce qu'elle disait, qu'Herbert lui obéit en silence, et un sentiment d'alarme lui glaça le cœur. Christine se rapprocha de lui, s'assit à ses pieds et murmura:

— Herbert, nous sommes poursivis! Le bruit de vos propres rames vous a seul empêche d'entendre, Une barque suit la nôtre!

Herbert ramait toujours; sa respiration ne s'échappait qu'avec effort de sa poitrine; ses narines gonflées semblaient demander plus d'air qu'il n'en trouvait à respirer. Tout à coup il s'écria.

— J'entends! oh! moi aussi, j'entends!

Il se courba sur ses rames et fit un effort désespéré. Les larmes qui s'échappaient de ses yeux se mêlaient aux gouttes de sueur qui coulaient de son front.

D'autres rames frappaient l'eau non loin du bateau d'Herbert; une main vigoureuse et ferme les dirigeait. Le jeune

étudiant sentait ses forces s'épuiser; il ramait en regardant Christine avec angoisse; personne ne parlait, le bruit seul des rames des deux barques interrompait le silence; le fleuve ecumait et formait de longs sillages derrière elles.

— C'est mon père! s'écria-t-elle; Herbert, c'est mon père!

— Herbert, Herbert! disait Christine, sans vous rien pour moi sur la terre! Je mourrai de vous avoir aimé!

En ce moment, un choc affreux ébranla la barque; celle qui la poursuivait venait de la heurter avec force, et M. Van Amberg entrait dans le canot d'Herbert. Herbert, par un mouvement machinal, serra Christine sur son cœur, et recula, comme s'il pouvait par la force l'arracher à son père, comme s'il pouvait dans cette barque reculer assez loin pour n'être pas atteint. D'un bras vigoureux, M. Van Amberg saisit Christine, dont la taille flexible ploya sur l'épaule de son père comme un roseau qui s'incline.

— Monsieur, criait Herbert au désespoir, grâce pour elle! je suis seul coupable. Ne faites peser sur elle aucun châtiment, je promets de m'éloigner, de renoncer à elle. Monsieur, grâce pour Christine!

Voyage a ma Fenêtre. Paris: 1852.

THIS is a beautifully illustrated volume. "Quel est celui d'entre nous qui ne s'est accondé, entre les cheminées et les gouttiéres, au bord du toit, comme l'oiseau chanteur qui va prendre sa volú dans le monde. Ah! comme alors toutes les femmes passaient belles sous nos yeux! Quels corsages enbaumés! quelles lévres frémissantes! quels sourires de niege et de pourpre! C'étaient plus que des femmes, c'étaient des anges, des sœurs, des maitresses. Bienheureux, bienheureux celui qui, á vingt ans, s'est accondé sur sa fenêtre en compagnie de son cigar et de ses chimères!" These few words will describe the book as well as if we had written pages upon it.

Les Gaîtés Champêtres. Par JULES JANIN. Paris: 1851.

SHALL we confess the fact? We never liked Jules Janin or his books. True, he is the Napoleon of the Coulisses, the first of diurnal critics, the hope or the terror of actresses, and the Rhadamanthus of French vaudevilleists, but, as an author, he has never made himself any great reputation out of his own clique. Few English readers will be much amused by the "Gaîtés Champêtres," unless it be with the mournful regrets which the old Frenchman sighs forth for his *vingt ans* gone.

Athanase Robichon candidat perpétuel a la Présidence de la République. Par LOUIS REYBAUD. Paris: 1851.

ALL lovers of French literature read the "Adventures of Jerome Paturot in search of the best kind of Republic," and some accompanied the same hero in his search after a social position—caustic works, in which the self-seeking and place-hunting instincts of your French patriot were laid bare—bold, intrepid, mocking humour, which spared nothing, not even the *claqueurs* of the theatres, or the *claqueurs* of the press.

This is another *ouvrage de circonstance* by the same author. Athanase Robichon is a retired toy-shop keeper, who is possessed by the, by no means uncommon, idea among Frenchman—that he alone can save France.

François and Gervaise, his shopman and shop-woman, forsake the puppets to join the great cause, and yield their patron a somewhat wavering faith, but a very absolute obedience. Robichon had enabled them to marry, and they were grateful; he had promised François the post of vice-president, and François had a sort of flitting visionary hope that it might all come true.

The chief fun of the work consists in following Robichon through all the acts by which notoriety is gained or sought. The address he issues is too long for us to extract, but perhaps a few passages from it may amuse:—

AU PEUPLE FRANCAIS.—ATHANASE ROBICHON ANCIEN FABRICANT DE JOUETS, AUJOURD'HUI RENTIER DE L'ETAT ET CANDIDAT A LA PRESIDENCE DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

Mes concitoyens,

Une république vient d'être fondée, et il s'agit d'en nommer le président.

Ne vous mettez point en quête; c'est moi. C'est moi, vous dis-je et il n'y a que moi. Vous chercheriez mille ans, de ci, de là, en invoquant les lumières d'en haut, que vous seriez obligés d'en finir par où je commence: c'est Robichon; il n'y a que Robichon. Nommons Robichon.

Pour peu que vous soyez versés dans la logique, vous allez en convenir.

Voyons, qui pourriez-vous élire?

Un membre des familles qui ont régné sur la France? Examinons. D'abord c'est une menace pour la République; avis à ceux qui y tiennent. Ensuite il faudra choisir entre ces familles, en favoriser une: or ce choix, cette faveur, que sera-ce pour les autres, sinon une défaite et une exclusion? Voilà, certes, un inconvénient.

Qui pourriez-vous choisir encore?

Un homme d'épée? Mais on dira qu'il est entraîné, par grâce d'état, vers l'argument de la force et que dans les meilleurs il y a toujours du prétorien. Inconvénient.

Voyons qui encore?

Un homme de parti? On l'accusera de mettre les autres sous les pieds du sien. Inconvénient.

Un orateur? On le battra avec ses vieux discours.

Un écrivain? On le bloquera avec ses livres.

Un financier? On dira qu'il agiote.

Un gentilhomme? On verra dans son nom une insulte pour les roturiers.

Et de vingt autres ainsi; toujours des inconvénients; partout des inconvénients. Quand je vous ai dit qu'il n'y a que moi, ce n'est pas sans avoir fait des choses une étude approfondie. A force de recherches, je suis parvenu à découvrir, parmi les candidats possibles, cent cinquante-quatre inconvénients que je n'ai pas, que je ne suis pas susceptible d'avoir.

Je ne suis ni un gentilhomme, ni un financier, ni un écrivain, ni un orateur, ni un homme de parti, ni un homme d'épée; il va sans dire que je ne suis membre d'aucune des familles qui ont régné sur la France.

A ces avantages évidents, j'en puis ajouter d'autres qui n'ont pas moins de prix.

Je ne sais rien en matière d'administration publique, de sorte qu'on ne pourra pas m'accuser d'avoir des systèmes.

Je n'ai, en fait de relations, que deux vieux serviteurs, et l'on ne m'imputera pas d'obéir à mon entourage ni de favoriser mes amis.

Je n'ai point de famille, et l'on ne me reprochera pas de placer les miens.

Je suis garçon, et personne ne dira que mon autorité tombe en quenouille.

J'ai connu les restaurants au cachet, et l'on serait mal venu à prétendre que je ruine l'État par mes prodigalités.

J'en passe et des meilleurs.

Ainsi beaucoup d'avantages et pas un inconvénient. Avais-je tort de dire: il n'y a que Robichon; nommons Robichon.

* * * * * * * * * *

Je termine par un appel à l'union. Dès que je n'ai point de politique, tous les partis peuvent se concerter sur moi; je n'en soutiens aucun, je n'en combats aucun; je ne les nie pas et ne les affirme pas non plus. En m'élisant, il n'y a ni vainqueurs, ni vaincus; les vanités sont sauves, les droits aussi. Seul au monde je puis offrir de tels avantages. Allez donc au scrutin, mes concitoyens, et donnez-moi non pas la majorité, je la dédaigne, mais l'unanimité. Allez au scrutin en répétant le cri de salut: Il n'y a que Robichon de possible; nommons Robichon. Vous serez logiques.

ATHANASE ROBICHON,
Ancien fabricant de jouets.

NOTA.—Ne pas oublier le prénom, attendu qu'il peut exister d'autres Robichon en France; à défaut du prènom, indiquer la qualité.

Robichon at his first essay obtains *five* votes—François and himself he knows formed two; but who are the other three? There evidently is a parti Robichon somewhere. His adventures in search of his three followers (one of whom he discovers, only to find out that he is a madman) are amusing.

Here is a sketch of a bit of "literary society" in Paris:—

LES CANETONS DE LA PRESSE.

Il existait, dans un coin de Paris, un établissement modèle, où chaque soir venaient se désaltérer les plumes folâtres et les crayons spirituels des douze arrondissements. C'était le rendezvous de ce que le petit journal et le feuilleton nourrissent de plus vif, de plus ricaneur, de moins académique et de plus mal payé. Le but avoué dela réunion était de procéder en commun à des exécutions littéraires, au milieu du choc des verres et du bruit des dominos. Jamais programme ne fut mieux tenu. Tout y passait, poëtes, romanciers, orateurs, mis en coupes régèles; ils tombaient comme l'épi sous la faux du moissonneur. Dans les débuts de la séance, quelques exceptions étaient admises, quelques noms épargnés; mais à la huitième pipe une véritable férocité s'emparait des esprits; plus de merci, plus de grâce; toute réputation un peu résistante était hachée, broyée, saccagée sans pitié. Le carnage durait jusqu'à minuit; après quoi l'assemblée se dispersait, fière d'avoir assuré les destinées de l'art et fait justice des gloires usurpées. Cet exercice recommencait le lendemain avec les mêmes dominos et les mêmes incidents.

Whether recent events have at all altered M. Reybaud's opinions, we shall see as the work proceeds, but up to this time he is a very strong Bonapartist. His first number appeared a few weeks before the revolution, and infinite is the satire he dispenses upon the heads of those who lived in daily terror of a *coup d'état*. He makes Athanase take a lodging opposite the Elisé, and keep perpetual spy upon the President's designs.

We warn our fair readers that the book is a political skit, which they will in all probability think horrid nonsense. The masculine subscribers to Rolandi may, however, as well have the numbers put into their parcel and turn them over. The revolution has killed the satire, but there is a laugh or two left in the book.

A. P. De Candole sa vie et ses Travaux. Par A. DE LA RIVE. Paris, 1851.

THIS is a somewhat amplified reprint of an article which appeared in the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," giving an account of the life and works of this very celebrated botanist.

De Candole was born at Geneva on the 4th Feb., 1778, the son of one of the chief magistrates of the republic; he married in 1802, was the author of "La Flore Française," and of no less than one hundred and twenty-seven works, either volumes or memoires, upon botany, and died at the age of sixty, while his last great work, the "Podromus," was still unfinished.

The French, who love flowers so much—not that we English love them little—make much of such a man; and this is his biography.

La Chimere. Par PAULIN NIBOYET. Paris: 1851. 1 vol.

The history of the gallantries of one Maurice, a literary gentleman, and a great lady-killer. The author, while trying his pencil upon the lineaments of a hero of romance, has produced as unprincipled a coxcomb as perhaps even Paris could produce. Maurice does not hunt his prey; he opens his mouth, and the dear little butterflies flutter into it. There is a scene with a priest which reminds us too much, for several reasons, of Esmeralda and Claude Frollo, and altogether the book is not suited to English tastes, and certainly not to English families.

GERMAN LITERATURE

SINCE THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

TIME was when the mention of German literature presented to the mind's eye a confused medley of secret judges, cords, daggers, and bowls, relieved by Frankenstein, the Last Man, and the creations of Miss Radcliffe's dyspepsia, and its dismal confusion worse confounded by Sir E. Lytton's transcendental pilgrimages and stalking phrases, which looked so big and meant so very little; time was, when crude thoughts, barbarous phrases, and execrable grammar found something like favour in the eyes of a bewildered public, because it was believed that every violation of common sense and every instance of disregard of propriety of expression was *German*; that slovenliness of diction betokened a genial contempt for form, that obscurity was profound, and that a confusion of ideas was the truest sign of an *embarras de richesses*. Time was—but thanks to the common sense of a more enlightened age—that time has gone by. Nor for us alone, for the Germans have long since cast off the fetters of transcendental romanticism. The year 1818 saw the last of Baron Fouque's chivalresque novels, which found any favour in the public eye; and Tromlitz, the grandee of their romantic annuals, survived his fame, for he lived up to 1830. A straightforward, manly prose style was first introduced by Börne and Immerman, and the Suabian slovenliness of poetic diction was rebuked by the classic purity of Count Platen's metres. With the progress of time the minds of the German writers went in a fresh direction; they drew the nation after them. Political lyrics had a new era in George Herwegh, and political criticism in Echtermayer's Hallische Jahrbücher, which were in their turn superseded, and succeeded by Bruno Bauer and his set of Berlin critics, in the same way that Herwegh's poetic opposition was turned to naught by the communistic "ça ira" of Ferdinand Freiligrath. A nation which can bear such poetry is ripe for a revolution. There is no saying to what length of violence in thought and expression the feelings of the frenzied Germans might have gone had it not been for the convulsions of February and March, 1848, which for a time put a stop to all scientific or polite literature throughout the German countries. Political discussions and pamphlets, newspaper articles, and dead-wall placards, were the order of the day, and people were by far too frenzied to read or write anything short of high treason. That stormy and violent period too is over, and although the continent is still groaning under the weight of military despotism, and although other convulsions are expected, still the lava of the last eruption has fertilised the soil and quickened the growth of its produce. German poetry, indeed, continues to languish. Moritz Hartmann, at one time a political poet and a satirist, who in the revolution created great sensation by his witty "Rhymed Chronicles of Parson Mauritius," has gone to antediluvian ages in quest of peace, and the result is a pretty idyll, entitled "Adam and Eve," a poem whose warmth of description would have done honour to Little in his generation. Henry Heine, who has been paralytic these many years, and whose death was continually expected and frequently announced, has surprised the world with another collection of poems. For malice, violence, sentimentality and quiet sarcastic humour, the "Romanzero" is worthy of his brightest period, and in this work, as in all his former productions, if there is much to deplore there is also much to admire. Two good poems or collections of poetry are enough for three years of this unromantic period; and as neither Hartmann nor Heine have as yet been translated (though they fully deserve it), and as we cannot think of insulting an English public by quoting prose translations as specimens of poetry, although the practice has been introduced into the "Revue des deux Mondes" by Messrs. Blaze and Tailliander, we leave the poet and turn to a subject which offers to us a wider range, and presents more features of general interest.

Of German *novels*, there is none more readable since the revolution than Frederic Hackländer's "Nameless Stories."* Herr Hackländer is not a stranger to the British public; his amusing "Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Peace" did, in their day, establish his reputation even on this side of the Channel. In 1848-9, he was instructed by a German journal to report on General Radetzky's Italian campaign, and his reports, which were afterwards published in a separate form, though they are by no means free from German toadyism, are still quoted as a valuable contribution to the history of persons and events in that eventful period. Like the work on the Italian campaign, the "Nameless Stories" were first published in the columns of a newspaper. They are the author's first attempt at *bonâ fide* novel writing, and have had the advantage of a careful revision in the interval between their appearance in the *Kölner Zeitung*, and their reproduction in three vols. 8vo. There is much to admire and more to commend in this cautious advance. A novelist's matter is to be drawn from life—his manner ought to be formed by

* Nameulose Geschichten. Von F. W. Hackländer. 3 vols. Stuttgart, Krabbe; London, Williams and Norgate.

practice. The combination of the two—knowledge of life and knowledge of writing—will almost always produce good works, if not master works. Herr Hackländer's last production belongs to the former class; he has struck out of the beaten track of German novel writing. He dares to pourtray men and things as they are or can be,—not as, according to the rules laid down by a certain school, they OUGHT to be.

We lay stress on this point, because it appears to us a decidedly new feature in the history of German literature, and when we expatiate on Herr Hackländer's novel, it is because we consider him as the representative of a class of writers to whom we wish all possible success. He had the benefit of an apprenticeship to his profession. He had to rough it in various ways in sundry grades of life, and in various countries; and the result is a greater and more diversified experience of men and manners than commonly falls to the share of his Teutonic brethren of the pen, who are drugged with knowledge, until knowledge becomes to them a mere drug. This is neither a pun nor a mere figure of speech. Those who know and like the Germans best, lament with us that so much information should be hampered by so much pedantry, that by dint of hard reading their eyes should have become dull to the features and forms of real life, and that the

"In words too wise, in conduct still a fool."

should apply to almost every German of any eminence in any department of science and literature.

Herr Hackländer's case is different; he began life as a linendraper's shopman, and he is now the most promising of German novelists. From a shop at Elberfeldt he made his way into a regiment of Prussian artillery, and his sketches of military life, or more properly speaking, his "Peace Campaigns," were the result of some years drilling and manœuvring. His bright anticipations of martial glory and renown were dispelled by the tedious hum-drum of a barrack life and the experience that—besides shivered legs and broken heads, there are worse perils

"Which environ
The man who meddles with cold iron."

He was put on the rack of that Procrustes of modern days—the martinet—and having by some unaccountable piece of good luck steered clear of the Maelstrom of a court-martial, he left his profession and cast himself upon the world to find his bread as best he might. Germany offers no choice of professions; Herr Hackländer, a deserter from Mercury and Mars, had to live by his wits and his pen, and whatever the enthusiastic admirers of Germany may say to the contrary, the task is far more difficult in that country than it is in ours. With a view perhaps of escaping the impertinent questions, criticisms, and remarks of his northern friends, the budding author went to the South of Germany, and there, to use a sailor's phrase, he "knocked about" until his prospect brightened with the slow but certain progress of his works to popularity. He saw much of life in all its phases, especially of the life of the Southern Germans. His "Nameless Stories" are the result of these involuntary studies, and into the scenes which he watched with a critic's eye, sharpened by hunger, into the cramped up, bigotted, slipshod life of a small capital in the German South, he initiates his readers. He takes Stuttgart, the capital of the lilliputian kingdom of Würtemberg, and paints its miseries, its filth, and petty enmities, in a straightforward, matter-of-fact manner, and in an easy and natural style. His pictures of Suabian life are less sentimental than Bertholt Auerbach's "Village Stories," but they are more true. Herr Hackländer does not overrate the good qualities of his countrymen; he never glories in their vices—he states either. In his very first chapter we have a faithful sketch of the dilapidated fortified town of the fourteenth century, which has outgrown its ancient limits, and whose walls and moats, broken down and filled up, have been converted into a densely peopled part of the city, which they at one time protected and confined. This quarter, a perfect rookery, inhabited by washerwomen, coblers, jobtailors, lamplighters, and persons of more abundant, but also of more questionable means of subsistence, is faithfully depicted, with all the wretched grudges and prejudices of its inhabitants, and a kind of fellow-feeling is shown in the record of the indignities which they suffer at the hands of their betters. These, the civic dignitaries of the place, forming the connecting links between the ridiculous exclusiveness of a small German court and the great mass of the people, are revealed in the privacy of their homes, not *houses*—for in Stuttgart, as in France and Edinburgh, the homesteads are divided into sundry "flats" of large stone buildings. They are also shown in their public amusement, and the graphic account of a "Bürgerball" or Cubball is perhaps among the best of Herr Hackländer's descriptions. The chapter is too long and continuous for extraction, and we prefer, therefore, the transcription of a scene in a fourpair back, where a job-tailor or sweater receives a visit from his friend the popular journalist. The latter, Dr. Stechmayer, is a young man in a neat paletot and a very new hat, whose spectacles, cool, easy manner, and astounding mental superiority, make him a subject of interest and admiration in the eyes of the unsophisticated tailor:—

The doctor took a cup of hot tea, stared at the ceiling and the floor and said, "I was just coming in, when I saw a light in your apartments. Thinks I, I may as well have a warm and a chat, and here I am!"

"Are you still living in his house?" said the tailor, with a strange smile.

"Confound it! yes!" replied the doctor. "What can I do? These are hard times; my position in the world compels me to wear good clothes, and my purse won't bear the expense of a lodging. It doesn't matter though; I'm scarcely ever at home. This evening I had an invitation to a great house, where they proposed to read Göthe's 'Tasso,' but the lady fell ill and sent us away. It was too late to get another invitation; none of my friends were in the coffee-houses in St. Peter's-place, and I could not possibly go to another house of entertainment—really I could not! I owe them too much already."

The tailor trembled at the ease with which the doctor mentioned his debts.

"Are there any hopes of an arrangement?" said he.

"I am just going to found a literary club," replied Dr. Stechmayer; "I have ten names down. We take a couple of rooms, and subscribe to one or two newspapers. I purchase a sofa, on which I shall manage to pass my nights during the winter. To tell you the truth, I am disgusted with my quarters down stairs."

They tell me," said the tailor, with a deprecating look, 'they tell me you live——"

"In the large closet in the hall! there's no denying it; and considering all things, the closet is roomy, and full of old sacks. Indeed I might be comfortable but for the severity of the season; besides, the law doesn't consider it as a domicile, which prevents my creditors serving their dirty writs upon me."

"This morning," continued the worthy doctor, in a

dreamy manner, "I had an interview with the lieutenant of the police. He has long wished to make my acquaintance, but to all his invitations (which he had the bad taste to send by policemen) I have invariably replied that I could not accept his letters in the open street, and that they must be left at my house. But this morning, when I met the worthy functionary face to face, he was so pressing that I could not, for the life of me, disappoint his expectations. I accompanied him to his office."

"Sir," said he, when we had gained that retreat, "the police are anxious to know where you live."

"Sir," said I, "nothing is more natural; but I cannot possibly enlighten them, since I do not live anywhere."

"Do you mean to say you have no domicile?"

"That's it, Sir," said I, "I am a literateur, a writer, a poet; my mind brooks not the confinement between four narrow walls,—it droops, pines, and dies of inanition. By day and night I must roam abroad to study the life of the masses. Pot-houses, or the free woods and forests, it is all the same to me, Sir."

"But," said the lieutenant, "you must sleep somewhere; you must have a bed, and that bed must stand in some house or shed or stable." To which I replied:—

"Sir, I am an exception to the common rules of humanity; I sleep walking or standing, or on a chair or bench, but domicile I have none."

"Perhaps the police might accommodate you. What do you say to free quarters?"

"If by these quarters is meant what the vulgar call a prison, I protest that you have no right to punish me for my idiosyncracies. A free German man, Sir, has a right to have no lodging, and the police are not justified in finding him one."

"Never mind," said the lieutenant, with evident concern; "where did you live before you fell into your present habits?"

"At No. 4, in the Wolfgasse."

"When did you leave that house?"

"I did not leave it, Sir; the door was locked against me, and the landlord swore I had changed my lodging. I hate controversies; besides, he knows much more of these things than I do."

"I dare say you owed him rent," said the lieutenant, with great sagacity; and I told him that something of the kind might possibly have been the case—which indeed it was."

We cannot here reproduce the whole of the conversation, or recount the pitiful shifts, the misery, dishonesty, and demoralisation of the lower walks of German literary life as it is faithfully pourtrayed in the person of Dr. Stechmayer. Nor is it possible in our limited space to trace out the plan of the novel. All we can do is to dip into the books at odd pages and places, and extract a few of the curious descriptions with which it abounds. Not the least singular among these is the sketch of old Amadäus, the house steward of some feudal castle in the Schwarzwald, who—

Sees ghosts, that is to say, persons who lived many years ago. For him they are not gibing and grinning spectres, but persons in good health and strength—now merry, now sad, just as they were in life—walking, conversing, and all that. In short, he lives in a past age, which he haunts instead of being haunted.

So much for the description of this strange character. Let us now see it in operation:—

"Very entertaining, I dare say," muttered the *attaché*, "but it will not do for me. I for one have no faith in ghosts."

"Never mind," said Count Alfons, "the old man's behaviour will make some impression even upon you. There is this arm-chair—the very chair you sit in—look at it! It is carved and gilt, and worm-eaten,—it is a very old chair. Now, do you know *I* never sit in it—why? because when I do, Amadäus is sure to give me another seat. He'll do the same for you."

"Why should he?"

"Leave him alone to tell you. He is just coming in with the tea."

The clock struck eleven. The door opened, and Amadäus entered, grave and solemn as usual. At first his shrivelled face remained unmoved, but as he advanced, turned his piercing eyes upon the *attaché*, to whom he made a low bow, and preceding the servants to a large table, he steadily and demurely arranged the tea-things; next, pushing a very comfortable chair to the table, he walked up to the *attaché* and said:—

"Will your Grace oblige me by taking that seat?"

The young diplomatist looked at him and smiled, but as he encountered the solemn and earnest gaze of the old man, his smile vanished, and he got up for the purpose, as he said, of taking another cigar.

Amadäus made another low bow, filled the cups, and had them handed round. The *attaché*, however, proceeded to resume his seat, to the great annoyance of the steward. The count interfered:—

"Speak out, Amadäus. You do not like any one to sit in that chair; is it not so?"

"Sir," said the old man, with a deprecating movement of his hand.

The diplomatist had, meanwhile, again established himself in the contested seat.

"Well?" said Count Alfons.

"You know it is not on my own account," cried Amadäus, in an agony, "you know, Sir, this is my lord, your grandfather's chair!"

"And where is my grandfather? do you see him? Come, speak out, old man."

"His lordship," said Amadäus, staring at the *attaché*, "is standing behind that arm-chair, resting his arms on the back of it. He is looking at me and again at the young gentleman who has taken his seat. He is tired and would like to sit down, my lord would."

Need we say that the diplomatist for once consented to waive the *fait accompli*?

On another occasion, at the dead of night, we find this ghost-seer out of livery:—

Walking up the grand corridor, his head respectfully inclined to his right, as if he were engaged in conversation with a superior. When he reached the door of the saloon, he opened it carefully, and stood bowing low, as if some one were passing through, and then, with a very low bow, he shut it and walked thoughtfully down the great stairs.

Another extract, and we have done with Amadäus, who, unlike the majority of ghost-seers, continually addresses himself to the most sceptical person in the company. At the moment of his departure from the castle, the *attaché* sends his respects to the spectres!

"Sir," said the old man, gravely, "such compliments are a part of *leave-taking*."

"The devil!" cried the diplomatist; "what do you mean, Amadäus?"

"The beings you are pleased to call spectres are everywhere; they are not confined to this castle. But I beg your pardon—is that *your* carriage? I mean the one with the A and the crown on the panels?"

"Yes; what of it!"

"You bought it from an officer in the Hussars?"

"So I did—at Vienna."

"He was afterwards shot through the heart. I see it plainly."

"What *do* you see?"

"He is at this moment in your carriage; there he sits in the right hand corner. He looks very pale in his uniform of blue and silver. I am sure the morning air will do him good. I beg your pardon, Sir," and the old man pressed his hand across his eyes and made a low bow."

It will be readily understood that the *attaché* is frightened, and induced to take a seat in another carriage. What indeed is the use of ghost stories unless they frighten people? and in Germany, especially in Würtemberg, the house of Justinus Kerne and the Exaltada of Prevorst, a gentle fit of shuddering, "that best part of humanity" (as Göethe has it),* is excusable even in a budding Metternich.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to the *curiosities* of Herr Hackländer's book. His greatest merit

* "Das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bester Theil." FAUST, 2nd Part.

in our eyes is his mastery of common-place; he deals as largely in it as Miss Frederika Bremer ever did, and his descriptions are to the full as detailed. But he works the brute mass in a different direction. Miss Bremer's writings are an apotheosis of common place. Her knowledge springs from love, and when she speaks of it, it is to glorify. The petty weaknesses and vices of small men and women are to her so many virtues, and the high moral tone which many lady critics have pretended to discover in her persons, is in reality a predilection for venial sins, and a horror of anything like a "shocking crime." Miss Bremer, the Sappho of Flunkeydom, sees great virtues in all men and women whose tempers or occasions never exposed them to the rigour of the Swedish Code Penal. Herr Hackländer's vision is less oblique. His descriptions and accounts of common-place men, things, and conversations, are given with quiet irony, and with an evidently hostile purpose, while Miss Bremer, weltering in the slough of common-place, would bid us come and do so likewise. Of Hackländer's manner we give the following extract—the description of a common-place teaparty at Stuttgart. The table is laid in the apartment of the Stadträthin Schwämmele. The male members of the family have been sent to the club, and the guests, all of them ladies, are ushered in by Fran Schwämmele's servant Riecke, who places them strictly according to their respective positions in life. They are divided into eight classes or castes, from the Hofräthin down to the postmaster's wife, and "some other ladies who had the misfortune of having lost caste altogether, married as they were to merchants and shopkeepers." Need we say that the ladies were all of them knitting stockings, and

The conversation was by no means lively. Low caste did not dare to speak to high caste, and one first-class lady told a shocking story of a post-office clerk's wife having bought a visite of real velvet. All the women uttered a cry of horror. The seventh class smiled contemptuously, and the ladies of the eighth vented their just indignation on very large pieces of candied rusks and Kugelhopfen.

By slow degrees the ice was thawed The eighth class indulged in frequent smiles, and whispered to the seventh, which condescended to listen, and when the Oberregierungsräthin (Anglice, Upper Government Councilloress), a dear charming woman, had asked how the Frau Stabssecretairin (She Clerk to the Staff) did, the fetters of strict etiquette were thrown off for the time being, all tongues were loosened, and cheerful converse, in high praise and glorification of all absent neighbours, became the order of the day. Meteorological observations, remarks on the sanitary state of community, including divers accidents on the ice, were bandied about from all sides. Next came the theatre, with its treasures of scandal, and this fruitful topic was followed by remarks on servants, tradesmen, and the lower classes of government functionaries. Frau Schwämmele mentioned a bankruptcy. Herr Ader, the merchant, had failed. All the ladies protested that his wife was the cause of his misfortunes.

"Ah," cried the Kangleirathin; "such luxury! such heathenish expenditure! Silk dresses on week days! Dear me!"

"Most natural, my dear, in Frau Ader's case. She actually had the impertinence to say a decent woman ought always to have a decent dress on; and that Sunday clothes were perfectly superfluous!"

"Ay, my dear, so she said; and goodness knows she said many worse things besides. For, after all, everybody knows who Frau Ader is, and that she is a ———"

Reader! this pause covers an awful secret, as to what Frau Ader really and truly is. We cannot deny it, and we plead guilty in her name. To be what she is, is not her fault, and formerly no one had a right to call her so. But when she entered this city she became a ———

We shudder! When she entered this city she became a —a—*foreigner.*

The ladies smiled, for Frau Ader's disgraceful position was no secret to them. They all agreed that Herr Ader's bankruptcy was a matter of course, and richly deserved; and they were happy in thinking that the "foreign woman" could now no longer afford to have silk dresses, or prefer real Eau de Cologne to the Eau de Cologne of the Stuttgart distillery.

Yes! that woman was a foreigner; and to be a foreigner in our town is a misfortune and a crime not easily to be forgotten or atoned for. A foreigner in our town is considered as the quintessence of human vice or folly. People are astonished to learn that a foreigner is neither a murderer nor a thief, drunkard or gambler—all which vices are supposed to be grafted upon his constitution—why? Simply because he is a foreigner—not a Frenchman, or an Italian, but a German from any part of Germany except Würtemberg.

Herr Hackländer may not be aware of it, but his politics are so heterodox that he had better look to himself in the event of another German revolution. It is impossible to invent a more poignant satire on the pet idea of a "great united German fatherland" than his matter-of-fact *exposé* of a state of public feeling discloses, which we know, exists at Stuttgart and elsewhere.

As for the "material" of a work to which we have devoted much space, because we consider it as the pioneer of a new school of German novel-writing, we are bound to say that Herr Hackländer is a clever whipper-in, but he hunts with too large a pack. He wants the control of his persons. Some of them have, moreover, a strange tenacity of life. He treats us to no less than three suicides by drowning, and to three most marvellous and incredible resurrections. To drown our friends in a lake and afterwards to make them speak, walk, eat and drink as if nothing had been the matter, is, to say the least, inconvenient. We protest against the practice. Besides there is a prejudice against people who can't be drowned.

Some of our remarks on Herr Hackländer's "Nameless Stories," apply equally to another novel, which the Germans have strongly recommended to the notice of the critics on this side of the channel. Herr Karl Gutzkow's "Ritter vom Geist"* are the bulkiest work of fiction we know in German literature; it fills nine large volumes in octavo. Those who know Herr Gutzkow's former writings, will surely sympathise with the misgivings with which we opened so gigantic a work, for the author of "Wally" and "Basedow" was surely not the man, who, like Alexander Dumas, could be expected to charm his readers through an endless succession of chapters and pages, nor could the assurance that the work had been written at the rate of a volume a month lessen our apprehensions. An awful preface, in which the author developes what he considers a new method of novel-writing, served to confirm our prejudices. In that preface Herr Gutzkow establishes what he calls his theory of the "Nebeneinander," meaning, as we understand him, that a novellst ought to take a very wide range, and spin out a batch of contrasting plots at one and the same time—the very thing which has ever so often been done by Messrs. Sue and Dumas, in whose footsteps Herr Gutzkow condescends to follow. What a pity it is that the Germans cannot do a thing, however simple, without bragging about revelations and systems, while their systematic imitation of anything and everything which is done in France has

* Die Ritter von Geist Roman in neun Büchern. Von Karl Gutzkow. Leipzig, F. A. Brookhavs; London, Williams and Norgate.

never yet been revealed to their eyes. It is, however, fortunate for Herr Gutzkow's publisher and readers that his book, in despite of his pedantic prefacial braggadocio, contains a variety of well-told tales and scenes from life. The revolutions of the years 1848 and 1849 in particular, have furnished matter for valuable descriptions, which are interesting and may be true, and portraits are drawn of many of the leading characters of that eventful period, whose names, at one time so familiar to the readers of the *Times*, have in these latter days been consigned to merited oblivion. Thus no reader of Herr Gutzkow's work will fail to detect General Radowitz under the alias of General Voland; and though Englishmen may be at fault as to his Chevalier Rochus, most educated Germans will be able to tell them whom that cap fits. The introduction of such personages as Voland and Rochus would alone stamp the novel as written for a political purpose and intended to convey a political moral, even without the author's desire to connect the association of his "Knights of the Spirit" with other secret associations, which have at all times been fertile subjects for the ingenuity of German novelists from Göthe down to Spiess, Cramer, and Co. As such, as the unravelling of the plots of a select circle of "world-betterers" we are by no means inclined to consider Herr Gutzkow's work. Indeed, if it contained no other features of interest, we should have dismissed it with a few angry words. But as it introduces us to the thoughts and actions of German political society, at a most important crisis in the history of that nation, we accept it as an elaborate picture, which the artist painted from his own rough notes and the pencil sketches of newspaper reporters and correspondents. As such it is valuable. Take for instance his description of the impression made by the first energetic measures of the Prussian Cabinet, when after half a year's unbounded license, the Counts of Brandenburg and Manteuffel proceeded suddenly and unexpectedly to repress street riots and strikes among the labouring classes, by means of "steel and bullets." A labourer, Charles Eisold, is among the first victims of the October riots at the Köpnik Field, at Berlin. His body has been taken to the station-house, where it is found by his sister:—

As Louisa passed the vaulted gate of the station-house, she was attracted by the noise in the great hall and the crowd of the idle and the curious.

"So young, so very young!" said they.

She heard it. She approached. Her little brothers and sisters, frightened by the crowd, sought to retain her, but she pushed them away and walked up to the stretcher. She trembled and clung to a bystander for support. Another glance at the corpse and a loud, long wailing cry rang through the air.

"Karl!" cried the children, weeping.

"Karl!" cried Louisa, seizing the corpse to raise it up. The place was low and dark. She raised the head of the dead man to the light, moved her hand over his clothes, looked inquiringly at the rigid, set features, and had her hand spotted with the congealed blood which surrounded his death-wound. The dead man was Charles Eisold — her brother. She must submit to it—it was God's decree. God's, or whose? No matter: her brother Charles was dead."

The bystanders expressed their sympathy, but what did their sympathy avail? Louisa leant over the body and looked at it fixedly. And anon she spoke to the dead man, as though he were alive, and could tell her when it had happened and how.

"Karl! don't you hear me? Karl!" The dead man lay cold and silent; the blood still flowed from his wound. His pale, boyish face had settled down in a gentle and almost sainted expression. He lay as if asleep; his fair hair hung straight and clotted over his forehead. Beside him lay his cap with the small German cockade of black, purple, and gold; his grey coat, with white tin buttons, was spotted with mud and blood. It was all over: Charles Eisold had fallen a victim to the first energetic measure of the new cabinet. A policeman told the crowd how the poor fellow lost his life.

"We came upon them," said he, "to close their club. They resisted. There was a good deal of shouting and swearing and all that. They seized one of our swords. We sprung our rattles, and other policemen came up. But the rioters, seeing that they were still too many for us, became bolder and bolder. They kicked the gensd'armes out of the house. Well, next came the moveable columns of troops. Three times they were summoned to disperse. They refused. Bang! Twelve soldiers fired. This poor fellow was by no means the worst of the lot. While the others cursed and abused us, he stood, with his hands in his pockets, looking on. The leaders of the riot ran away the moment the drums were touched; and this poor boy has paid their score."

Louisa raised her head, and looked around. They all told her to be quiet, to go home and submit to God's will. When she heard those gentle, well-meaning words, she asked—

"Where is Danebrand?"

"Danebrand?" repeated the policeman. "They've nabbed him, my dear. When he saw the poor boy falling, he ran up to him, took him on his shoulder, and wanted to be off, but the soldiers stopped him with their bayonets. He put the corpse—for the lad didn't suffer, he was dead on the spot—he put the corpse on the ground, grasped two or three muskets, roared like a bull, and tried to make his way through the soldiers; but they knocked him down, and bound his arms. When they had bound him, he was quiet enough."

Louisa awoke at that moment from the apathy of her grief. Her eyes streaming with tears, and her words choked by a convulsive laugh, she cried—

"And did they really kill you, Karl? Did they kill you, as they killed many a poor soul these two years? Art thou, too, fallen, as thousands before thee?"

"My girl," said Muttrich, "you had better go home."

"Are you liars all?" continued she; "do you all crouch down behind your fear? You shake and tremble, for the curse has come upon us! Alas! what is the poor man's fate?"

"Go—go away," whispered the policeman, while the passengers from the street, attracted by the noise, crowded into the hall.

"Children and greyhaired men and women," wailed Louisa, "are struck by disease, and our brethren and sons fall from the musketry!"

"If you would but go——"

"Here I remain!" cried she, flinging herself down on her brother's corpse. "Karl! not even a hut is ours, to which we might take thee, and keep thee three days, until they cast thee away and cover thee with earth! But they shall tremble at thy grave. They shall hear the truth, that they shall, the cowards who murdered thee. They shall not fling thee behind the hedge, like any dead dog. Thy friends shall stand at thy grave, and the children shall sing, and the priests talk, and the women strew flowers!"

These stilted phrases from the lips of a "daughter of the people," are not in keeping with nature, and poor Louisa's sorrow would appear more sincere if Herr Gutzkow could have managed to make it less fanciful. But the attempt to descend into the lower walks of life is in itself meritorious in a German professor, and such is Herr Gutzkow, in spite of his having never lectured at any university. "The Ritter vom Geist" are not by any means likely to interest the generality of English readers, but to the students and well-wishers of German literature they hold out a hope and a promise of better things.

Convinced as we are of the utter impracticability of mentioning the vast number of works which the German presses have spawned forth since the revolution, we have singled out Heine among the poets, and Hackländer and Gutzkow among the novelists. We propose to do the same in two other great de-

partments of human thought, viz., in religious and political controversy. Of the former we have the most brilliant specimens in the Countess Hahn's controversial writings against the Protestant Church, and Herr Abeken's rejoinder in support of Protestantism.* The Countess Hahn's book we may dismiss with a few words. Having led the life of a heathen, that lady it appears had the ambition to die a saint; and having for the first time since her birth felt herself a member of a Christian community, she attempted, by the most violent abuse of a church to which she never in reality belonged, to obtain some merit in the eyes of her ghostly protectors. Her controversial pamphlets are, however, remarkable as specimens of fine writing, and consist of invective, mixed up with public prayer, connected and pervaded with an arrant desire of self-laudation, which justifies Herr Abeken when he tells her—

The greater portion of your book has evidently been written for the purpose of proving to us how grand and generous your faults and errors have been; and that you, long before you became a Christian, were in fact closely allied to Christianity and to the church; that nothing low, small, and imperfect could ever attract and detain you in the manner of the low, vulgar crowd; that you (pardon me, but the French word *must* be quoted) have always been an "*ame d'élite*" to such an extent that your former life, although you condemn it, and your gigantic errors, though you acknowledge them as such, are, nevertheless, of such a kind, that they fill you with a certain degree of pride.

And in another place:—

You turned a Roman Catholic because the Roman Catholic Church AWED you. You fancied there was nothing in the world you could admire, revere, or love. It was an illusion. You were very open to outward impressions and delusions, as is plainly shown by your admiration of the Jesuits at Naples and Sorrento, and your adoration of the Holy Coat at Treves—two subjects on which I shall say no more. You fancied that you were towering above all worldly and human things; and hence you sought for something or other to awe you, in spite of your sublime soul to support you, in spite of your lofty position, you found the Church.

That this language is fully justified by the state of the case, is plainly shown by the following passage from the Countess Hahn's book, in which the lady compares herself to a Pagan goddess:—

At times I must think of Arethusa, vanishing in Greece and passing away under the sea, to rise up again in Sicily—in the beautiful land, teeming and beloved by the gods, which of all others they gifted with flowers and sunlight. Into an ocean of bitter sorrow I had sunk, of which the waves rolled all heavily over my head and heart, even so that I thought I must perish. And lo! I rise again on a far blessed shore, one that is radiant with imperishable beauty and eternal light. It is not an island of the gods; no! it is the kingdom of God.

There is nothing unnatural in a leap from Rome to St. Petersburg. It is spiritual despotism in the one place and secular despotism in the other. The Countess Hahn's description of the Roman Catholic Church applies to either; there is in either—

A mailed consistency, an armour without a groove, cast of molten liquid light, like the Archangel's cuirass. There is no uncertainty, there are no contradictions, no half measures—all fits exactly in a regular succession and most logical consequence.

This view is taken by the anonymous author of "Russia and the Present Time,"* whose book is intended to act as a counterpoise against the "European Pentarchy," which was published some years ago by a paid writer. It is the author's opinion that to paralyse the means of action of the Russian empire, things ought to be known. Publicity is a death-blow to Russian power. Not such publicity as is created by the publication of the diaries of strolling comedians or military dabblers in politics, but a thorough knowledge of the resources, the system of government, and the financial policy of Russia. The author foresees the struggle between Russia and her allies and England. The two countries represent two hostile principles, and Europe is too small for the two: they cannot co-exist, and the law of self-preservation compels either to seek the ruin of the other. That England has hitherto been blind to this fact is the chief source of Russian strength; English indifference, carelessness, and false security, have enabled Russia to extend her influence over the whole of the continent. "Russia and the Present Time" is the best political pamphlet we have seen for a long time, for all its arguments are abundantly supported by sound historical references, and its statistics of the army, administration, and the resources of Russia are invaluable.

* Von Babylon nach Jerusalem. Von Ida Grafin Hahn Hahn. Maintz, 1851. Babylon und Jerusalem. Ein Send schreiben an Ida Gräfin Hahn Hahn. Berlin, Besser; London, Williams and Norgate; and in an English translation published by Messrs. John W. Parker and Son, 445, West Strand.

* Russland und die Gegenwart. 2 vols. London: Williams and Norgate.

NEW QUARTERLY LIST

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE PAST QUARTER.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Lectures on the History of France. By Sir J. Stephen. Two vols.
History of English Railways. By John Francis. Two vols.
Monk's Contemporaries. By M. Guizot.
Life of Father Gavazzi.
Life of John Sterling. By Thomas Carlyle.
Memoirs and Adventures of Sir John Hepburn. By James Grant.
Kossuth and Magyar Land. By Charles Pridham.
Notes by Sir Robert Heron, Bart.
Life and Times of Dante. By Count Cesare Balbo.
Lord George Bentinck's Biography. By Disraeli.
Memoirs of Horace Walpole, and His Contemporaries. By Eliot Warburton.
Lives of the Queens of Scotland. By Miss Strickland.
Life of Stothard, R.A. By Mrs. Bray.
Women of Christianity. By Miss Julia Kavanagh.
Memoirs of the late Emperor of China. By the Rev. Dr. Gutzlaff.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Sketch of Madeira. By Edward Vernon Harcourt.
Madeira; its Climate and Scenery. By Robert White.
Golden Dreams and Waking Realities. By William Shaw.
Le Morvan, a District of France. By H. de Crignelle. Translated by Captain Jesse.
A Winter in Madeira. and a Summer in Spain and Florence. By John A. Dix.
Spain as It Is. By G. A. Hoskins. Two vols.
Scinde; or the Unhappy Valley. By Richard Burton.
Manilla and the Phillipines. By Robert MacMicking.
Khartoun; and the Blue and White Niles. By George Melly. Two vols.
Three Years in California. By Rev. W. Colton.
Deck and Port; or Incidents of a Cruise to California. By Rev. W. Colton.
Travels in European Turkey in 1850. By E. Spencer. Two vols.
Ansayrii and the Assassins. By Lieut. Hon. F. Walpole. Three vols.
A Lady's Voyage Round the World. By Ida Pfeisfer. Two parts.
Life in the Sandwich Islands. By Rev. H. Chever,
Thibet, Tartary, and Mongolia. By H. I. Prinsep,
Holland and the Dutch Nation. By C. M. Davies. Three vols.
Aretic Searching Expedition. By Sir J. Richardson. Two vols.
Six Colonies of New Zealand. By W. Fox.
Recollections of a Ramble from Sydney to Southampton.
Eight years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor. By F. A. Neale. Two vols.
General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde.
Journal of a Landscape Painter in Albania and Illyria. By Edward Lear.
Pictures of Life in Mexico. By R. H. Mason.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Lady Selina Clifford, edited by Lady Dormer. Two vols.
Life and its Lessons. By Mrs. Hubback. Three vols.
Alban. By the author of "Lady Allice," Three vols.
Jasper Lyle, a tale of Kaffirland. By Mrs, Ward.
Four Sons of Aymon, or the Days of Charlemagne.
Mosses from an Old Manse. By N. Hawthorne.
Emigrant in Search of a Colony. By Charles Rowcroft.
Mrs. Matthews, or Family Mysteries. By Mrs. Trollope. Three vols.
Conviction. By B. Clarke. Three vols.
Lady Alice. Two vols.
Cecile, or the Pervert. By the author of Sir C. Rockingham.
Last Peer. Three vols.
Livingstones, a Story of Real Life. Three vols.
Florence, Sackville, or Self-Dependance. By Mrs. Burbury. Three vols.
Whale, by Herman Melville. Three vols.
Ravenscliffe. Bythe author of "Amelia Wyndham." Three vols.
Pappenheimers. Three vols.
Visiting my Relations and its Results,
Pirate of the Mediterranean. By G. H. Kingston. Three vols.
Falkenberg, a tale. By the anthor of "Mildred Vernon." Three vols.
Death Flag. By Miss Crumpe. Three vols.
Fair Carew, or Husbands and Wives. Three vols.
Daughter Deborah. By the author of the "Miser's Secret." Three vols.
Convent and the Harem. By Madame Pisani. Three vols.

Clara Harrington. Three vols.
Agatha Beaufort; or, Family Pride.
John Drayton, the Liverpool Engineer. Two vols.
Smugglers and Foresters. Three Vols.
Marian Withers. By Geraldine E. Jewsbury. Three vols.
Revenge. By G. P. R. James. Three vols.
Jacob Bendixen. By Mary Howitt.
Darien; or, The Merchant Prince. By Eliot Warburton.
Spiritual Alchemy. By the Authoress of "Hearts in Mortmain."
Antony; or, The Deaf and Dumb Boy.
The Three Paths; or, Truth, Vanity, and Profession. By the Hon. Mrs. Anderson.
Hall of Chavenlay; a Winter's Tale of 1649. By Henry Curling.
House on the Rock. By the Author of "The Dream Chintz," "Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."
School for Husbands. By Lady Bulwer Lytton.
Two Families. By the Author of "Rose Douglas."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Literature of Italy. By L. F. Simpson.
Lily and the Bee. By Samuel Warren.
Beattie's Castles and Abbeys of England.
Traits of American Humour. By the Author of "Sam Slick."
Essays and Opinions. By Alfred Bate Richards. Three vols.
Recollections of Scenes and Institutions in Italy and the East. By Joseph Beldam, F.R.G.S.
Pursuivant of Arms. By J. R. Planché, F.S.A.
Wingrove Cooke's Agricultural Tenancies.
Use of Sunshine; a Christmas Narrative. By S. M.
Harry Brightside; or, The Young Traveller in Italy.

POETRY.

The Golden Legend. By Longfellow.
The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.
Stories from Boccaccio, and other Poems. By James Payne, Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE

NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

RETROSPECT OF THE LITERATURE OF THE QUARTER.

We have to apprise the British public with some dismay that the second number of the *New Quarterly* will be found ponderous with "heavy literature." Throughout the three months not a zephyr has breathed music upon the heights of Parnassus; and although two or three small grasshoppers at its base have striven to make their chirpings heard, they break the still silence only to remind us how unlike is their importunate noise to the sounds that are native to the spot. The succession of great poets is broken. The grave has closed on Moore—on the poet who indulged our youth with luscious song, and whose Eastern love verses will in all time to come, cause young bosoms to palpitate with pleasure, and young eyes to stream with tears. Ever, aye, for ever, will Moore be the poet of youth, whether for weal or for woe. Generation after generation, throughout the wide-spread continents where thought is born in Anglo-Saxon words, will feel the influence of this dead man's fancies. They may criticise him in their manhood, they may perchance despise him in their age, but they may not deny that with bounding hearts and quickened pulse they have read and loved him in their youth. Full many a swain and many a fond maid whose far-back distant ancestor is yet unborn, shall feel the sweet communion of their souls best touched by his mellifluous cadences, and shall sob together as they read. Through long vistas of years yet to come, and in lands yet to be peopled, Hinda and her young Gheber will sorrow, love, and die.

> Thou, for my sake, at Allah's shrine;
> And I, at any God's for thine—

will weld many a union betwixt discordant creeds; and when the catastrophe is reached, and those lines are sighed over together—

> All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine
> Fix their last fading life-beams there.
> 'Twas but a moment fierce and high
> The death-pile blazed into the sky,
> And far away, o'er rock and flood,
> Its melancholy radiance sent;
> While Hafed, like a vision, stood
> Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
> Tall, shadowy, like a spirit of fire
> Shrined in its own grand element!
> "'Tis he!" the shuddering maid exclaims;
> But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
> High burst in air the funeral flames,
> And Iran's hopes and her's are o'er!
> One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;
> Then sprung as if to reach that blaze,
> Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
> And, gazing, sunk into the wave—
> Deep, deep—where never care or pain
> Shall reach her innocent heart again!

hearts will soften, and combine like gold and quicksilver. Far be it from us to attempt to determine whether good or evil may predominate in the eternal workings of the gone poet's thoughts; but this we know, that the poetry of Moore will act on human hearts as springtide does on birds and flowers.

Little, however, has our present task to do with immortal verse. The retrospect of the quarter shows us a mountain of prose which a Titan scarce could lift. Mr. Grote gives us two large volumes of his "History of Greece," whereof the Anabasis and the Katabasis of the ten thousand, form the principal feature. We paused for some time uncertain whether we should wander back through the eight preceding volumes of this great work, and attempt to weigh the merits, point out the peculiarities, and compare the performance of this ambitious but well-sustained effort to outshine Thirlwall and to abolish Mitford. The task, however, is too lengthy for any single article, and for the nonce we must content ourselves with the announcement of the progress made. One passing hint we may perhaps be allowed; it is this:

Mr. Grote's readers must not be supposed to be as conversant with chronology as himself; the nature of his subject requires him to treat singly of the fortunes of different states; the student quickly becomes confused as to the dates of the actions narrated, and has to turn back frequently, with no very successful result, to the last date given. What we continually wish for, while accompanying the historian, is a date at the top of each page, such as we find in the history of David Hume and the biographies of Lord Campbell. It is a small matter to the author, but a very important one to the reader.

History is in much favour just now. Mr. Merivale has put forth a third volume of his "History of Rome under the Emperors"—a volume whereof we have given no extended notice for the same reason that has prevented our discussing at length the fragment of Greek history by Mr. Grote.

It is, however, in histories of England that the present age is particularly ambitious. Lord Mahon labours at our annals, infusing into them a good strong, deep-blue Tory tint; Miss Martineau presents them in their social and statistical point of view; Mr. Macgregor is writing a "Free-trade" history; the anonymous author of the "History of England and France under the House of Lancaster" takes the "No-popery" line; and Mr. Macaulay (the Scotch maintain their love of historic composition) is still weaving the golden web of his great Whig romance. Of all these, Mr. Macaulay's is perhaps the only one that posterity will read. People are more anxious to be amused than to be very accurately informed, and all experience shows that an historian holds his place much more by the graces of style than by the care of his investigation. Hume is still read by thousands who never heard of Brodie; and Gibbon himself; had he written in a cold, dull idiom, would probably be as little read as the Byzantine writers whom he quotes.

All the English histories we have named are steadily progressing, but the present quarter has produced only the two volumes of Mr. Macgregor.

In political history the three months are embarassingly rich, as we have found it to our cost, and as our readers will find to their's. In the "Grenville Papers," the "Rockingham Memoirs," "Lord Holland's Memoirs," and the Roebuck assault upon the Whigs, nearly every move of party politics within the last hundred years has been narrated, magnified, or misrepresented. We confess that we have grudged to these elaborations of minute historic particles the space they occupy.

Among the letters and correspondence of a mere personal nature, our readers will find those of Niebuhr and those of Shelley amply discussed hereafter.

The cold north has been strenuous to demand our interest. The Howitts invite us to examine with them the "Literature and Romance of the North of Europe." Among the Eddas and Sagas of the antique dwellers among icebergs we confess to have found little fun; but in the wise saws and proverb-poems which Mr. and Mrs. Howitt have combined to praise as approaching the excellence of the proverbs of Solomon, we have (in the "High Song of Odin the Old") such heresies of these—

> The word of a maiden
> No one can trust,
> Nor what a woman speaketh;
> For on a turning wheel
> Was the heart of woman formed,
> And guile was laid in her heart.

Surely the husband must have translated this in sport, and the wife, while laughing at his wicked wit, must have forgotten to draw her pen through it. M. Worsaae narrates to us the doings of the "Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland," and Mr. Benjamin Thorpe presents three volumes upon the "Northern Mythology of Scandinavia." Those who love the stories of these wild and storm-swept regions, with their fierce superstitions and chapters of drunkenness and bloodshed, may find abundant excitement in the first and the last of these works, and curious speculations in the second.

Biography is not very strong. Lady Theresa Lewis has chosen the Clarendon Gallery as the text for a series of historical biographies, and has worked out her subjects with more erudition than we are prepared to expect in a lady's book. Biography is sickening and pining under the saccharine aliment which sons, brothers, widows, friends, and executors have lately administered to her. Lady Theresa is unluckily an immediate descendant of some of her heroes; but we thank her, nevertheless, for three volumes of biography far above the standard to which we have recently been accustomed.

Of Mr. Elmes' biography of Sir Christopher Wren we would fain speak well, for the author pursues a literary career under the mournful disadvantage of almost total blindness. The anonymous "Life of Gustavus Vasa" reached us too late for careful reading, nor, as we turned over its leaves, did we much regret the fact; it is a dull, dry, plodding, but doubtless very honest book.

A life of the American judge, Storey, by his son, is full, of course, of filial piety, and shows how bad a biographer may be begotten by a celebrated jurist. This book, as well as the life of "the American woman of genius," the Signora Ossoli, will be found duly noticed hereafter, and when we have added thereto the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet du Pan (a French editor who wrote pamphlets in London during the first French revolution, and who published his "Considerations" upon that revolution, but concerning whom, or his whereabouts, or

his "Considerations," or his letters, or his fate, we should conceive that not ten men in England besides the publisher care one farthing)—after we have noted this strange progeny of the press, and have protested against the principle of contemporary biography involved in a little book called "The Men of our Time," and especially against the incessant and ridiculous errors it contains, we think we may dismiss the biography of the quarter now and for ever.

The travellers have left us nearly at peace. California is twice again described, and horrid nightmare scenes come hot from Mexico. The Cape and the Kaffirs have their tale-tellers; but we do not hold in our memory any other travail's history. Mr. Madden, seeing how clear the coast was, has wickedly cast in a heavy book on "Shrines and Sepulchres, and Records of Pilgrimages,"—a fagot of dry sticks whereof little is his own but the wythe band that ties it; the reader who shall win his way through it will be conscious in himself of a pilgrimage wherein flesh has been much mortified, and spirit not much comforted.

We had forgotten, however, that there is a "Journal of a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece, with Notes, and an Appendix on Ecclesiastical Subjects, by James Laird Patterson," who states that he was a Protestant of the school called "Puseyites," but that now he is a Catholic, and "every word of his book, and every thought conveyed in it, is submitted without reservation to the authority of the Church"—a sentiment very proper, no doubt, but which removes the work far away from the profane judgment of mere secular criticism.

"The Tagus and the Tiber" is one of that swarm of modern books whose meretricious titles smack strong of quackery. Why could not Mr. Baxter call his two lightly-printed, blue-bound volumes "Travels from Lisbon to Rome," or "Lisbon and Rome," if he sought for brevity? If he were a chemist, an ethnologist, or a geographer, we could understand how he might, under such a title, have told us how the waters of the two rivers differ in their analysis, or how the tribes upon their banks differ in their ethnological character, but Mr. Baxter knows and cares nothing about any such matters. He has read that Dr. Johnson once remarked, "how seldom descriptions correspond with realities," and being, we suppose, a great admirer of that dogmatical old pedant, he has apparently written this book to illustrate the aphorism.

We have some "books of the present topic," such as Mr. Creasy's "Invasions," which is a good book, and a printed scrap-book of Lord Palmerston's speeches, which is a bad one; a republication of the works of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, which certainly is a particularly opportune one. The last is not very amusing or very instructive, but it is searched with some interest. If we were on board ship and heard that a monkey had managed to make his way into the powder magazine, we should certainly devote some attention to any one who would tell us of the habits of the animal, and especially whether it had ever learned to strike a light. Just such interest do we feel in the lucubrations of the prisoner of Ham; and a perusal of them certainly tends to produce the impression that if his career be not arrested by revolt or by disease—and strange rumours are afloat in London society upon the latter topic—he will sooner or later try the hazard of an English invasion.

The pamphlets of the three months, exclusive of sermons, would numerate to near a hundred. The Bishop of Exeter and an *Edinburgh Reviewer* have been in hot controversy. The subjects of episcopal patronage or clerical consistency are far without the pale of our jurisdiction, but as a phenomenon bearing somewhat upon the disputed facts of clairvoyance, we may be perhaps permitted to remark that it is pleasing to see that, although the bishop had never seen the article to which his pamphlet is a reply, he quotes whole pages of it correctly. This mesmeric fact depends upon authority indisputable: that he has never seen the article the bishop himself states; that he quotes the article correctly we can ourselves affirm. The chief other controversies are upon the French invasion which is to be, but which one of the flying sheets has undertaken to describe in the past tense; the old Catholic or Protestant disputation, the land question in Ireland, wherein Mr. Scully, Q.C., takes his usual part—by the way, we recommend this gentleman's tracts to the perusal of all who feel interested in that somewhat repulsive subject; monetary reform, by Mr. Sandars; the cotton question in India, and many paper pellets from the colonies. There is nothing in all these to tempt us from our neutral path; but, with the fidelity of a finger post, we point the way to others.

The novel writers are not of great account. Perhaps the best achievement of the quarter in this line is "Agatha Beaufort," some of the characters wherein will strike the reader as bearing a strange family likeness to the *dramatis personæ* just introduced by Mr. Dickens in the first number of his new serial. "Perseus and his Philosophers" is that horrid thing, a philosophical novel; "Clubs and Coteries" is that thing scarce less horrid, a political novel. The first descants profundities with solemn gong-toned ignorance, and gives us to know that passion is a better thing than reason; the second, with a well-founded fear that its characters will not be recognised, writes the names, *parce detorta*, of living statesmen under each. The novelists, however, have their station, and will be found marshalled in all honour, with appropriate plots and extracts.

We need scarcely remark the appearance of Mr. Dickens's new serial novel "Bleak House," except to say that its commencement is an improvement upon this author's former commencements. Mr. Dickens generally begins like many a good speaker, and halts and stutters until he has warmed with his subject. Here, however, the author takes his ground at once, and begins to do battle with a public and a private curse—that Slough of Despond the Court of Chancery,—and that domestic monster, a woman who is too enthusiastic and strong-minded to attend to her duties as a matron.

There are some omissions no doubt, such as a volume of fustian run mad, called "Excelsior," written, perhaps, to show that madness is not always nearly allied to great wit. Generally speaking, however, we believe this is a pretty accurate report of the works upon general literature which the last three months have produced, and which are visible to the naked eye.

For the next quarter great note of preparation is sounding. Lord Jeffrey's life is to delectate us with much literary gossip, Mr. Jerdan's autobiography will be rich in the same aliment; the Life and Correspondence of Lord Langdale, late Master of the Rolls, will, if done with tolerable care, contain some quaint anecdotes that have long been shuttlecocked about in Westminster Hall,—but, as some of them were rather to the ridicule than to the glory of the worthy judge, perhaps the judicious biographer will omit them. Guizot is one of the first to take advantage of the new International Copyright treaty with France. He hopes to interest the English public in the career of Corneille. The East India Company's charter is about either to be renewed or to be varied, and the question will become within the next quarter the text of many a pamphlet and many a book. Mr. Murray has already, upon this subject, produced a volume that pretends to advocate the claims of the Company, but which draws such very strong pictures of Anglo-Saxon judges among the Hindoos, that, did we not know the contrary, we should be inclined to think it written by an enemy. Mr. Kaye has a "History of the Administration of the East India Company" nearly in type,—Captain Egerton announces a Winter's Tour in Nepaul,—and Mr. Fortune, under the attractive title of Sang-lo-shan, promises a full account of the British Tea Plantations. We can see, therefore, that the "Old Indians" will be as importunate in the next quarter as the Whig Memoir writers have been in this. Sufficient, however, for the quarter is ———.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Grenville Papers. 2 vols. London: 1852.

SELDOM have two octavo volumes been ushered in with louder preparatory flourishes of trumpets. Mysterious paragraphs long ago gave note that the literary world was to prepare itself for no slight shock of astonishment. In due time the British public was reminded that a little literary California was known to exist at Stowe. Then Junius was taken down and ventilated. The "Revue des deux Mondes" reproduced the almost forgotten theme of our modern English scholiasts, and it was adroitly suggested that a tradition had long existed that Junius was known only to the Grenvilles. Next appeared Lord Mahon's two volumes of history, with an *envoi* telling the public that the Grenville papers will contain three unpublished letters from Junius. The expectation not being yet quite sufficiently excited, the "Quarterly Review" is instructed to make a dash at the same subject of Junius. The public remark that Lord Mahon and the "Quarterly Review," both of whom must be understood to have seen the papers, are by no means in accord upon the "Who was Junius?" question, and we ourselves thereupon suggested some doubts whether the Grenville papers would do much to clear up the mystery. At last two volumes of the promised papers are put forth, and being turned over eagerly, are found to be only another flourish of trumpets, another note of preparation, another promise of future disclosures. The editor informs us that letters by the author of Junius to Mr. Grenville "will be printed in the concluding volumes," but beyond that, we have no word of the name that cast a shadow over kings.

There is too much of tradesmanlike tact about all this, and if, as we suspect, the great jewel wrapped up in this bundle of old letters is only three unimportant communications from Junius to Mr. Grenville, we shall be obliged to say that Lord Mahon and the "Quarterly Review" have been made accessory to as barefaced a puff as ever bore the name of the late much-confiding Earl of Aldborough. It has been well known that Dr. Goode was not allowed to publish all the miscellaneous letters that Mr. Woodfall possessed. We have ourselves read more than one which the younger Woodfall often showed to his friends, but always declared should not be published while any son of George the Third was alive. Positive and reliable testimony as to the authorship of these letters would still be a fact of great interest which we would readily buy four or five volumes of trash to get at, but two or three letters from the author of Junius would have their importance fully sustained by being printed as a literary curiosity in the "Gentleman's Magazine."

Turn we, however, to what these volumes *do* contain.

Not a hundred years elapsed between the time when the Grenvilles were Buckinghamshire squires and the day when, having mounted by quick steps to the highest order of the peerage, having allied themselves to half the aristocracy of the kingdom, having placed coronets upon collateral branches, having used the government of England almost as a family fief, the public lately saw ruin strike the head of this high and wide-spread house. Between the time when a country squire kept humble cheer at Stowe and the day when bargain hunters were ransacking the palace of a ruined duke not a hundred years had elapsed.

It is not a family whose rise is associated with their country's greatness, or whose names sparkle in our history. The Squire of Wotton married the sister of Lord Cobham, and Lord Cobham procured for his sister that his own peerage should be limited to her and her offspring. The family interest afterwards prevailed to make her a countess in her own right.

Upon the subject of this application we have in these volumes the following characteristic letter from Richard Grenville to his brother George. He writes:

> By this post I have time to send you a copy of my last letter to the Duke of Newcastle, which will inform you more precisely of our present state. I likewise send you his. I believe somebody is offended; but when I recollect Legge and Campbell on your account, and Mason on my own, I think there can be no real complaint that I have thought fit to apply where I have always met with most favour. As to Buckingham, if you find that nail will not drive, let us resort to Temple immediately, as Temple will appear most decent to the world, and justify the more strongly this early application; besides, if the disposition of obstructing remains, this will be a handle for a longer delay, *and Buckingham may hereafter be a pretence for a further step.* In my last letter, I rather desired you would defer your journey hither, but, as you will be the best judge whether this matter will be settled so soon as to require me to be in town on Tuesday or Wednesday in the next week, you will take your own

measures accordingly, remembering that Monday remains the day fixed for the ancient and loyal, unless I change it upon this account, and the quarter sessions I had forgot.

I think it not in the least likely that I should be in town before Tuesday or Wednesday, and if this meets with further delays I shall be very cavalier indeed about it, though I shall not think I have the least reason to complain of the Duke of Newcastle, on the contrary, every reason to be satisfied.

This was a wide stride upwards. "The rank and consideration," writes George Grenville, "our family has lately risen to, was owing to the strong affection which my uncle, Lord Cobham, bore to my mother; in consequence of this, he procured the honour to be entailed upon her and her children."

The next generation, however, made a marriage scarcely less important. When the squire married the sister of the viscount he did not advance *the* family more than his son, Lord Temple, did when he married his sister to the elder Pitt. The squire's sons were a large family, and after their sister's marriage they had a great catapult among them that forced every portal of preferment. It is true that the great commoner was not always very manageable; sometimes the Achilles of these politic Greeks sulked and retired to his ships; sometimes his wrath was terrible, and his rage fierce, but ever and anon he would be led back again to the conflict, and after a furious onslaught the happy Grenvilles gathered up the booty.

The eldest of the clan, Richard, Earl of Temple, was fierce and haughty as Pitt himself; but in that he was rather greedy and somewhat feeble, the parallel between the two brothers-in-law was not perfect.

But although not a very great or a very perfect character, Earl Temple was by no means so contemptible a personage as the retainer of the descendants of his younger brother has chosen to depict him. We will add here, that although it may well suit the character of Horace Walpole to adulate Lady Temple in his letters and poetical addresses, and to sneer in his posthumous works at a genius for poesy which developed itself after forty years sterility, yet we are by no means thankful to Mr. Smith, nor do we admire his taste or manly gallantry when he informs us that (vol. 2, p. 257) unfortunately some of Lady Temple's poems, which still remain in manuscript, contain expressions which in the present day would rarely fall from the lowest of her sex. So far as we know, Lady Temple was a very good wife and a very estimable lady. Doubtless she had her foibles, and one of them was to write bad verses in the vicious style of her age. Mr. Smith was not, as we presume, turned among the family papers to revenge the quarrel of George Grenville by ferreting out petty scandals against his sister-in-law.

George, the second brother, when Lord Bute came in to scourge out the family, clung to the hem of the invader's garment, kept his place, crept into the good graces of George III., became prime minister, passed the Stamp Act, and lost America. George's younger brothers were captains, pensioners, or the occupants of some not uncomfortable niche in the great state edifice; but George's third son became Lord Grenville, and his eldest son was Earl of Temple, Marquis of Buckingham, and grandfather of the present Duke of Buckingham.

It was not until we had written thus far and further, that Lord Albemarle's Memoirs of Lord Rockingham appeared. At the risk of breaking the unity of our article we must extract the noble author's admirably drawn sketch of these two brothers.

THE TWO GRENVILLES.

No two monarchs were probably ever more pestered by their advisers, than George II. and his successor, by Lord Temple and George Grenville. Nor were their Majesties the only victims. There was scarcely a contemporary statesman who had not been bullied or bored by this ruthless pair of brothers. Both, indeed, were tormentors of the first order. Yet their connections rendered them indispensable; their talents, their knowledge of the world, and of Parliamentary forms, made them serviceable; and their profession of Whig principles gave them a kind of reputation for liberal sentiments.

Richard, Earl Temple, the elder brother, had good business-habits, and much industry, and was by no means an inefficient speaker. His huge, ungainly figure procured for him the nickname of "Squire Gawky." The qualities of his mind were, indeed, as loosely put together as his limbs. With much ambition, his own wayward caprice, or masterless pride, constantly marred his plans of self-aggrandisement. He was frequently asking favours of George II. That monarch accounted himself at least a Turenne in war; yet his Privy Seal gracefully insinuated that his Majesty had no more spirit than Admiral Byng, whose death-warrant (unjustly, however) he had just signed.

One of Temple's grand schemes was to establish a triumvirate government, to be composed of himself, his brother George, and his brother-in-law, Pitt, three men whose opinions were as opposite as the antipodes, and who were almost always at personal variance with each other.

Temple appears to have had no fixed principles of action. He adopted the cause of prerogative against the Americans, and the side of Wilkes against the prerogative. Mischief appears to have been the main incentive of his actions; nevertheless, he preferred being a backer rather than a principal. He was Wilkes's prime instigator in his wicked pranks against the King and the court. He was likewise Chatham's evil genius, and occasionally led his brother-in-law to commit imprudencies into which a school-boy would scarcely have fallen. He was, indeed, the cause of half the errors and inconsistencies committed by that statesman. The result of his political life was, that Lord Temple, after thirty years' factious meddling in public affairs, died, distrusted and avoided by the associates of his earlier days.

George Grenville was greatly superior to his brother in talent. Pitt considered him to be the best Parliament man in the House. Formal, punctual, and exact he undoubtedly was. But his pride and pertinacity were as obstructive, as his regularity was conducive, to progress in affairs. Ingratitude was one of his besetting sins. Whatever may have been Lord Bute's demerits, he was at least Grenville's benefactor. Whatever may have been Pitt's profusion in war, Grenville long supported his martial measures. Yet he was among the first to turn against Bute, and to upbraid Pitt for his extravagance.

Unlike as were the brothers in personal appearance, there was much similarity in the conformation of their minds. Their common characteristics were pride, want of tact, and jealousy of all around them. Each lost office by the violence of his temper, and the haughtiness of each rendered a return to power impracticable. Each of them was revengeful; each vented his feelings in pamphlets. Each possessed a stream of words, which, in all places, and on all occasions, flowed

from him "*in omne volubilis ævum.*"* Like Temple, too, George Grenville regarded the King as the proper butt of his tedious harangues, and, at times, of his angry invective. "When he has wearied me for two hours," said George III., exhausted after one of these inflictions, "he looks at his watch to see if he may not tire me for an hour more."

It was this last-named brother whom Lord Bute, at the commencement of 1761, succeeded in gaining over to the court, having been, up to this period, the constant supporter of his brother-in-law, Mr. Pitt. "Avarice," says Walpole, "which he (Grenville) possessed in no less a proportion than his other passions, concurred to lead him from a master who browbeat and treated him superciliously, to worship the rising sun. Lord Bute was in want of tools, and it was a double prize to acquire them from his rival's shop.

These two volumes are the first instalment of the papers of this thrusting, pushing, thriving family. They comprise all the correspondence of the twenty-three years subsequent to 1741—a period which embraced the last struggle and extinction of the Jacobites, and comprehended the long ascendancy of that great Whig faction that had effected the revolution and consolidated our constitutional monarchy.

Security in party ascendancy soon produced its ordinary fruits. Personal ambitions and individual jealousies, no longer repressed by a common danger, grew apace. Pulteney played his independent game for power; Newcastle led the most pliant section of the aristocratic Whigs; the Duke of Bedford, with more of public virtue, led the other; Pitt and Temple represented the parties called by contemporaries the "Cobham cousins." Lord Gower and the few Tories were not strong enough ever to take advantage of disunion. The Whigs had in their ranks men who professed every principle short of that of the divine right of kings, from Pitt who in 1761 declared in full council "that he had been placed in office by the people, and to the people he held himself accountable," to Earl Granville who protested against the sentiment and sneered at his colleague for "talking at the Council Board, where he was reponsible only to the king, the language of the House of Commons."

Many changes, many personal squabbles, intrigues innumerable among suitors for office to a king whose every prepossession was un-English, distinguished this long period. At the end of 1742, when the letters commenced, Pulteney had just taken his seat in the House of Peers as Earl of Bath; Carteret was the real, although not the ostensible, head of a government which, from the habit of its most prominent member, was called "the drunken administration;" Pitt and Grenville were in opposition, vehemently opposing the taking Hanoverian troops into British pay, and denouncing a policy "which rendered this great, this mighty nation a province to a despicable electorate." In the next year the ministry died with its nominal, but powerless chief, Wilmington. Lord Bath and Pelham were the rival candidates for the succession. The king declared for Pelham, and the veteran Walpole gave the new minister this advice, "Whig it with all opponents that will parley, but 'ware Tory."

In the next year the expulsion of Carteret, now become Earl Granville, produced a modification of the Cabinet. The new amalgam was called the "Broad-bottomed Administration," consisted of all parties of the Whigs (except Pitt, who generously submitted to exclusion because George II. could not forgive his speech about the electorate), and at first of two Tories; but these afterwards seceded, and Pitt was received into the Cabinet. This lasted, with many personal squabbles, for ten years, and was only dissolved by the death of Pelham.

Then came the Newcastle Administration; Pitt, sulky and discontented, retaining his office of paymaster, but sitting silent upon all Government questions. This could not last long; Pitt was dismissed, and Lord Temple came to his assistance in a manner we shall hereafter notice.

Pitt's invective in open opposition soon drove Newcastle from the helm. The first Pitt Administration (1756—1760) succeeded. Interrupted for a moment by an impotent attempt of George II. to get rid of a minister he hated, it was continued on by the strong will of the nation until the accession of George III.

Then Bute came into power, and Pitt, finding that peace was to be made upon any terms, however dishonourable, and that the family compact was not to be met with energy worthy of the greatness he had given to his country, thwarted and outvoted by the favourite, retired. Of the Grenvilles, George alone remained. He becomes Secretary of State under the Duke of Newcastle, and in the next year Prime Minister. These volumes close in the memorable year 1764, in which George Grenville persuaded the House of Commons, which he led, to resolve "that towards further defraying the said expenses it may be proper to charge certain stamp duties in the said colonies and plantations."

Such is the period which these letters are brought forward to illustrate. The reader will naturally imagine that in this brief sketch of it we have been largely indebted to the editor of the work. We sincerely wish that we had the power of acknowledging such obligation. When Lord John Russell in 1842 edited the "Correspondence of John fourth Duke of Bedford," he thought it necessary to prefix to the letters an introduction explanatory of the history of the period to be illustrated, sketching the more prominent actors upon the scene, and in-

* Grenville was one evening at a concert. In the midst of a "bravura" he addressed his neighbour in his usual loud monotonous voice on the subject of some grand fiscal scheme. This auditor sought a pretext to shift his place. Whereupon the financier, possessing himself of pen, ink, and paper, committed his thoughts to writing, making the pianoforte, at which the singer presided, serve for a table.

dicating the principles and motives by which their conduct was governed. His lordship took care also that this essay of fifty pages, admirable in its clearness and condensation, should be aided by notes by the librarian at Woburn explanatory of the smaller incidents alluded to in the letters. Even the editors of the "Chatham Correspondence," albeit not bound to the public by any literary fame, thought it necessary to annotate with some care the papers they had undertaken to arrange for publication. These men, however, had some ancestral love for the duty they fulfilled. Mr. Smith appears either to have dismissed his task with careless haste, or to have plodded over it with unfruitful ignorance. His introduction is a pedigree of the Grenville family, much more scant than might be found in Collins' peerage, and some testimonials as to the great genius and ability of the only Grenville for whom he seems to have the least admiration, namely, George, who deserted to Lord Bute, and became the author of the greatest national disaster England has ever suffered. Even these testimonials, which fill up no inconsiderable portion of the eighteen pages occupied by the preface, are drawn from sources not very recondite—Wraxall's Memoirs, and Burke's Speeches are not very out-of-the-way books—and the foot-notes scattered through the volumes are taken almost entirely from Horace Walpole's works or letters. If the papers had been put into a bag and sent to a printing-office, with instructions to print them according to their dates, and with permission to the reader or compositors to note down any passage they might happen to remember respecting any person named in the text, we should certainly have had as much information, *dehors* the letters, as we now have, and probably a great deal more.

Of the papers themselves many are quite worthless; many are very interesting as conveying touches of character and traits of the private life of celebrated men; some may be valued by those who love to contemplate in light the secret acts of selfishness which the men who did them thought would be hidden for ever in darkness; a few, a very few, shed a feeble gleam of light upon points of history.

The collection opens with letters from Viscount Cornbury, William Pitt, George Lyttleton, William Murray, Richard Grenville—all addressed to Mr. George Grenville. Pitt begs him to take care of his health; Lord Cornbury rates him soundly for having dined at an inn five miles from his seat, and slept at another only ten miles off, instead of putting up at Cornbury Park; Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield) tells him some gossip about Lord Bradford's mistress, and the legacy she left to Lord Bath; Richard Grenville, his elder brother, talks of the family boroughs, "there has been the devil to pay about the choice of a burgess of Buckingham" (it seems that at this time the electing body for that borough consisted of thirteen burgesses), and intimates that in a late debate Pitt had spoken like "ten thousand angels;" the younger brother, the captain, gives much information as to a rich prize he had just taken, and family matters enter largely into the correspondence; George Grenville, on the other hand, tells his brother, the captain, how Lord and Lady Cobham and Miss Harriett Speed played at three-handed cribbage, and how Pope, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Lady Granville, are dead, gives him some not very valuable reports about the Battle of Fontenoy, but in the letters which bear date in the year 1745 writes but two unimportant sentences upon the great civil war which in that year shook the constitutional throne of England.

We have already seen that from 1744 to 1747 George Grenville was a Lord of the Admiralty, and thence till 1754 Treasurer of the Navy.

Towards the end of 1746 there are letters from the Duke of Bedford, Lord Anson, and others, to George Grenville, who had insisted, at the Admiralty Board, that his brother, the captain, should have a separate command, and that his ship should not be placed under the command of Lord Anson. This somewhat discreditable family intrigue was defeated by the courage of the Duke of Bedford. The story, however, has already been told by Lord John Russell, in his introduction to the Bedford Correspondence. Captain Grenville met a glorious death at the Battle of Finisterre.

From 1747, through scores of pages, we have letters that interest us rather by their circumstances than their importance. A colonel writes a letter of compliment two hours before he is shot through the head. Lord Barrington hears that Henry Fox is very ill, and wishes to succeed him as Secretary-at-War, "if anything happens." Mr. James Oswald manifests much anxiety to be put in the proper way of asking favours, and names half-a-dozen of his family who would all and singular, be glad to receive them. The Rev. Charles Lyttelton writes a letter which makes us quite sure that he will become a bishop. Mr. Grenville Temple talks of asking that his mother should be made a countess, as "a trifle which it is next to impossible he should be refused;" condescending, however, to talk of it afterwards (when a hitch occurred) as "a pail of milk too excellent to be kicked down." There are also many letters about this period from William Pitt to Lord Temple, whereof some, in the year 1754, after the death of Pelham, contain the great commoner's opinions upon men and parties, and remarks upon his own situation at court, and upon "the foul play he had had offered to him in the closet," and are

curious and interesting. There is one which instructs Temple as to the dinners he should give and the men whom he should ask, that we are sorry we have not space to extract. Some of the most amusing of Pitt's letters in 1754 are those wherein he appears as an ardent lover of Lord Temple's sister. Pitt is, of course, "the most blessed of men;" his lady love is, equally of course, "every perfection of human nature." Lord Temple himself has a kindness of affection and a delicacy of manner which the best and kindest of friends cannot put into their actions, "unless their minds are truly Grenville." Alas! that such heroics should be mixed up with very business-like stipulations about settlements and an insistance to reserve money enough to purchase OLD SARUM!

Among these letters there are perhaps none that will more interest the general reader than those which passed between Earl Temple and his sister in 1755, when "the terrible cornet of horse" was dismissed from his place of Paymaster of the Forces. Lord Temple, on the same day, thus delicately offers "the great commoner" a not unneeded pecuniary assistance:—

EARL TEMPLE TO LADY HESTER PITT.

My dear Lady Hester,—I cannot defer till to-morrow morning making a request to you, upon the success of which I have so entirely set my heart, that I flatter myself you will not refuse it me. I must entreat you to make use of all your interest with Mr. Pitt to give his brother Temple leave to become his debtor for a thousand pounds a year till better times: Mr. P. will never have it in his power to confer so great an obligation upon, dear Lady Hester, your most truly affectionate brother, TEMPLE.

LADY HESTER PITT TO EARL TEMPLE.

I do not find, my dear and generous brother, that having had time to reflect calmly upon your goodness has made it easier for me to express what I feel upon it. On the contrary; and therefore I must content myself with saying that my gratitude is like the occasion that inspires it, great indeed. I made no difficulty of conforming to your desire that I would use my interest with Mr. Pitt, because my own love for him makes me a judge of the pleasure you would receive from his acceptance of such a testimony of your friendship. I should have had little hopes of prevailing in such a cause if I had not known how strongly the joy and pride of being obliged to you would operate upon his mind. Believe me, my dear brother, that will still be, notwithstanding our situation, the circumstance from which we shall derive our greatest satisfaction.

Judge if you can how my heart is affected by being, not the sharer only, but the means, of your proving in so noble a manner your affection for a person dearer to me than myself. You make me the happiest woman in the world, so that, to avoid ingratitude, I must forgive your having laid me under an obligation to those who, in turning us out, have furnished the occasion of so much joy to me.

I write in my bed, for I could not longer contain the overflowings of my heart, nor defer assuring my dear brother how highly I am his obliged and affectionate sister,

HESTER PITT.

EARL TEMPLE TO LADY HESTER PITT.

I am infinitely happy, my dear Lady Hester, in your having proved successful with Mr. Pitt in a matter in which my heart was so deeply interested: this proof of his kindness and friendship to me is the only remaining one he could give me. I receive it with all possible gratitude, and will call upon you and him very soon, to tell you how unalterably I am your most affectionate brother, T.

LADY HESTER PITT AND MR. PITT TO EARL TEMPLE.

The affection and generosity of my dearest brother affects me so strongly, and in so many various ways, that I find no words to express the sentiments with which my heart is filled, nor am I literally in a situation to write any farther.

(The remainder of this letter is in the handwriting of Mr. Pitt.)

The heart of one brother does not overflow more with nobleness and affection than that of the other does with the warmest, quickest, deepest sentiments of love and gratitude. Your most endearing proceeding touches and moves my mind even to a distress of the sweetest kind. How decline or how receive so great a generosity, so amiably offered? I am little better able to hold the pen than Lady Hester. We are both yours more affectionately than words can express. We could have slept upon the Earl of Holdernesse's letter; but our hearts must now wake to gratitude and you, and wish for nothing but the return of day to embrace the best and noblest of brothers.

In 1754 Mr. Wilkes' name first appears as the correspondent of Earl Temple. We extract the first of their epistles, and we are sorry to say it is a fair specimen of the style of them all. The Buckinghamshire militia and the *North Briton* form their principal topics. Owing to the slovenly arrangement of the editor these letters, which, if published at all, should have formed a separate series, are interspersed among the correspondence of George Grenville at a time when the friend of Lord Bute was not upon speaking terms with his brother, and was vainly trying to crush the libel-writing colonel. The allusions in the following letter will readily be understood as pointing at the meetings at Medmenham Abbey. That celebrated club consisted of thirteen members. They had fitted up the Abbey as a temple of luxurious debauchery, and decorated it to represent as nearly as might be a Mahomedan paradise. The most elaborate art was employed to embody the most impure ideas, and every room and every grove was replete with libidinous inscriptions, veiled from the vulgar by the medium of a classic idiom. Sir Francis Dashwood was the abbot. "The Order of Sir Francis" was at first the name of the society; but it has been said that when the farce grew tame from repetition the leader of this crew of profligates assumed a much more sacred title, and the drunken revellers masqueraded as *apostles*. We are sorry that this explanation is a necessary introduction to a specimen of the correspondence between Earl Temple and John Wilkes.

EARL TEMPLE TO MR. WILKES.

October 12, 1754.

Returned from the expensive delights of Berwick [he had spent £3,000 in an unsuccessful contest], and all the sweets of Edinburgh, I hope this will find you in good health, spirits as usual, and with an excellent cause. It is very gracious and kind in the pious Æneas, after his conversion, after the love feast, to keep up that of friendship with one who has so slender a claim to be admitted to the table of the saints; but I am sorry to hear you are exalted to so high a story of faith and godliness, because great may be the fall thereof, and this Scotch taste of architecture is so contrary to the fashionable style of building in this country, that I fear it will never prevail, and that you will return to your humbler roof of mortality, and every social virtue, with as much ardour if as you had never deviated into the higher regions of cherubim and seraphim, or the conversion of

Wilkes [had been] compared with that of St. Paul; however, if I should live to see you in the bosom of our father Sir George, I shall only now and then drink to the pious memory of the delightful moments I have passed in your wicked company, and begin to attach myself to all the interested pursuits of this world, as the sure road to a better.

It is impossible for me to ask, and as impossible not to wish to see you here, before that great day of judgment which will decide of the fate of Berwick and of you [Wilkes petitioned, but without success]; however, in all events I fancy I may depend upon meeting you in town soon after the birth-day, which is the date of all good courtiers, or a little before the meeting of Parliament, which is the era of every honest independent country gentleman; and there will be some happy minute in some lucky hour betwixt them both which will probably afford me the pleasure of seeing again the kind host of Aylesbury, to whom I am, and ever must be, in the nature of things, my dear Sir, a most affectionate and obedient humble servant, TEMPLE.

Lady Temple, Miss Banks, and I, desire to assure Mrs. Wilkes, Mrs. Mead [Wilkes' mother], and your good uncle, of our best respects. The good man Jemmy just this instant steps in to bid me tell you how much he is yours.

In 1756 Mr. Jenkinson creeps upon the scene, and we see how a man may gradually crawl to be prime minister. The career of Pitt, contrasted with that of Jenkinson, is an admirable illustration of that magnificent saying that "Power is like the apex of a pyramid, that may be crawled to by a worm or lighted upon by an eagle." This is his first letter to George Grenville:—

MR. CHARLES JENKINSON TO MR. GRENVILLE.

Bond-street, Nov. 15, 1756.

Sir,—I was at your door a few days ago to pay my respects to you, and I imagined I should yesterday have met you at court, when I should have troubled you with an affair which I am now obliged to make the subject of a letter. I am conscious how unreasonable I am in what I am going to propose, but as I do not mean to trouble you with an application, but only to beg that you would represent a case for me, I hope you will pardon the freedom I take.

Upon some mention that Lord Harcourt made of me to Lord Holdernesse, the latter was so good as to employ me both at his own house and in the secretary's office, without any profit or emolument to myself, but with the design alone of instructing me in foreign affairs and the business of that office, and qualifying me for anything of which my friends might hereafter think me worthy; and as it is commonly supposed that Mr. Pitt will dismiss Mr. Amien and Mr. Digby, who are under-secretaries in the Southern province, and perhaps Mr. Rivers, who, under the name of Interpreter of Southern Languages, has also acted as an under-secretary, I should think it a high honour to serve Mr. Pitt in either of those employments, and should be obliged to you if you would only mention my name and situation to him, in case he should want anybody in those stations. I mean in this occasion not to use any kind of interest to which I cannot pretend, but so far only as the representation of the case, and the little experience I may have acquired in the secretary's office, by serving as a volunteer in it, may recommend me, and as to my political sentiments, or any other qualifications of which it would be improper to speak myself, I must refer you to Lord Harcourt. Excuse this trouble from, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, CHARLES JENKINSON.

Now Lord Holdernesse was George II.'s very especial favourite and backstairs minister. Failing in his application to Pitt, Jenkinson afterwards became, by virtue of his instinct for creeping up the skirts of a favourite, and by much attention to George Grenville, private secretary to Lord Bute. During the Grenville Administration he attached himself thoroughly to the minister, and was made Secretary to the Treasury. No small part of these volumes consists of his letters to his patrons.

In 1761, when Pitt resigned and made way for Bute, the Countess Temple thus writes to her lord:—

COUNTESS TEMPLE TO EARL TEMPLE.

My dearest Lord,—I am very glad to hear you come back on Monday, for you have had disagreeable weather. I shall go to the Coronation at Covent Garden that night, so if you like to go I shall keep a place for you. I can send you no news; there has been many things wrote upon that inexhaustible subject, the late resignation, since you left us; the great man's letter, and his friend in the City's answer, is put into verse ridiculously enough. I have taken some verses out of Owen's *Weekly Chronicle*, which I am sure you can't have seen.

" No letters more full or expressive can be,
Than once so respectable W. P.
The first stands for Wisdom, War, Wonder, and Wit,
The last points out Peerage, and Pension, and Pitt.'

Seeing that Pitt did not himself accept a peerage until five years after this date, the editor might perhaps not unwisely have added a note to intimate to the general reader that the peerage alluded to was the creation of Lady Hester Pitt, Baroness of Chatham, and the pension was £3,000 a year, for three lives, offered and accepted after Pitt had absolutely refused two nearly sinecure offices of £5,000 a-year under Lord Bute.

The most bitter humiliations that George Grenville underwent must have been the asking his elder brother for permission to be re-elected for Buckingham after he had deserted "the family," and had retained office under Bute. Mr. Smith prints the following letter from the new secretary to his constituents upon the first occasion. It is inserted without comment:—

MR. GRENVILLE TO THE HIGH BAILIFF OF BUCKINGHAM.

Dear Sir,—The King having been pleased this day to appoint me to the office of Secretary of State, my seat in Parliament is thereby become vacant, and Lord Temple having informed me by a message which I received from him this evening, that he leaves me at liberty to offer my services at Buckingham, and that he does not intend to recommend any person upon this vacancy, I apply to you, as an old and constant friend to me and to my family, for your vote and interest in order to my re-election at Buckingham.

As I certainly should not have made any application to our friends at Buckingham without Lord Temple's consent (which I informed him of), I flatter myself that with his consent I shall meet with no difficulty in prevailing upon my friends to re-choose me for Buckingham, which I have now represented and endeavoured to serve for above twenty years in Parliament, during which time I have wished to show myself a friend to the town in general, and in particular to every individual of my brethren in the corporation.

The situation the king has called me to makes it quite impossible for me at this time to go down to Buckingham; I therefore take this method of applying to my friends, and have desired Mr. Butler, the clergyman of Wotton, whom I believe you know, to deliver this letter to you upon the subject of it, and to send me your answer, which I hope will be an agreeable and favourable one to, dear Sir, &c., &c.,

GEORGE GRENVILLE.

We have searched in vain for that more celebrated letter which George Grenville wrote to his brother eleven months later, when he was made First Lord of the Treasury, and again required permission to be re-elected. It is said that in this letter was enclosed, as a compliment, a copy of the King's speech to be spoken on the morrow. Mr. Pitt was at Lord

Temple's house, in Pall-mall, when the letter arrived, and, owing to his intercession, the consent was given. Wilkes, who was just returned from Paris, called in at the same moment, and a conversation ensued upon the speech. It is said that Mr. Wilkes went home, and immediately, from his recollection of this conversation, wrote No. 45 of the "North Briton." This number appeared on the following Saturday.

The editor of these papers does not seem to be aware of the anecdote, although it appears in such common books as "Cooke's History of the Whigs and Tories," and Almon's "Life and Correspondence of Wilkes." We have no note of any search for the letter, nor any observation upon its absence. It is remarkable that George Grenville, who has left memoranda among his papers, wherein he defends himself from the charge of faithlessness to his family, makes no mention of the favour of being allowed to sit for the family borough while at the head of a Government that forbade his elder brother to appear at court, and dismissed him from the office of Lord Lieutenant of his county.

Nearly the whole of the second volume is filled with letters written by or to George Grenville during the years 1763 and 1764, and with the correspondence between Wilkes and Lord Temple in the same years. The reader who shall wade through these will not greatly increase his stock of historical knowledge. That Wilkes obtained frequent advances of money from Earl Temple was known full well before, nor are we much surprised at Sir Francis Blake Delaval, and other members of Parliament, writing in terms of somewhat insolent indignation when a favour more than usually unreasonable has been refused; for we recollect that George Grenville had stipulated long ago that he should be allowed to "speak to" the members of the House of Commons —in other words, that he should have a proper share of money and patronage at his command wherewith to pay for their votes. The only letter from Dr. Johnson is an order to pay the bearer a quarter's pension; and, although all parties, ministerialists, oppositionists, and outlaws, equally complain that their letters are opened at the Post-office, this is not a circumstance so confined to the year 1764 that we should hold up our hands in astonishment.

The diaries of George Grenville are certainly of somewhat more value than the letters. These diaries give us glimpses into the king's closet, and seldom or never is the *tableau* presented a pleasing one. We see Lord Mansfield telling George III. that Lord Chief Justice Pratt had behaved more shamefully than Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, although he (Mansfield) would not say so in public. We find Grenville talking of Pitt, Pratt, and Wilkes as the extreme section of the Opposition, minister's ladies talking together of the "fluctuating mind" of Lord Bute, Charles Townshend communicating to his Majesty that he had found out that nothing was to be done in opposition, the king telling his minister that the Duke of Cumberland had had an apoplectic stroke, but that he did not send to inquire after him, because no one would have supposed that he inquired out of regard to him. We see also Jenkinson acting as the go-between to smooth the way of Lord Bute back to court, Grenville's timid opposition, and the Duke of Bedford's haughty defiance. We read with some surprise that two bishops refuse the situation of primate, but with no surprise at all that Mr. Grenville "feels the effects of some inferior persons who get about his Majesty, and seemingly indispose him to his principal servants." All this, however, is the mere gossip of history, the chips and shavings of the historic fabric, not its materials. In fact, there is nothing of historical—for we do not reckon as historically important such points as George III.'s faithlessness to all parties in his negotiation with Pitt in 1763, or the same person's eagerness to dismiss Conway—importance in this publication; it determines no doubt, it illumines no obscurity, it puts an end to no controversy, it marshals no new facts. The letters are for the most part upon well-known topics, and are less interesting even as curiosities than we could have expected to be the case with the papers of a Prime Minister. So far as we have been able to discover, the Grenville correspondence now published will not supply ten facts to biography, or ten lines to history.

Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries. By GEORGE THOMAS EARL OF ALBEMARLE. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. 1852.

EMPTY a box of old letters (from eighty to a hundred years old) into a printer's apron—when printed write a few words upon a sheet of letter-paper to say where you found the box—desire your publisher to direct one of his clerks to write a title-page—distribute largely to such periodicals as are warranted never to find a fault—this is an infallible recipe for arriving at the τὸ ἀγαθὸν of authorship,—the largest possible book at the smallest possible amount of trouble.

The Earl of Albemarle is sadly ignorant of bookcraft. He was evidently possessed of such store of materials that he needed only the aid of two sturdy porters and a note to New Burlington-street to become at once an author as voluminous as St. Thomas Aquinas, as bepraised as Milton, and as unread as

Origen. We are concerned to say that he has most shamefully neglected his opportunities. He has been beset by some antiquated idea that it was better to read over the letters before he saw them in print; he has allowed himself to be influenced by a notion that nothing was worth printing which was not worth reading; and, worse than all, he has thought it necessary to make himself thoroughly master of the history of the times to which his letters relate, and to tell all that is known or can be discovered of the persons or events therein mentioned or discussed. This is conduct deserving of severe reprobation, and we are bound to deliver our critical judgment that the Earl's merits as a bookmaker are of the smallest discernible degree.

We know not whether it will be considered by the publishers, and by the public who read with such lively interest, that Lord A. called upon the Duke of B. but did not find him at home, as any qualification of this merited censure, when we admit that Lord Albemarle, although a very bad bookmaker, is a very good biographer; that although he has only written two volumes when he might have printed ten, yet those two volumes are valuable as history, and most interesting as a biography; that his English is good, and his appreciation of men always fearless, and generally just. We are bound, however, to state the mitigating circumstances of his offence, if these should be so deemed, before we submit him to the judgment of the court.

And now for the subject of the book.

Within a few years after the accession of George the Third, the political parties striving for power may be described as the Butes, the Bedfords, the Rockinghams, and the Chathams. Lord Bute, sometimes minister, sometimes only secret adviser, but always King's favourite, and having George Grenville as his chief ally, attempted to recruit from all factions a party which should be known only as the King's friends, which should give effect in foreign and domestic policy to the personal wishes of the sovereign, and which should hold as their principle of action "the independence of his Majesty." It was to be the House of Hanover upon Stuart principles. At that time the Tories scarcely existed as a party, and the majority of those of that faction who had seats in the two Houses, however much they might be inclined to prerogative, did not quite agree that the House of Brunswick was entitled to its exercise. Bute, therefore, had to create a party from the atoms he could detach from the old Whig and Tory blocks, and we see from time to time here a Whig and there a Tory attracted to his side by offer of honours, places, and pensions, and scared away by the indignation of the people. The abiding nucleus of this party may be considered to have consisted of Lord Bute, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Warkworth and Lord Mansfield, Sir Fletcher Norton and the Primate of Ireland.

The Bedfords were a section of the Whig party led by John fourth Duke of Bedford, and their fortunes, changes, and principles of action, may be read in the Bedford Correspondence.

The Chathams were the party of the Grenvilles and the first Pitt, known as the Cobham cousins before George Grenville, the younger brother of Earl Temple, deserted to Lord Bute and became a King's friend. In the Chatham Correspondence, and in portions of the Grenville papers, we have abundant information as to their acts and history.

The Rockinghams were a third section of the long dominant Whig party. The Duke of Portland, the Earl of Albemarle, ancestor of the present biographer, the Earls of Ashburnham and Besborough, Lord Grantham, General Conway, and the Marquis himself, were the most prominent members of this section.

The Duke of Newcastle aspired to lead the whole party, and united them or dispensed with them as best he might. The Duke of Devonshire, not prominent as a politician but much a Whig, gave his support to any Whig government, but cared little for their dissensions. Charles Townshend, and a host of others of inferior rank, shifted about from leader to leader, and professed special fidelity to none.

The King ruled in the general disunion. He played his game of kingcraft, and these were his pieces. How cold and unloving, how false and unconfiding he was, how he intrigued and dissembled, plotted and countermined, we now too surely know. When he hated and counterplotted George Grenville, who had left his family and his party for his service, and who was perhaps the first Tory minister under the three Georges, whom could he trust or love?

Such was the state of parties in 1765, when the Grenville Administration could go on no longer. It was not that they had embroiled England with her American colonies, or that they were hated throughout the country; but they were not sufficiently King's friends. Some difficulties had arisen about patronage. The King, therefore, according to his usual practice, gives private instructions on the 6th of May to make overtures to the great Whig families; and on the 18th told George Grenville that he intended to make an alteration in his administration—in fact, unceremoniously dismissed him.*

Riots were rife in London; the Ministers could

* On the 18th of May, Mr. Grenville waited upon the King with the speech which was to close the session. "There is no hurry," said the King; "I will have the Parliament adjourned, not prorogued." "Has your Majesty any thoughts of making any change in your administration?" inquired Grenville. "Certainly," was the reply, "I cannot bear it as it is."

not venture abroad without having paving stones thrown through their chariot windows. The Premiership was offered to Pitt, but Lord Temple would not allow him to accept it upon the only possible conditions. Lyttleton—

> ——— de great orator Littletony,
> So long, so lean, so lank, so bony—

was applied to in vain; he was one of the Temple and Pitt section, and would not desert them. Then, on the 30th of June, a great meeting of the Whig leaders took place. The Duke of Newcastle's house was the place of rendezvous. Eighteen Whigs, all of chief rank, met. Temple, Pitt, and Lyttleton were absent, for the negotiations with them had failed; Bedford and his friends were not there, for Bedford was a member of the Grenville Administration (and, indeed, the latter period of the Grenville Administration is often, but, as we think, inaccurately, called the Bedford Administration); but all the Newcastle and Rockingham Whigs, and all the floating unattached members of the Whig party, were present. The Duke of Devonshire, erased by the royal hand from the list of privy councillors, was represented by three relatives; the Duke of Cumberland was represented by his friend and companion in arms at Culloden, the Earl of Albemarle; the Duke of Portland was present; Lords Ashburnham, Besborough, Villiers, and Grantham were there; Conway, once deprived of his commission for an adverse vote, attended; Fitzroy, Thomas Walpole, Captain Walsingham, Onslow, and the Townshends, all representing important interests, were present at the conclave. The result was that upon a division it was decided by a majority of twelve to six that an administration should be formed. The Marquis of Rockingham was unanimously chosen as the head of the new administration.

Our author introduces the Marquis at an earlier period; but we take this opportunity of extracting Lord Albemarle's character of the chief figure of his historic tableau:—

THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

Charles Watson Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham, was born 19th March, 1730, and was the youngest of five sons, who all, except himself, died in childhood. His father, Thomas Wentworth, was a direct descendant from the celebrated Earl of Strafford, whose fate so intimately interwoven with that of his unfortunate master Charles the First. Mr. Wentworth became, in the course of nineteen years, a Knight of the Bath, member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, Lord-Lieutenant of the same county, Baron Haith, Viscount Higham, Earl of Malton, Baron Rockingham, Marquis of Rockingham. So rapidly had some of these honours descended upon him, that Sir Robert Walpole said jokingly, soon after his being created an earl, "I suppose we shall soon see our friend Malton in opposition, for he has had no promotion in the peerage for the last fortnight."

His son Charles, the more immediate subject of our consideration, was educated at Eton. But little is known of him till the winter of 1745, when, at the age of fifteen, he went to Wentworth to pass the Christmas holidays. One morning he went out hunting attended by a confidential groom, named Stephen Lobb. Night came on, and neither master nor groom made their appearance. The next day it was reported that Lord Higham and Stephen were seen riding in a northerly direction. A short time afterwards a letter arrived from the truant himself, dated Carlisle, the headquarters of the Duke of Cumberland, who had just taken the field against the Pretender. Zeal for the Whig cause had impelled him to join the royal army. His family were, or professed to be, much displeased with him for the anxiety his escapade had occasioned them. One only stood up for the youthful volunteer. This was his aunt, Lady Bel Finch, who being of a kindred mind, rejoiced that "the monkey Charles had shown such a spirit."

In 1750, Lord Higham, or, as he had since become, the Earl of Malton, succeeded his father as Marquis of Rockingham. Soon after he came of age he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire, and in 1760 was made a Knight of the Garter. He had formerly been a Lord of the Bedchamber to George the Second, and held the same post under his successor, till the Duke of Devonshire resigned the Chamberlain's wand.

Eighteen years the leader of a party, and twice summoned to the councils of his reluctant sovereign, Lord Rockingham holds a prominent station in the reign of George the Third. Nor can it be objected to him that the fidelity of his adherence was secured by the ordinary ties of faction or interest. Faith to their leader was, to the Whigs, a virtual renunciation of all those rewards which a chief magistrate has it in his power to bestow. Their adherence was the loyalty of respect and affection, not the casual allegiance of a cabal. It stood the test of long discouragement. It survived the severer trial of a brief official prosperity. The causes of the attachment of his followers must be sought in the character of the leader himself. Lord Rockingham possessed by nature a calm mind and a clear intellect, a warm benevolent heart, of which amiable and conciliatory manners were the index. He was imbued with sound views of the principles of the constitution, and with a firm resolution to make those principles the guide of his actions. If eloquence were the sole criterion of a great leader or a great minister, Rockingham would have but small claims to such a title. The malady which consigned him to the tomb, when he was little more than fifty years of age, had imparted to his frame a sensibility of nerve which only extraordinary occasions enabled him to overcome. He was a hesitating and an inelegant debater. His speeches, like those of the late Lord Althorpe, commanded attention, not from the enthusiasm aroused by the persuasive arguments of the orator, but from the confidence placed in the thorough integrity and practical good sense of the man. He stood in a similar relation to a great minister—to a Fox, a Grey, or a Russell—which an able chamber-counsel bears to an Erskine. He lacked the outward graces. He possessed the inward power. If success in public measures be a test of ability, Rockingham stood pre-eminent. In no one year between the revolution and the Reform Bill were so many immunities gained for the people; or, more properly speaking, so many breaches in the Constitution repaired, as in what was contemptuously called his "Lutestring Administration;" and all, too, in the face of one of the ablest and most unscrupulous oppositions, of which the king himself was the head.

In his relations to George the Third, Rockingham was "impar congressus Achilli." He was thoroughly in earnest, but his earnestness was for his country. The King was likewise in earnest, but his earnestness was for his prerogative. The one was all honesty, the other all insincerity. As the reader proceeds he will find the royal letters most gracious, the royal conduct most disingenuous. He will perceive that the King authorised his ministers to contradict rumours which himself had circulated, and that the "King's friends" were busily employed in refuting the official statements of the Cabinet. Had George the Third possessed common sincerity, Lord Rockingham's efforts to preserve the American colonies would probably have been effectual. But between the minister, whose "virtues were his arts," and the monarch, who, like Lysander, pieced the lion's hide with the fox's skin, the struggle was unequal, and Rockingham was arrested in his career of usefulness, and added one more ministerial victim to royal duplicity.

The Marquis of Rockingham was now First Lord, Conway led the House of Commons, and was Secretary of State; the Duke of Grafton—"Junius's"

Duke of Grafton—was his colleague. The Duke of Newcastle was Privy Seal. Pitt and Temple looked on coldly, would not join, would not treat, dissuaded their immediate friends from taking office, and played the part of candid critics—just the most damaging line that a discontented ally can take up. The Earl of Albemarle, therefore, the champion of the Rockinghams, loves not Pitt. He persuades us that he was haughty, proud, unpractical, an actor, a dissimulator, and much a tyrant. There are two securities, said Burke, for the importance of the people as compared with that of the Crown—"power arising from popularity, and power arising from connection." Pitt and Rockingham exactly represent these two distinct powers. Our author is the champion of connection, and therefore is jealous of the power that rested on popularity; he, in estimating the altitude of his qualities, measures the shadow of his virtues at midday, and that of his vices at sunset. The secretary of Lord Albemarle's hero took a juster view of the relations of Pitt and the Whigs when he said ("Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents"), speaking of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, in 1762, "Mr. Pitt was first attached. The other party seemed rather pleased to get rid of so oppressive a support, not perceiving that their own fall was prepared by his, and involved in it." It is true that the publication of the "Chatham Correspondence," and of the other secret papers of the time, has brought to our knowledge the great man's every foible. But surely it is of less importance to our national fame to extend into unnatural greatness the respectable mediocrity of Rockingham, than it is, to its disadvantage, to deteriorate the glory of one of the greatest statesmen of our country.

This Rockingham Administration repealed the American Stamp Act, but tacked to it a declaration of the right of the mother country to tax her colonies. The King could not forgive this measure: while assuring his minister of his entire concurrence, he instigated his courtiers to vote against the repeal. It passed, and in August of the same year in which the ministry was formed, the Rockingham Administration was driven from office.

Then came that Chatham Administration which is the most melancholy portion of the great man's career. To form it he sacrificed the long friendship of Earl Temple. Credulous, duped, and deceived he afterwards declared himself to have been. Languishing, for the most part, in painful illness, he was unable to hold the reins he had assumed. He had intended to form a cabinet of cyphers, whereof he had intended to be the unit: he had created one wherein he was the only cypher. He awoke at last as from a torpor, and resigned—but not until Charles Townshend, urged by a taunt of George Grenville, had been allowed to pass an American Import Duties Bill.

The Tory Government of the Duke of Grafton, with Lord North, Lord Gower, Lord Weymouth, Jenkinson, and "Tommy Townshend," followed. Wilkes' imprisonment, London riots, the Middlesex election, and the "Letters of Junius" were the achievements and the events of the interval during which it flourished. Lord North succeeded, and the discontents progressed; the natural consequence of Charles Townshend's American Import Duties Act had appeared, and the Declaration of Independence had declared "that the history of the then present King of Great Britain was a history of repeated injuries and usurpations; that he was a prince whose character, marked by every act which may define a tyrant, rendered him unfit to be the ruler of a free people, that the United Colonies were thenceforth independent states, and all political connection between them and Great Britain was dissolved;" and Chatham thundered from the Opposition benches.

Lord North fell before the assaults of the Whig Opposition in 1782, and the Marquis of Rockingham again came into power. His mission was again to remedy the errors of his predecessors. The pacification of Ireland, the expunction of the votes upon the Middlesex election, economical reform, disfranchisement of revenue officers, and the great question of Parliamentary reform brought forward by the second William Pitt, now first appearing upon the scene, and defeated only by a majority of twenty. The termination of the war with America was not fated to be an achievement of the Minister who repealed the Stamp Act. The second administration of Lord Rockingham lasted only four months. While Parliament was still sitting, and several of the Government measures were still in progress, the death of the minister, on the 1st July, 1782, terminated untimely the existence of as wise a government as the circumstances of the times would allow.

Such is a sketch of the party history of the period embraced by these two volumes. We have left ourselves no space to point out the exact points which are especially illustrated by the correspondence that Lord Albemarle has now brought to light. Our information was so extensive upon this period before, that the letters of Lord Rockingham and his friends, interesting as they are for the details they give, and sadly conclusive as to the dishonesty and duplicity of the King in his conduct towards his ministers, do not greatly vary our former estimate of the public men of the time. We do not think that Lord Albemarle's work would have suffered much in historic value, while it would certainly have gained in neatness and finish, had he incorporated the new information in his narrative, and, after the method of Macpherson and Dalrymple, added the papers them-

selves in an appendix. The work, however, as it stands, is so very creditable, and so far in advance of the average similar publications of the day, that we are unwilling to hint a fault.

We will now turn back a little, and treat our readers to a few of the earl's sketches of the contemporaries of Lord Rockingham. Here is part of his judgment of Lord Chatham, against which we have already made faint protest:—

LORD CHATHAM.

The effect of his eloquence is unquestioned, but his speeches themselves have been scantily recorded. He was at once the Cicero and the Roscius of his age; orator and a consummate actor. As a member of the Cabinet, he was incredibly haughty, impracticable, and even obstructive to his colleagues. As a leader of opposition, he was more formidable as an assailant than faithful to his adherents or consistent in his measures. To his sovereign he was alternately harsh and subservient; to the nation he was an energetic, but a costly and hazardous guide, never scrupling to arouse passion, or to incur debt where glory was to be won "in flood or field." Finally, as a statesman he displayed rather the accomplishments of a Bolingbroke than the solid prudence of a Burleigh. He shone principally as a war minister. His talent for conducting military operations blinded him to the disastrous effects of war to his own country, and to mankind; of social improvements or financial skill he exhibited no proofs. He rendered his country glorious rather than prosperous: and he bequeathed to his successors the dangerous rather than the salutary precedent of preferring "arms to the gown."

Our next shall be a man with whom the representative of the Keppels has no great sympathy unless in his opposition to Chatham.

JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD.

All the members of the Whig Cabinet were opposed to this warlike policy, with the exception of Pitt himself, and his brother-in-law, Lord Temple. But the real, if not the acknowledged, champion of the advocates of peace was John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford. Upon him alone the loud thunders and supercilious bearing of the great commoner made no impression.

"When they wanted to combat Pitt," says Horace Walpole, "they always summoned the Duke of Bedford." The noble author of the Reform Bill has, I think, successfully rescued his great grandfather's reputation from the virulence of Junius and other assailants. For that virulence there were at the time many pretexts. The Duke's character presented several points of attack to his adversaries. His abilities were rather solid than brilliant. He was an inelegant speaker; although, in the opinion of an admirable judge of parliamentary eloquence, "he was not without some reasoning matter, and method." But neither by his oratory nor by his pen was he qualified to demolish argument, or to blunt and intimidate invective. He filled, with credit to himself, many of the highest offices in the State, and while at the head of the Admiralty contributed greatly to improve the efficiency of the navy. His feelings were naturally warm; but neither in friendship nor in enmity was he very discriminating. He was more under the influence of domestic and social prepossessions than was quite salutary for his public character; for his relations were Tories, and his companions profligates, and the prejudices and excesses of his own circle reacted upon his own estimation with the world. Hence the Duke of Bedford was often held responsible for errors of conduct from which he was himself really exempt. In his case, the proverb "noscitur ex sociis," was applied in its full extent, and to his general disadvantage. Partly through the vices imputed to him, and partly from his facility in adopting the tone of his companions, he became one of the most unpopular men of his day. Prior to his departure for his embassy he was hooted by the mob, and as he was getting into the boat at Brighton, that was to convey him to the packet, some one in the crowd called out, "It is not the first time he has turned his back on Old England!"

The Earl of Albemarle is just, and, perhaps, rather partial, to

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Forty-six years of public service have procured for the Duke of Newcastle notoriety rather than reputation. Few portraits, indeed, have been sketched by so many unfriendly hands. Smollett, King, Glover, Chesterfield, Walpole, Waldegrave, Dodington, have each assailed him in turn. He was, in fact, the butt, against which contemporary ridicule levelled all its shafts. That he was fretful, busy, intriguing, un-methodical, and self-sufficient; that his demeanour lacked dignity, and that he mistook expedients for principles, cannot be denied; indeed, his numerous unpublished letters, to which I have had access, rather corroborate than weaken the fidelity with which these traits have been delineated. But his contemporaries would see only the superficial and ridiculous points of Newcastle's character. They would not do justice to his many sterling good qualities. He was courteous, affable, accessible, humane, a warm friend, a placable enemy. His talents were not sufficiently appreciated. They were far above mediocrity. It was his want of method that made him not more generally available. Upon his private life rested no stain, and in an age of political immorality he was one of the most personally disinterested men of his day. He understood clearly our relations with the continental states. His views of civil and religious freedom were in advance of his age, and he acted on them whenever his fears, his jealousies, or his ambition—a most comprehensive exception indeed—permitted his opinion to affect his conduct. His faults were obvious; he clung indecorously to place and power. But it does not appear that either its emoluments or even honours were the real attraction of office. Newcastle, like the Sergeant-at-Law in Chaucer's tale, had a morbid appetite for employment:—

"No whar so busy a man as he thar n'as
And yet he seemyd besier than he was."

To this restless craving for occupation may be ascribed the duke's officious intermeddling with the departments of his colleagues, and his querulous jealousy of the least interference with that over which he himself presided. Like an enthusiastic chess-player, he would eagerly direct another's moves, while he would hardly endure even a looker-on at his own game.

Our author then describes

LORD BUTE.

A Scotch nobleman, arbitrary and inexperienced, mysterious and intriguing, added to these disqualifications for a royal instructor, that of having hitherto lived in complete seclusion, as to know as little as his youthful pupil himself of the character and feelings of the English people. It had had ever been the princess's aim to instil into her son's mind her own political prejudices. From his boyhood she had whispered into his ear, "George, be King." Lord Bute had sedulously enforced this maternal precept, and the joint tutelage of these two instructors proved during his protracted reign that the seed had fallen upon no ungenial ground.

Lord Bute had the sole power and influence; and he was determined to work out the old servants of the crown, as soon as he could possibly bring it about, notwithstanding the many difficulties which seemed to be in the way of it. How he accomplished this great task, which has made him ever since so unhappy a man, is not within the compass of this paper. It will suffice to mention, that he principally availed himself, with great art and finesse, of the dissensions between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt; that he played off one against the other occasionally, till he had got rid of the popular minister, and when that was compassed, he strengthened himself in the Cabinet by bringing in Lord Egremont and Mr. Grenville, and never left intriguing till he had rendered it impracticable for the old Duke to continue in office with credit or honour.

The following, which is the author's own recollection of the Duke of Grafton, will be read with interest. It is

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON OF JUNIUS.

I had frequent opportunities of seeing him during the first twelve years of my life. On some occasions I saw him in the luncheon room at Euston Hall, but this was a rare oc-

currence, for I was generally hurried out of the room when he was expected. I used mostly to meet him riding. He was usually mounted on a fiery thorough-bred horse, on which he sat with much ease and dignity. I know not how far local traditions may have mixed with personal recollections, but the "mind's eye" presents the picture of an elderly gentlemen, of spare form, straight silver hair, a prominent nose, and a countenance of much severity; and dressed in a light-coloured, tight-fitting coat, long black boots, and a small three-cornered hat. But it was not to us little people only that the "Junius Duke of Grafton" was formidable. From the accounts I have heard his nephew, the late General William Fitzroy, give of him, he was evidently an object of terror to

"Children of a larger growth."

The Earl is Franciscan in his belief as to the authorship of Junius, but is inclined to lend some credit to the new theory that would fix the authorship upon Ghost Lyttleton.

George the Third had a pretension to keep some of the Treasury boroughs in his own hands independent of his ministers, and to return his courtiers for them. In the following extract from a letter from the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Hardwicke, and in the author's remarks upon it, we have the picture of that defunct person

A GREAT BOROUGHMONGER.

I am to be with my Lord Bute to-morrow at St. James's whilst the King is at the House. I told his Lordship that I should come to talk to him about the Parliament, and that I had but just got my papers and lists. He said it was high time and I think (though in very good humour) talked in such a manner, that I expect more lists from him than I shall carry to him. He said, Lord Falmouth had offered the King three members, but he did not tell me the King's answer.

This liberal offer came from one of the most unblushing boroughmongers of the day, Hugh Boscawen, second Viscount Falmouth. In effrontery of solicitation he was equalled by Bubb Dodington alone, and he lacked the mother-wit which made that effrontery endurable. In George the Second's reign, he told Pitt, at that time minister, that if he had not the garter, which was then vacant, his five members should vote against the Government. "As long," replied Pitt, "as I remain in the Cabinet, your Lordship shall not receive that distinction:" then, turning to some bystanders, he added "Optat ephippia Bos."—"Who calls me Bos?" inquired Falmouth.—"The remark," replied Pitt, "is not mine, but Horace's."—"If Horace Walpole," exclaimed his Lordship, "has taken this liberty with my name I shall resent it."

Here is a specimen of a political adventurer of happy fortunes:—

JEREMIAH DYSON.

Among the most active opponents of the repeal of the Stamp Act was Mr. Jeremiah Dyson, member for Great Yarmouth, and one of the Lords of Trade. He was one of those parasitical persons who serve Governments a little, and disgrace them much. He was by birth a tailor, by education a Dissenter, and, from interest or vanity, in his earlier years a Republican. But he was not a person whose conscience at any time stood in the way of his preferment, and his republicanism speedily yielded to more profitable investments in politics. He was a quick, shrewd man, with a cool head and a prompt tongue, and an atrabilious temperament, that made him impatient of repose and obscurity. He entered Parliament with a character for holding anti-monarchical opinions, although he was at the time "secretly sold to Lord Bute." For some time he was supposed to be a staunch supporter of George Grenville, but when the Grenvillian horizon became overcast, Jeremiah tacked to windward. Shortly after this desertion, having assumed a bag instead of a tye-wig, Lord Gower aptly remarked, "It was because no tie would hold him."

Whatever party he espoused, Dyson's habits of business, skill in Parliamentary forms, specious demeanour, and general courtesy, rendered him a serviceable adjunct: nor, though he possessed neither fancy nor eloquence, was he by any means contemptible as a speaker and pamphleteer. But the best of his good gifts was his accommodating conscience. He was a ready made "King's friend," even before he attracted the royal notice.

The following character of Sir James Lowther contains perhaps few facts not before known, but is a good picture of a bad man:—

SIR JAMES LOWTHER.

Sir James Lowther, known later as the "bad Lord Lonsdale," was a strange compound of pride, eccentricity, caprice, and cruelty. He was long called the "petty tyrant of the north." If he possessed any redeeming quality it was, as Peter Pindar says, in his celebrated ode to him,

"A farthing rushlight to a world of shade."

His fiery and overbearing character is indicated in his conduct on the attainment of his earldom. He was created, with three others, to this dignity. His co-peers had all held ancient baronies. He had overleaped the lower grades of nobility. Indignant, however, at finding that his name was the last on the batch, he forced his way into the House of Commons, and would have seated himself on the opposition benches, as if he had been still a member, had he not been withheld by main force by the serjeant-at-arms and his deputy, who were obliged to grasp the hilts of their swords before they could restrain him from accomplishing his purpose. Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and possessor of an immense estate, Lowther employed the power he derived from these sources in acts of oppression. He assumed the haughty demeanour of a feudal chieftain, and exacted a serf-like submission from his poor and abject dependants. He professed a thorough contempt for modern refinements. Grass grew in the neglected approaches to his mansion. If he had occasion to go from Lowther to Penrith, it would be in a rusty old coach, drawn by fine, but untrimmed, horses. Awe and silence pervaded the inhabitants when the gloomy despot traversed their streets. He might have been taken for a Judge Jeffreys about to open a royal commission to try them as state criminals. Clarendon says of a certain Earl of Arundel that "he went sometimes to London because there only he found a greater man than himself, because at home he was allowed to forget that there was such a man." The visit of Lord Lonsdale to the metropolis failed to produce this conviction of inferiority. Once, on a levee-day, he desired his coachman to break through the line of carriages conveying parties to court. His coachman was stopped by a life-guardsman, but the loud menaces of this "leviathan of two counties" so perplexed the trooper that he would fain have let him go. The officer on duty, however, ordered two of his men to seize the horses' heads, and to turn them into Piccadilly. Lonsdale threw the officer his card, and a duel ensued. The injustice of his quarrel rendered it difficult for him to find a second. At last Sir William Lowther, his cousin, and his successor in the earldom, undertook the office. By a will, dated the same day on which the duel was fought, Sir William became eventually possessed of a large property, which did not necessarily accompany the title. Another anecdote is related by Lord Lonsdale.

He induced the daughter of a Cumberland farmer to leave her home, and place herself under his protection. Whilst yet young and beautiful the poor girl died. He caused her to be embalmed, and a glass case to be placed over the face, that he might recall to memory the features of one of the few persons for whom he entertained an affection.

His despotic disposition manifested itself on every occasion. Speaking of Whitehaven, of which borough he was the patron, he said he was in the possession of the land, the fire, and the water of that town, a boast which is thus mentioned in the "Rolliad:"—

"E'en by the elements his power's confess'd,
Of minds and boroughs Lonsdale stands possess'd,
And one sad servitude alike denotes
The slave that labours, and the slave that votes."

In some years of his life he resisted the payment of all bills. If the creditors were neighbours, my Lord "knew them to be knaves." If they lived at a distance, "How could his

Lordship know what they were?" In this latter category stood the father of William Wordsworth, who died, leaving the poet and four other helpless children. The executors of the will, forseeing the result of a legal contest with a millionaire, withdrew opposition, trusting to Lord Lonsdale's sense of justice for payment. They leaned on a broken reed, the wealthy debtor

"Died and made no sign!"

Lord Albemarle is, as we have already said, somewhat of a Franciscan in his Junius creed. This is his exact declaration of faith upon a subject whereon we reckon ourselves among the Academics:—

On the 19th December, 1769, appeared Junius's celebrated letter to the King.

THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM TO MR. DOWDESWELL.

"Junius's last letter, or rather his first address to his Majesty, is indeed a very animated and able performance, but rather too much of a flagellation. I should have liked it better if the turn had not been so directly to have charged his Majesty, but to have conjured him to think, and no longer to have been led; and in general to have put it on the foot that it was Lord Bute and the ministers' conduct against whom the public were so exasperated, and not so directly to have attacked his Majesty, whom the public regards only as misled."

It had been my intention to offer some observations upon the still *vexata quæstio* of the authorship of Junius, but having been given to understand that an article in the December number of the "Quarterly Review" would appear on the subject, and that a similar line of argument with my own would be adopted, I tore up my notes. While, however, my printers are waiting for "more copy," the "Review" in question has been placed in my hands. I there see that the authorship is given to Lord Littleton, of ghost notoriety. In assigning the letters to a member of the Grenville family, the opinions of the writer are thus far identical with my own. Perhaps, when I have perused more carefully the article in the "Quarterly," I may change my opinion; but, at present, I am unwilling to consider these letters as the work of an individual. In the early editions of Junius, the frontispiece represents bees hovering round a hive: underneath are the words, "Nos numerus sumus," a motto,* intending (and, as I conceive, with truth) to imply, that more than one person was concerned in the production. According to my hypothesis, George Grenville was not the author, but the originator, of the Junius letters; that he employed Mr. Charles Lloyd, his former private secretary, to convey the materials for the work to Mr., afterwards Sir Philip, Francis, who dressed them up in his own language; and that, after Mr. Grenville's death, Lord Temple continued to supply matter to Francis, through the medium of Mr. Lloyd, until within seventeen days of the latter gentleman's death. Since that time no letter of Junius ever appeared, a circumstance that may explain George the Third's observation to General Desaguilliers—"We shall hear no more of Junius."

Our author is a man who has mingled much among the actors in the scenes he describes. We have already quoted his recollection of the Duke of Grafton of Junius. Here is a scene from St. Anne's Hill, and it is the last extract which our limits will allow.:—

CHARLES JAMES FOX AT HOME.

Amidst the general defection in the Whig ranks one illustrious champion of the Tories quitted the camp for ever, and devoted the remainder of his life to the promotion of the peace, the welfare, and the happiness of mankind. This was Charles James Fox. Mr. Trotter, in his memoirs of that statesman, says: "Lady Albermarle, whose sincerity and *naiveté* were very pleasing, who was the lovely mother of some fine children, there with her also, contributed to make St. Anne's Hill still more agreeable." Disclaiming the complimentary epithet of the biographer, I may be permitted to mention that the children here spoken of were my brother Edward and myself. The period of our visit was the spring of 1806, not long before that attack of illness which a few months later consigned the great statesman to the tomb; although in excellent health at the time we were at St. Anne's Hill, Mr. Fox was even then unable to walk, and was always wheeled about in a chair; indeed, I never saw him except in a sitting posture. The dark black hair of the eyebrows, cheeks, and head, which in the early caricatures obtained for him the designation of "Nigger," had given place to a silver white. His dress was a light grey single-breasted coat, with large white metal buttons, a thick woollen waistcoat, drab kerseymere breeches, dark worsted stockings, and shoes coming up to the ancles. His first appearance in a morning was at the children's one o'clock dinner, and that meal was no sooner dispatched than the Prime Minister and his youthful guests would adjourn to the lawn before the house, and devote the remainder of the evening to trap-ball, Mr. Fox having always the innings, and we boys the bowling and fagging out. My father has often mentioned to his children the boyish eagerness and delight with which Fox used to enter into the game."

We have now, we hope, thoroughly introduced this work to our readers, and it will be much their fault if they do not cultivate the acquaintance. There are a few marks of haste in the second volume, which struck us perhaps more from the contrast they present to the care and finish of the earlier chapters. In this respect opportunity occurs for reconsideration in another edition. The reader must also always remember, that the author is the champion not only of a party, but of a peculiar section of a party, and he must not allow himself to be persuaded into undervaluing Chatham or contemning Temple, because the biographer of Lord Rockingham sticks faithfully to his hero, and the descendant of Lord Albemarle has a natural tendency to magnify his ancestor and his patron the Duke of Cumberland. These are nearly all the objections that we have to hint to a book which will henceforward be no unimportant portion of the party history of the reign of George the Third.

Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time. By HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND. Edited by his son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. Vol. I.

THIS work, when complete, will take up the chain of party history from the time when Lord Albemarle's memoirs end, and will continue it down to the period of contemporary experience. The late Lord Holland was the Amphytrion of the Whigs in later life, and very much their pet in his earlier years. He was excellent in his *bonhommie*, fervid in his party loyalty, literary in his tastes, and although rather mediocre, yet very respectable, in his talents. He tells us that he was employed in negotiation between the chiefs of his faction when he was only yet nineteen; and, before he had down upon his chin, he was in constant and familiar intercourse not only with his uncle, the

* A mere bookseller's motto, to be found in fifty books of the period.—[ED. NEW QU.]

great Charles James, but with Burke, Sheridan, Lord Lansdowne, and all the other celebrities of the eventful times in which he lived.

The character of such a man's memoirs might have been safely anticipated; they are light, gossiping remarks upon passing events, rapid allusions to persons and things, sketchy descriptions of incidents in debate, *bon mots* and epigrammatic sayings by the chief politicians of his time, and anecdotes gathered from the right and from the left, and set down in his pages as they occurred to his mind. Profundity of judgment, or great breadth of view, are not promised or pretended;—had he written history, he would have written something like Herodotus and utterly unlike Tacitus—rather garrulous, but very chatty. Lord Holland recites of other times very much as the grandfather of any one of us would have done, sitting in his library chair and suffering his thoughts to stray back into the past. Thus, when he tells us that Burke's quarrel with Fox and the Whigs was in no slight decree occasioned by the contempt that his party entertained for a son whom Burke, in his paternal blindness, idolised as a genius, we believe only that he is telling us one of the idle stories of the time; when he informs us that William the Fourth stated to him that George the Third never had any notion or suspicion as to who Junius was, we take it as an anecdote given as he received it; when he relates that Sheridan was the only obstacle to a coalition between Fox and Pitt, we feel very unconvinced. We are conscious, as we read these memoirs, that we are using them to amuse our leisure, or at most, to illustrate our preconceived estimate of the men they mention—certainly not to guide our judgment.

Such a work is evidently best reviewed by extracts. It is a series of lively touches; and if we present a few of them the reader may judge of the rest as he might judge of the contents of a box of comfits, by putting two or three into his mouth. Here is one:—

THE DUEL BETWEEN PITT AND TIERNEY.

Mr. Pitt's irritability to Mr. Tierney was near involving more fatal consequences. Mr. Tierney, I have been told, annexed a meaning to Mr. Pitt's words which they were not meant to convey; but the latter's impervious manner of refusing all explanation, when called upon by a member (Mr. Wyley), made it difficult for Mr. Tierney not to resent his language.

The circumstances of the duel are well known. It was fought on a Sunday, a circumstance which gave a handle to much vulgar abuse against Mr. Pitt. He did, indeed, urge the necessity of fighting immediately if at all, because it was not proper for one in his situation to maintain any protracted correspondence on such a subject. Never did two men meet more ignorant of the use of their weapons. Mr. Pitt, on being cautioned by his second to take care of his pistols, as they were "hair triggers," is said to have held them up, and remarked that "he saw no hair." They fought near a gibbet on which the body of the malefactor Abershaw was yet suspended, and I have been assured by a person, whom anxiety about the event, of which he had been apprised, had drawn to the place, that in a gravel pit, within a few yards of the ground, an assignation of a very different sort between a lover and a compliant mistress completed this group of human life. Mr. Tierney's second, General Walpole, leaped over the furze bushes for joy when Mr. Pitt fired in the air. Some time, however, elapsed, and some discussion between the seconds took place, before the affair was finally and amicably adjusted. Mr. Pitt very consistently insisted on one condition, which was in itself reasonable, that he was not to quit the ground without the whole matter being completely terminated.

On Mr. Tierney's return home, he related the event to his wife. That lady, who was much attached to her husband, although she saw him safe before her, fainted away at the relation; a strange, but not uncommon effect produced by the discovery of events which, known at the time, would have excited strong emotions. The danger to Mr. Tierney had indeed been great. Had Mr. Pitt fallen, the fury of the times would probably have condemned him to exile or death, without reference to the provocation which he had received, and to the sanction which custom had given to the redress he sought.

The following hint upon matters oratorical, coming as it does from one of the first masters in the art, cannot but be interesting:—

FOX'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG PEER.

The business came on first in the Lords. I had to undergo the severe trial of speaking when my uncle was in the House; he laughed at me for my hurry and my notes, and bade me be less scrupulous about rounding my sentences and correcting my English: to these three circumstances he ascribed the hesitation which then obscured, and still continues to disfigure, my delivery. He was very attentive to the debate in the Lords, and answered the arguments which he then heard in a speech which he afterwards delivered in the House of Commons. His exposure of the policy of "pausing" before we negotiated for peace, as Lord Carnarvon recommended, is perhaps one of the finest specimens of his oratory for argument, for feeling, for pleasantry, and for animation, that has been preserved. He told me, as we walked down to the House of Commons, that he never spoke without nervousness, and that he felt an unusual degree of it that day. "I should be sorry, however," he added, "if it were to spoil my speech to-day, for I should not wonder if it were to be the last I shall ever make in Parliament." He never spoke better; though, as if to justify his forebodings, he did at one moment come to a dead stop, lose the thread of his argument, and begin again upon another branch of the subject. He seldom spoke so much in unison with the real opinion of his audience, and yet he divided in a minority of sixty-four!

In the happy days when the "all the talents" Ministry was formed, disinterestedness and good sense were virtues of easy exercise. Lord Holland gravely, and without italics or note of exclamation, says:

Lord Lauderdale behaved with his usual good feeling and good sense. He consented, at Mr. Fox's earnest entreaties, to show he was not out of humour *by taking a sinecure!*

Of Horne Tooke Lord Holland says:

He told me that "he had a very different view of the House now he had been in it, from that which he had taken from without. "I thought indeed (said he), and I think so still, that those who govern this country are rogues; but I had no notion that the business was done so ably, or that the members of the Commons House of Parliament were so superior in talent as I have found them."

Many other very good hustings' speakers have found out this truth, and have expressively acknowledged it by their silence.

There is an interesting account of Grattan's first speech in the British House of Commons.

GRATTAN.

Mr. Grattan was introduced into Parliament, and made his first appearance in the English House of Commons on this occasion. He had been basely calumniated in his own country during the troubles, and he was deeply mortified at the extinction of the Irish Parliament. His health had suf-

fered, and it had been a fashion for some years in England to relate in derision of peculiarities of his manner, phraseology, and style, without doing justice to the unrivalled wisdom of his views, elevation of his sentiments, fancy, imagery, and wit of his language. He rose in a House prepared to laugh at him in the face of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning, both of whom had treated him with scorn, and with a manner and voice much exposed to ridicule everywhere, but more especially so in an assembly which had never been familiarised to it, had no experience of the sense and genius by which these defects were redeemed, and has at all times been remarkable for great reluctance in confirming reputations for oratory elsewhere obtained. When he rose curiosity was excited, and one might have heard a pin drop in that crowded House. It required, indeed, intense attention to catch the strange and long deep-fetched whisper in which he began; and I could see the incipient smile curling on Mr. Pitt's lips, at the brevity and antithesis of his sentences, his grotesque gesticulations, peculiar and almost foreign accent, and arch articulation and countenance. As he proceeded, however, the sneers of his opponents were softened into courtesy and attention, and, at length, settled in delight and admiration. Mr. Pitt beat time to the artificial but harmonious cadence of his periods, and Mr. Canning's countenance kindled at the brightness of a fancy, which in glitter fully equalled, in real warmth and power far exceeded his own. Never was triumph more complete.

With reference to the long contemplated but still unperformed and perhaps scarcely commenced life of Fox, the present Lord Holland, in a note to this volume, says:—

My father abandoned this work at a later period of his life. The late Mr. Allen commenced it, but also gave it up. The ample materials left by my father are now in Lord John Russell's hands for that purpose.

We may remark that we have been allowed access to a letter written upon this subject by the late Lord Holland in 1835, wherein he says: "When I published the fragment I had it in my contemplation to write a life of Mr. Fox, and I have with that view, which I have not entirely renounced, collected many valuable materials, and subjoined such notes as would enable a future biographer, even at some distance of time, to understand and to use them." It is a matter of some literary interest to know that such materials are in existence, and that they have been arranged and annotated.

History of the Whig Ministry of 1830, *to the passing of the Reform Bill.* By JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, M.P. London: 1852.

WE do not recollect to have seen it made a subject of philosophical speculation why your cynic is always so popular a character. The etymology of the word shows that the early world was quite aware that the part required no higher talent than the instinct of the cur; the experience of all modern times is powerful to prove that a man who can sneer complacently at the acts of others is generally utterly unable to rival the deeds he derides, or to surpass the conduct he decries. There was much dirt in the tub of Diogenes, yet still your Diogenes was a man whom Alexander might almost envy. Multitudes are to be pleased so much more easily by flattering their foibles than by exciting their virtues. It is so comfortable to be told that the great men of our age—the capital letters in the page of our generation's history—are, after all, but poor, mediocre, talentless, mean-motived, things—creatures somewhat inferior to the standard of intellectual capacity, which a modest, ordinary man may in his own conscience assign to himself.

Thus even good-tempered people listen with some complacency to a sneer, although they seldom love the sneerer, thus the ill-conditioned herd love both the sneerer and the sneer, and thus little men who feel themselves powerless to create and not very potent to destroy, bristle with importance when they become conscious that they are sufficiently dead to the appreciation of excellence in others to be able to concentrate for ever and for aye, all their powers of speech into one perpetual snarl. Such creatures perform a not un-useful office. They are in modern times what the skeleton's head was at the Egyptian feast; what the slave, who cryed "Conqueror, thou art but a mortal," was in the Roman triumph; what the jester was, who said saucy things to mediæval monarchs, and bitter things to mediæval courtiers.

Even the gods had their Momus, Homer had his Zoïlus, Achilles his Thersites, Philip his Demades, and, passing downwards through the court-jesters, of whom the satirical and gallant Chicot may be taken as the type, after much declension we find that the great men of our fathers' time had their Wraxall; perhaps the great men of our own have a less worthy caricaturist still.

Bacon says that a wit ought to be able to distinguish between saltness and bitterness; but wits who can do this are of the Sidney Smith, and not of the mere cynic, class; stinging irony requires genius, but every unamiable old woman is an adept at detraction.

Even a general cynic, however, must operate within certain laws. He ought, like Phocion, to be "incorruptible." He ought to be impartial in his sneers, general in his snarls, without favour or affection in his universal detractation. He ought to be a dog without a master—*Non hic cuiquam parcit amico*, must be his motto and his boast. If he fawn even upon a great or a virtuous man he will be held to be a bad watch-dog; but if he lick a hand, however noble, that has a bone to give, he will be thought a most worthless cur.

What, however, has this essay upon cynicism to do with the "history" before us? Above all, what has it to do with the excellent and good-tempered man who talks so softly through his closed teeth in the House of Commons, and who deals so candidly

with all men and all things in these two volumes? Nothing, assuredly, except in the way of contrast; and it is, of course, only in this point of view that we would wish the reader to remember an idle disquisition, and to apply it as he journeys on with us.

Mr. Roebuck has undertaken to write the history of a period during which a large body of statesmen in this good realm of England brought about a revolution more momentous and complete than that of 1688. The whole of this work was comprised within the five years that intervened between 1828 and 1833; and it was effected, not by arms and civil war, not by national conventions and dynastic changes, but by the ordinary and peaceful workings of the constitutional machinery of legislation. In the year 1828 existed a well-ordered system of exclusive government: no schismatic from the Church of England could hold post or power within this realm; to the sons of the Church alone were the portals of office open, the territorial magnates of the land made our laws and gave sanction to our ordinances. The change, which in the history of Athens is associated with the names of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, was not greater than had occurred in England by the year 1833. Dissenters, unbaptised in consecrated fonts, held their heads unabashed in public stations: for a man with "a bold face and saucy tongue," one John Russell, had succeeded in repealing the Corporation and Test Acts; Catholics were speaking and voting against the most tangible interests of the Church within the sacred precincts of St. Stephen's Chapel, and—change of changes!—merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, nay, here and there a common shopkeeper, sat in the House of Commons. Nor did they sit mute; from Manchester, from Leeds, from Stockport, from Birmingham, from the black smoky lands of the densely peopled north had come uncomely and oft uncourteous men, who were not cunning of fence, but who struck like clumsy giants. Loudly and boisterously did they laugh at things that the House of Commons of 1828 had revered as sacred, and almost worshipped as holy. These smelterers of iron ore, these hammerers upon anvils, these toilers at the loom, had won their way into the House by violence, almost by force. Their presence was the evidence of a revolution accomplished. Far, however, were they from being satisfied. They could indeed occupy benches that had been before appropriated chiefly to the sons of nobles, who passed thereon a sort of apprenticeship to the higher duties of the Upper House, they might from these very seats make scornful gibes at peers, and refuse to continue pensions even to the dearest relatives of noble lords. But with this they were not satisfied. Flaunting a wicked defiance in the faces of the peers, they proclaimed, with an audacity which made the nerves of quiet people to tingle, that they were about to reduce the owners of land to a level with the owners of mere chattel property, that the baron, or squire, or knight of the shire, was only a manufacturer like themselves, that there was no natural superiority in one who manufactures corn from dung, or mutton from turnips, over another man who makes cotton twist from cotton pods, or ploughshares from lumps of earth—that "county families" were things of small reverence in their eyes, and a new era was about to open wherein all members of the community should start fair and find no favour.

Mr. Roebuck has in all his public senatorial acts leagued himself with these wicked men, and professed a sympathy with all their views. He now sits down to write a book that shall tell us how their ascendancy was brought about. It does not appear to have been a task very much called for. Men who can remember for twenty-five years have the struggle still vividly before their eyes. The story is written at full length in the pages of Hansard and in the columns of contemporary newspapers, and it has been condensed into a readable compass in the "History of Party," in Miss Martineau's "History of the Peace," and in numerous continuations of the standard Histories of England. Some points of obscurity indeed there are, but these are not such as Mr. Roebuck was likely to be able to clear up. We should be glad to know what were the precise points of difference between the framers of the Reform Bill, and what the particulars of that contest in the Cabinet which took place when it was proposed to introduce the ballot into the bill, and which ended in its exclusion. As to whether Mr. Brougham was offered the office of Attorney-General or Master of the Rolls, and why he accepted that of Lord Chancellor;* as to whe-

* As the passage relating to this matter is one of the very few orignal pages of the book, it is perhaps worthy of insertion in a foot note:—

Lord Grey, when commanded by the king to form an administration, obeyed the injunctions of his Majesty with the belief, 1st, that without Mr. Brougham's co-operation he could not form an efficient government; and 2ndly, that there was no objection on the part of the king to Mr. Brougham's receiving some important office. Under this impression, the first list of the proposed administration and its friends submitted to the king contained the name of Mr. Brougham as Master of the Rolls. To this arrangement, it is said, the king immediately and peremptorily objected. That the king should have so positively prohibited this arrangement certainly seems strange. That the king had no invincible objection to Mr. Brougham was made plain by the result. Why, then, should *he*, the king, have objected to his being Master of the Rolls? The office is certainly permanent; and he who holds it may sit, and often has sat, in the House of Commons: and Mr. Brougham, with such a permanent office, and a seat in the Commons, would have been truly formidable—but not as regarded the king. The king would have had no reason to fear him. The persons who, under such circumstances, would indeed have had good cause for alarm were his Whig friends, and from them would the objection most naturally come. But nevertheless the king himself, according to the statement of Lord Grey to the person most interested, did spontaneously and peremptorily

ther William IV. was a little more or a little less disinclined to face the risk of a general election at a time the populace were almost in arms; as to whether he looked with a little more or a little less alarm upon the Herculean remedy of making a majority of peers, we own to a stolid indifference. It is not given to every man to be a hero; and we incline to the opinion that William might well tremble at the convulsion that seemed to threaten his kingdom without becoming an object of scorn to Mr. Roebuck or a fit subject for his sneering vituperation. If he could have told us the secret debates of the Cabinet upon the draft of the bill; or if he could have recounted the mysterious preparations that were made for actual armed revolt; if he could have laid bare the secret transactions that ever and anon are still alluded to, and which are imperfectly evidenced by some private letter betrayed to light, or some verbal confidence abused, we should have listened to him with curiosity. These had been subjects of historic interest, important to the knowledge of the past and useful to the conduct of the present. Vainly, however, have we conned these volumes for one word of information upon the few mysteries of this well-known story. The reader of Mr. Roebuck's "History" would lay it down, quite ignorant that the word "ballot" had ever been mentioned among the concoctors of the Reform Bill, and, whatever the original MS., or the first proof-sheets of these volumes, may have contained as to the dark designs of armed revolt that are supposed to have been debated when Lord Grey resigned, not one definite word upon the subject appears in that particular printed copy which we have received. "Hansard's Debates" and the "Mirror of Parliament," the "Quarterly Review" and the "Annual Register," "Lord Cloncurry's Recollections" and the "Memoirs of Mr. Plumer Ward," are the only authorities quoted throughout the work. Of original information the author might

---

object. An offer was in the meantime made to Mr. Brougham, through Lord Duncannon, with which the world became, in some manner not explained, acquainted, and on which most of the imputations which the opponents of Mr. Brougham so freely cast upon him entirely rested. Lord Duncannon was commissioned to inquire whether he would accept the office of Attorney-General. This offer was at once positively and (it is said) *calmly* refused—upon which Lord Grey declared that his hopes of being able to frame a cabinet were at an end, and waited on his Majesty for the purpose of communicating to him the failure of his negociation, and the impossibility now of forming an administration. "Why so?" was the king's inquiry. "Why not make him Chancellor? Have you thought of that?" The answer was, "No—your Majesty's objection to the one appointment seems to preclude the other." "Not at all, not at all," was the king's reply. The reasons for the one appointment and against the other were said to have been then very clearly stated by his Majesty, and orders were given to offer Mr. Brougham the seals.

Up to this moment no other communication than the one above-described had been made to Mr. Brougham by or on behalf of Lord Grey; and up to this moment it was the intention of Mr. Brougham to retain his distinguished position in the Commons, untrammelled by office; and when from the marked lead he had taken in all the proceedings of the opposition men, were naturally led to ask and speculate upon what was to be his position in the new order of things, he quite as naturally attempted to satisfy the public curiosity respecting himself. He had done this in some degree on the 16th of November, when he consented to postpone his motion respecting reform; and again on the 17th, when Sir Matthew White Ridley proposed to postpone certain inquiries into election petitions, because of the absence of the ministers, Mr. Brougham took occasion to define the independent position he desired to hold, by saying, "He (Sir M. Ridley) says that ministers will not be in their places, and that therefore we cannot proceed. But I here beg leave to differ from the honourable baronet. We can do many things in these days without the assistance of ministers; and with respect to election petitions, we can do just as well without them as with them. I speak this with all due respect for the future administration, and with all due respect for the distinguished persons of whom it may be composed, and who will undoubtedly govern the country upon right principles. *I have nothing to do with them except in the respect I bear them, and as a member of this House. I state this for the information of those who may feel any interest in the matter.*" Having thus attempted to satisfy the curiosity of those who felt an interest in the matter, and having again on Friday, the 19th of November, presented petitions, and spoken on them in the Commons, Mr. Brougham certainly surprised the world by suddenly, on the next Monday, November 22nd, appearing as Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords.

This sudden change in the determination of Mr. Brougham resulted chiefly from considerations of party. Had he thought solely of himself, he could not but be aware of the great personal loss which he sustained by his elevation to the peerage. If the statements, however, made by Lord Grey were correct; if the successful formation of the Whig administration depended upon Mr. Brougham's active co-operation; and if his refusal would have led to the reconstruction of the old Tory ministry, then indeed we need not be surprised to find that Mr. Brougham should shrink from incurring the lasting anger and active enmity of the whole Whig party by keeping aloof from them, and thereby preventing them, perhaps for another quarter of a century, tasting the sweets of office. For thus ran the argument of those Whig friends who induced him to accept the offer of the seals. "If you refuse, Lord Grey will finally declare to the king that he is unable to form a cabinet. The whole Whig party will ascribe this evil result to your selfishness. That very circumstance upon which you insist as your chief pride, and which gives you your present power and importance—viz., the representation of Yorkshire, will only belong to you for the present Parliament. A contest at the next election will be inevitable, and your Whig friends will be either hostile or lukewarm. The enormous expense of a Yorkshire election is beyond the power of your purse, and you will have therefore to return, if you can find one, to some presentation borough or populous town. Your proposed measure, too, of reform will never be so likely to succeed as by the endeavours, and under the auspices of a government pledged to bring forward and support some large scheme of parliamentary reform. As the Chancellor of such a ministry, you will be called upon to render a service to the cause of reform which no other man can render—and which you cannot render in any other character. We see, and we acknowledge, the personal sacrifice we ask you to make. We know that if you simply look to personal considerations; if you think only of your own influence apart from all considerations of the public good, you will remain in the House of Commons and wield the great power which your singular abilities confer upon you as a member of that House. But we appeal to higher motives, asking you to think less of yourself and more of your country, and to adopt that course which will give effect to the principles which during your whole political life you have endeavoured to advance." This argument thus skilfully employed produced the effect desired, and Mr. Brougham passed almost directly from the bar of the House at which he had as counsel been engaged when this argument was used, to the woolsack, and took his seat as Lord Chancellor before the patent which created him a peer was made out.

be supposed to be altogether destitute; this, however, is not quite the fact. Lord Brougham enjoys the reputation of being rather fond of a hoax, even to the extent of deluding people into the belief of his own death. Our "historian" has applied to Lord Brougham, and the facetious ex-chancellor has evidently put forth all his power of *persiflage* and fooled him to the top of his bent. Nothing is more remarkable in this compilation than the continual presence of the mind of Lord Brougham weighing upon, and over-laying the small, weak, shrew-like intellect of the author. Ever and anon our little cynic tries to show his independence; but very vainly. Lord Brougham stands out in the tableau as the great hero of the drama. The smallest fact relating to the position, the conduct, the interests of Lord Brougham are related with microscopic minuteness. The great wit has condescended to humbug and hoax the little Æsop, but even in its playful sport the genius of Brougham has utterly made captive the small mind of his credulous satellite. Let us take a single instance—it occurs upon the introduction of the Reform Bill:—

AN IMPOSSIBLE ANECDOTE BY LORD BROUGHAM.

I have often heard Lord Brougham relate a circumstance connected with this celebrated motion, which vividly illustrates the ignorance of the administration, even at the eleventh hour, as to the real feelings of the people. The members of the cabinet who were not in the House of Commons dined that day with the Lord Chancellor, whose secretary, Mr., now Sir Denis Le Marchant, sat under the gallery of the Commons, and sent half-hour bulletins to the noble lord, describing the progress of the debate. They ran thus—"Lord John has been up ten minutes; House very full; great interest and anxiety shown." Another came describing the extraordinary sensation produced by the plan on both sides of the House. At last came one, saying: "Lord John is near the end of his speech—my next will tell you who follows him." Now, said the noble host and narrator of the story, "we had often talked over and guessed at the probable course of the Opposition, and I always said, were I in Peel's place, I would not condescend to argue the point, but would, so soon as John Russell sat down, get up and declare that I would not debate so revolutionary, so mad a proposal; and would insist upon dividing upon it at once. If he does this, I used to say, we are dead beat; but if he allows himself to be drawn into a discussion, we shall succeed. When Le Marchant's bulletin at length came which was to tell us the course adopted by the Opposition, I held the note unopened in my hand, and laughing, said: Now this decides our fate; therefore, let us take a glass of wine all round, in order that we may, with proper nerve, read the fatal missive. Having done so, I opened the note, and seeing the first line, which was—'Peel has been up twenty minutes,' I flourished the note round my head, and shouted, hurrah! hurrah! victory! victory! Peel has been speaking twenty minutes; and so we took another glass to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune." Such is the anecdote, which proves, among other things, how uncertain as guides are such anecdotes for history. The events doubtless occurred much as Lord Brougham is accustomed to relate them; but Sir Robert Peel did not speak on that night's debate. Sir John Sebright seconded Lord John Russell's motion, and Sir Robert Inglis was the next succeeding speaker, in vehement, nay fierce, reply to Lord John.

Any one else would have been convinced by the evidence of Hansard that the story was a joke; Mr. Roebuck believes it still, and refers to it repeatedly as historic authority. He clings with a ludicrous tenacity to his only semblance of original information; Baraballo on his elephant was not more certain that he was the greatest of Roman poets, than Roebuck is that he is writing history under the dictation of Brougham. Leo X. laughed heartily at the poor simpleton whom he deluded, and so, doubtless, does Brougham, but there is this difference between the two dupes:—the ridiculous abate of Gaëta was harmless in his folly, but our historian is made ridiculous when he is trying to be offensive.

We are afraid we cannot recognise in the author any greater command of style than he has of materials. Here is a sample sentence (vol. 1, p. 183):—"The question of a reform in Parliament was mooted before the termination of the American war—*but for my purpose to go further back is not necessary*"—a sort of Canadian-French idiom, that appears strange to English eyes, but which becomes familiar by habit as we read this veritable history.

If, then, the book has neither matter nor manner, what is there to give it currency? That were hard to answer, unless we recur to the observations with which we commenced this article. Sharp, pungent sayings upon all men and things, might be stuck like spangles on a russet gown, an infusion of uniform bitterness in the appreciation of every act and every motive might have operated like bitter yeast on heavy dough. It is hard, indeed, to sustain a sympathy with, or even amusement at, mere ill-nature through two thick volumes; but the crowd still laugh when a joke is pointed to prove that all lawyers are knaves, that all doctors are in partnership with the undertakers, or that all parsons live only for tithe pigs and full-bodied port; mean minds are still pleased to hear their superiors traduced, and τὶ πλέον; χάος. Our author, therefore, hopes to attract the many, and, perchance, to sell his book.

We must confess that he strives hard to get an audience; if he should fail, it will not be for want of strong language: Sir Charles Wetherell is a jackpudding and a clown; O'Connell habitually manifested that carelessness respecting truth which always attends the slave's condition; Mr. Goulburn would vote either way, just as his leader ordered him, and had neither the ability nor the desire to form an independent opinion; poor Huskisson dies unpitied by our Cato, and his death "makes no gap in the political world" (an odd figure of speech, by the way, for a *gap* in a *world* is, we believe, contrary to ordinary experience); Sir James Graham talks the ignorant rant of a poor Chartist; Mr. Hume is dealt with in a tone of diluted disparagement; Lord John Russell is, of course, the merest mediocrity.

Lord Durham, Lord Melbourne, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, are, in the estimation of Mr. Roebuck, "persons of very narrow ability, of small re-

putation for talent, and without influence with the people, either on the ground of capacity or on that of earnest popular leanings." Burke, Sheridan, Tierney, and Romilly, were only "intellectual condottieri." (Vol. 1, p. 205.) We give the reference to the last judicial dictum lest people should suppose that we are parodying the cynicism of this microscopic measurer of great minds.

This is all very well, but the catalogue of bad names is not complete. There is a one-sidedness about it. All the time that the Whigs are working on their reform they are jeered at, derided, and condemned. Their motives are nothing more nor less than a base, venal, and most disgraceful desire for office. Do they force the Duke to carry Catholic Emancipation? It is revenge because the Duke will not receive them into his Cabinet. Do they grow nearer to the cause of reform and become stronger and bolder in their proposals? It is still only a feint—a hint to the Duke that they can remain in opposition no longer. Grey had, it is true, been a reformer when the younger Pitt was a reformer; Lord John Russell—we beg pardon for mentioning a person for whom Mr. Roebuck has so ineffable a contempt—had tried to force the question upon the country year after year, and in twenty different ways. It is true, also, that the attempt to disfranchise East Retford had shown that without strong popular support out of doors the Whigs might as well try to tear up the Pyramids with their naked hands as to remove one speck of rust from our sacred constitution. It is, moreover, true that up to the time of the French revolution of 1830 the Whigs had no support whatever in the country, and could scarcely get together a public meeting in favour of reform. But these are not our objections to Mr. Roebuck. The imputation of the lowest motive from which any given course of conduct can possibly proceed is a privilege we readily accord him—if a man takes up the *rôle* of Cleon he must find or make some topics of abuse. Where we confess that we think he does fail is in this—he is not general and impartial. If a man

Hates most people and dislikes the rest,

the crowd think him an honest fellow, but if the crowd's drummer lays on the lash with unequal force they begin to think that he is gratifying some private malignity of his own, and a British crowd likes abuse, but does not like malignity.

Here it is that Mr. Roebuck fails. It is all very well to deride the Whigs as the basest of mankind because they were candidates for office, but why is Mr. Brougham, who sat throughout his early career for two Whig nomination boroughs, excepted from the general charge, and told that "there is nothing necessarily unworthy in a desire, an anxious desire, for office, and for the power which office gives?" (p. 436.) Why are the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who so firmly opposed all the principles which Mr. Roebuck professes to love, treated ever as patriotic and able, though mistaken, men? We are told, indeed, that when these things were printed of Sir Robert Peel that statesman was alive, and we may conjecture that if he had still lived he would have had some county court judgeships and colonial appointments to give away; we may remember, moreover, a saying of Cardinal de Retz, whereof Lord John Russell once pertinently reminded Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons, to the effect that base-minded persons attribute to great men the mean motives by which they themselves would have been actuated if they were in their places. We read also in Mr. Roebuck's book that it was the greatest blunder that the Whigs ever committed not to silence Mr. O'Connell with a bribe and a place; but all these things do not inform us why so great a tenderness is shown to Sir Robert, while the Whigs are told in every page that they "employ phrases of liberality upon compulsion," that "they are liberal because they need some means of exciting the nation," that "when out of office they are demagogues; in power they become exclusive oligarchs." We fear that our author fails in the generality and impartiality which separate a cynic from a detractor.

We must cull a few passages to show how candidly and fairly Mr. Roebuck judges the Whigs:—

> Among the most popular topics, as they unexpectedly found, was that of reform in Parliament. Political parties in England, and among them the Whigs, knew generally very little of the popular opinions. Political men are accustomed to live in separate, exclusive, and narrow coteries. They form a society for themselves; their own set is to them the world; and the opinions of that set they fancy the reigning opinions. Of the silent working of discussion during late years, the Whigs were profoundly ignorant, and fancied that the people out of doors were like the House of Commons. They knew well what the House of Commons felt and thought, and were aware of the means by which that audience could be affected—little dreaming that influences had been at work among the people, to whom they were now about to address themselves under very novel circumstances, to which the small world of that House, and their own peculiar social circles, had been but little, if at all, subject. To rouse any sudden or dangerous enthusiasm in their own class, they knew was utterly impossible—was a danger against which it was unnecessary to take any precaution. But, unexpectedly, they found themselves among men who believed the words they heard were intended to represent things, and therefore assumed the protestations and fierce denunciations of Whig orators to be significant of what the simple meaning of the words indicated, and not mere empty phrases, employed by wordy rhetoricians.

Strange blindness—if true. And yet these men had some of them lived through that great baptism of blood, the French revolution; all of them had heard of Peterloo; all, too, had marked for years the strange spectacle of millions of Irishmen kept at just one degree below insurrection point by the eloquence of one man. The Whigs had seen all this,

and many of them moreover represented the populous boroughs in the kingdom, yet they could not believe that words could arouse any sudden or dangerous enthusiasm! *Credat Judæus.* It is the common fault of your sharp folk to consider all the rest of the world very blind and very foolish. We must not quarrel with that common mistake for it is the protection of quiet people.

Now we must extract one of the many pages written to show how thoroughly the Whigs hated reform:

> The conduct of the Whigs as a party had given birth to deep-rooted suspicions in the minds of the English people. Their language and their acts respecting parliamentary reform had always been ambiguous, and they appeared at all times to be consulting rather their own views as a party, than the interests of the country at large, when discussions respecting reform occurred. Many of the party were well known to have been in secret conclave and in open Parliament the vehement opponents of every proposal which tended really to increase the power of the people in the House of Commons. Every man in the party had always shaped his political course with reference to office—at every change in the Cabinet, at every period, they had intrigued, in private, for the purpose of getting place, and when defeated in their secret machinations, had flamed out as patriots, indignant because of the corruption of the times. Even in their better feelings they had been selfish. Considerations of their personal dignity were always thwarting them in their opportunities of doing good; vanity and personal jealousy rendered them distrustful of each other; no great principle could therefore keep them united. They feared and they contemned the people; were always anxious to make and keep friends with the court; and amid their most vehement assaults upon the objects of royal favour, carefully watched for and eagerly seized upon every opportunity, whether by force or artifice, to win their way to power. The chiefs of the Whig party were, however, by their large possessions, among the most powerful men of the country; they thought the country ought to be ruled by the great families of the aristocracy, they were consequently proud and haughty in their demeanour, and touchy respecting their personal dignity. This feeling made them tenaciously hold to their expressed opinions, and they mistook this steadfastness, which arose out of their inordinate idea of their own importance, for an honourable and patriotic regard for the welfare of their country.

It requires more unreasoning credulity to believe in universal baseness than it does to believe in universal perfection, just as an Atheist is certain to be a more credulous man than a Bhuddist or a Brahmin. Mr. Roebuck paints us an aristocratic faction, rich in plethoric rent rolls, knit together in one common order, and almost in one large family; possessing historic titles, lofty rank, and seats in the House of Commons for their sons and dependants. He shows us this faction at work to reform the representation. Yet he bids us believe that they do this, not because they think it right, but that while lessening their order's influence, while destroying a borough property that would fetch some millions in the market, they were actuated only by a sordid desire—not to give effect to principles—not to exercise the power of doing right, but to obtain the mere dross of office. To such a mind as Mr. Roebuck's, we can only answer that the pecuniary balance must have been vastly against them, and they must have known it—minds capable of appreciating higher motives will need no answer.

But bearing in recollection our last extract, perhaps the innocent reader may be a little surprised to learn what the Whigs did for a cause they so little loved:—

> The ministers, however, had formidable means at their disposal. The Whig party subscribed largely. The Whig borough proprietors used all their influence to return members pledged to vote for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill. In towns where they had property, they sternly insisted that their dependants should support ministerial candidates; and in every case where the member for a Whig nomination borough had voted against the ministers, he was set aside and his place supplied by some more pliant nominee. The enthusiasm in favour of the ministerial measure now pervaded all classes of society, and the public feeling became so strong that the anti-ministerial candidates were not only generally the unpopular candidates but were not seldom exposed to great annoyance, if not also to great personal danger. Up to this period there was no organised intimidation, no direct illegal threatening employed by the people. The effect of unpopularity was great, and many timid persons, doubtless, gave their votes under the influence of fear. But the proceedings of the reforming party were clearly yet within the strict letter of the law. I do not mean to deny that, in many places, there was great violence and open rioting. But as yet the party kept within the law and adopted no openly revolutionary measures. We shall see, however, hereafter that the popular efforts were not confined to these legal limits, but became the threatening commencements of undisguised revolution.

As we said before, we do not object to Mr. Roebuck traducing, generally, the great and honourable body of English statesmen—*chacun à son metier*—but in the exercise of such a profession a man to be harmless ought to be impartial.

We had intended to grapple with some of Mr. Roebuck's assertions; but while we write, circumstances long privately known are made public, which render his work scarcely worthy of the attention we have already bestowed upon it. We shall conclude by quoting the passage, to which we have cursorily alluded, wherein the member for Sheffield avows his opinion that the great blunder of successive governments was that they would not soil themselves with a great act of corruption:—

> The great mistake in the policy of each successive administration which had to deal with Mr. O'Connell's influence in Ireland was the not relieving him from the pecuniary necessity which drove him to agitate. When the Emancipation Act was passed, his vocation was clearly gone—a new theme of complaint was necessary that he might live. The ministry knew this, or they ought to have known it. At that time there was a fair opening for conciliation. The true, the safe, as well as the generous policy was at that moment to have ascertained the amount of his debts and to have paid them;—for himself to have found a position of honour and competence, for which, by his knowledge as a lawyer, he would have proved competent. Had this course been adopted, Ireland would at this moment have been a peaceful and flourishing country.

Not being so credulous in universal turpitude as Mr. Roebuck is, we may perhaps doubt whether a man who gave up the certainty of a large professional income, and the offer of high judicial rank, for the purpose of continuing his career as an agitator, would have submitted to be bribed and placed; but if we were acquainted with any party that found

Mr. Roebuck's opposition inconvenient, we should not be in much doubt, after this hint given, how such opposition might be got rid of. Still we fear, that, however cheaply the advantage might be bought, our prudential advice to buy it would be disdained.

We hate to attribute motives to any one, even when he himself brings us the standard by which we measure him; but if Mr. Roebuck had wished to convey to the public a personal drama of hopes, disappointment, and anger, he could not well have used stronger language.

We must guard ourselves, in conclusion, from being considered either as the advocates or the apologists of the Whigs. It so happens that we have a terrible influx of Whig works this quarter, and our number threatens to be a magazine of Whiggery. We, however, should have denounced this book, certainly quite as strongly, had it praised the Whigs and misrepresented the motives of any section of the Great Tory party. We denounce it as disgraceful to our literature, because it untruly assigns mean motives to English gentlemen and dishonorable motives to British statesmen.

The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr; with Essays on his Character and Influence. Two vols., 8vo. Chapman and Hall. 1852.

Regal Rome: an Introduction to Roman History. University College, London. London. 1852.

By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin in

IN one of those poetic fictions of early Rome which we all now seem so anxious to unlearn, it was elegantly fabled that Egeria transformed the frugal supper Numa had set before his friends into a regal feast. Niebuhr has undone the fairy's work. When Egeria appeared plain food in earthenware dishes were turned to a dainty banquet; when Niebuhr appears all the dainties vanish: pretty fables shrink like fairy gold into crumpled leaves, or at best into a dry dish of dates, and even Egeria herself is thrust out of sight like a piece of stage property that has done its office.

Fiction, mere fiction, is all, or nearly all, that we remember of our school-book histories. Ennius found some old songs and turned them into hexameters. Livy found the old hexameters and turned them into prose. Dionysius, Polybius, Diodorus, Plutarch, Appian, Dion Cassius, Zonaras, Hooke, Goldsmith, all do no more than alter, distort, copy, or elaborate these old songs. Wonderful old songs! They have been the chief furniture of the heads of hundreds of millions of schoolboys, the aptest illustrations in the mouths of many millions of men, the parent stock of some hundreds of thousands of poems. Yet they have all vanished, all flitted, at the command of a stern German critic. No one now apostrophises Egeria as

> The sweet creation of some heart
> Which found no mortal resting place so fair
> As thy ideal breast; whate'er thou art
> Or wert—a young Aurora of the air,
> The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
> Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
> Who found a more than common votary there
> Too much adoring; whatsoe'r thy birth
> Thou wert a beautiful thought and softly bodied forth.

We are bid to turn aside the head from the damsel altogether as a sort of fraudulent character. So also Eneas, Turnus, Mezentius fade into air. So must we give up the story of the twins and the wolf, and take upon trust instead of it the critic's less poetical, though perhaps not less imaginative, hypothesis that the fable was a mystic commemoration of the union of the two towns, Rome and Remuria. The ancient Tarquin* was a myth with a Corinthian extraction, Numa was as mythological as the goddess of the grotto, Tullia's crimes are as imaginary as those of Lady Macbeth, the elder Brutus was an impossible creation, and the first fact upon which we are allowed to rest our foot is, that Tarquinius Superbus was a tyrant and the last King of Rome.

It would be vain battle in the present day to pretend to break a lance with this greatest of regicides—this Niebuhr. It is true that he has but worked out with great industry and with vast erudition the idea that Beaufort had long before given forth in his dissertation upon the uncertainty of the history of the first five hundred years of Rome. I is true, also, that Niebuhr himself admits that "even the most successful results of industrious research frequently furnish no more than an approach to probability, not historical certainty." It is true, also, that the guesses at, first, the existence of myths, and, secondly, at their meaning, which we now humbly receive as "historical probability," were long ago applied to the same subject by St. Augustin, whose allegorical interpretation of the story of Numa and Egeria is probably not unknown to our readers. It is true, also, that as it requires much more credulity to believe in Volney's astronomical allegory upon the Bible than it does faith to believe in the truths of religion, so Niebuhr's allegories are sometimes much more improbable than the ancient traditions for which he substitutes them. Still, however, it is a certain and an indubitable fact that the first book of Livy cannot be *literally* true. The shadowy heroes of those early times cannot be

* On the other hand, Mr. Newman believes that "the account given by Livy and Dionysius of the origin of the elder Tarquin is simple, natural, every way credible; and if we reject it we can put nothing into its place."

measured by chronology, carved into hard realities by German criticism, and toned into absolute consistency by a collocation of ancient authorities. Niebuhr makes a little jump, and lands us upon the conclusion that, *therefore, they never existed.* Besides this, Niebuhr has been epitomised by a doctor of laws, translated by a bishop, and is revered as patron and master by an ambassador who deserves and enjoys the affectionate regard of nearly all who wield the pen in England. Against these odds we should be mad to fight. We must stoically look on while the kings of Rome are scratched out of life by a professor's pen. One little latent hope, however, we do cherish. Time was when Wolff had made the belief in Homer as unfashionable as Niebuhr has made the belief in Numa. That heresy died away, and Muir has buried it. We do not despair of some great scholar arising who shall prove that Livy is at least as probable as Niebuhr. We believe that his disciples have already received some checks while attempting to extend Niebuhr's territory of doubt. It is said that M. Bunsen had an essay ready printed to prove that no such city as Alba had ever existed, when Dr. Baggs, an English Roman Catholic bishop, destroyed the theory by making excavations upon the site indicated by Livy. He found ruins enough underneath to build a little Rome withal.

Niebuhr himself, who doubted all things, was not tolerant of doubt of Niebuhr. When in 1830 a review of his history appeared in the *Débats* he was very indignant, and wrote to Dora:—

> Have I told you lately that a very impertinent review of my history has appeared in the *Débats*, on occasion of the translation? No doubt by that empty sciolist Villemain, whose weak head has been turned by the plaudits of the public. One must try to become hardened against things of this kind. This man, like other fools who will make themselves heard, always goes back to the earliest times, and he in particular tells me it is nothing new to regard these as historical. These people are actually unable to understand that the value of my exposition consists in my having shown why and how each circumstance has been invented.

Niebuhr was an honest man, and he doubtless did believe that he had shown why and how each circumstance had been invented, just as he believed that in writing history he was inspired by the spirits of the ancients: but neither of these illusions were facts. An extract from his own history will readily show that such pretension was quite unfounded. When summing up the authorities as to the building of Rome, he says:—

> These Roman traditions, indeed, do not belong to history; their very essence is the marvellous; we may strip the latter of its characteristics, and, by omissions and alterations, reduce it to an ordinary and possible event; but we must also be convinced that the residuum, the *caput mortuum*, can be nothing less than an historical fact. Mythological narratives of this kind are shadows of the mist, or frequently a Fata Morgana, whose original formation is invisible, and whose laws of refraction are unknown. And even were it otherwise, yet no reflected image could be produced, sufficiently defined and elaborate, to enable us to detect the unknown original amongst these wonderfully-blended forms; but such magic apparitions are different from dreams, and are never without a hidden ground-work of reality and truth. Similar dreams are the fictions of the later Greeks, when tradition had become extinct, and each individual, with arbitrary caprice, altered the tales of olden time, forgetting that their deviations and varieties were the work of the whole people, and not at the option of individuals.

Having made this gentle protest in favour of that "misty sentimentality," which would strive to find some semblance of truth in the ancient traditions of a mighty people, we believe we have struggled over the only barrier that separated us from the warmest admirers of this great scholar, this enthusiastic student, this enterprising theorist, this mighty historian, this most obscure and repulsive of writers.

By paternity a German, and by birth a Dane, Niebuhr was born on the 27th August, 1776, at Copenhagen. His father, well-known as an Eastern traveller, became better known by the biography written by the more celebrated son. Father and boy were mutually proud of each other, and Berthold's youthful letters having been accidentally burnt, it is to this biography we must recur for the early training of the future historian.

The moral of Niebuhr's life is the great result that may be produced by even moderate powers, when exercised with unflagging industry and concentrated upon a single object. We are told prodigies of the boy's infancy that the grown man would have undoubtedly rejected had he found them in Livy or in Plutarch. At seven years old he would sit alone and write, filling sheet after sheet with a recapitulation of all he had heard from his father or his father's guests. At a still earlier age he made to himself copy-books from waste paper, "and wrote essays, mostly on political subjects." He had an imaginary empire, called Low England, of which he drew maps, and he promulgated laws, waged wars, and made treaties of peace there." We are careful to quote these infantine peculiarities from the work before us, although it does not clearly appear from the title-page to whom we are indebted for the details, because if they depend only upon floating tradition, they are no better authenticated than the education of Numa, and are certainly much more inconsistent with our experience than is the rejected quarrel between Romulus and Remus.

In his *ninth* year the young student could read English books without assistance, had mastered French, but had a classical master "so deficient both in abilities and attainments that his incapacity could not escape the boy, who, with a child's love of mischief, used to tease him by learning his task within the appointed time in order to oblige the tutor to read further than his preparation reached."

When nearly eleven, the young historian is said to have thirsted for literature. He waited for with impatience, and devoured with greed, every new work of Klopstock, Lessing, or Göthe. About the

same time also was awakened his interest in the politics of Europe. In 1787 the war with Turkey broke out, and "so strongly did it excite the child's mind that he not only talked of it in his sleep at night, but fancied himself, in his dreams, reading the newspapers, and repeating the intelligence they contained about the war; *and his ideas on these subjects were so well arranged, and founded on so accurate a knowledge of the country, and the situation of the towns, that the realisation of his nightly anticipations generally appeared in the journals a short time afterwards.*" The biographer modestly disclaims for his hero any "miraculous gift of prophecy." Why so? The prescience which would enable a child of eleven to foretel day by day the events of a campaign is surely a very handsome miracle in itself. For our part we find it rather easier to believe that a lambent flame played round an infant's head, and designated him as a future king, than that this gift of tongues, and power of prescience, should be bestowed upon a child of eleven to designate him as a future historian.

We have not space to chronicle year by year the miraculous steps of this infant prodigy's proficiency. We will follow his biographer in taking the impartial testimony of his father as to the son's acquirements when he was twenty years old:—

The time from Michaelmas, 1792, to Easter, 1794, was spent in his father's house, amdst the employments and circumstances already memtioned. He was now more occupied than formerly with the study of modern languages. With French, English, and Italian he had long been familiar; the sale at this time of some books cast on shore from a wreck incited him to learn Spanish, and, soon afterwards, Portuguese. A letter from his father, dated December, 1807, gives a summary of the languages with which he was acquainted. "My son has gone to Memel with the commissariat of the army. When he found he should probably have to go to Riga, he began forthwith to learn Russian. Let us just reckon how many languages he knows already. He was only two years old when he came to Meldorf, so that we must consider—1, German, as his mother tongue. He learnt at school—2, Latin; 3, Greek; 4, Hebrew; and besides, in Meldorf he learnt—5, Danish; 6, English; 7, French; 8, Italian;—but only so far as to be able to read a book in these languages;—some books from a vessel wrecked on the coast induced him to learn—9, Portuguese; 10, Spanish;—of Arabic, he did not learn much at home, because I had lost my lexicon, and could not quickly replace it;—in Kiel and Copenhagen, he learnt—11, Persian (of Count Ludolph, the Austrian minister, who was an acquaintance of mine), and 12, Arabic he taught himself; in Holland he learnt—13, Dutch; and again in Copenhagen—14, Swedish, and a little Icelandic; at Memel—15, Russian; 16, Havonic; 17, Polish; 18, Bohemian; and 19, Illyrian. With the addition of Low German, this making in all twenty languages. Forgive this effusion of my heart concerning my son. I did not mean to boast of him."

When he was eighteen years old the young historian commenced his studies at the University of Kiel. Here he attracted the patronage of the aged professor Hensler, and, being a timid, gauche, and bashful boy, excited first the pity and then the tender friendship of the professor's daughter-in-law, the widow of his son,—a lady whose heart was buried in her husband's tomb, and who had nothing to offer to her father-in-law's pupil but platonic affection and a philosophic friendship. This lady was six years older than the shy student, yet twice did he ask her to become his wife, and twice did she invoke the memory of her buried love and hand over the aspirant to a female relative.

The following letter to his friend Moltki, written in October, 1797, shows the course of his first wooing:—

Dora and I send you and your wife this messenger to you, especially as our letter would be a long time on the road; so you will receive this letter before another, that Dora wrote to you two days ago, which announced as close at hand what has now already taken place. I am in far too great an agitation to say much. Each of you take one of our letters; Dora's will tell you the most. Yesterday evening, at Dora's house, Amelia decided in my favour. Her heart had already decided. Love can distinguish between truth and pretence. She assumed no girlish affectation when Dora gave words to feelings that had before scarcely expressed themselves, and joined our hands. This pure simplicity, this Roman decision, in a gentle heart, made my happiness perfect, and made it possible. A long time of trial, full of doubt and uncertainty—servitude to win a love that cannot be sustained by gallantry and pretty flatteries, but must take root in the heart—would either have frightened me away or harassed me to death, and yet one scarcely sees anything else, except where the suitability of the connection is calculated, and everything negotiated by the papa and mamma on each side. I long considered this servitude as the only means of becoming intimately acquainted with a girl, for the gulf, which custom and our folly have placed between young men and women, seemed to me impassable. And so it would have been to me, had not Dora's heart and Dora's wisdom allowed me to follow my nature completely. I know that I have earnestly endeavoured not to deceive Milly. In our conversations when we met, I spoke to her from my inmost heart, and took pains to discover to her, what, if concealed, might have deceived her, and made her very unhappy hereafter, for I thought myself bound not to deny what still clings to me from former evil times as a stain to be washed out; but I hope to God that happiness, and the power of love, this new, unknown force, and, above all, the contemplation of the proud joy in her angelic heart, and an openness that will rather gain than lose through absence, will purify me before we can be united—for absence is before us. The letter Dora wrote to you the day before yesterday will have told you all about it. It is inevitable, and you will not misunderstand me when I tell you that I do not now view it with dread. Oh! who could feel themselves separated, when in spirit and in love they are so inseparable. I embrace every effort, every toil, every sacrifice, for all will render me worthier of my Milly. It is true we have a long future before us, but who knows how it may be shortened? And if I, who have not your equability, cannot promise Milly your evenness of temper, your constant warmth, I can promise her inviolable truth, and ever-growing, exclusive love. And woe to him who does not repose with full confidence upon the truth of a pure-hearted maiden! I shall assuredly know neither suspicion nor jealousy. And she who equally possesses both our hearts, our Dora, who can now live wholly for us, and is through us brought back to the world, will unite us by the rarest bond. Thank you, dearest of friends, as much as it is possible to thank, for the kind solicitude that you shared with Dora. My heart was sealed up, and my courage gone. Many a pretty face, and here and there a bright creature, had given me a passing pleasure, but only once had the thought of a connection risen vividly before my mind; and when the event made me angry with the maiden and despise myself, yet consider myself happy that the delusion was over, my heart seemed quite dead. I believed no longer in that energetic feeling which irresistibly fixes our destiny.

* * * * *

Milly has a Roman character, and this was always my ideal of a citizen's wife; pride, intellect, the most retiring modesty, unbounded love, constancy, and gentleness. In history we only meet with such women among Roman matrons—the Calpurnias, Portias, Arrias. Soft, weak, tender girlishness would neither have elevated nor strengthened

my character. I must stop. This is too confused, and I must go and take these pages to Dora, and then go to Milly and her mother, who willingly consents. Farewell.

Strange to relate, the friendship between the widow, the student, and the wives remained undisturbed. Madame Hensler survived the historian, published such portions of his correspondence as in her opinion were fitted to see the light, and cancelled every thought and every phrase that did not accord with her views of propriety. These volumes are little more than a translation of her work, and consequently we here have the correspondence of Niebuhr, so far as that correspondence agreed with the ideas of Madame Hensler.

With the exception of his two marriages, his constant platonic affection for Madame Hensler, his public employments, and his residence as ambassador at Rome, the life of Niebuhr is only the chronicle of a course of laborious study. Voss inoculated him with a love of classic lore, Büsch poured into his mind a flood of learning, Klopstock dazzled him and puzzled him. For eighteen months he pursued the natural sciences at Edinburgh. Six months' travel in England gave him some insight into our constitution and social institutions. Then he became private secretary to the Danish ministe of finance, was afterwards taken into the Prussian service, was made a privy-councillor of state at thirty-two, and at thirty-four, upon the establishment of the university of Berlin, delivered his first lecture on Roman History. In 1811 and 1812, the two first volumes of the History of Rome were published; and fifteen years later, being then settled at Bonn, where a Prussian government had established an university, a second and complete edition was undertaken, which in 1837 was translated for the benefit of the English public by Julius Charles Hare and Connop Thirlwall, Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, and names not unknown to our readers.

All his studies and all his labours were ancillary only to this great work. His discovery of the Institutions of Gaius, his production of the unedited fragments of Cicero and Livy, his resuscitation of the remains of the latest of Roman poetry—the poems of Merobaudes, his dissertations upon Greek inscriptions, his essay on the increase and decline of ancient and the restoration of modern Rome, his uncompleted edition of the Byzantine writers, were all but little episodes of his life. His ambition from early boyhood was to become a great historian "It is," he writes, "the end of my life which is to preserve me a name not unworthy of my father's—I will not lazily abandon it." When only eighteen he writes to his parents, "Hensler cherishes views with regard to my future career in which I cannot fully concur. He wants me to be a natural philosopher, and to make the natural history of antiquities a special object of my investigation. This is a good and worthy and beautiful pursuit for those who like it, but from the peculiar direction of my mind and talents I believe that nature has intended me for a literary man, an historian of ancient and modern times, a statesman, and perhaps a man of the world; although the last, thank God, neither in the proper sense of the word nor in the horrible one that is usually associated with it. Meanwhile my individual taste will certainly carry the day; and if my name is ever to be spoken of I sh all be known as an historian and political writer, as an antiquarian and a philologist."

These are bold words for a boy of eighteen; but they were words of strong resolve, and a life of labour was consecrated to their vindication. He succeeded in the object of his ambition, even perhaps beyond his deserts. He has given his name to a sceptic school of history, which he did not originate, just as Americus Vespatius has given his name to a world that he did not discover. His letters are interesting as the outpourings of an honest heart, much immersed in the antiquities he was delving, but not blunted to the kindly sensibilities of life. His career as a privy councillor and an ambassador is not greatly eminent, and we are inclined to believe that the imputation is by no means so false as our biographer would have it believed, that Niebuhr laboured for a long time in vain on a work which a much inferior man despatched with success in a few hours.

Bolingbroke, in one of his writings, speaks of a very learned canon of Christchurch who was overheard in his oratory devoutly returning thanks for the blessings he enjoyed, and especially that Providence had sent into the world *compilers of dictionaries*. High in the order of such laborious students, but not greatly superior to that useful class, must stand the name of Niebuhr. As a Titan who threw together vast masses of rugged materials, he must ever be regarded with gratitude; but we look in vain for that easy grace, that charm of style, that lucid order without which no man will be *read* as an historian.

As his great work approached completion his letters denote how satisfied he was with his creation. In December, 1829, he writes thus to Madame Hensler from Bonn :—

The revision of the second volume is at last rapidly approaching its conclusion. I have been terribly slow over this volume; the work was far more difficult than in the first, which related to general institutions, with the consideration of which I had often been able to occupy myself during my stay in Rome, where I was surrounded by objects calculated to throw light on them. The present treats of detached facts, with respect to which we have generally but very few external sources of correction; and arbitrary institutions, the traces of which are very scanty and indistinct. My time has not been spent in vain. I have freed the history from the year 260 (490 B.C.) onward, from all falsifications, and in its restored state it will not

longer be liable to suspicion or accusation: there is not a single chasm left in the successive steps by which the constitution was developed; in fact, I think that no single question which might be suggested by intelligent reflection remains unanswered. But this I have only been able to attain very gradually; *the most important points are the result of sudden flashes of light and divinations, with regard to which it often seriously crossed my mind, whether I had not been inspired by the spirits of the ancients, as a reward for my faithful efforts in behalf of their memory.* But this I would on no account say to any one but yourself; besides I do not say it in earnest now.

I have separated the principal legends from the annals which had become suspicious through their intermixture with these, have restored them to their proper shape, and recovered the pure outline of the annals themselves. It is incredible how rich and uncorrupted they are. . . . .

To the same faithful correspondent he writes in December of the following year—

You have no doubt received the copies of my history, and read at least the preface in your own copy. This has created a sensation of which I had not the least idea, when I was writing down the statements of my convictions, or, perhaps, I might have omitted it. It has roused a clamour, not only among those who rejoice in disturbances and destruction, and already regard as rebellion any lamentations over the state of things which they promote, at least with their wishes, but also among those who do not like to think the evil quite so great as it is, and many who do me the honour to think themselves wiser than I. What is said of me behind my back rarely comes to my ears, but I have accidentally heard something of it which makes me very indignant. It is said I cannot bear any one to differ from me in opinion. This is not true; on the contrary, no one can in practice more completely concede to others the liberty to have what opinion they choose: I condemn none, and defend—how often—the sentiments of my greatest opponents. But I require that no one should take the liberty of blaming me for having my own, especially on subjects into which I have more insight, and on which I can form a better judgment than those who set themselves up for wiser, and who allow me no voice whatever in things belonging to their sphere. Meanwhile, I have a rich compensation in the unlimited approbation of Hermann, who is equally convinced with me that the present tendency of the world is towards barbarism.

Niebuhr was a strong liberal in politics, ever leaning to the side of the plebeians; but he was also a hearty German and hated the French and their revolution. He always disliked Müller, and spoke slightingly of his works, and the reason may perhaps be found in the following anecdote:—

When the news of the battles of Jena and Auerstädt reached Berlin, and it was evident that the authorities must remove northwards, Niebuhr called on Müller to propose that they should travel together to Stettin. Müller, who had not long before been appointed historiographer, and had just comfortably settled himself and his library in his residence, replied, pointing round to his precious books: "Alas! travelling is out of the question for me; look at these: what can I do?" "The man who can think of his book now is a scoundrel!" muttered Niebuhr, indignantly, as he turned on his heel.

The historian's opinion of society in England was not of a very favourable order. He writes in 1829—

One of the leaders of the English Radicals has sent me a clever pamphlet, written for the common people (price 3d.), in the fourth stereotype edition, the inflammatory tendency of which is shown still more by the vignette than the contents. A repulsively ugly woman, whose head-dress is composed of the crown and mitre combined, is feeding with a spoon a bloated child, already deformed by over feeding, while five starving and ragged children are standing below crying piteously for food, or sitting in sullen despair on the ground. This is in truth a picture of society in England. God grant that it may not come to this with us also!"

Niebuhr never thought highly of our English modern literature. Again and again he insists that there were in his day no English poets, historians, or orators—no great men. Our liberty he early learned to appreciate. He says:—

I know no nation to which I would rather belong as a citizen than the English; not only on account of their constitution, but from my delight in the hard-working, active intellect, and the strong, straightforward common sense of the thinking men, and, as I believe, of the farmers, who might put to shame many a conceited scholar, and many a high-bred, polished aristocrat. Of the English scholars, on the contrary, I have a very mean opinion; I keep to my assertion, that they are without originality; also, that England can boast of no true poets at the present time. And yet literary men are the only people with whom a foreigner can come into close contact; for only a very brilliant intellect or external advantages can procure him admittance to the interior of families. These are only open to natives, and I think it right it should be so, for, in fact, what can a foreigner bring with him, unless he is an extremely distinguished man, to make his friendship wanted, when people have been long surrounded with friends already? I positively shrink from associating with the young men on account of their unbounded dissoluteness, which makes me feel that I should be more likely to meet with uncourteousness and repulse from them than cordial friendship. . . . . .

These dates bring us near to the close of his laborious career. The two first volumes had gone forth and had brought him back fame. But death stepped in and arrested the hand that, with new energy, was tracing the history of the last quarter of the fifth century. He died of an inflammation of the chest, brought on by a chill taken in passing from the public news-room, where he had been eagerly reading the trial of the Polignac Ministers. His wife died eight days after, and of the same complaint, and his children were placed under the care of Madame Hensler, at Kiel.

It may be perhaps expected that we should say somewhat more of the volumes before us, and of the manner in which they have been got up. The task, however, is not a pleasant one. The title does not convey a very correct idea of the contents of the book; the Prussian ambassador contributes but a very few pages to the work, and these are but a translation of a long-ago written essay.

Unfortunately also the letters are only a selection, and a selection made with a purpose. We are not allowed to know what Niebuhr said or thought upon any subject wherein he did not agree with Dora. Now this is a censorship to which, with every respect for that lady, we do not readily compose ourselves. Others have been omitted from this edition which had passed Dora's critical tribunal. The occasional page or two of narrative wherewith the letters are tacked together give us even less information than Lieber's reminiscences, published sixteen years ago. Upon the whole, we must affirm that if the English public require a life of Niebuhr, not only is that life yet to be written, but the materials for it are yet to be collected.

Life and Letters of Joseph Story. By His Son. London: 1852

English lawyers will naturally look with interest into this book, for, among the legal writers familiar to them, few in the present day are more valued than Mr. Justice Story. We are glad to be told something of this remarkable man, who is as well known here as in his native land, and who from America has effected a sort of legal invasion of the mother-country very much to her advantage.

The fault of this biography, in our opinion, is prolixity. This defect is apparent from the first chapter, which contains a number of details regarding the biographer's grandfather and grandmother, and other relatives—quite uninteresting to the world at large. Thus, he says, at p. 13, that "My father's mother was born in 1759, and at her marriage was only nineteen years of age. She was slight in her frame, but handsome and vivacious—of a vigorous constitution, very tenacious of purpose," &c. &c. And then the second chapter begins *ab ovo*—"The faculties first developed in a child are the perceptive." This style is rather trying in our times when everything goes at a railway pace; and a man who stops to read a thick book is likely to be run over and forgotten.

It is, perhaps, sufficient to know that our hero was born in 1779, and was son of Elisha Story, of Boston, whose father held the respectable office of Registrar of the Court of Admiralty. During his early youth he exhibited a great degree of intelligence and high moral qualities. He was bred a Calvinist, but at Harvard College he became a Unitarian, and retained that persuasion zealously during his whole life, though his biographer tells us that "He admitted within the pale of salvation Mahommedan and Christian, Catholic and infidel." This was no doubt very civil and kind of him, especially as some of those persons would not be disposed to return the compliment.

Mr. Story was, it seems, amiably disposed in other respects, for we are told that, while at College, "His heart ignited like tinder with the sparkle of every bright eye;" and we shall see that later in life he was by no means insensible to female charms.

At the termination of his college life he began the study of the law as a pupil of Mr. Samuel Sewall, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts. Dislike of the plodding and the dryness of law studies discouraged him, but his energy carried him through the first difficulty, and, in a letter written in 1801, he declared to a friend his love for his profession. He admired Blackstone; but his first attempt at Co. Litt. was lamentable. He, however, tried again, and dashed through it; went on to Saunders's Reports; and actually made an abstract of Fearne. But all this seems not to have cured him of sentimentality, for he expressed an extravagant admiration of Rousseau's Eloisa, and wrote a poem on "the power of solitude."

In July, 1801, he was called to the bar, and commenced practice in Salem, with such good promises of future eminence that Chief Justice Parsons said—"It is in vain to attempt to put down young Story. He will rise; and I defy the whole bench and bar to prevent it." Here again we have an account of the great lawyer and jurist's sentimental disposition:—

> During this period (says his biographer) my father was devoted to the society of the gentler sex, and was constantly involved in passages of love and sentiment. His extreme susceptibility of heart kept him in a constant ferment, and angels seemed to look upon him from the eyes of every pretty woman. Bright glances and rosy lips he could not resist, and endless were his defeats and surrenders to the tender passion. His leisure moments were employed in writing love songs, full of rapturous exaggerations or sentimental laments. He accused destiny of every sort of extraordinary measures, and all the graces and muses conspired in his imagination to adorn the "goddess" of the moment. (p. 100, vol. i.)

All this romance and sentiment may surprise some of our readers, in a man devoted with eminent success to pursuits requiring severe study and great thought. But we are reminded that there is a "*precedent*" for this in the case of the famous civilian Durandus, surnamed "*Speculator*," who, besides writing ponderous and most profound Commentaries, was author of romantic poetry in honour of a young lady to whom he was attached; and he died of a broken heart in a few hours on hearing of her death. But she revived, like Juliet, after being placed in the sepulchral vault,—and, on hearing of her lover's death, resolved at least to die to the world, and finished her days in a cloister.

But to return to Mr. Story—he was captured, after all his vicissitudes, by Miss Mary Lynde Oliver, whom he married in 1804. But she died in the next year, leaving him in extreme grief, from which he sought relief by severe professional labour. He was engaged in almost every cause of importance, and his success as an advocate was very striking and lucrative.

In 1805 he was elected member for Salem in the Massachusetts Legislature, and immediately took the position of a leader and an active man on committees. In the year 1808 he married his second wife, Miss Sarah Wilds Wetemore, the mother of his biographer. Notwithstanding all his occupations, and his lively imagination, Mr. Story seems to have been a voluminous and, we think, rather a prosy letter-writer. The book before us has, indeed, something of the prolix staidness (to use no harsher expression) of a "President's Message."

Story's judicial life, which commenced in 1811 by his appointment to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, was not less

eminent and successful than his career as an advocate. The well known high constitutional jurisdiction of that distinguished court, and the cases of conflict of laws coming before it from the different states, and the Admiralty cases, were eminently congenial to the enlarged judicial mind of the new judge. He seems to have resembled Lord Mansfield in the breadth and liberality of his views and the copiousness of his learning; and we find something of that character in his works—so well known in this country. They are certainly less of the "scissors and paste" kind than most of our text-books since Blackstone. There is more freedom of thought and reasoning in them than we usually find in legal writers of the English school. And yet (especially in the justly-valued "Conflict of Laws") he leaves something to be desired in this respect. He gives too much weight to the *ipse dixit* of commentators, without plunging to the very bottom of their arguments, and does not see what sort and degree of authority they ought to have, and have, in the civil-law schools and courts, where they were best understood, and in the writings of the greatest jurists and civilians.

However, we have not space to enter here into any full criticism of his labours as a judge or as a writer. In 1829 he was called to a new sphere of distinction, by being appointed Dane Law Professor at Harvard University. This combination of academic with judicial duties, unknown in England, reminds one of the Glossators, and of Accursius, Cujacius, and Donellus. It was particularly adapted to the genius of Mr. Justice Story.

The second volume commences at this period of his life. Its chief fault is lengthiness. It is, moreover, of a laudatory character, which becomes tedious. We are overwhelmed with correspondence, chiefly eulogistic, and reminded of the latter part of a public dinner—when late in the evening everybody drinks everybody else's health, and declares him to be the type of every virtue under the sun. Biographers are generally prone to love their hero better than they do their readers.

There are, however, in this part of the work many interesting things regarding the life and writings of Mr. Justice Story, which, if it were not for want of space, we should gladly extract.

The death of this great judge and lawyer was not unworthy of his life. In his last illness he showed fortitude, piety, and calmness, and he expired on the 10th of Sept., 1845, aged fifty-six.

Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon: Illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery. By Lady THERESA LEWIS.

THIS is a work easier to commend than to criticise. It is wholesome and interesting reading, but scarcely strong enough and tough enough to stand the test of elaborate review. If our readers have ever stepped into Mr. Wilkinson's, the sword cutler's, shop in Pall Mall, they will see in operation a very curious machine, by which a sword blade is put to every species of torture—doubled up to the hilt, thrust point wise through gnarled oak and iron plates, forced edgeways through a bar of lead, dashed down flatwise upon an iron table with a force no giant's arm could rival. If it stand all this severe usage without turning edge or shivering, it is a flawless weapon no doubt, and worthy to guard a man's life; but many a well balanced rapier and nicely tempered duelling sword, that would snap at the least of Mr. Wilkinson's trials, may still be a very pretty weapon—light in the hand, prompt in the parry, shot-like in the lunge, and withal elegant and ornamental in court ceremonial. If the reader will apply this long simile to Lady Theresa's work he will have our opinion of its merits.

It required some courage in a lady who claims an interest in the memory of Lord Clarendon to make his picture gallery the text of the biographies of his era. About the collection of these pictures many scandalous tales have been told. Lord Dartmouth's note to the Oxford edition of Burnet hangs heavy upon the memory of the great chancellor, and even Lady Theresa cannot disprove the fact that this gallery was got together from the wrecks of great royalist houses.

We have read the authoress's account of the manuscripts of the Earl with great interest, and recommend it to the serious attention of the university to whose guardianship they were confided. If they will not publish, let them at least open them to others.

The life of Lord Falkland occupies the greater part of the first volume, to Lord Capel and the Marquis of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, the remainder of the first volume, the whole of the second, and great part of the third are devoted. The rest is made up of a descriptive catalogue of the pictures, with short notices of the subjects of them, and fills about two hundred pages. The work consists, therefore, of three full lengths and some two hundred miniatures.

We think Lady Theresa's labours would have had more popularity had they been produced as separate biographies.

Opinions and Policy of the Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston, G.C.B., M.P., &c. By GEO. HENRY FRANCIS, Esq. London: 1852.

IT is one of the principles of this review not to enter upon any subject of contemporary politics; but we think that friend and foe will alike agree that a well digested account of the career of the greatest foreign minister of England since the time of Chatham would not have been an easy or a worthless task. Whether men may applaud or blame, they can no more deny the power of Palmerston than they can deny the greatness of Napoleon. We should have been glad of such a retrospect of his political life as an able contemporary might have written. We speak now, however, only of what might have been, and of what may even yet be done.

This book is written—we mean printed—merely for the immediate occasion—to catch the public curiosity and the public penny. It contains 509 pages, whereof 27 consist of a memoir. The bulk of the book is a mere transcript of passages taken, we should think, almost at random from the pages of Hansard. There are no notes, no statement of the circumstances of the debate, nothing to illustrate the occasion or to designate the arguments or the nature of the attacks to which the speeches are replies. Of the 28 remaining pages we do not know which are the more unlike, the memoir or the portrait. One quality of eminence the book certainly possesses—*longo intervallo*, it is the most worthless volume of the quarter.

Murray's Modern Cookery Book. London: 1852.

WHEN we consider that it is by the practice of the culinary art that the featherless biped denominated "Man" is mainly distinguished from what he proudly designates as the inferior creation, it cannot be denied that so important a subject merits some study. Since it is admitted upon all hands, that whatever needs to be done at all, should be accomplished well, we do not make any apology to our readers for calling their attention, for a brief space, to the treatise before us.

In England, scientific cookery has as yet made little progress; and though, during the last five-and-thirty years, much has been done to revolutionise the barbarous system that so long prevailed throughout the kitchens of this empire; yet it is probable that a long period must elapse ere the presiding geniuses who sway the spit and rule the range, can be permitted to take rank with their more refined and accomplished brethren across the Channel.

Who can reflect without a shudder upon the abominations of half a century back—upon the unsightly yet extravagant loads under which the festive mahogany was wont to groan—the masses of torrid flesh, from which, upon the slightest incision, flowed an ensanguined stream—the piles of half-crude vegetables, all *au naturel*—the questionable mountains of dough and suet, denominated puddings—the utter absence of all taste and elegance in the manner in which the dishes were disposed or arranged. Bah! our "gorge rises at the thought." Surely, when we recall these unpleasing visions, we need express little wonder at the adage which so pithily describes the dissimilar sources whence, in those days at least, England received her viands and her cooks!

In France, on the other hand, a very different state of things prevailed in the department under consideration. From the commencement of the fifteenth century, cookery was studied with the same seriousness and attention that was bestowed in that country upon mathematics, and its sister sciences. The admitted pre-eminence of the French cuisine is the result of the labour of three centuries and a half, as the Trois Frères, the old Rocher de Cancale, or the Café de Paris undeniably attested.

Montaigne, writing about the middle of the century aforesaid, makes mention of an Italian cook (in the establishment of Cardinal Caraffe) who was very fond of dilating upon what he was pleased to term the "science de gueule," and that, too, with as great a degree of gravity and magisterial authority as if he had been discussing some deep point of theology. This worthy had what he termed a classification of appetites. The morning appetite, or that induced by protracted fasting; the appetite after a first course; and the still lingering, yet delicate appreciation of the highest flights of art that yet survived after the second relay. Having, with a dictatorial air, laid down his general principles, he would proceed to show by what means these several conditions of depletion were to be met and relieved. His sauces, he was wont to say, had a "police of their own;" and he would enlarge with enthusiastic gusto upon their ingredients, their qualities, and effects. He would then take a discursive flight, enlarging upon the merits of salads at different seasons, giving unanswerable reasons why one should be served hot and another cold, taking an opportunity of parenthetically describing the mode of embellishing the bowl, to render it more attractive to the eye.

But when he thought proper to edify his hearers upon the mysteries of a first or second course, it was upon such occasions that his fervid eloquence came forth; "he would then," says the philosopher above alluded to, "make use of language grand, copious, magnificent, ever and anon adorning his discourse with tropes and metaphors; that at a little distance

one might have taken him for an impassioned orator, discoursing with animation upon the administration of the affairs of an empire."

This is sufficient to show that in the time of Charles IX. the art in question had made some progress, and was held by its professors in no ordinary esteem. The turbulent reign of the Great Henry, the despotic ambition of Richelieu, the ascetic temperament of Louis XIII., retarded the progress of this and of other peaceful arts. It was to the fostering care of Louis XIV. that the world is indebted for the genius of a crowd of men in every department of science. Not by any means the least illustrious among whom are the Marquis de Bichamel and Vatel; the former immortalised by his divine preparation of turbot *à la crême*, and the other by his characteristic fate, which is thus recorded.

At a festival given in honour of his Majesty, two of the tables, the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth from the royal board, were indifferently supplied with roasts. This haunted the excitable imagination of the *chef*, and he consequently appeared overwhelmed with inconsolable grief. Gourville mentioned the untoward circumstance to the Prince. The Prince went himself to Vatel's apartment, and said, in the kindest tone: "Vatel, everything has been done in the first style, nothing in the world could have been better arranged than the king's supper." He replied: "Your highness's condescension overpowers me; I know that two tables were neglected." "Not in the least," quoth the Prince; "make yourself perfectly easy: all was exactly as it ought to have been." On the following day a magnificent banquet was to be served to the royal party, but at four o'clock in the morning, only a very scanty assortment of fish had arrived, though every port along the coast had been laid under requisition. Distracted and bewildered, Vatel felt convinced that no further supply could reach him in time. "I never can survive this disgrace," he exclaimed, and retiring to his chamber, he transfixed his heart with his own sword.

> On the cold ground, unconscious of their cries,
> Mute as his fish—as motionless he lies.
> Thus, in his prime, the excellent Vatel—
> Untimely—but not unlamented—fell.
> Friendship embalmed his memory in her tear,
> And rank and royalty adorn'd his bier;
> O'er his hard lot soft sympathy has thrown
> A veil the genius of the fair might own:
> Long shall his premature and tragic fate
> The Fasti of the festive board relate.*

Scarcely had he thus succumbed when from all parts the purveyors made their appearance with a profusion of magnificent fish.

The Prince related the melancholy event to the King, who observed that it evinced a nice sense of honour. He was much commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. Such was the devotion and enthusiasm displayed by the cooks of the age of Louis the Great. Yet is not excellence in this art attended with the same bright results as in many others. Those who attain the highest grades, so far from descending to posterity, are rarely known even to their contemporaries. Day by day we complacently enjoy the result of their deep researches and their assiduous labours, without an expression of thankfulness for the gratifications they confer. While these humble ministers often prematurely close an unhealthy life, or else, when the hebetude of their faculties compels them to retire, they do so generally with shattered constitutions, and upon slender means. The prime of their lives is passed in obscurity and heat, and the evening of their days too often in indigence and misery. However, in this respect, they share a parity of fate with some of the brightest ornaments of the literary world.

The Regency, and the reign of Louis XV., were favourable to the development of tranquil pursuits. The protracted peace which ensued upon the Treaty of Utrecht—the vast fortunes accumulated about that period—the luxurious reign of a monarch always less occupied in promoting his renown than his private indulgences, his celebrated *petits soupers*, all tended to give much importance during his time to the alimentary arts.

We cannot forbear from alluding here to the custom, first set on foot during the Regency by the Duc d'Orleans, of holding a species of nocturnal orgie, which, we believe, has not been since revived.

At a stated hour of the evening the Duke's private apartments were closed, none but the *élite* of his *roués*,* and a few special guests, being admitted.

No business, however urgent—no intelligence, however important—would then evoke the Regent from his temple of pleasure. There, surrounded by his companions disguised as *Marmitons*, they busied themselves for hours together in the concoction and preparation of new dishes; Cardinal Dubois, the Prime Minister, officiating almost invariably on the occasion as master of the revels! During these carousals it was that the term *cordon bleu* was first applied to a distinguished cook. Designating as it did the highest order of knighthood, it was not thought too exalted a reward for him whose culinary merits had raised him above his brother *chefs!*

* *The Banquet.* Canto iii., line 630.

* The term *roué* was applied by the Duke to his profligate companions because, as he stated, they all deserved to be broken upon the wheel. They, however, maintained that the cognomen was deduced from their extreme attachment to their patron, for whom they were ready at any time to lay down their lives upon the scaffold.

It must not be imagined, however, that the Duke and his illustrious convives could content themselves with the ordinary apparatus of a plebeian laboratory, that they would sully their hands by the contact of iron or brass, or expose themselves to the fumes of charcoal or of wood. Of very different materials indeed were their utensils composed. The *bassines*, the *casseroles*, nay the entire *batterie de cuisine*, including the very *pôeles* for the oven, we are gravely assured, were of burnished silver, while heat was supplied from numerous lamps in which perfumed spirits were consumed.

Of a verity these may be deemed the palmy days of cookery; it will be long, indeed, ere the world beholds their like again.

All the enjoyment to be derived from a delicately-purveyed and elegant table was well understood and thoroughly appreciated then. Refinement was carried into every department, not only of the kitchen, but of the household, and the suppers of the King and of the courtiers of those days were cited as the *ne plus ultrà* of the most skilful achievements of the art of Comus.

Louis XVI., young, healthy and robust, cared little for the pleasures of the table, and never prided himself on the exquisite sensibility of his palate. His idea of royal fare was in most respects analogous to that of the "plain cookery" of a north-country grazier, and his Titanic appetite needing no stimulants, paid little regard to quality so long as quantity was procurable. Nevertheless among the old nobility were still to be found some amphitryons who kept alive and cherished the sacred convivial fire. The mighty *chefs* of their noble kitchens might indeed have been designated the princes of their profession.

The most noted owners of these mansions were the Duc de la Valliere, the Marquis de Brancas, Count Tessé, Marshals Richelieu and Duras, &c., who boasted that at their tables the Augustan age of France yet lived in all its sublimity and glory.

At the epoch to which we allude, it was the supper that constituted the most important repast, as we learn from the lively details that have reached us of the manners of the period. Deep in the shades of night, through many a festive season, the lofty chimneys of the Faubourg St. Honoré shed over the silent capital an aroma calculated to sharpen the keen hunger of the houseless wanderer. But the horrors of the Revolution, which broke like a thunder-cloud upon these revellers, banished for the time all thoughts of festivity, and effectually retarded the progress of cookery; so much so, indeed, as to give occasion to an enthusiastic writer to observe "that had this reign of Vandals lasted only a little longer not even the recipe for a fricassée'd chicken would have survived the universal wreck." The Jacobins and the Directory placed all France upon short allowance, and the diabolical proceedings of those wretches well nigh brought a famine upon the land.

We will not dwell upon those painful times when two ounces of black and unwholesome bread constituted the staple food of the majority of the Parisians, and when a sackful of assignats would scarcely procure their own weight of flour—times, indeed, which are sufficient to occasion, for more than one reason, a convulsive shudder in the œsophagus of every true epicure. Even the most critical palate could procure little gratification to its owner when violently severed from the form to whose felicity it had so largely contributed.

Happily, however, this reign of terror, of misery, and death was succeeded by one of comparative serenity and smiling plenty. Such *chefs de cuisine* who had been fortunate enough to survive the disasters of their country began one by one gradually to retake possession of the *ateliers* they had so long deserted.

This may be looked upon as the era of the *renaissance* of gastronomy, and it was worthily inaugurated by the appearance, in 1803, of the first number of the "Almanac des Gourmands," a periodical which met with an extraordinary sale, not only on its first appearance, but for many subsequent years.

We might, were we so disposed, follow up this slight sketch of the history of modern cookery by furnishing our readers with some information upon the many books on the subject, from the earliest times to the appearance of Carême's sixteen portly volumes, which, though little known in this country, have formed the foundation of every treatise that has since been published, and indisputably entitle the illustrious author to be regarded as one of the fathers of the art. In our own language, with some very few exceptions, there are hardly any works worthy of even a passing comment. Our great lexicographer, as appears from the following dialogue preserved by the indefatigable Boswell, once contemplated a work on culinary matters:—

JOHNSON: I could write a better book on cookery than has ever yet been written. It should be a book on philosophical principles. I would tell what is the best butcher's meat, the proper seasons of different vegetables, and then how to roast and boil, and to compound.

DILLY: Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, which is the best, was written by Dr. Hill.

JOHNSON: Well, Sir, this shows how much better the subject may be treated by a philosopher. But you shall see what a book of cookery I will make, and shall agree with Mr. Dilly for the copyright.

MISS SEWARD: That would be Hercules with the distaff indeed.

JOHNSON: No, Madam; women can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery.

An observation fully borne out by experience, both before and since Johnson's time, as any one may satisfy himself by inspecting Mrs. Mason's "Lady's

Assistant," Mrs. Henderson's "Cookery," Mrs. Lydia Fisher's "Prudent Housewife," Mrs. M'Iver's "Cookery," "The True Gentlewoman's Delight," "The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet of Rarities," Miss Joan Cromwell's "Kitchen of Elizabeth," or Miss Mary Smith's "Complete Housekeeper." Of this latter lady's erudition we may afford some notion by stating that, among a hundred other blunders, she translates *sauce Robert*, "roe-boat sauce;" *omelette*, "a hamlet;" *soup à la reine*, "soup a le rain!" which must, we presume, be a watery beverage indeed. In later and less rudimentary works the instructions imparted are conveyed in such vague terms, and so unsatisfactory a way, that it may be safely affirmed that a complete book on cookery, like the history of England, has yet to be written.

It may possibly be urged in reply, that fashion introduces constantly so many changes, that it is scarcely possible for any author, whatever his qualifications, to keep pace with them.

Be this as it may, there is certainly ample scope for a more improved and philosophical cookery book than any that has yet been given to the world. We do not need the laborious luminosity of Carême, —the playful facetiousness of Kitchener,—the common-place, and, in most cases, valueless directions of Hunter, Hill, Bradley, or Le Cointe,—nor the sententious dicta of Sir Kenelm Digby or Sir Theodore Mayerne.

What the public do require, and would appreciate, is a plain, concise treatise, giving full and complete rudimentary instruction, explaining the principles upon which certain results attend certain operations, —the effect of different degrees of heat upon various articles of food,—the reasons why certain combinations are inharmonious and consequently to be rejected; why others, on the other hand, should be diligently adopted. The work we should commend would, in fact, treat in a popular manner of the chemistry of cookery, it would educate the tyro upon a sound basis, and enable him to judge and discriminate for himself while perusing other books.

Many may be inclined to observe, in reply, that the subject is not one that merits so much thought or care. But it ought to be borne in mind that, by bestowing only a moderate amount of attention upon the kitchen, much time, trouble, and money may be saved in every establishment. Surely, in these days, anything that tends, however remotely, to economy in these matters, is worth a passing thought.

In this country the distinction between the terms *gourmand* and *gourmet* is scarcely understood, except by a select few; yet is the difference between the two individuals immeasurably great. The glutton and the epicure have, in fact, no feelings in common; the former is only remarkable for his voracity, the latter is distinguished from the common herd by the refinement of his taste.

The gourmand resembles in many respects the vulgar parvenu who overloads his walls with valueless pictures, while the true connoisseur prefers for his delectation some half-dozen choice chefs-d'œuvres of matchless beauty, selected on account of the sublimity of the ideas to which they give rise. In its proper acceptation, the term epicure designates the individual whose good sense suggests the propriety of having his food prepared upon scientific principles, or in such a manner that no offence be given to his palate; that it be of such a character as to amalgamate readily with his system and contribute to his health, enabling him to discharge without effort his physical and intellectual functions. He regards nourishment as the chief end of eating, and consequently, under no circumstances, does he seek to create or provoke an appetite beyond the necessities of nature. His meals are few, light, and brief, yet he thoroughly appreciates the well-directed operations of the cuisine, but never allows himself to be enslaved by the gross sensuality of the table.

We envy not the propensities of those who entertain contrary opinions—we address not them—we regard them, indeed, as little better than the animals in the moon, described by Munchausen, who lost no time at their meals, but once a month, through an opening in their sides, conveyed to their interiors the quantity of food requisite to sustain them during the next four weeks. To those who are fond of exclaiming that it is no matter *what* they eat, we might rejoin, that society cares still less *whether* they eat or not! Johnson was wont to observe that he who paid no attention to his stomach would hardly be brought to mind anything else! Nor would there be much difficulty in quoting authorities in support of our position from among the sages of all countries, from Pythagoras downwards. In former times, indeed, the culinary profession was held in high repute,—Plautus entitles the cook, "Hominum servatorem," and puts in his mouth words that might be appositely addressed to the vegetarians of the present day:—

—— "Non ego cœnam condio ut alii coqui solent
Qui mihi condita prata in patinis proferunt
Boves qui convivas faciunt, herbasque aggerunt."

In 1248, when Cardinal Otto, the Pope's legate, was at Oxford, his brother thought it not derogatory to his dignity to officiate as "Magister Coquinæ," or head cook. From time immemorial the office of this same head cook, or Master Kitchener, as it is sometimes styled, has been deemed of considerable repute in royal households. The first William, after his conquest of England, bestowed extensive tracts of land (as we find from Domesday Book) upon his "Coquus Regius," who is also styled "Coquorum Præpositus." So lately as at the coronation of

George IV., Sir George Nayler asserted, and was allowed, the claim of presenting to the king, at the regal banquet, a dish of plum-porridge (de la groute), under which singular tenure he and his ancestors held the manor of Addington in Surrey. But to return to our former proposition. We repeat, that instructions in cookery, to be of any value, should be to a certain extent theoretical as well as practical. The novice should be taught the action of caloric upon the various constituents of alimentary substances, whether applied directly or through the medium of some fluid. He should be instructed in the nature and attributes of fibrine, of gelatine, of albumen, of osmazome, and stearine, and he should be enabled to learn the precise nature of the changes induced in each, by exposure to sudden or to gradual heat. He should be enabled, moreover, to discern the consequences of subjecting different substances to the exalted temperature of boiling oil (as in frying, or to the milder influence of water, which in open vessels can never reach a higher degree than 212° of Fahrenheit). Were this knowledge properly circulated, the pupil would be able to account for the retention of the juices of meat under the former process, and their dissipation under the latter. He would in this way enter upon his business with an amount of valuable knowledge that he can only acquire otherwise after years of blundering, and innumerable tedious experimental essays. Who can venture to state the amount of mischief that may thus be engendered.* Have we not known, 'ere this, the destiny of a nation to have been affected by the indigestion of a monarch, or by the flatulence of a vizier? Who shall say that Cicero's untimely fate, induced as it was in some measure by nervous vacillation, was not accelerated by the unskilfulness and frightful ignorance of his cook. Not long before his death he wrote, no doubt with feelings of deep emotion,—

"Coquus meus præter jus fervens nihil potuit imitari."

Surely decapitation were preferable to life protracted under such auspices. Alas!—frail mortals that we are—it cannot be denied that the energy of our brains is too often dependent on the condition of our digestive functions. They may be said to constitute the mainspring of our system. If that be indifferently tempered, the long train of complex machinery dependent upon it, will move but languidly. Hence will the mental faculties be obscured, sleep perturbed, and vitality diminished.

"Every individual," says a clever and observant writer, "who is not perfectly imbecile and void of understanding, is an epicure in his own way—the epicures in boiling of potatoes are innumerable—the perfection of all enjoyment depends on the perfection of the faculties of the mind and body, therefore—the temperate man is the greatest epicure, and the only true voluptuary." Those who absurdly imagine that it is beneath the dignity of a wise man to attach any importance to the amœnities of life, should remember the apt and witty reply of Descartes to a nobleman who, manifesting some surprise on finding the grave astronomer presiding at a "souper recherché," exclaimed, "What!—do you philosophers care for dainties such as these?" "Ma foi!—why not," said Descartes, "do you imagine that God created good things only for *fools?*"

The cynic who ignorantly affects to despise the science of opsology and its worthy professors, should bear in mind that some of the oldest families in the kingdom prove by their cognomen that they deduce their origin from the kitchens of royalty,* in times when due honour was paid to the "physician" who, in the words of Mercier, "Guérit radicalement deux maladies mortelles la faim et la soif."

Entertaining the opinions we have above professed upon this subject, we cannot pass any very high encomium upon the manner in which Mr. Murray has acquitted himself of his self-imposed task. His work does not appear to have made any advance in the right direction, nor does he supply the wants which we have already indicated.

It is true that he does not, like his rival in this walk of literature, the *quondam* cook of the Reform Club, overload his pages with such nonsensical rhapsodies as the one subjoined,† nor with observations wholly irrelevant to the topic under consideration; still, as we shall presently show, Mr. Murray is not free from faults of another kind.

Soyer's book in the hands of a beginner would be

* In Dodsley's Annual Register for 1762, a curious anecdote is recorded upon this subject in the Memoirs of Count Zinzendorff. See also Sir W. Temple's Essay "On the Cure of the Gout" (page 3).

* Of these are the Cooks of Bedfordshire, of Northumberland, and Yorkshire;—the Cookes of Devonshire, who for some six centuries past have borne upon an ermine shield, on a bend cotised sable, three cats passant guardant or. Related to these again is the ancient branch of Traise, in Cornwall. Then there are the Cookes of Norgrove, in Worcestershire, of the kin of the founder of Worcester College—the Cookes and Cokes of Norfolk, of Mylton in Warwickshire, with many others of illustrious memory.

† "THE CELESTIAL AND TERRESTRIAL CREAM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Procure, if possible, the antique vase of the Roman Capitol, the cup of Hebe, the strength of Hercules, and the power of Jupiter.

"Then proceed as follows:—

"Have ready the chaste vase (on the glittering rim of which three doves are resting in peace), and in it deposit a smile from the Duchess of Sutherland, from which terrestrial *déesse* it will be most grateful; then add a lesson from the Duchess of Northumberland; the happy remembrance of Lady Byron; an invitation from the Marchioness of Exeter; a walk in the fairy palace of the Duchess of Buckingham; an honour of the Marchioness of Douro; a sketch from Lady Westmoreland; Lady Chesterfield's conversation; the deportment of the Marchioness of Aylesbury; the affability of Lady Marcus Hill; some romances of Mrs. Norton; a mite

worse than useless—the greater portion of it, indeed, utterly unintelligible. One sufficiently advanced to understand it would probably be able to write a better one himself. What can be in worse taste than the puff-advertisement style in which the whole affair is concocted. The portrait of the wr ter and of his wife, together with the *biography* of the latter individual—the elaborate engraving entitled "MY TABLE AT HOME" (!), in which the author is exhibited seated at dinner with his *hat on*, and surrounded by a group of most questionable appearance—the twenty and odd pages of newspaper notices raked out of every description of journal—and the inflated, egotistic character of the remarks, not strictly professional, interspersed throughout the volume, would be sufficient of themselves to prevent our speaking of it in terms of approbation.* But besides these grounds for general, there are others for special objection. These we shall not pretend to specify in detail, but shall merely instance one of the most glaring. What can be more ridiculous, for instance, than the costly directions for preparing what is entitled the "Dindonneau à la Nelson." A woodcut is given of the monstrosity in its finished state. It resembles a horse's skull enveloped in a napkin, and garnished with a fireguard, much more than anything with which our naval hero was ever allied.

The "Poulardes en Diadème," the "Galantine à la Volière," &c. &c., are all recondite follies of the same grotesque character. Let all due care be bestowed on the elaboration of any "plat" the cook may be ordered to produce, but let him by all means be discouraged from wasting his time and materials in such puerilities as these. *Ne sutor ultrà crepidam*—it is not from the kitchen that we desire or expect representations of anything either in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. All attempts of the kind must of necessity be abortive, and should be unequivocally condemned.

Mr. Murray has certainly not sinned in this particular. As his book, like some others we might cite, may be dipped into anywhere, and does not require to be perused from cover to cover, we will open it at random ere we comment upon it further. Let us see—what have we here?

TO CLEAN THE BACK OF THE GRATE, THE INNER HEARTH, AND THE FRONTS OF CAST IRON STOVES—Boil about a quarter of a pound of the best black lead with a pint of small beer and a bit of soap the size of a walnut.

Ah! very good, no doubt, but not exactly what we require. We turn on—what is this?

Catch one in a trap, muzzle him with the assistance of a fellow servant, and slightly singe some of his hair; then smear the part with turpentine.

Humane, thoughtful, and attentive, but still very odd cookery, this. Oh! we perceive, this is a receipt, and no doubt a very effectual one, for "expelling rats." We will make essay of it on the first bore that trespasses upon our studious solitude.

In close juxtaposition to the above prescription is one for "cleaning tin covers." We begin to lose patience, for we are hunting for something to put *under* the "tin covers," not *on* them. We turn over leaf after leaf, filled with minute instructions for "dyeing gloves," "cementing broken chins," for "making hard pomatum," and "soft pomatum," &c. Here, if we mistake not, is something at last. That *coticula coqui*

AN OMELETTE.*

"Take four eggs," says Mr. Murray, "beat the yolks and whites together with a tablespoonful of milk, a little salt and pepper; put two ounces of butter into a frying-pan to boil, and let it remain until it begins to brown; pour the butter into it, and let it remain quiet for a minute; turn up the edges of the omelette gently from the bottom of the pan with a fork; shake it to keep it from burning at the bottom, and fry it till of a light brown. It will not take more than five minutes frying."

Now, with all due reverence for the august and collective wisdom of Albemarle-street, we unhesitatingly affirm that if an inexperienced person were to follow literally these instructions the result of his labours would be something bearing very little resemblance indeed to a true Parisian omelette. But were he to take our advice and, in lieu of four yolks and whites, to take five yolks and three whites,

of gold from Miss Coutts; a royal dress from the Duchess of Buccleuch; a reception from the Duchess of Leinster; a fragment of the works of Lady Blessington; a ministerial secret from Lady Peel; a gift from the Duchess of Bedford; an interview with Madame de Bunsen; a diplomatic reminiscence from the Marchioness of Clanricarde; an autocratic thought from the Baroness Brunnow; a reflection from Lady John Russell; an amiable word from Lady John Wilton; the protection of the Countess de St. Aulaire; a seraphic strain from Lady Essex; a poetical gift of the Baroness de la Calabrala; a welcome from Lady Alice Peel; the sylph-like form of the Marchioness of Abercorn; a *soirée* of the Duchess of Beaufort; a reverence of the Viscountess Jocelyn; and the goodwill of Lady Palmerston," &c. &c. &c.

This wretched twaddle is continued through several pages, but we imagine that the above specimen will amply suffice.

* Apropos of this man, we may mention here an amusing incident. Not long since a well-known gentleman of convivial habits had ordered for his refection at the "Coventry" a favourite dish of his, "Filets de grouse à la Paoli," which, as is well known, ought to be served up very hot, covered with finely-shred olives. On this occasion the garniture was omitted, and the indignant epicure commanded the cook to appear at the bar of the coffee-room and receive judgment. Francatelli, somewhat surprised, made his appearance in apparel as well cut, and in colour perhaps somewhat less *prononcé* than that of his accuser. He heard the charge calmly till the indignant diner exclaimed, "At the —— Club —— always sends up this dish in proper style; why have I to complain here?" "Mais, monsieur!" shrieked the Italian; "mais, monsieur! a donc l'audace de me comparer à ce misérable —— c'en est trop c'est une insulte—c'est infâme!" Accordingly, on the following day he threatened, if the member did not forthwith quit the club, that *he* would send in his resignation. The committee were in despair: there was no alternative but a full and ample apology. Apology to a cook! perish the thought! The proud Milesian, however, found it necessary to succumb, the cook was appeased, and the club still exists.

* It may not be generally known that the term omelette is derived from the words "œufs melés."

and, instead of beating them together, to beat them separately some hours before they were required, and then to commingle them carefully and lightly with two tablespoonfuls of *cream*, rather than one of *milk*—to be careful, moreover, to use a deep, in preference to a shallow, pan, placing therein four ounces, instead of two, of the very *freshest* butter—to stir it assiduously for a minute, instead of "letting it remain quiet," over a clear bright fire, folding it carefully when "set"—we will answer for it that the product shall be worthy of the table of Lucullus, more especially if, at the moment of projection, a liberal allowance of rich gravy be poured over the golden and savoury mess.

Turning over a few pages at hazard we light upon an important chapter headed "SAUCES," and with anxious eye attentively scan the rules laid down by our author for compounding

MELTED BUTTER.

Shade of Apicius! what do we behold? Positively flour and hot water as ingredients. Alas! Mr. Murray—Mr. Murray. What prompted thee to put this sentence upon paper? How could such a heresy escape the eagle eye of thy "lady" editress, or the acumen of the "PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN (!) of great repute in London, by whom the book was thoroughly revised?" Flour and hot water!—was there ever error so monstrous, so flagrant, as this? To dispel it as speedily and as readily as we can, we hasten to enlighten the public upon this important "Canon of Art," and that since England has the reputation of possessing 130 religions and one sauce, the rising generation may learn at least how that unique sauce *ought* to be compounded.

Be it then known to all men that the sole elements of this simple, yet essential adjunct, are the purest butter and the freshest cream, harmoniously blended,* with a modicum of salt and of white pepper.

* The proportions we recommend are five ounces of butter to two dessert-spoonfuls of cream; if possible, let them be *held* in a silver saucepan *over* a charcoal fire, and stirred in *one* direction only, with a boxwood spoon.

Under the head "HARES" we have a variety of recipes, all of which we have had tried; and, by a select committee of taste, advisedly pronounce them in every respect inferior to the only way in which (saving and excepting always in the form of soup) the animal in question ought to appear at table. Let our readers make the experiment, and if their powers of appreciation be not of the dullest, we are satisfied that they will instantly determine upon the adoption of our suggestion for ever after. Here is then the true and delectable way of cooking

LE LIEVRE A LA SUEDOISE.*

Let him be boned and stuffed, placed before a clear fire (*à la broche*) in the ordinary way, then basted for a quarter of an hour, and no longer, with the best white wine vinegar. Remove him from the fire, wipe him well all over with a clean napkin, and set the vinegar aside. Replace the hare before the fire, basting him, until thoroughly cooked, with one pound of the best fresh butter. When done, serve the hare in a dry dish, with the vinegar and butter mingled together for sauce in a separate vessel, and you will find it a "righte brave dishe," and may possibly be inclined to coincide with Mizaldus, who affirms that "Hare is a merry meat, and making those that eat it fair!"

That this belief was prevalent in the days of Martial may be gathered from his uncomplimentary epigram to Gellia, of which, for the benefit of our gentle readers, we annex Elphinstone's somewhat bald version in preference to the original:—

When you send me a hare your benignity says,
Honest Mark shall be handsome, full four and three days.
If your joke and the truth do not jostle, my dear,
In your life you ne'er tasted a lev'ret I fear!

But we are warned that it is time to take leave of our friend, Mr. Murray, regretting, as we do so, that we cannot, in the words of Guiderius (in *Cymbeline*), laud

His neat cookery,

or affirm that he has taught us so to—

Sauce our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

* We believe this recipe has never before appeared in print.

An Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland. By J. J. A. WORSAAE. London: 1852.

M. WORSAAE (pronounced by the bye Virsau) is an antiquarian whose ability is universally admitted, and whose reputation has long been established throughout Europe. For some time past he has devoted his researches to a branch of historical knowledge, hitherto not deeply investigated, though interesting alike to the Anglo-Saxon and the Scandinavian. In the unpretending volume before us, we find collected a vast variety of facts which have not previously been compiled, a great number of important deductions from those facts, together with the origin of many names with which all are tolerably familiar.

It has long been known to those of our tourists who are versed in archæology that the northern counties of Scotland abound in Scandinavian remains, whose true history has hitherto been only matter for vague conjecture.

In order that a clearer knowledge of these antiquities should be obtained, the Duke of Sutherland, and his brother, Lord Ellesmere, have on more than one occasion urged the Royal Society of Northern

Antiquaries at Copenhagen, to depute some of their members to explore so fertile a field. In accordance with these pressing requests, his late Majesty Christian VIII., in the spring of 1846, commissioned M. Worsaae to make an investigation of the memorials and monuments of the Danes and Norwegians, still extant in Scotland and the British Isles.

Frederic VII., the present King of Denmark, also displayed much zeal in promoting the inquiry. Our author accordingly travelled during the greater part of 1846-47 through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and, as he assures us, met everywhere with the kindest reception and the most valuable co-operation.

He has now presented the public with the results of his journey, and they will learn from the data before them, to entertain a truer and less prejudiced opinion of the early conquests of the Norwegians and Danes than that which has been hitherto accepted, *faute de mieux*.

Some of our own antiquaries may possibly be incited by the example here afforded them, to follow up the research, and thus throw a still clearer light upon a remote period of the history of the northern countries of Europe.

We have not space to present our readers with an analysis of the work, but we cannot forbear citing a passage which must be interesting to all. Speaking of the metropolis, M. Worsaae observes:—

LONDON.

The Dane who wanders through this immense city will not only be reminded by such names as "Denmark-court," "Denmark-street," and "Copenhagen-street," and by monuments in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, of the sanguinary battles which have taken place in modern times between England and Denmark, as well as of the older ties of friendship, which for a long time found increased support by means of the relationship and reciprocal marriages which occurred in the reigning families of the two countries; but he will also find traces even to this day of the power and influence which his forefathers, both before and after King Canute's time, possessed in the most important commercial city of wealthy England.

Approaching the city from the west end, through the great street called "the Strand," we see, close outside the old gate of Temple Bar, a church called St. Clement Danes, from which the surrounding parish derives its name. In the early part of the middle ages this church was called in Latin, "Ecclesia Sancti Clementis Danorum," or, "the Danes' Church of St. Clement." It was here that the Danes in London formerly had their own burial place; in which reposed the remains of Canute the Great's son and next successor, Harald Harefoot. When, in 1040, Hardicanute ascended the throne after his brother Harald, he caused Harald's corpse to be disinterred from its tomb in Westminster Abbey, and thrown into the Thames; where it was found by a fisherman, and afterwards buried, it is said, "in the Danes' churchyard in London." From the churchyard it was subsequently removed into a round tower, which ornamented the church before it was rebuilt at the close of the seventeenth century.

It has, indeed, been supposed by some that this church was called after the Danes only because so many Danes have been buried in it; but as it is situated close by the Thames, and must have originally lain outside the city walls, in the western suburbs, and consequently outside of London proper, it is certainly put beyond all doubt that the Danish merchants and mariners who, for the sake of trade, were at that time established in or near London, had here a place of their own, in which they dwelt together as fellow-countrymen. Here it should also be remarked, that this church, like others in commercial towns, as, for instance, at Aaahuus in Jutland, at Trondhjem in Norway, and even in the city of London (in East Cheap), was consecrated to St. Clement, who was especially the seamen's patron saint. The Danes naturally preferred to bury their dead in this church, which was their proper parish church.

The Danes and Norwegians also possessed an important place of trade on the southern shore of the Thames, opposite the city—in Southwark, as it is called, which was first incorporated with London, as part of the city, in the middle ages. The very name of *Southwark*, which is unmistakably of Danish or Norwegian origin, is evidence of this. The Sagas relate that in the time of King Svend Tveskjæg the Danes fortified this trading place; which, evidently on account of its situation to the south of the Thames and London, was called "Sydvirke" (Sudrvirki), or the southern fortification. From Sudrvirki, which in Anglo-Saxon was called Suo-geweorc, but which in the middle ages obtained the name of Suthwerk or Suwerk, arose the present form, Southwark, through small and gradual changes in the pronunciation. The Northmen had a church in Sydvirke dedicated to the Norwegian king, Olaf the Saint. Olaf, who fell in the battle of Stiklestad, in 1030, was so celebrated a saint that churches were built in his honour, not only in Norway, where he became the patron saint of the kingdom, and in the rest of Scandinavia, but also in almost every place where the Northmen established themselves; nay, even in distant Constantinople the Varangians had a church called after him There is still a street in Southwark, close by London-bridge and the Thames, which bears the significant name of Tooley-street, a corruption of St. Olave's-street. On the northern side stands a church, called St. Olave's Church, and which is found mentioned by that name as early as the close of the thirteenth century.

Within the city, in what may be strictly called ancient London, where the Sagas already mention a St. Olaf's church, there are to be found at this day no fewer than three churches consecrated to St. Olave: namely, in Silver street; at the north-west corner of Seething-lane, Tower-street; and in the Old Jewry (St. Olave's Upwell). The two last named stand in the eastern extremities of the city, yet within its ancient boundaries. In the same neighbourhood, near London-bridge, there is also a church dedicated to St. Magnus the Martyr, which likewise undoubtedly owes its origin to the Northmen, either the Norwegians or Danes. St. Magnus was a Norwegian jarl, who was killed in the twelfth century in Orkney, where the cathedral in Kirkwall is also consecrated to him.

That so many churches in London should be named after these Norwegian saints, Olaf and Magnus, who, moreover, were not canonized till after the death of Canute the Great, and the overthrow of the Danish dominion in England, furnishes no mean evidence of the influence of the Northmen in London. It confirms in a remarkable manner the truth of the old statements, that the Danes who dwelt in London could at times even turn the scales at the election of a king; as, for instance, after the death of Canute the Great. An English chronicler, speaking of the power of the Danes at that period, adds, that the citizens of London had, by reason of their frequent intercourse with "*the barbarians*" (the Danes), almost adopted their manners and customs. And it was, indeed, natural that the long voyages of the Northmen, and the important commerce carried on between the countries of Scandinavia and England, should have long secured to the northern merchants an influential position in a city like London, which was in the highest degree a commercial city, and particularly when these merchants had once been established there in great numbers.

In conclusion, we need hardly remark that the book in question is one that ought to be found in the library of every one who is desirous to possess the most authentic details that have yet been published relative to the early Danes and Northmen.

History of England and France under the House of Lancaster, with an Introductory View of the Early Reformation. 8vo. London: 1852.

FEW of our readers will need to be reminded that Bishop Burnet commences his history of the "Reformation of the Church of England" with these words—"England had for a whole age felt the miseries of a long and cruel war between the two Houses of York and Lancaster; during which time, as the Crown had lost great dominions beyond sea, so the nation was much impoverished, many noble families extinguished, much blood shed, great animosities everywhere raised, with all the other miseries of a lasting civil war; but they now saw all these happily composed when the two families did unite in King Henry the Eighth."

This happened in 1509. Burnet, without any retrospect, hurries on to the marriage of the new king, the rise of Wolsey, the affair of the Abbot of Winchelcomb, and of Doctor Horsey, and thence to the matter of the divorce and the separation of the English Church from that of Rome.

We think we hear the not very unnatural question—"What has all this about Burnet and his "History of the Reformation" to do with a History of England and France under the House of Lancaster?" The fact is, this anonymous work is nothing more than an introductory volume to Burnet's History. Heresies are as old as the Christian Church; reformations and separations are to be found upon every step of ecclesiastical history; men had cried aloud against Rome before Luther threw aside his frock, or Knox or Calvin went forth. The Waldenses in the eleventh century said much the same as any popular evangelical preacher says now. They were exterminated by persecution in the twelfth. High winds waft such seeds from land to land, and not long after Lolhard suffered for heresy in Bohemia. This fire was stamped out, or smouldered unseen. There was an interval during which the Church of Rome was the Universal Church of western Christendom, and not even a guerilla party was in arms against her. This peace, however, ceased.

JOHN WYCLIFFE.

In the last years of Edward the Third's reign, the attention of men was drawn to a body of priests, who, with their lay followers, formed a new sect, under the teaching and the guidance of Dr. John Wycliffe. This remarkable person was born about the year 1324, in a parish of the same name in Yorkshire, upon a manor which had belonged to his family ever since the Conquest. Educated at Oxford, he had there acquired in an ample measure the learning of the times, had become a profound theologian, and displayed an extraordinary capacity for the subtleties, metaphysical as well as religious, of scholastic controversy. In these talents and accomplishments he is confessed by his most implacable adversaries, the clerical impugners of his doctrines, to have had no superior, if he had any equal; and his life was allowed by all to be as pure as his endowments were eminent.

The reputation which he gained at the University was proportionate to these great merits. He soon obtained a fellowship at Merton, which, after leaving Queen's, he had made his college, and which was at that time the residence of many learned men; among others of William Ockham, called the *singular* or *invincible doctor*, and Thomas Bradwardine, the *profound doctor*. Wycliffe himself, having early devoted his attention in a peculiar manner to the study of the Scriptures, was termed the *evangelical* or *gospel doctor*, and he received the appointment of divinity lecturer to the University. Soon after this, a controversy arose respecting the mendicant orders, and he took part against them with the majority of the Oxford men, led on by their former Chancellor, Fitzrelph, now Archbishop of Armagh. About the same time Wycliffe exposed severely some other corruptions of the Church, especially the simoniacal practices prevailing generally, but most of all at Rome.

In 1361 he obtained the wardenship of Balıol College, and a few years after he is commonly said to have held that of Canterbury Hall, recently founded by Archbishop Islip, who, to make way for him, sanctioned the removal, on account of alleged misconduct, of the person first appointed. Upon that prelate's decease, however, his successor disputed the validity of the whole proceeding, and deprived Wycliffe, who appealed to the Pope; but the sentence was affirmed in 1370, after a protracted litigation. This accident is by some thought to have given his mind a bias against the Romish Church. But nothing can be more groundless than the suspicion, even if we believe that the Master of Canterbury Hall and the Reformer were the same individual, of which grave doubts have been entertained. For we have seen that his attacks on Rome were begun in 1356; his hostility to the friars commenced in 1360 at the latest, and Canterbury Hall was not even founded till 1361, nor the papal decision against him pronounced till nine years later. It is much more probable that the Pope's mind was biased against him by the regular clergy, to whom Wycliffe had extended his hostility, originally pointed at the mendicant orders alone.

The fame which he had obtained at the University appears to have recommended him first for promotion in the church, and then to the favour of Edward the Third, who made him one of his chaplains, and bestowed on him a prebend annexed to Worcester Cathedral, and the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. But his zeal in the contests with the Mendicants, and his writings against Rome, further recommended him to that prince as qualified for important service, and he was accordingly appointed one of the commissioners to treat of ecclesiastical differences, and chiefly of the papal claims to Church patronage, with the Pope's envoys at Bruges. Thither he repaired, with his colleagues; and there he enjoyed, in the course of the negociation, an opportunity of taking a nearer view than he before had of the Holy See's mingled craft and pride.

It may well be supposed that this lesson was not thrown away. Upon his return to his chair at Oxford, his invectives were no longer confined to the friars. He commenced a general attack upon the clergy, but especially upon the higher orders in the hierarchy, with the Pope himself at its head. Then, carrying his assault from the polity of the Church and the discipline of its pastors to the doctrines which they taught, he denied the conversion of the sacramental elements by the priest's consecration, holding that they retained their original nature, and were only to the eye of faith the Saviour's body and blood.

Although this opinion impugned the fundamental and distinguishing dogma of the Romish creed, yet there can be no doubt that the more practical doctrines with which he accompanied the promulgation of his dissent excited a far more serious alarm among the clergy; for he denied altogether that prayers had any special efficacy when offered up in the case of individuals, or possessed a higher virtue than general petitions, a tenet that in practice struck at the mass, which, however, he had not attacked. He held that excommunication is only lawful of such as lie under divine displeasure, not to be levelled against any one at the will of the prelate, still less to be employed as a means of enforcing payments or service to the Church. He affirmed the utter inefficacy, and even nullity, of all acts done by priests living in the commission of sin. He maintained the right of the civil governor to seize upon the possession of a delinquent clergy; and this doctrine he extended to tithe, regarding it as mere charity, the payment of it as a voluntary act, and the withholding it from clerks who led sinful lives as a right, if not a duty. He regarded the temporal posses-

sions, generally, of a wealthy establishment, but chiefly those of its dignitaries, as inconsistent with the precepts of the Gospel: monastic institutions he declared to be unchristian, and the collections of mendicant friars simoniacal. He proceeded to censure indulgences and pilgrimages as expedients for enriching the clergy, and not for edifying their flocks. Ascending to the head of the Catholic Church, he rejected the notion of the Pope's infallibility; confined his jurisdiction to his own bishopric; asserted that St. Peter had never given him any greater powers than other priests possessed; affirmed that he might be accused and condemned like any other prelate; pronounced his only authority over foreign states to be derived from the assent of their temporal rulers; and denied altogether his right to lay down or to expound rules of faith, appealing to the Scriptures as the only canon of orthodoxy to all Christian men.

We could not, we believe, describe the scope, the merits, or the style of this volume better, than by the extract we have just given.

Wycliffe died stricken with apoplexy when about to open his mouth to preach on St. Thomas's Day, 1384, and, summing up his career, our author thus compares it with that of the mightier enemy of Rome who was yet to come:—

WYCLIFFE AND LUTHER.

Even if we compare him with Luther, in one only particular can he be said to fall short of that great Reformer—his success was more limited. But this only renders his merit the more signal; for he failed, because he lived in a comparatively dark age; while Luther, coming later by a century and a half, had for his allies the general cultivators of learning and the powerful agency of the press, beside profiting by the previous labours of Wycliffe and his followers. It is indeed to be borne in mind, that Zuinglius had planted the Reformation in Switzerland before Luther began his work in Germany; and had at this early period even shaken off many Romish errors which clung by Luther to the end of his life.

If in other respects we compare Wycliffe with his illustrious successor, we shall find in both the fixed determination to suffer no intrusion of any human authority between man and his Maker. This is the grand principle of the Reformation, the distinguishing mark of dissent from the Romish Church; and it at once emancipates from all religious thraldom, severs the clerical from the political office, confines the priest within the natural limits of his functions, and by introducing Scripture as sole arbiter in religious controversy, secures the entire system from theological error. But in following this great doctrine into its consequences, the two Reformers so far differed, that Luther chiefly attacked the polity of Rome and the various devices of her priestcraft; while Wycliffe, without neglecting that branch of the subject, carried his inquiries more largely into the corruptions of the faith. In discharging the duty of preaching, and in furthering the study of the Scriptures, both were alike exemplary; but Wycliffe composed more discourses, and he completed himself the translation of the Bible, parts only of which Luther attempted. In their possession of great learning, in their acquaintance with polemical divinity, in their skilful management of all controversial weapons, these great men were equally eminent; but it is remarkable, that he who lived in the earlier age, and in the ruder state of society, was the less coarse and vulgar in the language of his invective, and the more guarded and dignified in his demeanour as a disputant. He also showed less intolerance of any difference in theological opinion. Luther even made up his mind to risk the failure of his whole enterprise rather than receive into his fellowship Zuinglius, who had cast off errors of Romanism to which himself still adhered.

The courage that inspired both reformers to break loose from the papacy, supported them in sustaining long continued conflicts with the secular arm. But Wycliffe, though he never made any recantation, yet showed a disposition to reconcile his doctrines with those of orthodox believers when he was abandoned by his patron, Lancaster; whereas Luther never betrayed the least desire to soften the shades of his dissent: a merit of the highest order, though rendered somewhat easier by the advantage which he enjoyed above his predecessor, of steady support from the Elector of Saxony. The temporal lot of the two men differed accordingly. Luther gave up all preferment, and indeed surrendered entirely his station in the Church which he opposed. Wycliffe retained both his parochial and cathedral benefices to the end of his life.

In their private character both were without a stain: the sanctity of their lives attested the purity of their doctrine. The utmost rancour of controversy never gave rise to a charge against Wycliffe's morals; and if Luther's were attacked, the accusation imagined by bigotry, or fabricated by fraud, passed harmless over his head. In this, however, Wycliffe was the more happy of the two, that never having bound himself by any vows, he could not be taunted with moulding his belief so as to escape from their obligation; while Luther, a monk, could with truth be alleged to have married a nun in violation of that celibacy which both had solemnly, though unlawfully, sworn to maintain.

Our author doubts that the term Lollard, afterwards used to denote Wycliffe's disciples, was derived from the heretic done to death in Hungary. The description of the gradual spread of Wycliffe's doctrines after his death, and of the nature of those doctrines, is not without interest:—

LOLLARDS AND LOLLARDY.

The loss of their great leader did not relax the efforts of his disciples; but the jealousy of the government had joined itself to that of the clergy, and there were so many attempts made to harass the sect, that it probably would have been extinguished, had not its principles taken too deep root, and spread too widely, to render their extirpation possible. The name of Lollard was now given to those who embraced the new opinions, either from the word so often used by the clergy, indeed, by the Pope, too, and the prelates, in denouncing the heresy—that it was tares, *lolium*, mixed with the wheat; or from the appellation given to a similar sect in Germany, headed, early in the same century, by one Lollard. We now find Lollards and Lollardy made during many years the subject of strong complaints, as well by the clergy in their writings and sermons as by their supporters in Parliament. Nevertheless, the Lollards persevered with the strenuous zeal which marks all new sects, and is proverbially stimulated rather than quelled by opposition. The opinions which they maintained even assumed a bolder form after Wycliffe's decease. They denied that there had been any Pope whose title to the office was valid since Sylvester in the fourth century. All indulgences they utterly rejected as corruption; confession and absolution they regarded as sinful, and even impious; pilgrimages, the invocation of saints, the keeping of saints' days, the use of images in worship, they plainly treated as various forms of idolatry; all Church dignities, from that of the Pope down to the deanery, they considered unlawful innovations upon the primitive simplicity and purity of the Gospel dispensation. Oaths of every kind they held to be sinful. They denied that the clergy could lawfully hold any property; and, what appears to have given more offence than all besides, they assumed the right of conferring holy orders, their priests, thus made, taking upon them every clerical function. Their numbers, thickly scattered over the country, in all probability prevented the prelates from exerting their full authority against them: but in one diocese they appear to have received a check, at least for a time. Spencer, Bishop of Norwich, famous for his crusade against the partisans of Clement, and for his cruel proceedings against the Flemish insurgents, to defeat whom he had led on a large force to rout and destruction, gave a public notice that he would punish with death any one who should presume to preach without regular ordination and licence.

The troubles of Richard's reign, and the sudden revolutions of party which took place, with the proscription of each faction in succession by its victorious adversaries, withdrew the attention of the government from the proceedings of the sect, and favoured its progress; but after the King had firmly established his authority by the sudden overthrow of his uncle Gloucester's influence, he took a decided part, when called on by the clergy, to repress the Lollards, whose conduct had become liable to the charge of violence, and even on one occasion to that of sedition. They placarded the churches in London with scurrilous attacks upon the priests

as men of lives the most immoral; they were encouraged in these proceedings by one Pateshull, a friar who, having purchased the appointment of Pope's chaplain, gave up his place in the order he had belonged to, and bitterly assailed the fraternity; and being favoured by some of the powerful barons, they presented a petition, which their patrons were expected to support, complaining of clerical abuses in unmeasured terms.

Among these "scurrilous attacks" upon the priests was probably the Canterbury pilgrimage, which Chaucer, a staunch believer in the new doctrines, and safe under the protection of the Duke of Lancaster, was polishing for immortality.

We cannot say that this work is a pleasant history wherein wisdom and erudition pass on in cadenced sentences, thoughts ever and anon startle with a new found truth, and images glitter among the pages and shed light around. When the author deviates a line from his evident object and wanders into history not ecclesiastical, he falls and flounders as he who should step aside from the known path over a Highland moss. The volume is a preliminary volume to Burnet, respectable in its pretensions and in its performance.

The Life of Henry the Eighth. Translated from the French of M. Audin, by EDWARD G. KIRWAN BROWNE, late Curate of Bawdsey, Suffolk. London: Dolman, 1852.

IN the review immediately preceding we have directed attention to a work introductory to Burnet's "History of the Reformation," and taking the Protestant view of that momentous question. Here we have a Catholic work upon the Reformation itself, or, as the author calls it in his title-page, "the Schism of England." The most zealous reformers cannot look back with much pleasure upon the human motives which, to the eye of mere reason, seemed to have directed that mighty revolution. This work is in fact a learned and elaborate commentary upon the sneering text furnished by the poet:—

'Twas love first caused the monarch's doubts to rise,
And Gospel light first dawned from Boleyn's eyes.

Into such controversies we do not enter. We note the appearance of the work only in the discharge of our duty as impartial critics. Our Catholic readers, if such we have, will read it with pleasure. The clergy of our national Church will, perhaps, be glad to see the Catholic statement of this historical part of the question, and, perchance, may be tempted to answer it. We are not sure, however, after looking carefully through this closely printed volume that the author treats the memory of Henry VIII. much more harshly than many Protestant historians have done before him.

We subjoin an extract, illustrative of the style and purport of the work:—

On the 24th of April, 1538, the king's Attorney-General was instructed to commence proceedings against the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a clerk deposited the following summons on his tomb:—"Henry, by the grace of God, King of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and supreme Head of the Church of England, by the tenor of these present, we cite thee, Thomas, formerly Archbishop of Canterbury, to appear before our sovereign council, to answer for the causes of thy death; for thy scandals committed against the kings our predecessors; for thy insolence in arrogating to thyself the title of martyr, since thou sufferedst rather as a rebel against the king, thy lord and master, than as a defender of the Catholic faith; and for thy disobedience to the laws of a sovereign prince and judge, as we are in matters ecclesiastical. And as thy crimes were committed against that royal majesty with which we likewise are vested, we now summon thee to receive thy sentence. If no one duly authorised appear in thy defence, judgment will be passed according to the laws of the land. London, 24th April, 1538." After an interval of thirty days, granted to the saint to procure counsel and prepare his defence, the case was called on for trial. Becket did not leave his tomb, but in order that it might not be said that he had been tried without a hearing, the king appointed him a counsellor. The court met at Westminister, on the 11th June, when the Attorney-General, the archbishop's solicitor for the time, not being able to refute the charges brought against his client, prudently kept silent, and a verdict was brought against St. Thomas for contumacy. "Thomas à Becket to wit:—considering that no one has come forward to defend him, and that the solicitor officially nominated to repel the charges of rebellion, contumacy, and treason against his king, of which crimes Becket has been accused; seeing that during his lifetime Becket troubled the kingdom, that he endeavoured to infringe upon the authority of the kings our predecessors, that in consequence of these attempts he was put to death, and that he did not perish for the honour of God and his Church; seeing that the sovereignty of the Church belongs to the king, and not to the Bishop of Rome, as he stated; seeing that the people regard him in the view of a martyr, and venerate all those who lose their lives in contending for the authority of the Roman Church; and in order that such crimes may not go unpunished, and that the ignorant may be led to acknowledge their errors, and cease to be the victims of abuses introduced into the kingdom, we judge and decree, that the above named Thomas, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, shall henceforth cease to bear the title of Martyr, of Saint, and the Just; that his images shall be removed from all churches, and his name erased from all prayer-books, litanies, and kalendars, and that he is convicted of treason, perjury, and rebellion, and, consequently, we order that his bones shall be taken out of his tomb and publicly burnt, in order that the living may learn from the chastisement of the dead, to respect our laws and our authority. The gold, silver, and precious stones, and other valuable objects, with which piety, mistaking him for a saint, adorned his shrine, are confiscated to the crown. We forbid, under pain of death and confiscation, any of our subjects henceforward to honour him as a saint, address to him their prayers, carry his relics, honour him directly or indirectly; in default of which, any one found guilty shall be considered as a conspirator against our royal person, or as an abettor and accomplice of revolt."

Several historians have endeavoured to deny this act of folly, but the proofs are extant and irrefragable. Henry himself alludes to this process against the ashes of the dead in one of his proclamations. Paul III. held up these absurd and infamous proceedings to the execration of the Christian world; and Burnet has taken care to call our attention to the outrages which the king continued to commit against the memory of the sainted archbishop, long after the profanation of his tomb at Canterbury. The sentence was executed, and armed men came to break open the shrine of St. Thomas. The gold, silver, and precious stones which were extracted from it, filled several coffers, which were conveyed to London. Among the diamonds that sparkled on the tomb, there was one of great value, called the French diamond, from its having been presented to the saint by Louis VII. in 1179. Henry had it mounted in a ring, which he afterwards wore on his finger.

Within the period of a few years Henry suppressed 645 monasteries, twenty-eight of which were represented in Parliament by their respective abbots; and in different parts of the kingdom 90 colleges, 2,374 chantries and free chapels, and 110 hospitals were demolished. The revenues

of these various establishments amounted to £1,710,000. Hume, to whom we are indebted for these details, remarks, that the whole landed rental of England at that period was estimated at £4,000,000, the revenues of the religious houses not exceeding a twentieth part of the national revenue. It was said that the spoliation of the abbeys would enable the prince to repeal all the taxes; but so far from diminishing them, he insisted, some time after, on being compensated for the expense he had incurred in the reformation of the religious houses; and in less than a year (1540), he extorted from the reluctant gratitude of Parliament a subsidy of two-tenths and two-fifteenths. In order to insure the co-operation of the nobility, he shared his spoils with his favourites. On some he bestowed the revenues of the suppressed houses, while to others he sold or let, at a nominal rent, the buildings and lands. The ruins of St. Austin's Abbey was converted into a palace for his Majesty, a menagerie for his wild beasts, and three manors for his courtiers. Winchester Abbey, founded by Alfred the Great, and the place of his interment, was given, together with all its dependencies, to Wriothesley, who subsequently received from the royal munificence Micheldever and Stratton. So profuse was Henry in his liberality, that he presented a woman with the revenues of a whole abbey, for having made him a pudding that pleased his palate. He requested Cromwell to give one of Mr. Bedyl's benefices to a priest who had taken great pains in training two hawks for him.

We note that the author has fallen into the vulgar error of believing that the axe wherewith Anne Boleyn was beheaded is to be seen in the Tower of London. It is true that an axe is shown at the Tower, and that the cicerone tells every gaping stranger that this was the death weapon of poor Anne Boleyn; but we had thought every student of history knew that Anne Boleyn was beheaded not by an axe but by a sword. We had noted some other similar inaccuracies of detail, but upon reconsideration they are not of importance equal to the extended discussion they would require.

Life in Bombay and the Neighbouring Out-stations, with Illustrations. London: 1852.

We have looked through this anonymous volume to discover whether there be anything in it differing in any respect from the twenty thousand volumes that have been published upon India, and which have described India and the Hindoos under every possible aspect, tragic, comic, serio-comic, politico-economic, historic, statistic, and every other "ic." We were warned by the preface that the author had not "devoted a single chapter to the record of grievances and abuses, past and present, real or imaginary"—that he had "entered into no dissertations on men and morals, and touched but lightly on things sacred," but we certainly had expected to find something a little more worthy of printing than the vapid, spiritless twaddle we have turned over and yawned at. The letterpress seems to have been written—and it might have been written without the trouble of any further acquaintance with India, than may be obtained by ten minutes' talk with a Chelsea pensioner, and half-an-hour's gossip over the dinner of a returned nabob—the letterpress, we say, seems to have been written simply as a means of publication for some very poor lithographs of things and places long since familiar to an English eye.

We cannot imagine what could be the inducement to print a book, wherein the facts most prominently insisted upon, seem to be that Anglo-Indian mammas do not like their daughters to dance with miniature painters. But, perhaps, it is hoped that the title may catch Baker-street and the book-clubs.

Analytical Greek Lexicon. London: S. Bagster. 1852.

This is a lexicon specially constructed for the study of the New Testament Scriptures. The present age is distinguished above all preceding it for the production of ingenious schemes for facilitating the acquisition of knowledge; and, among them, there cannot surely be a worthier than one calculated to render a competent acquaintance with the original of the sacred Scriptures of easy acquirement to such persons as have had no opportunity for a profound critical study of the Greek language. All in this condition, who must necessarily shrink from examining authors so formidable as Plato or Thucidydes, may nevertheless boldly and confidently, with such an aid as this lexicon before them, undertake the reading of the New Testament; the language of which, more especially of the four Gospels and the Acts, is, as if by Divine appointment, by far the simplest of all extant Greek writings. The plan adopted in this lexicon well entitles it to the epithet "analytical;" every particular inflection, whether of nouns, verbs, or otherwise, occurring throughout the New Testament, being given, and each such inflection referred to the simple form of the noun, verb, &c., on turning to which the primitive force of the word is found, with the various significations it bears in the New Testament, and citations of the principal passages in which the several significations occur, thus forming a sort of concordance as well as lexicon. With the assistance of so exceedingly comprehensive and simple a lexicon as this, it may be said that the only preliminary necessary for entering upon the study of the New Testament and speedily appreciating it, is a knowledge of the Greek character and a general idea of the grammar, which may be improved, as occasion requires, by reference to the very complete grammatical tables given in the commencement of the volume. The work is got up in the attractive style for which the publisher is distinguished.

The Future; or, the Science of Politics. By A. ALISON, Esq., Author of "The Second Reformation," &c. London: J. Rowsell, Great Queen-street. 1852.

The Past and its Legacies; or, God in History. By J. D. Nourse. Parry and Co., Leadenhall-street. 1852.

It would be scarcely possible for us to enter at any length upon the subject treated of by Mr. Alison without in some measure departing from the principle we have laid down, of observing a strict neutrality alike upon religious and political subjects. Therefore must we content ourselves with a very brief notice of this book.

Mr. Alison commences by stating that politics are based on abstract truth, that truth ought to regulate belief and opinion, and that wisdom (the union of truth and liberty) ought to govern the actions of men.

Politics, he proceeds to show, treat of the actions, not only of individuals, but of governments, and embrace all science that influences conduct.

> For the first time theology (not religion) takes its place among the sciences; and if the present attempt to trace the outline of a system of politics carries science into new and unexplored regions, and contributes to deliver moral philosophy from its present state of impotency, such must be ascribed to the incorporation of theology with other science. Unless it can be shown that theology does not bear on public opinion, there was no alternative but to include it. To deprive the scientific inquirer of facts affecting religious belief is to debar him from the study of human nature, which of course furnishes the primary data from which moral science is derived.

Our readers will readily perceive, from the above extract, what is the obvious tendency of the views of the writer, and though he is not throughout as lucid and as intelligible as in his opening, we are prepared to admit that he evinces much earnestness in the advocacy of his opinions, and that he deserves all the merit due to sincerity. We perfectly agree with him that political science and everything therewith connected, are at present in a state of chaos, and that the existing confusion will be turned into order, "*when* intelligent men may be expected to think alike, and act from definite and fixed principles." Our only doubt is as to the period when that happy era will commence. The world must, indeed, be thoroughly regenerated to bring about so grand a consummation.

In the succeeding pages Mr. Alison discusses a variety of momentous topics, such as Providence—Evil—The Object of Religion—The Jewish (?) and Christian *Churches*—Wealth—Legislation—The Present State of Europe—Civilisation—The Future—The Schism in the Church of England, &c.,—upon each of which subjects a goodly volume might easily have been composed. When we add that they are here summarily disposed of in a small 8vo. volume numbering less than 270 pages, our readers will marvel, at any rate, at our author's powers of condensation, though their praise may be but limited. We have attentively perused the book, and certainly do not attach much weight to many of the arguments which Mr. Alison evidently considers conclusive. Not a few of the doctrines he broaches have long since been exploded, and probably when Mr. Alison has re-considered some of his favourite tenets he will not hold to them as strongly as he now appears to do.

With regard to "The Past and its Legacies," it would occupy above tenfold the space we can afford to devote to the consideration of any single work, were we to attempt an elaborate examination of a volume purporting to contain the results of the studies and thoughts of many years. Moreover, the subjects treated of, and treated of, we are bound to say, in an illogical style remarkable for its frequent *petitio principii*, are of a nature which renders them inadmissible to pages such as ours, whence nothing is excluded with the exception of aught verging on the delicate and dangerous field of polemics.

Mr. Nourse will readily find many literary organs more exclusively devoted to the discussion of works such as this. However, that our readers may form some notion of this gentleman's style, we subjoin the following extract:—

> A considerable period after the fall of the western empire is almost a blank in history. The dim, gigantic forms of men and things flit in the shadowy confusion through the night, for a time untouched even by that golden aurora of mythical poetry which always heralds the dawn of authentic history. But, happily for mankind, religion survived the general ruin, and when the smoke and dust-clouds that hovered over the wrecks of a demolished world began to disperse, the first glimmer of returning light discloses the dove of Christanity winging her flight over that wild, weltering chaos, with the olive branch in her mouth, and shaking from her heavy plumage the seeds of a new and mightier civilisation. As of old, when the spirit of God moved upon the great deep, green islets, emerging from the dreary waste, spring up, and then the broad, firm earth begins to appear teeming with germs of that vigorous growth, which in after ages was to yield the peaceable fruits of order and liberty, of productive industry and national prosperity. Let us rapidly trace the progress of these changes before entering upon the great revolutions of modern society.

The Bridal Gift. By the Hawthorndale Villager. London: Matthews, 53 and 54, Paternoster-row. 1852.

A pretty little collection of tales, encased in crimson and gold. We do not, however, see why it should be confined in its circulation to the "Brides of England." It would, doubtless, be equally acceptable to the young and fair of all denominations.

Scenes and Adventures in Central America. London: 1852.

Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada. By SUSANNA MOODIE. 2 vols. London: 1852.

ALTHOUGH there is not certainly much similarity in the authorship and style of these two books, yet we have deemed it advisable, for other reasons, to link them together in the present notice.

The first, purports to be a translation of the note-book of an Americo-German traveller, who, if only one tithe of what he writes be true, is one of the greatest heroes we have encountered since the days of the redoubted Munchausen. We are quite aware that "*le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*," yet there is in the present instance, throughout every page, such an evident straining after effect, such an agglomeration of dramatic incidents, and of marvellous, not to say impossible, adventures, that we frankly admit our conviction that the whole superstructure must rest upon a very slender basis, if indeed there be any admixture of truth in the narratives before us.

Those who love to dwell upon the excitement of the battle-field, the perils of the lone wanderer overtaken by the flames of a burning forest, the siege of a block-house in the wilderness, the stern, uncompromising mandates of Judge Lynch, and other topics of that kind, will rise from the present banquet with feelings of satiety; and, in all probability, the book will attain a short-lived popularity. The only qualities in the author that we are at all inclined to praise, are his astonishing ingenuity and his powers of invention.

The following is a fair sample of the stories with which these wonderful pages abound:—

THE SIEGE OF THE BLOCKHOUSE.

As he spoke three bullets whistled from the edge of the forest, and struck the stockades within a few inches of the loophole at which he stood. They were fired by the Creoles, who, although they could not possibly distinguish Asa, had probably seen his rifle barrel glitter through the opening. As soon as they had fired, they sprang behind their trees again, craning their heads forward to hear if there was a groan or a cry. They'd have done better to have kept quiet; for Righteous and I caught a sight of them, and let fly at the same moment. Two of them fell and rolled from behind the trees, and we saw that they were the Creole called Croupier, and another of our horse-dealing friends.

When the Spanish officer heard the shots, he ran back to his men, and shouted out "Forward! To the assault!" They came on like mad for a distance of thirty paces, and then, as if they thought we were wild-geese to be frightened by their noise, they fired a volley against the blockhouse.

"Now, then!" cried Asa, "are you loaded, Nathan and Righteous? I take the captain—you, Nathan, the lieutenant—Righteous, the third officer—James, the sergeant. Mark your men, and waste no powder."

The Spaniards were still some sixty yards off, but we were sure of our mark at a hundred and sixty, and that if they had been squirrels instead of men. We fired: the captain and lieutenant, the third officer, two sergeants, and another man writhed for an instant upon the grass. The next moment they stretched themselves out—dead.

All was now confusion among the musketeers, who ran in every direction. Most of them took to the wood, but about a dozen remained and lifted up their officers, to see if there was any spark of life left in them.

"Load again—quick!" said Asa, in a low voice. We did ,and six more Spaniards tumbled over. Those who still kept their legs now ran off as if the soles of their shoes had been of red-hot iron.

We set to work to pick out our touchholes and clean our rifles, knowing that we might not have time later, and that a single miss-fire might cost us all our lives. We then loaded, and began calculating what the Spaniards would do next. It is true they had lost their officers: but there were five Acadians with them, and those were the men we had most reason to fear. Meantime the vultures and turkey-buzzards had already begun to assemble, and presently hundreds of them were circling and hovering over the carcasses, which they as yet feared to touch.

Just then Righteous, who had the sharpest eye of us all, pointed to the corner of the wood, yonder where it joins the brushwood thicket. I made a sign to Asa, and we all looked and saw there was something creeping and moving through the underwood. Presently we distinguished two Acadians heading a score of Spaniards, and endeavouring, under cover of the bushes, to steal across the open ground to the east side of the forest.

"The Acadians for you, Nathan and Righteous—the Spaniards for us," said Asa. The next moment two Acadians and four Spaniards lay bleeding in the brushwood. But the bullets were scarce out of our rifles when a third Acadian, whom we had not seen, started up. "Now's the time," shouted he, "before they have loaded again. Follow me! we will have their blockhouse yet." And he sprang across, followed by the Spaniards. We gnashed our teeth with rage at not having seen the Acadian.

There were still three of these fellows alive, who had now taken command of the Spaniards. Although we had killed or disabled a score of our enemies, those who remained were more than ten to one of us; and we were even worse off than at first, for then they were all together, and now we had them on each side of us. But we did not let ourselves be discouraged, although we could not help feeling that the odds against us were fearfully great.

We now had to keep a sharp look-out; for if one of us showed himself at a loophole, a dozen bullets rattled about his ears. There were many shotholes through the palisades, which were covered with white streaks where the splinters had been torn off by the lead. The musketeers had spread themselves all along the edge of the forest, and had learned by experience to keep close to their cover. We now and then got a shot at them, and four or five more were killed; but it was slow work, and the time seemed very long.

Suddenly the Spaniards set up a loud shout. At first we could not make out what was the matter, but presently we heard a hissing and crackling on the roof of the block-house. They had wrapped tow round their cartridges, and one of the shots had set light to the fir boards. Just as we we found it out, they gave three more hurrahs, and we saw the dry planks begin to flame, and the fire to spread.

"We must put that out and at once," said Asa, "if we don't wish to be roasted alive. Some one must get up the chimney with a bucket of water. I'll go myself."

"Let me go, Asa," said Righteous.

"You stop here." It don't matter who goes. The thing will be done in a minute."

He put a chair on a table and got upon it, and then seizing a bar which was fixed across the chimney to hang hams upon, he drew himself up by his arms, and Rachel handed him a pail of water. All this time the flame was burning brighter, and the Spaniards getting louder in their rejoicings and hurras. Asa stood upon the bar, and, raising the pail above his head, poured the water out of the chimney upon the roof.

"More to the left, Asa," said Righteous; "the fire is strongest more to the left."

"Tarnation seize it!" cried Asa, "I can't see. Hand me up another pailful."

We did so; and when he had got it, he put his head out at the top of the chimney, to see where the fire was, and threw the water over the exact spot. But at the very moment that he did so the report of a dozen muskets was heard.

"Ha!" cried Asa, in an altered voice, "I have it." And the hams and bucket came tumbling down the chimney, and Asa after them all covered with blood.

"In God's name, man, are you hurt?" cried Rachel.

"Hush, wife!" replied Asa; "keep quiet. I have enough

for the rest of my life, which wont be long: but never mind, lads; defend yourselves well, and don't fire two at the same man. Save your lead for you will want it all. Promise me that."

"Asa! my beloved Asa!" shrieked Rachel; "if you die, I shall die too."

"Silence! foolish woman; and think of our child, and the one yet unborn! Hark! I hear the Spaniards! Defend yourselves; and, Nathan, be a father to my children."

I had barely time to press his hand and promise. The Spaniards, who had guessed our loss, rushed like mad wolves up to the mound, twenty on one side, and thirty or more on the other.

"Steady!" cried I. "Righteous, here with me; and you, Rachel, show yourself worthy to be Hiram Strong's daughter, and Asa's wife: load this rifle for me whilst I fire my own."

"Oh God! Oh God! cried Rachel, "the hell-hounds have murdered my Asa!"

She clasped her husband's body in her arms, and there was no getting her away, I told sad enough myself, but there was scanty time for grieving; for a party of Spaniards headed by one of the Acadians, was close up to the mound on the side which I was defending. I shot the Acadian; but another, the sixth, and last but one, took his place. "Rachel!" cried I, "the rifle for God's sake, the rifle! a single bullet may save all our lives."

But no Rachel came, and the Acadian and Spaniards, who, from the cessation of our fire, guessed that we were either unloaded, or had expended our ammunition, now sprang forward, and by climbing, and scrambling, and getting on one another's shoulders, managed to scale the side of the mound, almost perpendicular as you see it is. And in a minute the Acadian and half a dozen Spaniards, with axes, were chopping away at the palisades, and severing the wattles which bound them together. To give the devil his due, if there had been only three like that Acadian, it would have been all up with us. He handled his axe like a real backwoodsman; but the Spaniards wanted either the skill or the strength of arm, and made little impression. There were only Righteous and myself to oppose them; for a dozen more soldiers, with the seventh of those cursed Acadians, were attacking the other side of the stockade.

Righteous shot down one of the Spaniards; but just as he had done so, the Acadian tore up a palisade by the roots (how he did it I know not to this hour), held it with the wattles and branches hanging round it like a shield before him, guarding off a blow I aimed at him, then hurled it against me with such force that I staggered backwards, and he sprang past me. I thought it was all over with us. It is true that Righteous, with the butt of his rifle, split the skull of the first Spaniard who entered, and drove his hunting-knife into the next; but the Acadian alone was man enough to give us abundant occupation, now he had got in our rear. Just then there was a crack of a rifle, the Acadian gave a leap into the air and fell dead, and at the same moment my son Godsend, a boy ten years old, sprang forward, in his hand Asa's rifle, still smoking from muzzle and touchhole. The glorious boy had loaded the piece when he saw that Rachel did not do it, and in the very nick of time had shot the Acadian through the heart. This brought me to myself again, and with axe in one hand and knife in the other, I rushed in among the Spaniards, hacking and hewing right and left. It was a real butchery, which lasted a good quarter of an hour, as it seemed to me, but certainly some minutes; until at last the Spaniards got sick of it, and would have done so sooner had they known that their leader was shot. They jumped off the mound and ran away, such of them as were able. Righteous and I put the palisade in its place again, securing it as well as we could, and then, telling my boy to keep watch, ran over to the other side, where a desperate fight was going on.

Three of our party, assisted by the women, were defending the stockade against a score of Spaniards, who kept poking their bayonets between the palisades, till all our people were wounded and bleeding. But Rachel had now recovered from her first grief at her husband's death, or rather it had turned to rage and revenge, and there she was, like a furious tigress, seizing the bayonets as they were thrust through the stockade, and wrenching them off the muskets, and sometimes pulling the muskets themselves out of the soldiers' hands. But all this struggling had loosened the palisades, and there were one or two openings in them, through which the thin-bodied Spaniards, pushed on by their comrades, were able to pass. Just as we came up, two of these copper-coloured dons squeezed themselves through, without their muskets, but with their short sabres in their hands. They are active, dangerous fellows, those Spaniards, in a hand-to-hand tussle. One of them sprang at me, and if it had not been for my hunting-knife, I was done for, for I had no room to swing my axe; but as he came on I hit him a blow with my fist, which knocked him down, and then ran my knife into him, and jumping over his body snatched a musket out of Rachel's hand, and began laying about me with the butt-end of it. I was sorry not to have my rifle, which was handier than those heavy Spanish muskets. The women were now in the way—we hadn't room for so many—so I called out to them to get into the blockhouse and load the rifles. There was still another Acadian alive, and I knew that the fight would't end till he was done for. But whilst we were fighting, Godsend and the women loaded the rifles and brought them out, and firing through the stockade, killed three or four, and, as luck would have it, the Acadian was one of the number. So when the Spaniards, who are just like hounds, and only come on if led and encouraged, saw that their leader had fallen, they sprang off the mound, with a "*Carajo! Maditos!*" and ran away as if a shell had burst amongst them.

Mrs. Moodie's production is one of a very different class. It bears in every line the impress of simplicity and of truth, and none can entertain a doubt that it is what it professes to be, a simple record of the incidents befalling a settler in the wilds of Canada. Her artless and unvarnished tale will excite the sympathy of every reader, and the devotion with which she accompanied her husband and shared his privations entitle her to the warmest eulogium we can bestow.

As Miss Susanna Strickland, a volume of early poems, published some twenty years since, first introduced her to the notice of the literary world. During the rebellion in Canada, her able pen was engaged on the side of loyalty and order, and still more recently her graceful effusions have been welcomed throughout the land of her adoption.

We subjoin one of the most stirring adventures that befel her during her long transatlantic residence and the passage we quote proves at once her graphic power and her personal intrepidity:—

THE BURNING HOME.

The house was built of cedar logs; in all probability it would be consumed before any help could arrive. There was a brisk breeze blowing up from the frozen lake, and the thermometer stood at eighteen degrees below zero. We were placed between the two extremes of heat and cold, and there was as much danger to be apprehended from the one as the other. In the bewilderment of the moment, the direful extent of the calamity never struck me: we wanted but this to put the finishing stroke to our misfortunes, to be thrown naked, houseless, and penniless, upon the world. "*What shall I save first?*" was the thought just then uppermost in my mind. Bedding and clothing appeared the most essentially necessary, and without another moment's pause, I set to work with a right good will to drag all that I could from my burning home.

While little Agnes, Dunbar, and baby Donald filled the air with their cries, Katie, as if fully conscious of the importance of exertion, assisted me in carrying out sheets and blankets, and dragging trunks and boxes some way up the hill, to be out of the way of the burning brands when the roof should fall in.

How many anxious looks I gave to the head of the clearing as the fire increased, and large pieces of burning pine began to fall through the boarded ceiling, about the lower rooms where we were at work! The children I had kept under a large dresser in the kitchen, but it now appeared

absolutely necessary to remove them to a place of safety. To expose the young tender things to the direful cold was almost as bad as leaving them to the mercy of the fire. At last I hit upon a plan to keep them from freezing. I emptied all the clothes out of a large, deep chest of drawers, and dragged the empty drawers up the hill; these I lined with blankets, and placed a child in each drawer, covering it well over with the bedding, giving to little Agnes the charge of the baby to hold between her knees, and keep well covered until help should arrive. Ah, how long it seemed coming!

The roof was now burning like a brush-heap, and, unconsciously, the child and I were working under a shelf, upon which were deposited several pounds of gunpowder which had been procured for blasting a well, as all our water had to be brought up hill from the lake. This gunpowder was in a stone jar, secured by a paper stopper; the shelf upon which it stood was on fire, but it was utterly forgotten by me at the time; and even afterwards, when my husband was working on the burning loft over it.

I found that I should not be able to take many more trips for goods. As I passed out of the parlour for the last time, Katie looked up at her father's flute, which was suspended upon two brackets, and said,

"Oh, dear mamma! do save papa's flute; he will be so sorry to lose it."

God bless the dear child for the thought! the flute was saved; and, as I succeeded in dragging out a heavy chest of clothes, and looked up once more despairingly to the road, I saw a man running at full speed. It was my husband. Help was at hand, and my heart uttered a deep thanksgiving as another and another figure came upon the scene.

I had not felt the intense cold, although without cap, or bonnet, or shawl; with my hands bare and exposed to the bitter, biting air. The intense excitement, the anxiety to save all I could, had so totally diverted my thoughts from myself, that I had felt nothing of the danger to which I had been exposed: but now that help was near, my knees trembled under me, I felt giddy and faint, and dark shadows seemed dancing before my eyes.

The moment my husband and brother-in-law entered the house, the latter exclaimed,

"Moodie, the house is gone; save what you can of your winter stores and furniture."

Moodie thought differently. Prompt and energetic in danger, and possessing admirable presence of mind and coolness when others yield to agitation and despair, he sprang upon the burning loft and called for water. Alas, there was none!

"Snow, snow,; hand me up pailsful of snow!"

Oh! it was bitter work filling those pails with frozen snow; but Mr. T—— and I worked at it as fast as we were able.

The violence of the fire was greatly checked by covering the boards of the loft with this snow. More help had now arrived. Young B—— and S—— had brought the ladder down with them from the barn, and were already cutting away the burning roof, and flinging the flaming brands into the deep snow.

"Mrs. Moodie, have you any pickled meat?"

"We have just killed one of our cows, and salted it for winter stores."

"Well, then, fling the beef into the snow, and let us have the brine."

This was an admirable plan. Wherever the brine wetted the shingles, the fire turned from it, and concentrated into one spot.

But I had not time to watch the brave workers on the roof. I was fast yielding to the effects of over excitement and fatigue, when my brother's team dashed down the clearing, bringing my excellent old friend, Miss B——, and the servant-girl.

Poems. By HENRY HOGG. London: Whittaker and Co.; Nottingham: J. Howitt. 1852.

THIS is a collection of light effusions, evidently the production of a very tyro in poesy. He has much to learn ere he can be considered to have mastered the rudiments of the art, and as his natural qualifications do not appear in any way remarkable, he would do well to pause ere he devotes more time to a pursuit, success in which is rarely achieved. It should ever be borne in mind that mediocrity in poetry is only one remove from utter failure, and that he who is not conscious of the possession of mental powers that elevate him above the level of his fellow-men, can hardly hope to attain even an ephemeral reputation.

To express common-place ideas in rythmical language, and in lines of easy cadence, no more warrants the assumption of the title of "bard" than the harmonious colouring of a house decorator justifies him in styling himself an artist.

We wish not that our comments on this little work should savour of harshness, nor would we hastily condemn in unqualified terms almost the only attempt to woo the Muse that has appeared during the past quarter of a year. At the same time, in the discharge of an impartial duty, we cannot but feel conscious that if Mr. Hogg had read and cogitated more, he would have written better, or less.

In every poem, however slight, we have a right to look either for new ideas, or, if we must needs encounter sentiments with which we have been already long acquainted, we expect at least to find them arrayed in a fresh garb.

In both respects we have experienced disappointment here. We trust that, when next our author shall venture into print, he may remedy these and some other defects on which we do not care to dwell.

From the poem entitled "ELLEN" we select the following stanzas, which are certainly among the most pleasing that Mr. Hogg has penned:—

"Fall, silver moonlight, on the snow-white lake;
Fall softly: sleep as sleeps a babe upon
His mother's bosom: slumber quietly
All the night long: lie calm and cold as death.
Perchance thou fallest on his temples bare:
Perchance thou sleepest on his lifeless breast;
And liest on him calm and cold in death.

"Glide, pearly stars, across the midnight sky;
Glide on, nor listen to my sadder song;
Glide silently o'er city and o'er sea;
Melt in the sleeping azure soft and still.
Perchance ye glide above his dying head;
Perchance he lifts his dying eyes, and says,
O, never, never, shall I see her more!

"Sigh, mournful reeds, along the water side;
Sigh drearily, upon the snow-white lake;
Sigh, like the wailing, weary, spirit of death:
Perchance ye sigh upon his heavy ear;
Perchance your music is his low lone dirge;
Perchance he lifts his dying eyes, and says,—
O, never, never, shall I see her more."

Though we do not discern the germ of genius in the pages before us, we will not affirm that Mr. Hogg possesses it not. It is hard to predicate the future position of an author from the merits of his first essay. There are poems in Byron's "Hours of Idleness" not one whit better than several of Mr. Hogg's.

Collins's Emigrant's Atlas; with Instructions and Full Information on the Gold Regions.
Collins's Pocket Ordnance Atlas of Great Britain.
Collins's Emigrant's Map of the World; with Instructions.
Collins's Railway England, &c. &c.
London: H. G. Collins, 22, Paternoster-row. 1852.

We have before us a series of most useful little books, providing alike for the exigencies of the ocean wanderer and of the home traveller.

The "Emigrant's Atlas" supplies a want that has long been acknowledged, and it does so at a moderate price, and in a manner of which none can complain. In a compendious form it furnishes all the geographical information an emigrant can require, whithersoever he may be desirous of wending his way. The little atlas contains ten well-engraved and coloured maps, each of which exhibits at a glance the situation and comparative dimensions of those countries that offer at the present time the best field for colonial enterprise. The British settlements throughout the work are tinted of the same hue, so that their relative position and extent are at once comprehensible to the humblest capacity, in addition to which, some pages of letterpress annexed, contain a considerable amount of intelligence for the "guidance of intending emigrants," together with what cannot but be considered important at the present crisis, namely, the latest particulars relative to the gold regions of Australia.

"The Emigrant's Map of the World" is precisely what it purports to be; it gives the most ample details of the various distances, together with the time ordinarily occupied on the voyage to different colonies, the expenses of the passage, and a classification of the kinds of labour most in request at each place.

"The Ordnance Atlas" is indeed a marvel of art; it is admirably got up, in a neat morocco case, and is so portable that it can readily be carried in the pocket of a travelling waistcoat. Yet it contains a complete set of maps of all the English, Welch, and Scotch counties, carefully coloured, and correctly representing the course of every railway in the kingdom, together with the relative position of all the principal towns. We shall certainly, in future, never travel without this admirable companion, and we strongly recommend all our readers to follow the example. It is by far the best of the kind that has yet been brought out.

The "Railway England" is unquestionably an indispensable requisite. It is infinitely superior in all respects to its rivals, for it is upon such a scale that every part is clear, lucid, and legible, instead of presenting, as such maps usually do, a hopeless and bewildering "sagene" of black lines resembling a broken and tangled cobweb.

For sixpence each, coloured, and folded in a case, maps of all the English counties are now procurable! Surely not even the most rigidly parsimonious can grumble at such an outlay. In addition to the railroads and stations we have here all the coach roads, canals, boundaries of divisions, hundreds, and parishes; the number of members each place returns, together with the various polling places.

The gratitude of the public is due to the enterprising publisher who has placed these useful maps within the reach of all classes. We hope they will not be slow to appreciate the benefit conferred.

The History of England, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time; adapted for Youth, Schools and Families. By Miss Corner. London: Dean and Son, Threadneedle-street. 1852.

This book brings down in a very condensed form the history of our island from that remote time when its denizens were styled:—"penitùs toto divisos orbe Britannos," to the end of the eventful year 1851. It is astonishing how much important information is comprised in these 328 pages. The chronological table and the examination questions at the end are sufficient to enable the humblest teachers to avail themselves of the fund of indispensable knowledge here presented to them. As a rudimentary history of England, this is decidedly the best that has hitherto appeared.

To those about to Marry; showing how the Jones's commenced Housekeeping. London: Dean and Son, Threadneedle-street. 1852.

Mr. Watts Phillips has here designed and pourtrayed in a humorous manner the incipient matrimonial career of a young couple who, though abounding in affection for each other, are nevertheless utterly destitute of experience and of that still rarer mental endowment—common sense. The troubles by which they are consequently assailed, and the series of disasters that overwhelm them, are brought to a climax by the combustion of their dwelling, on which no less than twenty-three engines are, by the activity of the fire-brigade, brought to bear at once.

The incidents thus graphically delineated certainly present in Yankee phraseology a "caution to look at." They should, undoubtedly, be studied by all who are "About to Marry," and who do not wish either that they or their domiciles should 'burn.'

The Invasions and the Projected Invasions of England, from the Saxon Times. By E. S. CREASY, M.A. London, 1852. Bentley.

On National Defence in England. By Baron P. E. MAURICE. Translated by Captain J. E. ADDISON. With a Map of the Channel. London: 1852.

A Letter on the Defence of England by Corps of Volunteers and Militia. By Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, G.C.B. London: 1852.

The Invasion of England considered in a Letter and Postscript to the "Times." By an ENGLISHMAN AND CIVILIAN. London: 1852.

HERE is a goodly collection of works upon a subject that has stirred some men's minds more deeply even than the exciting topic "Who shall reign in Downing-street?" Mr. Creasy addresses himself to the task of telling us how these things have been done many a time and oft before; the other writers insist how easily it may be done again, and how best it may be resisted. We will begin, therefore, with the work of the Professor of History.

The recall of our navies from all parts of the world, the authoritative recognition of rifle clubs, the augmentation of the army, the calling out of the militia, certainly are grave facts which Englishmen must regard with some degree of perturbation. The small witling sneers, as "t'is his nature to;" the respectable well-to-do-in-the-world who believes in nothing he has not himself seen, pishes and phos, and intimates a portwiney opinion that it's all humbug; and those twenty thousand individuals who, in the good city of London, get up every morning without a chance of a breakfast, unless they get it by plunder, think that the news is only too good to be true, and hope that the danger may be real. But quiet, practical men may be held excused from any undue credulity when they draw from these facts the conclusion that Ministers, both past and present, must be in possession of information they have not deemed it prudent to disclose. Depend upon it no government would pursue the exact course that has been adopted in every crisis when invasion imminently threatened, unless that Government knew much more than the chit-chat of the clubs and the columns of the daily newspapers are able to tell us.

It may be, it is just possible that it may be, merely one of those periodical panics to which we islanders are subject, and which have the salutary effect of inducing us to set our house in order, to examine into our national defences, and to picture to ourselves the scenes that might occur in our rural villages, in our English towns—nay, in the metropolis itself, if the Channel were for twenty-four hours unguarded, and if England were assailed in that unarmed condition which is now her normal state. The present preparations *may be*, as we have said, but a periodical panic, and the Government *may be* only favouring it to enable them to dispose of the standing army in some objectionable interference for objects which are not British. It *may be* that it is wished to spend our blood and treasure in defending Belgium, or in protecting Switzerland, or in embarking in some Quixotic crusade on behalf of some German policy. We protest that we believe nought of this. No Minister of the present age could be so mad as to embark in such an enterprise. The first vote of the House of Commons would be to cast him from power, the next would be to impeach him, and no institution of the country would be safe from the flood of popular indignation that would follow. We assume, therefore, that there is a *real* danger, and that the precautions the Ministers are taking are based upon some information such as may cause a feeling of insecurity in the minds of sober men.

If this be so, let us, while there is yet time, have recourse to the experience of men skilled in these matters, and let us not be heedless of that philosophy which teaches by example. So far as history can aid us we can have no better guide than Professor Creasy. He is a man who knows history well, who has conned its pages in thoughtful and philosophic mood, who is to us an index of the great events of the world, and who, with the magic power of copious memory and well-garnered study, can invoke, as our occasion calls for it, all that the world's history can reveal of events parallel to those we dread.

Well-timed and well-executed is his record of the invasions this fair island has suffered. He panders not to the foolish fears of panic-stricken old women and trembling cowards, but he says, and we agree with him, that "there need be no shame in the confession of anxiety on such a topic, provided it be such anxiety as may fall 'in virum constantem, non timidum et meticulosum.'"

Professor Creasy tarries not to describe the descents of the early Northmen—those piratical Paul Joneses, whose object was only to gather a shipload of plunder, and to inflict some startling blow. His first great point is the invasion of William the Bastard, and he clearly shows by what errors upon Harold's part, and by what unfortunate coincidences it happened that he, with his thousand ships and his fifty thousand knights, was enabled to change his title to William the Conqueror.

We cannot stay to discuss with the professor what numerical force fifty thousand knights represented, nor to multiply this number by the exact complement of men-at-arms by which each knight was attended; but it would appear that at a time when

England contained only two millions of inhabitants, it was deemed unsafe for a Norman adventurer to attempt an invasion of England with a force such as we are told would now oblige the Guards to march out by Whitechapel while the invaders entered by London Bridge.

Mr. Creasy's readers will bide by him with pleasure while, from the field of Senlac, he describes the incidents that governed the great event, and gave to the Norman invasion its terrible success. *We* must hurry on. Even during the wretched reign of John invasion of England was found an unsuccessful pastime. A French army landed at Sandwich, and reached London, but found that the conquest of London was not the conquest of England. The Battle of Dover, in the succeeding reign of Henry III., secured the independence of the island, and Louis thought no more of a British province to his kingdom. Edward III. made England mistress of the sea. The Battle of Sluys, where 300 English ships destroyed 370 out of 400 French sail, and the destruction of the Spanish corsairs, in both of which engagements Edward commanded in person, so excited the admiration of his subjects, that they hailed him by the title of "King of the Seas." This dominion of the waters enabled Edward to return the compliment of an invasion, to take Calais, to land an army of a hundred thousand men, and to ravage France to the gates of Paris. We differ a little from our author in his estimate of the views this monarch had in nursing the naval prowess of his country. Edward III. looked upon the command of the sea as a means of invading France. While this was his object he bent the resources of his energetic mind to the great means, and so gloried in his successes, that his medals re-represent him fighting on shipboard cutlas in hand. But when the sunset of his French fortunes came he cared little for that naval supremacy which was no longer useful to bridge over "the sleeve." Then Winchelsea was taken by the French, the city sacked, men, women, and children put to the sword, all save nine girls, whose beauty recommended them, not to mercy, but to preservation. Bitterly did the House of Commons compare the helplessness of England in those days with her power and glory twenty years before, when "our Lord, king of the seas, was dreaded both by sea and land, on account of the said navy."

But we cannot write the history of England's perils in a single article. We must refer our readers to this excellent little book for the details of the Spanish Armada; but we must pause for a moment to extract our author's account of the preparations made to meet this great invasion:—

PREPARATIONS AGAINST THE SPANISH INVASION.

Recommendations were at the same time sent for the best measures of training infantry and horsemen, and providing arms for the pikemen and billmen, for transporting cannon, provisioning garrisons, and insuring the rapid communication of intelligence. These able arrangements were so well seconded by the energy of the people, that, as is stated in a contemporary letter, "within a short time the whole of England rose simultaneously and in arms. There was not a corner of the land which did not ring with preparation and muster its armed force; and especially," says this eye-witness, "the maritime counties from Cornwall all along southward to Kent, and thence eastward to Lincolnshire, were so furnished with soldiers, both of themselves and with resort from their next shires, as there was no place to be doubted for landing of any foreign forces; but there were, within forty-eight hours, to come to the place above 20,000 fighting men on horseback and on foot, with all manner of ammunition, provision, and carriages, under the principal nobles of the counties, and captains of the greatest knowledge."

When the returns had come in from the Lord-Lieutenants of the different counties, it was found that the military force that could be raised for the defence of the kingdom amounted to 132,689 men. Of these 14,000 were cavalry. These returns were exclusive of the levies of the city of London, which had set an example worthy of the metropolis. The Lord Mayor had requested the Queen's council to name what aid was expected from the City; and when 5,000 men and fifteen ships were requested, the reply was a prayer in the name of the City that the Queen would accept of twice those numbers. The Artillery Company now signalised itself by its zeal and utility. At that time "certain gallant active and forward citizens," says the old historian of London, "having had experience both abroad and at home, voluntarily exercised themselves and trained others for the ready use of war; so that there were almost 300 merchants, and others of the like quality, very sufficient and skilful to train and teach common soldiers the managing of their pieces, pikes, and halberds, and to march, countermarch, and ring. These merchants met every Tuesday to practise all points of war. Every man by turn bore orderly office, from the corporal to the captain. Some of them had now charge of men in the great camp, and were generally called captains of the artillery garden."

The fullest reliance could be placed on the zeal and gallantry of all these troops, but the training of the greater part was necessarily imperfect. The utmost assiduity was used in drilling and disciplining them, and detachments were drafted from the mass towards the most important points. Twenty thousand men were disposed along the southern coast; Plymouth, in particular, was carefully garrisoned with 5,000 men of Devon and Cornwall; and on the western coast the large and convenient haven of Milford was protected by 2,000 foot and 2,000 horse. An army of 45,000 men was collected under the Earl of Hunsden, for the special defence of the Queen's person; and another army was formed under Leicester, of 22,000 foot and 1,000 horse, which was stationed at Tilbury to protect London against the Prince of Parma, who was supposed to make the capture of that city his special object.

The inferior local commanders were directed, in the event of the enemy's forces landing in their neighbourhood, not to risk any serious opposition until the presence of a strong army should make the chance of victory more certain; and it was advised that if the enemy's advance into the interior could not be prevented, the country should be driven and wasted, and the invaders harassed by perpetual alarms.

The ships of the royal navy at this time amounted to no more than thirty-six: but the most serviceable merchant-vessels were collected from all the ports of the country; and the citizens of London, Bristol, and the other great seats of commerce, showed as liberal a zeal in equipping and manning vessels, as the nobility and gentry displayed in mustering forces by land. The sea-faring population of the coast, of every rank and station, was animated by the same ready spirit; and the whole number of seamen who came forward to man the English fleet was 17,472. The number of the ships that were collected was 191; and the total amount of their tonnage 31,985. There was one ship in the fleet (the Triumph) of 1100 tons, one of 1,000, one of 900, two of 800 each, three of 600, five of 500, five of 400, six of 300, six of 250, twenty of 200, and the residue of inferior burden. Application was made to the Dutch for assistance; and, as Stowe expresses it, "the Hollanders came roundly in, with threescore sail, brave ships of war, fierce and full of spleen,

not so much for England's aid, as in just occasion for their own defence; these men foreseeing the greatness of the danger that might ensue, if the Spaniards should chance to win the day and get the mastery over them; in due regard whereof their manly courage was inferior to none."

The event is known to every English school-boy, and inspires one of the first full sobs of patriotic exultation which that school-boy experiences as he reads the story of his country's fortunes.

Pass we on through years of security to the disgraceful times of Charles II., when the Dutch appeared in the Medway, and when a fleet which bore not the English cross swept the Channel without a compeer. Thence downwards through the years that saw the attempts to throw foreign armies on our coasts to restore the exiled Stuarts, fruitless, happily, in great events, but every effort bearing with it a lesson useful at present and for future moments of danger. The Stuart cause being ruined, we speed onwards to our later wars with France, when the inhabitants of our southern coasts fled landwards whenever a few tall masts appeared on the horizon. Our author prints the well-known report of M. Grant de Blairfinly to the French Minister in 1767, and we cannot refrain from a short extract upon—

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SUCCESS OF A FRENCH INVASION.

With an army of 50,000 men, France will make herself mistress of England when she pleases. I suppose that she is in a condition to furnish a fleet of twenty ships of the line carrying from forty to sixty guns, sixty-two frigates, and forty corvettes, with a sufficient number of transports for the troops, the artillery, and all the appliances of war, and of provisions which may be judged necessary.

The army will be composed of 40,000 infantry, 6,000 dragoons, and 4,000 light troops, with a proportionate detachment of artillery.

The dragoons will embark without their horses, but they will provide themselves with all the horse equipments, which will be left with the baggage. They will perform the service of grenadiers on foot, and will be mounted according as they penetrate up the country.

The light troops will embark with their horses. It will be necessary that they should be provided with them, to enable them to push at once in detachments into the country, for the purpose of collecting immediately the number of horses, cattle, carriages, &c., of which the army would be in want, and which will be found at Sheldon, Norburn, Upper Deal, Mongham, Ripple, Walmer, Sutton, King's Wold, Oxney, &c. These nine villages are well inhabited, rich, well supplied with horses, carriages, and everything which an army could want, and which could be collected in five hours.

* * * * * * * * * *

The English took all our ships before declaring war against us in the last war. To attack them at home in the middle of peace would be no more than making reprisals.

* * * * * * * * * *

When we come to speak of the obstacles which the troops would have to overcome, it may be observed that, first, we shall have nothing to fear on the part of the inhabitants. They are a dull people, who are absolutely ignorant of the use of arms. It is certain, as I have been told by the people of the country itself, that they would submit without the least resistance; and, in order to gain over these inhabitants altogether, and to render them entirely our friends, it would only be necessary to publish a manifesto, holding out an assurance that no evil was intended to the people; that the only desire was to avenge them against a tyrannical Government, and to restore to an oppressed people its ancient liberties and prerogatives, of which the name only existed. And that consequently, to prove to them the good faith of the troops of his Most Christian Majesty, he has ordained, and does ordain, that all commodities supplied to his army shall be paid for in ready money, and with five per cent. in addition to the ordinary price. By that arrangement, I engage that our army would want for nothing, and that the whole country would rapidly become entirely devoted to us.

The events of the American war, and the threatened invasion by Napoleon, find their due importance in these pages. Those of our readers who have not read the account of the latter as Thiers has written it should read it in Mr. Creasy's work; those who have should read it with his commentary. We rather wonder that our author has not quoted the haughty sentence with which the Frenchman winds up his account of the preparations of Napoleon in 1803, wherein, after calculating that 150,000 or 160,000 men might have been landed, he adds the vaunt—"C'etait assez pour vaincre et réduire cette superbe nation, qui prétendait dominer le monde du fond de son asile inviolable."

We must pass, however, from retrospects to estimates of present danger:—

OUR MEANS OF RESISTANCE ON LAND.

So far as our naval defences are concerned, there seems reasons to believe that if England had time for preparation, they would afford us an ampler measure of security than ever was the case in former wars; but that our condition is not so safe as we could wish it to be, in the event of sudden and unforeseen hostilities. But in any point of view, there remains the ulterior question, how we could resist the enemy if once landed? For, the best and largest fleets cannot be infallible guarantees; and there is also one contingency, which must not be forgotten, and against which we should summon our fleets too late for defence, though not, perhaps, too late for revenge:—I mean the possibility of a hostile force being suddenly thrown across the Channel on our shores, without any warning or declaration of war.

There is considerable difficulty in ascertaining the real amount of our military forces that are at home. I believe the following list will be found substantially correct. I am indebted for it to the kindness of a friend, who has very laboriously investigated the subject.

Regular Infantry now in the United Kingdom (rank and file)	40,640
Cavalry (rank and file)	6,040
Artillerymen (82 field-guns)	4,500
	52,080

These eighty-two guns are nearly all six-pounders; and the number of trained artillery horses is very inadequate.

Besides these regular troops, there are about 13,000 pensioners fit for service, but of course not adapted for very active duty in the field. The coast-guards are from 4,000 to 5,000, and the dockyard labourers, who are trained to the use of cannon, are about 9,000. We have thus an additional force of 26,000 or 27,000 men fit at least to defend fortified places; and there is also the body of Yeomanry Cavalry, which is calculated to amount to about 13,000, and might be easily and largely increased. In Ireland, the county constabulary force (about 12,500 strong) is regularly trained and drilled. Measures are said to be now on foot for similarly training the metropolitan police, which is about 5,500 strong.

Supposing 20,000 regular troops and her own constabulary to suffice for Ireland (a very low estimate), we thus should have for the defence of this isle about 32,000 regular troops, and about 46,500 troops of other descriptions, and varying much in discipline and efficiency.

Our great naval arsenals, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness, and Chatham, have fortifications, for the defence o. which at least 30,000 men are supposed to be necessary.

Our great arsenal at Woolwich is utterly unfortified.

London is wholly unprotected, nor is there between the

Sussex coast and the capital any fortification of any sort or kind to check or delay the advance of an invading army.

Such are some of the chief facts, which it is necessary to bear in mind, in looking to the question, how far we can rely on our land defences, supposing an enemy to have effected a landing.

Mr. Creasy ventures to estimate—

WHAT THE FRENCH WOULD DO.

Supposing this force to have thus landed, and by preconcerted arrangements to have converged inland from the various points of disembarkation, so as to march in a body on London; it is clear from the statistics above given that no army could possibly be collected to check them, and the wealthiest city in the world has not even a field-work to protect it. It is idle to talk of the French army being destroyed in the streets of London by popular insurrection. They would not enter the streets till we had submitted. They would treat London as we treated Copenhagen; bombard it until it yielded at discretion.

Some of our public speakers have talked carelessly of the consequences of a French invasion, even if successful. It is difficult to believe that any man who has wife, sister, or daughter, could be cold-blooded or base enough to speak lightly of such horrors. Many able writers have forcibly depicted the frightful sufferings which would follow the presence of hostile soldiery among us. Their sketches may be objected to as ideal. I will take, therefore, the description given by an English gentleman of scenes of French warfare which he himself has lately witnessed—of the conduct of some of the very regiments, which, in all probability, would be sent among us in the event of an invasion. Mr. Dawson Borrer, in his narrative of a campaign in Algeria, thus describes the attack of the French upon some Arab villages:—

"The villages were all surrounded with walls of about twelve feet in height, and composed of stones cemented together with mud, mingled with chopped straw, a strong fence of thorny bushes crowning them, and impenetrable hedges of the prickly pear growing along their base. The inhabitants fired chiefly from the loopholes pierced in their walls, and in the walls of the houses. Upon the terraces of the latter, also, might be seen picturesque groups of gaunt warriors, their flowing burnooses thrown back as they handled, with activity, their long guns. In one of these last villages some half-dozen of them boldly remained, after the great body of their comrades had fled, in a large square building commanding the entrance of the village on the side we approached, and kept up a determined fire at "bout portant." It was all to no avail, however. The narrow streets were soon crowded with French troops, ravishing, massacring, and plundering on all sides. Neither sex nor age was regarded; the sword fell upon all alike. From one house blood-stained soldiers, laden with spoil, passed forth as I entered it. Upon the floor of one of these chambers lay a little girl of twelve or fourteen years of age; there she lay weltering in gore, and in the agonies of death—an accursed ruffian thrust his bayonet into her. God will requite him! In another house a wrinkled old woman sat crouched upon the matting, rapidly muttering, in the agony of fear, prayers to Allah with a trembling tongue. A pretty child, of six or seven years old, laden with silver and coral ornaments, clung to her side, her eyes streaming with tears as she clasped her aged mother's arm. The soldiery, mad with blood and rage, were nigh at hand. I seized the fair child; a moment was left to force her into a dark recess at the far end of the building. Some ragged matting thrown before it served to conceal her; and, whilst I was making signs to her mother to hold silence, soldiers rushed in. Some ransacked the habitation; others pricked the old woman with their bayonets. "Soldiers, will you slay an old woman?' 'No, monsieur,' said one fellow, 'we will not kill her; but her valuables are concealed, and we must have them.'

In nearly every house were vast jars of oil (for the Kabailes make, consume, and sell vast quantities) often six or seven feet in height, and ranged in rows around the chambers. Holes being rapped in all these jars, the houses were soon flooded with oil, and streams of it were pouring down the very streets. When the soldiers had ransacked the dwellings, and smashed to atoms all they could not carry off, or did not think worth seizing as spoil, they heaped the remnants and the mattings together, and fired them. As I was hastily traversing the narrow streets to regain the outside of the village, disgusted with the horrors I witnessed, flames burst forth on all sides, and torrents of fire came gliding swiftly down the thoroughfares, for the flames had gained the oil. An instant I turned, the fearful doom of the poor concealed child and the decrepid mother flashed on my mind. It was too late; who could distinguish the house amongst hundreds exactly similar? The fire was crackling, blazing with increased fury; there was no time to lose. The way of the gateway was barred with roaring flames. Scrambling to the terrace of a low building, I threw myself over the wall. The unfortunate Kabyle child was doubtless consumed with her aged parent. How many others may have shared her fate!

"One vast sheet of flame crowned the height, which an hour or two before was ornamented with an extensive and opulent village, crowded with inhabitants. It seemed to have been the very emporium of commerce of the Beni-Abbés; fabrics of gunpowder, of arms, of haïks, burnooses, and different stuffs were there. The streets boasted of numerous shops of workers in silver, workers in cord, venders of silks, and other stuffs, and articles of French or Tunisian manufacture, brought by their traders from Algiers or Tunis. All that was not borne away by the spoilers was devoured by fire, or buried amidst the crashing ruins; and then the hungry flames, vomited forth from the burning habitations, gained the tall corn growing around these villages, and, running swiftly on, wound about and consumed the olive trees over-shadowing it. Fire covered the face of the country, and the heavens were obscured with smoke.

"The soldiers pronounced the country '*joliment nettoyé*;' and I heard two ruffians, after the sacking was over, relating with great gusto how many young girls had been burnt in one house, after being abused by their brutal comrades and themselves. They pronounced that house '*jolimente nettoyé*' also. Indeed, it was a very favourite phrase with them."—*Borrer's Campaign in the Kabylie.*

We can scarcely find room for another extract, and we have been obliged to omit many we had marked for insertion. Our analysis of this work, however, would be sadly incomplete were we to pass over the author's proposed remedy:—

HOW THE INVADER SHOULD BE MET.

But let us picture to ourselves the scene that would ensue in the dread drama of an invasion of England, if every parish had its corps of volunteer riflemen, all good marksmen, all trained to act as skirmishers, and all disciplined enough to form manageable troops in close formation, and in the simple primary evolutions of warfare. Still better will it be, if we assume a large proportion of them to have been trained also as artillerymen. *Now*, let us suppose London to be suddenly startled by the news that 50,000 French are on the Kentish or Sussex shore. Forthwith through every square and street of the stately metropolis, and its teeming environs, good men and true, with good arms which they know well how to wield, start forth at the appointed signal. By hundreds, by thousands, and by tens of thousands the riflemen are mustering at the well-known gathering places for duty. In no frivolous merriment, or noisy enthusiasm, but in grim silence, and a stern determination to spare neither their own nor the strangers' lives, the dark masses are forming fast and defiling over the bridges. Before six hours are past London has placed 50,000 well-armed and well-equipped defenders in advance of her southern suburbs. Meanwhile, messengers, far speedier than the beacon-flames which told of the Armada's advent, the electric wires, are thrilling throughout the length and breadth of the land, with tidings that England is invaded, and that London will be attacked. To the rescue! To the rescue! Our southern brethren-in-arms are already up and doing. Some are concentrating upon Portsmouth and Plymouth, lest these great arsenals should be assailed by new enemies; the hardy Kentishman and the South Saxons are still better occupied in hanging on the invader's line of march, and harassing him at every step. But through every midland shire, through the busy north with its hives of human energy, through brave Scotland, the land that never nurtured fools or cowards, there is instant making ready for battle. From every town, from every village, the streams of war flow into each other, and then form a mighty torrent toward the menaced capital of the land. Every railway echoes incessantly southward with its living freight of armed succour. Our foes from the oppo-

site quarter cannot advance swiftly along roads which they find broken up and barricaded at every step. Before they are within ten miles of their intended prey, England has assembled 100,000 of her volunteers, some 10,000 or 12,000 of her regular troops, and some 5,000 of her veteran pensioners to bar their way. Then England will have cause to rejoice, if she has prepared beforehand fortified camps and lines to cover her metropolis, which her collected defenders may at once occupy; and if her rulers have ready numerous and powerful artillery, with which those camps and lines may be armed. But even supposing these precautions to have been neglected (*di prohibete nefas*), still with our 100,000 riflemen, and our 15,000 regular troops to support and steady them, we need not despair. A few sand-bags and palisades, with a spade for each man, will enable them in a few hours to form a double line of defence, whence they may fire sheltered, and which is not to be easily forced by infantry, even if aided by cannon. Either then along Blackheath or Dulwich, or any other space which will traverse the enemy's line of march, the defences have been formed, and the riflemen, and the regulars, and such artillery as we possess, arrayed. Fearlessly, then, would the first sight of the "black columns" of the enemy be hailed. Skirmishers are promptly thrown down: men as well armed as even the famed chasseurs of Vincennes; and for every French tirailleur we have three riflemen in advance. They cannot make way in loose order against us; cavalry are useless at present; and their artillery, even if it overmatches ours, cannot blow away any considerable portion of our easily replaced defences. They are forming columns of infantry to carry our lines at the bayonet's point. Now comes the crisis of the day. Can we do less than the Americans did at New Orleans; or are those French regiments braver than were Pakenham's veterans? Let the dense column come on with its boasting shouts, and its beating drums. There are hundreds of hearts in it that in a few seconds shall beat no more. They are within two hundred yards of our line. At this distance you are trained to hit a mark not a foot wide, and can you fail to send a bullet into that huge mass before you? Steady, aim low, wait the word; it is given, and in an instant a lurid streak of fire flashes along our front; the good English rifles rattle out their salutation; and, as the smoke clears away, we see the intended sackers of our homes prostrate on our land, or writhing in the death agony by hundreds before us. Not even their Old Guard at Waterloo, when the musketry of Maitland's brigade slew four hundred at the first fire, experienced such a deadly greeting. But though their column has recoiled, it is not broken. It is formed of men of desperate valour, it is guided by officers of the most devoted zeal. They have closed up the ranks. They are advancing again; again our rifles rattle, and send the hailstorm of slaughter among them; again, aye, again and again, is dealt out the volled destruction. Have any of them escaped our bullets and reached the entrenchments?—Then meet them man to man, and hand to hand. Thrust home the British bayonet, or let your sinewy arms bring the clubbed rifle down with irresistible sway on the thrice-accursed head of the invader. We have smitten them as Israel smote Amalek. Their broken remnants are receding from the field; and an invading host once broken is lost for ever. We hound them hence in bloody chase towards the sea, which they crossed to enslave and despoil us, but over which not one of them shall ever return.

The Baron Maurice de Sellon is a Swiss, a captain of engineers, and an experienced writer upon subjects of his profession. He and his translator have collected all that has been said in modern times upon this matter: from Dumourier's proposition to land several bodies of ten thousand men upon our coasts, (who should intrench themselves, until an aggregate of 150,000 had thus by driblets got a footing in the island), to the last article in the "United Service Magazine." He deals in the most compact statistics; shows how, in three days, the French landed 37,000 men in Algeria, and cites the Duke of Wellington to vouch how much more than this could be accomplished with the appliances of modern warfare.

Our Swiss engineer then puts forward his scheme of defence. As might have been anticipated from the profession of the author, stone walls and earthworks are our only hopes of safety. Our fleets, however numerous and triumphant, would be insufficient; a standing army that would at the mere mention of its numbers drive Mr. Cobden into a lunatic asylum, would never alone suffice; coast batteries are all moonshine—but, for thirty millions, on Carmontaign's system, or for seven millions and a half, on Montalembert's system, we might have thirty forts round London—for about five millions we might have an *enceinte continue* with an escarpe of thirty-three feet that would render London secure against any attack by open force — for a still less sum we might have a series of entrenched camps connected by railways that would save the capital from any sudden attack. The Baron thinks that it is out of the question that we should even spend the last of these two named sums of money on such an object. Why so? We have spent as much on a worthless corner of Africa in killing, or attempting to kill Kaffirs, and the money spent in the City in aldermanic gormandizing would pay the interest of five millions and leave something to spend in rifles. If it be true that the salvation of a great country depends upon the capital being defensible, and the French have shown us by their example that such is their opinion, then no mere money expenditure ought to stand in the way of London being made not only defensible but impregnable. It would be folly, however, for us to attempt to criticize a work which treats so purely of engineering and military topics. Let those who are capable so to do, examine it. It is enough for us to draw attention to its statements. One thing is quite clear—if the Baron's facts and figures are worth a rush, not a week ought to be allowed to pass without the commencement of some system of fortification for the metropolis.

"The Invasion of England Considered" is a reprint of a letter that appeared in the *Times*, and it has, therefore, already attained a much greater publicity than we could give it. It takes for its text the words of the Duke of Wellington—"We are not safe a week after a declaration of war."

Sir Charles James Napier comes to the question with all the characteristic energy of the old Indian general. His twenty-eight pages go off in your hand like a rattle of musketry—and a rattle of musketry is the dashing old soldier's most dulcet music. "Brown Bess" is his "queen of weapons." Let the volunteers do as they like, but *for the army* Sir Charles will have no minié rifles. He, however, is no undervaluer of irregular corps. He laughs to

scorn the convenient excuse of the lazy poltroon who says—"Why should we form rifle corps? Of what use can we be? We should only be in the way." Hear him:—

THE RIFLE CLUBS AT WORK.

Well! there we lie till they come closer, and when close enough, and a good deal of their ammunition expended, then the Duke would begin business. Now you, gentlemen, not being drilled to this sort of work, would be in the way; you would come into it *after a while*, but, *at first*, you would *be in the way*. "*Then where should we be?*" you will ask. Why, far away, clear of the regular troops, and getting round on the enemy's flanks and rear, to be sure! your men in swarms, creeping as close to him as ever you can, hiding in ditches, behind banks, rising grounds, woods, &c., so that his artillery could not do you as much harm as ours could do *his* minié men; because *you* need not *advance*, his *must*, while you were pitching your shot into his columns: you have minié rifles, you know, as well as he has! and those among you who have only muskets, would just get *closer* to him, that's all! and, as *Punch* has so well expressed it in his "Sharp-shooters' Chorus:"—

"Up trees, behind hedges, 'mid rushes and sedges,
From thickets, and brakes, from Church tower and house-top,
Let each man be ready, determined and steady,
Unerring of aim, at *invaders* to pop."

The enemy must all the while, as I have said, keep moving on towards the Duke, who waits for him very patiently, in one of those terrible positions of his, against which his enemies have a hundred times broken their heads! The enemy *must* move on, *he* is an invader! *he* cannot sit down and do nothing; he is like the men in "The New Tale of a Tub:"—

"Must'nt stop to eat! must't stop to weep!
Mustn't stop to drink! mustn't stop to sleep!
No cry! no laugh! no rest! no grub!" &c., &c.

He *must* keeping continually marching and fighting. If he halts to drive you off, you retire: seldom meeting him in close fight, but *always firing at him*, he cannot catch you! he goes back—*then* again you follow him up as he advances against the regular army, you keeping an incessant firing into his back; hundreds will fall under your galling and unerring aim—his hospital increases—he must leave guards—you are in vast numbers, a few thousands of you close, and then you may occasionally rush, in overwhelming numbers, upon these guards, make them prisoners, and be off again out of reach. His convoys, too, are coming up, you gather upon and destroy them, carrying off his food and ammunition. His columns will send out detachments to plunder; they are weak and wearied, for you, dividing yourselves in *watches*, as the sailors say, keep up your sharp-shooting night and day; some resting and feeding while others fight, for you must take advantage of your vast numbers. The enemy gets no rest. If he despises you and moves on, merely sending a few skirmishers to keep you off, you gather in closer and thicker, and your fire becomes more terrible, his skirmishers give way, his column is forced to halt, and send a large force against you—you are off! Again other portions of you take charge of our own convoys, and, finally, should the Duke think it expedient to fight in an entrenched position, you would, at his command, pour into entrenchments where no manœuvring is required,—nothing but courage; and there you would be as good as any regular soldiers, for you would have only to shoot down the enemy as he came on, or knock the brains out of any that got over your entrenchments! Then again, if his men straggled on his march, you would shoot them or make them all prisoners, and every hour you would become more expert and more daring. In short you would leave the regular soldiers nothing to do but the one stern job of fighting the battle, and a very tough one it would be without doubt. But England and her young Queen would be in the soldiers' hearts, the ever victorious Duke at their head: and the *second* edition of Waterloo would, if possible, be greater than the *first*.

This extract ought to send every reader to the pamphlet. We cannot print it all, but no one word of it should be unread by the man who thinks there is danger to England and who loves his country.

We have attempted to treat this subject, not as alarmists, not as senseless sneerers, not from a point of view exclusively military, or naval, or commercial, or economical—but to look at it as sober men, who would neither magnify nor underrate, nor blindly deny what, if there be any faith to be placed in the testimony of skilled men, is a contingency quite upon the cards. There will be idiots enough to cry, "Who'd have thought it?" when the crisis is upon us—sensible people ought to inquire a little into the matter *now*.

The Germania of Tacitus; with Ethnological Dissertations and Notes. By R. G. LATHAM, M.D., F.R.S., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Member of the Ethnological Society, New York. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. London: 1852.

The Ethnology of the British Colonies and Dependencies. By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. London: 1852.

THE ethnologist should be a rare concentration of acquirements, and perhaps a still rarer possessor of acuteness and facility in their use. Language, history, anatomy, geography, are but the rudiments of his science; or, rather, are but a portion of the alphabet with which he writes. No fact is too small, no inflection of a word too slight, no historic event too microscopic, no point of corporeal form too subtle, no phenomenon in animate or inanimate nature too unimportant to be investigated, compared, contrasted by the man who would trace the connexion between race and race, and draw the genealogical tree of the great family of mankind.

Since the death of Dr. Pritchard, Latham is the only Englishman who pursues this much exacting and little recompensing science with equal industry, ability, and success. We had gathered his books about us, and had sat down with full determination to carry our readers round the world, just as the fluent guide at Mr. Wylde's great globe, with cane in hand, and memory well stored, leads the British public over all earth and all ocean, and crams them with topics of conversation upon every subject that continent, isle, or promontory suggest. Such a discursive ramble would, however, we find, swallow up a realm of space, and the "heavy literature" of the quarter is already, we are assured, bulky beyond the average. We must reserve, therefore, for a happier opportunity what we have to say to that science which pretends to reveal the history of humanity in its masses, just as geology pretends to sketch the history of the globe on which they have lived, and warred, and migrated, and died.

We must content ourselves with a very few words upon the late work, the "Germania."

The primitive German race has a peculiar importance in universal history. It furnishes the link which unites the history of the classic nations with the history of modern Europe. When we read the history of the ancient world we trace successively the rise and downfall of the Assyrian, Persian, and Grecian powers, and we then watch the growth and development of the still mightier power of Rome, until we see it, after centuries of conquest, first suddenly checked, then long held in doubtful conflict, and finally utterly overthrown by the free Germanic nations. Thus, the history of the ancient Germans is an eminently important part of ancient history; and it is a still more important part of modern history, for these same conquerors of old Rome became the founders of the principal states of European Christendom. The last pages of Dr. Arnold's inaugural lecture on modern history may be usefully read in conjunction with the first pages of the prolegomena to this book of Dr. Latham's, in order to remind us over how large a portion of the earth the Germanic race is at present predominant. It extends as far eastward as Australia, and as far westward as the Pacific coasts of North America; as far north as Finmark, and so far south as New Zealand. Let it, above all, be steadily remembered that we, the English, are essentially of Germanic race. Our own history properly commences with the investigation of who and what our ancestors were before they quitted the German coast of the German Ocean to conquer Romanised Celts in Britain, and the chief authority which we can consult for the purpose of such investigation is this treatise of Tacitus, the Germania, which forms the text of Dr. Latham's learned and ample comment.

Dr. Latham's primary object is not to discuss the account which Tacitus gives of the customs of the early Germans, though some of his notes give valuable information on these topics. But the great design of the work is to ascertain what the various nations really were, which Tacitus speaks of as Germanic. This leads Dr. Latham to consider and discuss the position and extent of Slavonic, Finnic, Celtic, and other non-Germanic tribes at the time when Tacitus wrote. He also gives a full account of the Germanic populations, which are mentioned by Tacitus in his "Annals," and in his "History," but which are omitted in the "Germania." Similar descriptions are given of the Germanic populations which are not mentioned by Tacitus at all, but which are spoken of by other ancient writers.

In fact this book in a complete archæology of Europe northward of Spain, Italy, and Greece, as it was in the first century after the Christian era; and copious information is generally given as to the history of each tribe between that period and the time of Charlemagne.

The variety of the learning which is contained in this book may perhaps best be shown by copying the titles of the ten first sections of the Prolegomena. They are as follows:—

1. Present distribution of families and nations descended from or allied to the Germans of Tacitus.
2. Different stages of the different languages of the families and nations descended from or allied to the Germans of Tacitus:—
3. On the classification of the preceding forms of speech—the term GOTHIC.
4. On the value of language as a test of Ethnological relationship.
5. Present distribution and classification of families and nations descended from or allied to the Sarmata of Tacitus.
6. On the date of the diffusion of the Russian language over Russia.
7. Distribution of the families and nations descended from or allied to the Sarmata of Tacitus, in the ninth century.
8. On the assumption necessary to reconcile the usual interpretation of Tacitus with the state of things in the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th centuries.
9. Ethnological classification of the remaining European populations.
10. Valuation of Ethnological groups by the writers of antiquity.

This is only a small sample of the topics discussed in the Prolegomena; and the notes and Epilegomena are still more ample.

There are not many portions of this volume that can be extracted from their context without losing their significance and force; but Dr. Latham, in the course of his comments, sometimes gives us general canons of ethnological criticism which have an independent value. We may cite as an instance of this the following remarks on the ethnological importance of the point of the compass whither a great river runs:—

Let the direction of a river from north to south, or *vice versâ*, be called a *latitudinal* or a *vertical* direction; and a direction from east to west, or *vice versâ*, a *longitudinal* or *horizontal* one.

This distinction gives rise to the consideration of some points of general ethnology.

The more *vertical* the direction of a river—other things being equal—the *less* homogeneous the population.

The more *horizontal* the direction of a river—other things being equal—the *more* homogeneous its population.

A little consideration explains this. Difference of latitude is a great ethnological influence; and as the character of a population changes as we proceed either northwards or southwards more than it does in a direction from east to west, or from west to east, and the contrast between the population of the head-waters and the population of the embouchures of long rivers is greater where the difference of latitude is greatest, and least where it is least—other things, as said before, being equal.

The great vertical rivers of Northern Asia have the conquering Mongol and Turks on their sources, the stunted Samoeids on their mouths.

The great vertical rivers of Southern Asia, have Tibetan mountains, between the thirtieth and thirty-fifth degrees of north latitude, and Siamele and Cambojians in latitude ten.

The Nile has Negroes in its extreme valleys, Abyssinians on its table-land, and Egyptians on its great valley and delta.

The northernmost Mississippi Indians approach the type of the Eskimo, the southernmost that of the Mexicans.

Most of the great rivers of the world are *vertical*; the chief horizontal directions being those of the Amazon in America, the Senegal in Africa, the Hoang-ho and Kiang-ku in Asia, and the Danube in Europe.

The horizontal direction of the two great Chinese rivers undoubtedly does much towards determining the homogeneous character of the Chinese civilisation. At the same time they help to account for its isolation.

Dr. Latham is strongly opposed to the current notion that a general migration of the barbarous nations from east to west was effected about the period of the downfall of the Roman empire in the west, and, in fact, that a series of migrations of this kind was going on for several centuries in Northern Asia and Europe. His remarks deserve serious attention, for other great names besides that of Niebuhr sanction the common theory. But Dr. Latham warns us that

Far too many inquirers either adopt or acquiesce in the current notions that *migrations* are phenomena which we may assume to any extent required, not only on account of the facts demanding explanation, but in order to sustain the accuracy of even indifferent authors. To such, it is as easy to bring a population from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, across a whole series of hostile countries, as to move a knight across a chess-board. The great name of Niebuhr justifies this gratuitous prodigality of locomotion. Nay more, it seems so philosophic to trace a so-called national movement to its primary cause, that a known invasion in one quarter is often supposed to justify the assumption of an unknown one elsewhere—so that nations press each other forwards, themselves being pressed upon. This doctrine, with metaphors and illustrations to match, is plausible enough to be widely recognised.

It means, in its naked form, that A attacks B, because he cannot support himself against C, C being similarly situated in respect to D, and so on; a view which makes the great qualification for the attack of another nation's country the inability to defend one's own.

This doctrine we would gladly believe to be true. It would diminish by nine-tenths the crimes of the warlike part of the human species. It would reduce all but the first primary movements to a matter of necessity, and so justify them. The motives for aggression would not be envy, cruelty, and cupidity, but the unpleasant necessity of choosing between reparation for what has been lost to yourself by the appropriation of what belongs to another, and death or bondage.

A little analysis, and a few distinctions, will show that, instead of migrations being thus common, they are eminently rare.

A *migration* is different from a mere extension of frontier. No one says, that when the whole American population presses westward, at the rate of (say) twelve miles a year, there is a migration. The frontier has been advanced; the advancing population being *continuous* with the stationary, and no separation of one portion of the American population from another having taken place. The Russians are gradually encroaching upon the Siberians; and the English on the Welsh; yet none of these are instances of migration.

A migration is different from a return, or *re*-migration. No one would call the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks a *migration* in the usual sense of the term.

In order to even approach the idea of a true migration, there must be a *fresh country*; and there must be a *discontinuity of area* as well. In other words, a migration implies the occupation of one area by the inhabitants of another, combined with the *non-occupation of the intervening parts*. Without this latter element it is a mere extension of frontier. To apply an illustration already made, a migration is like the *knight's move* at chess.

If these *intervening parts* be portions of the ocean, or a river, their non-occupation is a matter of course; and hence, migrations by water are common. If, however, they be by *land*, they are so rare that, *throughout the whole history of the German stock, I know no unexceptionable instance of one.*

Alsatia, Franche-Comté, Burgundy, Switzerland, and France (so far as it is German), because Germanised by *extension of frontier*.

By *extension of frontier* the Slavonic tribes were displaced.

Theodoric's conquest in Rome was as little a *migration* as the seizure of the empire by the hands of any commander in Pannonia would have been. It was a mere military occupation.

The Anglo-Saxon migration was by *sea*; and that the Gothic invasions of Alaric and others were the same is highly probable. The Goths themselves, probably, reached Mœsia by navigating the Danube.

For a migration to be *unexceptionable*, the evidence of its occurrence must be *unexceptionable* also; *i.e.*, it must be referable to contemporary testimony. This is because migration was as favourite a mode of accounting for the more irregular distributions of population with ancient writers as it is with modern.

The difference between migrations and great military movements is difficult to draw. If, however, we choose to distinguish between an army with a number of camp-followers, and a migration, properly so-called, by considering that the presence of females, aged men, and children, is necessary to constitute the latter (making it a movement *παντημει*) the rarity of this presumedly common phenomenon is indefinitely enhanced—so much so, that a land migration (as distinguished from one by water), a migration with separation from the original area (as distinguished from mere advance of frontier), a migration to a fresh land (as distinguished from a return), and a migration *παντημει* (as distinguished from a multitudinous army) is an occurrence of which the whole range of history gives us no undoubted instance.

Even the approaches to this are not numerous. The most remarkable of these being the Helvetic, as described by Cæsar, and the Majiar of the ninth century, by which Hungary was peopled by Ugrians. Nevertheless the former, as far as we follow it, was a mere advance of frontier, and the latter a military conquest.

If we have succeeded in drawing attention to the labours of a ripe scholar, and to show those whose tastes may incline them to studies which at present have all the charm of boundless speculation, where they may resort for information, it is as much as we could attempt in this cursory notice.

Pictures of Life in Mexico. By R. H. Mason. Two Vols. London: 1852.

This is unquestionably an interesting and entertaining book. The author is a man of much observation and acuteness, and has evidently bestowed no inconsiderable pains upon his production.

We have had, it is true, of late years numerous accounts of the inhabitants of this part of the world, and are consequently tolerably well acquainted with their habits, pursuits, occupations, and peculiarities. The result is, that we hold them in no very high estimation, and we were naturally not inclined to take much interest in any work promising to tell us only what we already knew of them.

Mr. Mason has, however, chosen a modest title for his book. He does not profess to do more than to present his readers with a few pictures of Mexican life. The narratives he has recorded, are, according to his statement, not only founded on fact, but have mostly occurred within his own experience. In order to acquaint himself thoroughly with the whole country, he penetrated, it seems, to the remotest

districts rarely explored by travellers, he resided for some time in the most populous cities of the country, and he seems thoroughly to have studied the manners of their denizens, whether farmers, hunters, Indians, carriers, priests, or léperos.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a nation more completely sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and infamy. Utterly lost, indeed, do they seem, to every emotion, calculated to elevate and dignify human nature, and as completely debased by every passion and evil quality that can degrade it, as it is possible for an entire people to be. Their morals, their religion, their vices, and their pursuits, excite alike our disgust and contempt.

It is unnecessary here, to inquire into the causes of the utter abasement and moral prostration of the Mexicans, though it is a fact which we cannot but sincerely deplore. Should any of our readers doubt the fact, we strongly recommend them to peruse Mr. Mason's pages, if not convinced, they will at least be amused by the freshness, and variety of his narratives. The first extract we have selected is highly characteristic of the country, and of certain classes of the population. The arriero, like the muleteer of Spain, gains his livelihood by carrying gold, silver, and merchandise from one district to another. For the most part they are hardy, honest, and fearless; their livelihood, indeed, depends upon their integrity, and any stigma upon their reputation in this respect entails inevitable ruin. The hero of the following little history may be assumed as a favourable specimen of his class:—

AN ARRIERO'S ADVENTURE.

One bright summer morning, an arriero set out from the city of Chihuahua, with an unusually precious cargo on the back of his mule, including a small quantity of coin, and several bars of silver. Considerable precautions had been taken by his employer; and as secrecy and despatch were necessary in the transmission, he commenced his journey privately, under the impression that his errand and destination were unknown to his acquaintances and comrades.

At the end of the first day, though the road had been rocky and difficult, his progress was considerable; for his spirits were buoyant, his mule was hardy and active, and the strength of both was yet unwearied. He stopped in the evening at a little rancho which was well known to him; it contained but two rooms, and was the only place where it was possible to obtain shelter for many miles. Its owner was an old, solitary Indian, who received him on this occasion with unwonted hospitality; and after partaking of a hasty meal of chilé and frijoles, by a wood fire upon the ground, in the company of the host, and making fast the bridle of his mule to the wall of his own apartment, he retired to his couch—composed of two skins and a blanket—to enjoy a night's repose.

After more than an hour of wakefulness, he was startled by hearing his own name spoken in subdued tones, by more than one person in the next room; where the fire was still burning brightly! Applying his eyes to a crevice in the partition dividing the two apartments, he perceived that the adjoining chamber was occupied by three figures beside the old Indian host; and overheard them planning the readiest way to rob and murder him. The unexpected guests were léperos, whom he remembered to have seen in the city of Chihuahua—and they must have patiently tracked his footsteps at a distance during his day's journey.

The arriero was well armed, it is true; but resistance against such fearful odds was perfectly out of the question. The only door of his sleeping-place led to the scene of consultation, and it had been secured on the other side; window there was none, and the least noise might be fatal to him: there appeared no means of escape; and time pressed—for it was not likely that the attack of his enemies would be much longer delayed. With the energy of coming despair, he cast his eyes round the room, and to his great joy perceived a slight opening in the thatch that composed the roof. Repressing an exclamation that sprang to his lips, he mounted the slight pile of skins that had composed his pillow, and nervously thrust his hand into the cavity; the thatch yielded to his touch, for it was a mere mixture of reeds and rushes. He breathed more freely, for his escape no longer seemed impossible: but then there were his mule and his treasure. Well!—first securing his own safety, he would put a plan in execution, which hastily crossed his mind, for the recovery of his baggage.

With the utmost caution, he removed the accumulation of soft and decayed matter from the lower part of the roof; than after examining his weapons, he noiselessly sprang upwards with all his strength, gained the top of the mud and adobé wall, and dropped down on the outside. Taking advantage of the darkness, he then carefully proceeded by the side of the rocks, to a spot with which he was well acquainted—where several paths met, at some distance on the right of the inhospitable hut. Here he paused, and taking a pistol from his belt, fired it without more ado into the air; trusting to attract the attention of his assailants, and draw them from the hut. Nor was he mistaken in his calculation; for ere he had time to regain the rancho by a circuitous route, he had the satisfaction of seeing what he believed to be the whole party scouring the several paths in the distance, to ascertain the cause of such an unlooked-for disturbance of their plans.

On entering the hut, however, he found that the old Indian had been left behind to guard the supposed prisoner and his property; but this was only a momentary obstruction to his progress. With the speed of lightning he threw himself upon the cowering wretch; and placing one hand on his mouth to stifle his out-cries, plunged his cuchillo twice up to the hilt in his back, between the shoulders. Then casting a heap of mats upon the fire to extinguish it, that the ruffians might not have the advantage of its light to guide them back, he unloosed his trusty mule from the wall; and emerging from the hut, drove the animal before him by a track which he had every reason to believe was but little known.

His superior knowledge of the country enabled him, even in the darkness, to make good way from the scene of his past peril; and he used every exertion to place as great a distance as possible between his outwitted enemies and himself. On he sped beside his patient mule, over the mountain-paths, in the dead of night; the man profiting in no slight degree by the fine instinct of the animal, who seemed to understand the emergency, and to strain every limb for the preservation of his master. But even surefooted mules have occasionally been known to take a false step, and our arriero's beast stumbled over a projecting rock, and fell down a shallow precipice, carrying his master with him. Though the declivity was slight, the fall was yet so heavy that both arriero and mule lay at the bottom stunned and insensible for hours. As it chanced, however, this fall proved the means of their preservation: two of their ruthless and determined enemies had been upon their track, having heard the steps of the mule from a distance, and but for this accident the arriero would have been overtaken.

But their pursuers passed on in the darkness; and returned ere long, under the impression that they had been deceived. The light of morning discovered the arriero and his mule walking and stretching themselves—somewhat bruised, but with no bones broken.

Grateful for his late escape, our muleteer pressed on with fresh vigour—long and toilsome though the stages were—till he arrived in the neighbourhood of the Mexican mountains; then he began to calculate the time when he might expect to arrive at his wished-for destination in the capital.

For a considerable distance that mountain-path abounds in intricate windings, which render it impossible for the wayfarer to perceive the road very far, either before or behind him. Glancing backwards over his shoulder at one of these points, our arriero perceived a whole herd of wild and heavily armed men hastily approaching. A moment's consideration convinced him that these were ladrones; and their quick movements and threatening gestures sufficiently

testified their hostile intention toward himself. On they came with cries and imprecations; calling upon him to stop if he had no wish to find himself at the bottom of the nearest precipice, with a dozen rifle-balls lodged underneath his jerkin.

The arriero's ingenuity and presence of mind here again served him in good stead. Instead of flying from them, or betraying the least fear on their approach, he turned towards the band with a placid countenance, and held up his hands to intimate his satisfaction. He then gave them to understand that he had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the troop, and would be gratified to share with them the treasures in his possession; that he admired the wild life of the free-booters, and wished of all things to be admitted into the band.

The bait was swallowed with avidity; the arriero was joyfully accepted as a comrade, and his treasure was hailed as an acquisition to their stores. It was decided, after an animated debate, that the money—being portable, should be placed in the captain's care, for the instant requirements of the troop; but that the bars of silver—being heavy, should remain upon the back of the mule until next day, when they would make arrangements for exchanging them for coin. Then the whole company, elated with the success of their enterprise, proceeded with their new comrade to a secret resort among the mountains, where they passed a night of boisterous carousing: singing, swearing, and quarrelling, as is usual in such scenes of drunkenness and debauchery.

Every member of the band, excepting our brave arriero, fell at length into a state of sodden slumber; he had anticipated such a result, and hastened to take advantage of it: stealthily relieving the captain of the money he had appropriated, he quickly led away his trusty and still laden mule from the inner cave: and before the dawn of day, was far beyond pursuit. The arriero, ultimately over-coming all difficulties and temptations, landed his precious cargo in safety at its anticipated resting-place.

It will be perceived even from this brief sketch, that Mr. Mason's descriptive powers are good and that many of his pictures are bright, lively, and sparkling, we mean those drawn with pen and ink, upon his artistic merits we decline to state fully our opinon. The two volumes are, indeed, interspersed with illustrations, some of them not devoid of merit, but we do not think that they greatly enhance the value of the book. Mr. Mason may, however, improve in this respect, at present he is evidently self-taught. We recommend him to study for some time from the living model, to pay some regard to the rules of perspective, and not to trust altogether to his imagination, even for the folds of his draperies.

As there may be some among our fair readers who entertain a more than ordinary antipathy to the whole generation of reptiles, we strongly counsel them not to venture without an escort into the recesses of a Mexican forest, lest their dislike should become more deeply rooted by such an incident as the following:—

A FOREST AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

Passing through a forest, in the vicinity of a small hamlet called Suera, in the tierra callente, at an early hour in the morning, and finding it excessively hot, though the sun had not long risen, I was glad to loiter along a narrow path in the shade of the overhanging trees; my mule walked lazily a few paces before me, stopping from time to time to insert his nose in a tuft of grass, or a heap of dried leaves upon the ground. Proceeding in this manner for some distance, I at last began to see the sunlight on the other side of the wood, and to think of the heated atmosphere into which we were about to emerge again.

I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers towards the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa of a black and yellow colour, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that, ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.

I had occasion to return by the same road in the evening; but on arriving at the wood, I turned into a different path from the one we had taken before; and kept an eager watch on the surrounding trees and bushes. Having almost reached the middle of the wood, I heard a number of voices chanting a wild air, and on turning an angle of the road saw a troop of figures—Indians and Mestizoes—advancing, armed with long poles and flexible steel wands, which they flourished in the air as an accompaniment to their song. On their first appearance I thought them robbers, and grasped the old leathern purse in my pocket as I would have done the hand of a departing friend; but a nearer approach satisfied me as to their avocation: they were snake-hunters. Their long poles were used for the purpose of starting their prey, and overpowering them when discovered; and the flexible steel rods in their hands were still more charateristic of their vocation, being often used so dexterously as to cause instant death to a serpent of the largest size.

These quaint sportsmen trailed behind them a huge snake which they had recently killed. I eyed it with some attention as they came up, and discovered that it was very like the monster who had devoured my mule in the morning: there were the same head and eyes, the same black and yellow scales, and it was of similar proportions. I raised the skin of the throat, which had been cut, half expecting to perceive the shaggy ears of a mule remaining there undigested; but no such appearance could I discern: he might have been my enemy of the forenoon notwithstanding, and I tried to persuade myself that he was so. I regarded the group, as they retreated, with mingled feelings of satisfaction for the justice they had done, and of sympathy for the risks they must encounter in their dangerous pursuit.

Our next selection savours alike of the painful and the ludicrous:—

A STARVING INDIAN.

"Pardon me, Senor," exclaimed my attendant, laughing, as he once entered my apartment, "but there has been a very strange scene in the fonda to-night! A poor Indian, the picture of starvation, with hollow cheeks, skinny arms, and eyes almost starting from their sockets, came to the door, and with hands uplifted, implored us in this manner:—

"'For the love of God? Senores—for the sake of the blessed Virgin! as you hope never to come to my state yourselves—pity me and relieve me! Is there not a morsel of tortilla? nor the least portion of chilé? Not a scrap of dried flesh? nor a cup of cold stew for a poor Indian? For the love of the blessed Virgin, relieve a starving Indian!'

"Now, as it happened, there was no one in the fonda at the moment but a poor arriero (a common carrier), the cooks, the waiter, myself, and Perata—the priest's servant, who resides at the upper end of the street. This last—a malicious fellow—had a huge platter of stewed mutton before him which he was eyeing greedily; and perceiving that José, the head cook, was about to throw a bit of tortilla towards the Indian, he waved his hand between them, shouting,—

"'How is it that a thief like you dare to show his face within the fonda? As to your being hungry—pah! I don't believe a word of it.'

"'I am starving. Ah! Senores, pity me! I have not tasted food for three days' space! I would thrust my hand into the blazing fire for a tortilla cake!'

"'Oh! you lying dog!' replied Perata, 'you would thrust your hand into the fire, would you? Look ye, Senor Starvation, let me see you place your hand in the flame beneath that furnace, and I will give you the delicious meal here before me. But if not, vanish: take yourself away quickly; do you hear?'

"The Indian advanced to the charcoal fire, stooped down, placed his hand over the flame, and uttered a loud scream of pain. 'Now,' he said, 'my supper is fairly earned.'

"'Not fair, not fair!' shouted Perata, who never meant to make good his offer. 'He did not touch the fire. I must see it fairly done.'

"Again the poor fellow stooped before the stove; and all eyes were turned upon him searchingly. He thrust his hand into the flame, and held it there for a moment: the pain seemed to produce a faintness: and with deep groans of agony he fell helplessly to the ground.

"We all, excepting Perata, repented that the frolic had been carried so far, and gathered about him in concern. Raising himself upon one elbow after a short time, he motioned us aside that he might have more air; we drew off a little from him, and in a moment he started to his feet, rushed round the table, to the place where the yet untasted platter of stew was standing with two tortilla cakes beside it, seized greedily upon them all, and darted swiftly in the direction of the door.

"One of the cooks hastily snatched up an iron ladle, and hurled it after the crafty delinquent, upsetting the priest's servant in the act, as well as a dish of boiling chilé on the top of the furnace; and there lay Perata struggling and screeching on the ground, with the scalding-hot mixture pouring down over his head and neck.

"'Santisima Virgen! yo ho! Santisima Virgen!' yelled the scalded wretch, as he placed his hands upon the parts affected.

"'Santisima Virgen!' exclaimed the cook, as the ladle, missing its aim, shattered to pieces the only entire pane of glass of which the fonda had been able to boast for many a day.

"'Santisima Virgen!' cried the waiter, as he saw the viands vanish, and the fragments flying about.

"'Santisima Virgen!' echoed the Indian, with a grin of triumph; pausing for a moment at the door, before decamping with his strangely-gotten repast.

"And so, Senor, that Perata came in for the worst part of the adventure, after all."

We cannot close our notice of this book without giving our readers an opportunity of forming their own estimate of the religion of Mexico.

Happily, such depravity in the priesthood is confined to transatlantic countries alone. In no part of Europe, we may confidently affirm, could such scenes as Mr. Mason narrates be paralleled:—

THE RELIGION OF THE MEXICANS.

The religion of this country appears to an observer little else than a kind of excuse for questionable and nefarious transactions—a species of set-off against continued frivolity and sin—a convenient medium through which, by paying a certain amount of money, and a due portion of outward respect to the priests, the people may pursue a course of vice and dissipation with an easy conscience.

No system of priestcraft could be better calculated than that prevailing in Mexico, to pamper arrogance and love of domination in the ecclesiastics, at the expense of the community. The many forms of oppression employed by the "padres" throughout the republic; the cunning with which they wind themselves into private affairs, whether political or domestic; and the degrading espionage maintained by them over the actions of individuals, are alike surprising and revolting to the unprejudiced.

Ignorance and dependence are the prominent results of the system. Converse with the Mexican on the subject of religion, and he will tell you it is the priest's affair, and not his; that the Holy Father So-and-so will do all that is right for him in this particular, for the padre is acquainted with his spiritual state, and he himself is at no trouble about the matter. Mention education and learning, and he will at once assure you that those also belong of right to the priests; and that no one else should presume to interfere in such concerns. Remonstrate with him on the probable issue of a career of debauchery and excess, and he will reply that, so long as he and his confessor understand each other, nobody else has the smallest right to be offended. And thus, all responsibility is thrust upon the willing shoulders of the ecclesiastics.

Nothing could tend more effectually towards the moral deterioration, not only of the people, but of the clergy themselves: wholly uneducated, and initiated from youth into the crooked arts of intrigue, it cannot be expected that they should prove other than they are. The vices of the priests, here, are glozed over and winked at: but such manifold and glaring indications of their iniquities are so constantly evident, that no impartial mind can be unconscious of the actual tenor of their lives.

Sensuality, arrogance, tyranny, and avarice are their prevailing characteristics; and so lost are they, for the most part, to all better feelings, that they do not care to assume in private the possession of any nobler and holier qualities.

Religious offices and observances are degraded into mere matters of bargain and sale. Licenses to commit crimes are paid for in dollars and rials: and the chaffering and indecorum consequent upon such transactions are disgustingly obtrusive. The extortions and intimidations practised at the bedsides of the sick and dying, and in bargains with those who have friends in purgatory, are still more nefarious. No wonder, then, that the people have little respect for a religion taught by such men: who, however, make it a powerful instrument of terror to the timid, the weak, and the credulous. Penance and other physical terrors are threatened on fitting occasions while the bugbears of excommunication and purgatory are held forth in all their horrors besides. The priest does not scruple to represent himself as the absolute arbiter of eternal bliss or endless punishment; and the unfortunate victim quails and falls prostrate in the ecclesiastical presence, eagerly consenting to any terms of accommodation which the unbounded stomach of the priest—conscience he has none—prompts him to propose.

With the following tragic scene we conclude our notice of the "Pictures of Life in Mexico." A cathedral had been pillaged; by a singular circumstance, however, the robbers were tracked out, apprehended, and executed, and the rightful owners regained their treasure:—

A FRIGHTFUL DOOM.

Although the jewels and golden vessels were restored to their old places in the cathedral, outbreaks and disturbances in its neighbourhood were of frequent occurrence. The hearts of the holy fathers were once more filled with doubts and fears; and so bitterly had they earned the experience of the past that they had scarcely now the confidence to trust one another. While affairs were in this situation, news came that a church at no great distance from their own, had been entered and plundered of its richest treasures, and that a series of such robberies was to be apprehended. This report, which they had every reason to fear was but too correct, had the effect of greatly increasing the consternation of the priests.

The superior ecclesiastic and two of his favourites, had come to the determination, without the knowledge of their brethren, that a subterranean vault should be formed under a particular part of the cathedral; where in time of need, the most valuable of the church's possessions might be deposited. With much ingenuity the desired receptacle was stealthily completed, and the entrance preserved a profound secret among the worthy trio. They had decided that the only means of access should be by a trap-door from above, closed with an invisible spring,—and the trap-door was cunningly fixed, and the imperceptible spring duly set, accordingly.

The disturbances in the vicinity increased. Insurrection followed insurrection; outrage succeeded outrage; pillage appeared to become the order of the day. Neither life nor property was held sacred; and the cathedral itself was threatened with an invasion.

"We must watch vigilantly and incessantly, from night to morning, each in his turn," exclaimed the affrighted dignitary to his companions; "for we know not at what hour the peace of our Zion may be threatened by these sacrilegious depredators."

And watch they did, night and morning, in parties; in obedience to the orders of their chief.

Many a dire alarm shook the hearts of those devoted old priests, as they performed their tedious duty, through the midnight hours, under the arches and vaulted roofs of the

old cathedral. Often did they give themselves up for lost, when the echo of footsteps near the square, or the noise of the wind as it shook the fretted doors of the building, saluted their listening ears. The murmur of the breeze as it swept through the deserted aisles; the wanderings of the rats beneath the hollow wainscotings; or the crackling sound of some expiring taper as it sank into its socket, vibrated upon their overstrained nerves like the rush of a throng of plundering lépero, or the coming tramp of a band of mounted ladrones. Even their own voices, and the echo of their footsteps, became strange to them, as they cowered together and gazed from time to time into each other's haggard and anxious faces. The anxiety and dread, at last, had the effect of imparting an unearthly tinge to their aspects; and they seemed, even to one another, to resemble those departed spirits who are doomed to keep a gloomy vigil through the hours of darkness, beside the well-remembered scenes of their misfortunes or their crimes.

At length, at a late hour, one stormy night, when the three ecclesiastics—to whom alone the secret of the vault was known—happened to be on the watch together, a sound as of a thronging multitude arose in the distance; which, as it drew nearer, was heard above the howling of the wind and the falling of the rain. The tramp of heavy footsteps approached the cathedral; shouts and vociferous cries burst forth on every side; the red glare of innumerable torches shone through the emblazoned windows. At the first alarm, the trio of monks proceeded to carry the portable boxes containing their choicest treasures into the vault below; and by the time the building was surrounded, they had concealed the whole.

Meantime a series of thundering knocks assailed the door, which it was evident must soon give way beneath the repeated strokes: the massive bolts were forced, the hinges torn away and an entrance effected. Just as the band of depredators rushed madly through the opening, the shaven head of the last of the three priests disappeared below the entrance of the vault; the trap-door was hastily closed, and the spring was made secure.

But this movement had not escaped the searching eye of a lépero in the crowd.

The cathedral was thoroughly ransacked; many valuable articles were broken to pieces, and the fragments were passed from hand to hand; but a murmur of disappointment arose, ere long, that so few available treasures were to be discovered. The idea of a subterranean concealment at once flashed upon the minds of the robbers, and the supposition was confirmed by the lépero who had seen the closing trap-door. They immediately tried every crevice and broken stone, and beat violently on the floor with hammers and axes; but so well had the opening been concealed, that they were compelled to abandon the attempt in despair. Venting their disappointment upon the building, they demolished several of the painted windows, and carried off the choicest of the ornaments; and it was a miracle that the edifice escaped conflagration at their hands.

The beating upon the floor, however, had broken the spring of the trap-door, the holy fathers' only avenue of escape; and when, on the disappearance of the invading crowd, they attempted to emerge, they found themselves, in spite of every effort, hopelessly immured in a dungeon that must soon prove their living sepulchre!

The remains of the three monks were only discovered—fast beside the treasures which in life they had loved so well—when the marble floor was taken up by some workmen, who were engaged in the restoration of the dilapidated and desecrated cathedral.

At the present time, when so much interest naturally attaches to mining operations, the following account of the Mexican mode of raising and smelting silver merits attention:—

THE SILVER MINES.

There are different kinds of silver-mines; in some of which the veins of metal take an angular, and in others a semi-circular direction. When the men and mules who work below have succeeded in procuring some tons of ore, it is drawn up in leathern boxes, and conveyed by attendants to the receiving-houses; whence, if very pure, it is at once transferred to the smelting-furnaces. If, however, it contains, as it generally does, a great quantity of alloy, it is despatched to the crushing-room, where a powerful bruising machine called molienda, is brought to bear upon it; and when it is sufficiently pulverised by this process, it is adjudged ready for transmission to the grinding-mill.

The grinding-mills consist of cisterns, from fifteen to thirty feet in diameter, dug in the earth, and lined with the hardest rock that can possibly be obtained. On the inside of these cisterns are suspended, by means of beams turning on a pivot, tiers of grinding-stones, likewise of the very hardest quality. The pulverised ore is thrown into these receptacles, the beams are turned by mules, and an impalpable powder is the result. Water and a little salt are added during the operation; and the mass thus presents the appearance of a thick, paste-like substance. It is then time to separate the particles of silver from the rocky fragments to which they have adhered for ages.

To attain this desirable end, the mixture is spread thinly over some convenient open ground, and great quantities of mercury, together with salt, and some sulphates, muriates, and other chemical substances, are gradually added to it, forming an amalgam. It is allowed to remain in this state for several days, when it is worked about and pressed by horses; more water and chemical preparations are added to it; and when the different components are by these means sufficiently mingled, it is ready for the washing or purifying machine.

The last mentioned contrivance is not very complicated. The amalgam is placed in stone vats, or tubs, into which a stream of water constantly flows; it is from time to time agitated with poles, that the water may have due power; and as the silver and mercury sink to the bottom, the water charged with the impure particles is turned off. The metal, thus separated from its native earth and rock, is then placed in the smelting-furnace, over which is a cover resembling a bell; here the mercury is sublimated; and the pure silver, together with any particles of gold adhering thereto, is left behind. The silver is generally cast in the form of massive pieces termed barras, often weighing fifty or sixty pounds individually, and worth from one thousand to fifteen hundred pesos, or dollars, each. These barras are considered to be a much safer kind of property than coin; for, being marked, they may be easily identified, and cannot quite so readily be carried away.

The Life and Times of Dante Alighieri. By Count CESARE BALBO. Translated by Mrs. BUNBURY 2 vols. London: 1852.

THE life of Dante should be written by a lover. It was a life of passion, impulse, devotion, love. If it was hate that drove Archilochus raging in Iambics, it was love that first taught the great poet of the middle ages the soft, mellifluous cadences of Italian poesy. A statesman like Count Balbo knows not the sweet insanity of such a mind, feels not the delicate sensibilities of such a soul, sympathises not with the dreamy aspirations, the happy self-oblivion, the fiery devotion, the dog-like humility, the half hopeful, half-despairing, timorous respect of one who lives ever out of himself and ever in the eidolon of another being. What were factions and politics to the poet Dante that he should be made the centre figure in a tableau of Italian history? What were the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or any other factions under whose names the city of his birth was torn and harrassed, to him to whom Florence was only that

> Florence, fair city of the land
> Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
> Are most divine.

Wherefore should Dante be the excuse in the mouth

of a statesman for teaching us the history of mediæval Italy?

It will be said that Dante mixed himself in all these matters; that he was himself a Guelph, and one of the chief magistrates of Florence, elected by the suffrages of the people; that he it was who expelled Corso Donati, when that unscrupulous partizan wished to obtain a triumph for his party by introducing Charles of Valois into the city; that he was employed during his lifetime in fourteen embassies, and died of grief through having failed in the last; that he left the Guelphs for the Ghibellines when the party of the Popes became no longer the party of Florentine independence; that his whole life was that of an unfortunate public man, too impracticably honest to serve the ruling party, and always in opposition, and in exile.

This is true, all true, or partly true; but this is not the Dante we know or care for. This is the mediocre politician who owns and bewails his failures so frankly—it is not the poet. It is the wandering exile who takes service with emperors and with Ghibelline captains. Not the Dante of the Divina Commedia. Not the poet—living an existence all apart—concentrating all power of thought upon one memory, one form, one loss—binding a mighty genius to a single task—hoping, sighing, labouring only to erect an immortal structure, wherein till eternity he might enshrine his love. It is the Dante of Boccaccio, not the Dante of Leonardo Aretino, or of Count Cesare Balbo in whom we take an interest.

Let us track the few vestigia of the poet's life with this object, and with this object only. Durante Alighieri was born a Florentine and a Guelph; 1265 is doubtfully assigned as the year of his birth. More of him we know not until Beatrice appears, and the child has become a lover and a poet.

Let us hear how the biographer tells this tale:—

His father Alighieri, as well as his *consorti* or relations the descendants of Cacciaguida, lived in some houses near the church of San Martino del Vescovo; and that in their neighbourhood, near the church of Santa Margarita, lived Folco Portinari (a rich citizen who afterwards founded the great hospital of Santa Maria Nuova), his wife, Donna Celia, the daughter of Gherardo de' Caponsacchi, and a child of theirs, called Beatrice, or, according to the endearing abbreviation of the Florentines, Bice. Dante tells us, in his little book called the Vita Nuova, that Beatrice had a little more than completed her eighth year, and he had nearly completed his ninth when he first saw her. "She appeared to me dressed in that most noble, humble, and honourable colour, scarlet, girded and ornamented in a manner suitable to her youthful age. I speak the truth when I say that at that moment the spirit of life which dwells in the most secret chamber of our hearts, began to tremble so violently within me, that I felt it dreadfully in every pulse. . . . . From that time forward, I say, Love, to which it was thus early espoused, ruled my soul, and he, Love, began to assume over me so much ascendancy and so much authority, by my imagination giving him the power, that I submitted implicitly to his desires. He ordered me often to seek for a sight of this young lamb, and I saw in her so many noble and praiseworthy qualities, that assuredly it may be said of her, in the words of the poet Homer, 'She did not appear made to be possessed by mortal man, but by God.'"

Proceed we with Dante's own account; but not until we have remarked how stupid is the Piedmontese statesman in attempting to understand the bachelor passion of the poet boy. Balbo relates the sequel of this story as though the child of nine years old was still the actor. The translator, with a woman's quickness, sees at once that the nine years mentioned is a *second* nine, and that it is a youth of eighteen, and not a child who adores in secret.

After so many days had passed, after the above-mentioned apparition of this mostly lovely one, that the nine years were exactly completed, it so happened that at the end of these days this admirable lady appeared to me, clothed in a habit of the purest white, between two gentlewomen of more advanced age; and passing through the street, she turned her eyes toward the side where I stood, full of fear, and through her ineffable courtesy . . . . she greeted me; and this had such an effect upon me, that it seemed that I had reached the furthest limits of blessedness. . . . . And since that was the first time that her words had met my ears, I felt such sweet delight, that, like one intoxicated, I separated myself from all. I took refuge in the solitude of my chamber, where I was able to think of this most courteous one; and thinking of her, a sweet sleep fell upon me, in which a wonderful vision appeared to me. . . . . And thinking over what had happened to me, I proposed to let many celebrated Trouvères of that time hear about it; and, inasmuch as I had already acquired the art of putting words into rhyme, I proposed to write a sonnet, in which I greeted all the loyal subjects of Love; and begging them to give their opinion of my vision, I described to them what I had seen in my sleep, and I then composed this sonnet.

To every captive soul and gentle heart,
Into whose sight the present song shall come,
Praying their thoughts on what it may portend,
Health in the name of Love, their sovereign lord.
A third part of the hours had almost passed
Which show in brightest lustre every star,
When suddenly before me Love appear'd,
Whose essence to remember gives me horror.
Joyful Love seem'd, holding within his hand
My heart, and in his arms enfolded lay
My lady sleeping, in a mantle wrapt.
Then waking her, he with this burning heart
Courteously fed her, and in fear she ate.
That done, I saw him go his way in tears.

This sonnet was answered by many, and in different ways; amongst those who replied to it was he whom I considered first amongst my friends, and he composed a sonnet which begins, "*Thou hast beheld all power, meseems, and worth.*" And this was almost the commencement of the friendship between him and me, when he knew that I was the one who had published that sonnet.

Still foolishly believing that the poet who challenged the most celebrated *trouvères* of his time was a baby of nine years, the biographer continues:—

Dante continues to relate how, his soul being lost in such thoughts, "he fell into so frail and weak a condition that his appearance grieved many" who questioned him upon it; to whom he answered, that it was Love that so ruled him. And when they asked me, "For whom has Love so destroyed thee? I looked at them smiling, but said nothing." One day being in church, and looking at his mistress, another lady of a very pleasing appearance, who stood between them, thought that she was his object, and looking at him again gave rise to the belief that she was Dante's beloved. And he congratulating himself upon this, it immediately occurred to him to make use of this lady as a screen to conceal the truth, so that most people who were interested in him supposed they knew his secret. Thus it was concealed many years; and to make people more credulous, he wrote several little things in rhyme, addressed to this lady, who acted as a screen to him; and afterwards he wrote a description of poem called a *Serventese*, in which he introduced the names of sixty of the greatest beauties

in Florence, that he might thus secretly name his real mistress.

And in a little time I made her my screen to such a degree, that it was talked about beyond the rules of courtesy, at which I was vexed many times. And for this cause (that is, by the exaggerated report that I had a criminal passion) that gentle creature, who hated all vice, and was the Queen of Virtue, passing me in some place, denied me her sweet greeting in which rested all my delight. . . . . I aver that wherever she appeared, by the hope of our miraculous salvation, I considered no one as my enemy; but rather such a flame of charity kindled within me, that it made me pardon whoever had offended me; and who then had asked me for anything would have received from me as an answer only the word *Love*, with a countenance clothed with humility."

He continues a description of his sorrows, his retirement, and how he afterwards fell asleep, "like a little crying child who had been whipped."

And now for the quality and the object of this love, and for the resolution it inspired.

And after she had said this, not only she but all the others began to look in my face, expecting an answer. Then I said these words to them: "Ladies, the end of my love has always been a greeting from that lady whom perhaps you mean; and in that rested my delight, and it was the object of all my dearest desires. But since she has been pleased to deny it to me, my sovereign Love, thanks be to him, has placed all my delight in that which cannot be forbidden me." Then these ladies began to talk among themselves; and as we sometimes see rain fall mixed with fair snow, so their words appeared to me mixed with sighs. And after they had talked together a little while, this lady who had first spoken to me also said to me these words: "We beg thee to tell us in what thy delight rests." And I, answering her, said thus: "In those words that praise my mistress." And she answered: "If thou hadst spoken the truth in those words denoting thy conditions thou wouldst have shown thy intentions by thy works." Wherefore I departed from them in shame, thinking over these words, and saying to myself: Since there is so much blessedness in those words which praise my mistress, why have I spoken on anything else? And I determined thenceforward and for ever, to make the matter of my discourse always the praise of that lovely creature."

Alas! Beatrice married, and Beatrice died. 'Ere yet the last event had happened Durante sang of the approaching doom.

An Angel to the Intelligence divine
Appeals, and says: "Sire, in the world is seen
A miracle in action, which proceeds
From a fair soul whose splendour mounts thus high.
Heaven, that no want had ever known but her,
Entreats to have her presence of its Lord.
And every saint aloud implores the grace.
Pity alone opposes our request.
What is my lady's doom? What God's decree?
My well-beloved, suffer now in peace,
That while my pleasure is, your hope should stay
Where there is one who must abide her loss
And who shall say to the condemn'd in hell,
The hope of blessed spirits I have seen.

Here, in the last two ill-translated lines we have already the first twilight glimmer of the idea of the "Divina Comedia." Beatrice died, and thenceafter the world of spirits whither she was gone was the only world wherein the imagination of the poet ever revelled.

Dante was twenty-seven, Beatrice had been dead two years. The lover was careworn, melancholy, wretched: he pined from week to week. All night he wept disconsolate. His amatory songs had made him known, him and his hopeless passion, throughout Italy. The women pitied, and would have consoled.

It was about the close of 1292, or the beginning of 1293, when he saw a young and beautiful lady at a window looking upon him compassionately; and whenever afterwards he saw her, her face expressed compassion, and from its paleness one would almost suppose love. This reminded him many times of his mistress, who was also at all times pale. And many times when he could not weep, and thus relieve his sadness, he used to go and see this compassionate lady, whose sight seemed to draw the tears from his eyes. And this went so far, that at last his eyes began to delight in looking at her, at which he was often angry with himself, and considered himself base in so doing, and oftentimes he cursed the vanity of his eyes. "The sight of this lady," he continues, "brought me to so strange a condition, that many times the thought of her became too pleasant to me, and thus I would think of her. This lady is a lady courteous and beautiful, and young and wise, and perhaps bestowed on me by Love, in order that peace should be restored to my life. And many times I thought of her still more passionately, so that my heart assented to this, that is, to my reasoning. And when it had thus assented, I reflected on what my reason suggested to me and then said to myself: Ah, what a thought is this, that would console me in so base a manner, and scarcely allows me another thought? Then another thought occurred to me, and I said: Now since Love has brought thee into such tribulation, why dost thou not wish to withdraw thyself from such bitterness? Thou seest that this is an emotion that brings before thee the desires of Love; and it is awakened by so sweet a means, that is to say, by that lady who has shown herself so compassionate towards thee."

Who was this compassionate lady? History does not tell, the poet names her not. Was it the Gentucca of whom Bayle and Builart speak, but of whom our author does not appear to have read? Whoever she was, he rushed from her seductions to Boethius and philosophy, and worshipped philosophy "in the form of a lovely lady." The disputations of the schools where his new mistress (we mean philosophy) "verily demonstrated what she was," is the last event we know of him before he suffered his friends to persuade him into matrimony, where it appears that it was verily demonstrated to him what disputation was.

Perhaps Gemma de Donati was the compassionate lady, perhaps he repented him again of the repentance wherewith he had bitterly accused himself of recreancy towards his first and true love, Beatrice, in Heaven. If so his sin was punished, for Gemma was but a fruitful shrew, the mother of seven children, and much a Xantippe.

Then, it might be expected, did Dante begin to sing of Hell and Purgatory. Not so—"the soul of poetry is fiction." Dante acted very practically for a poet. He plunged into the involved politics of the period, got sent into endless exile, and left his wife behind him. Boccaccio says—

Assuredly I do not affirm that these things befel Dante for I do not know it; however, whether these or other causes occasioned it, it is certain that when he had once been separated from her who had been given to him for a consolation in his afflictions, he never would go to the place where she was, nor would he ever suffer her to come to him, although he was the parent by her of many children. Nor let any one suppose that, by the above words, I would conclude that men ought not to take to themselves wives; on the contrary I praise it in many, but not in every one. Let philosophers leave marriage to the unembarrassed rich, to noblemen and

working men, and let them delight themselves with philosophy, which is a much better wife than any other."

In exile, and in wanderings, as some say, while acting as secretary to Ordelaffi, the captain of the Ghibellines of Romagna, Dante in the two years 1307 and 1308 commenced and finished his "Inferno." We must allow the author to commentate for us the introduction to the great poem:—

Dante says that in the middle of his life, that is, at the age of thirty-five, to which he had just attained in April, 1300, the year of the Jubilee, he found himself by *a dark, woody, savage, and thick forest*; by this, according to the allegorical sense, he means the forest of human vices. But in another passage, by a *mournful wood* he also means Florence, calling himself one of its *plants*; he likewise calls the kingdom of France *a wood*. Thus we see that by the general word *wood* (*selva*), he understands this world here below, its kingdoms, and cities; and by the *woody forest* (*selva selvaggia*), he understands Florence, because in 1300 it was in the hands of the Bianchi, or the party of *the woods* (*parte selvaggia*). The wood then is a wood of vices, but of Florentine vices. He goes on to say, that he cannot explain how he entered into it, he was in such a deep sleep (*pien di sonno*) when he entered it, having abandoned the true path, that is, his fidelity to Beatrice, or the virtuous life he had led by his love to her as long as she lived; and he adds that the remembrance of that time was *so bitter to him that death is little more so*. Through this wood, lying in the depth of a valley, he arrives at the foot of a hill, and sees its summit shining by the light of the rising sun, that is to say, science or philosophy, human and divine, to which he had aspired until the death of Beatrice. But as he had abandoned these studies and aspirations from 1293 to 1300, owing to the wild and luxurious life he had been leading, and from his having also been absorbed in the public affairs and factions of Florence, he goes on to say that he was impeded in his ascent to this bright mountain by three wild beasts, a lynx, a lion, and a panther. There is no doubt that these signify, in a moral sense, according to the ancient interpretation, luxury, pride or ambition, and avarice. But this luxury must be understood as Florentine luxury, so dangerous to Dante during these years; the pride was especially the pride of the French princes, particularly of Charles of Valois, who even in 1300 threatened Florence; and the avarice is that of the Guelfs, who throughout the whole poem are called wolves. Every syllable relating to these three wild beasts is not only comprehensible but beautiful. All three oppose Dante's ascent to the shining mountain: but the wolf, the Guelf party, is that which gives him the greatest and the latest annoyance. Then Virgil appears before him, who represents poetry, as well as the idea itself of the poem; he instructs Dante that by this direct way he will never succeed in ascending the mountain, which he will be prevented doing by the wolf. He foretels the wickedness and the various fortunes of this beast, that is of the Guelf party, until it shall be vanquished by a greyhound, that is, a Ghibelline, of southern Italy, which is certainly intended for Uguccione, to whom the Inferno is dedicated. "So then," Virgil continues, "it will be necessary to take another way. Let your thoughts return to your poem; descend with it into Hell and Purgatory; it will raise you afterwards to Heaven, with a soul more worthy of that place." And to this the courageous Dante consents, giving himself up entirely to Virgil and his poem.

But the first day having already passed, and night coming on, Dante becomes discouraged, and his doubts and the interruptions to the continuation of the poem are here pointed out. He turns himself to his guide, Virgil, and represents to him that Æneas, the father of Rome, which was the pre-destined seat of the Popes, might descend into Hell, and Paul, *the Vessel of Election*, might ascend into Heaven; but that he, Dante, cannot be compared to either of these, and he fears his boldness might be madness. Then Virgil encourages him, and reveals to him in what manner he had been sent to his assistance. He relates in divine poetry how he had been called from Limbo by Beatrice, *the Praise of the true God*, the blessedness in God, the knowledge of God; that she had been moved by Lucia, or Faith, who had been sent by a still higher lady, who could be no other than the Virgin Mary,—Mary, to whom Beatrice, and afterwards Dante, were so warmly devoted. So then, what reason was there for being disheartened? Why still pause, when protected by three such beings of Paradise? And Dante, thus encouraged, again proceeds on his way along with his guide.

We cannot follow our author, or his fair interpreter, in their epitome of this first part of the "Divina Commedia." Having finished it, the poet left it with Fra Ilario, and fled away upon his travels. He visited Paris and England, returned to Italy, wrote his Ghibelline Latin essay, "De Monarchiâ," and, at Pisa, began and finished the second part of his great epic, the "Purgatorio." How, why, under what circumstances, with what difficulty or ease, by what inspired, by whom encouraged, the poet produced his masterpiece, the biographer knows not, and apparently cares not. He tells the history of Italy during the period, and then produces the poet from his retirement, or from his busy labours, with his poem in his hand.

About 1320 the "Paradiso" was finished, and Beatrice, as she had been the inspiring thought of his first boyish sonnet, and of the first canto of his epic, was also the thought that, at the mature age of fifty-five, kindled his genius and made him sing for immortality.

O lady, upon whom my hopes are placed,
And who, to work out my security,
Hast left Hell's precincts with thy footsteps traced.
For all the wondrous things that I have seen,
My gratitude and praise are due to thee,
By whom have grace and power accorded been.
A slave before, thou hast released me—thou,
By every art and mode that could be tried,
Didst win the freedom that I cherish now.
Continue thy beneficence to me,
So that my soul, which thou hast purified,
May loose its mortal bonds, approved by thee."
My prayer thus ended, she with smiling face
Seem'd to behold me where she sate removed;
Then turn'd unto the eternal Fount of Grace.
Paradiso, c. 31, v. 79—93.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,

and Dante's poetry was but his love enshrined. It ran through his life like a pure stream through limestone rocks, hiding itself in caverns, descending to the hot regions of inner earth, rising thence in steam, bubbling up ever and anon into day and sunshine, but diving again beneath the mountains, and issuing forth at last in pure perennial volume to wind through the plain and mingle with eternity in ocean.

No wonder that such a man has been but little understood. No marvel that Alfieri could say that not thirty men in Italy had ever read a poem of which all men talked. We are prepared to find that Bulgarini thought him an impostor who outraged all the rules of Aristotle, that Voltaire thought him a fool, and his poem a Salmagundi facetiously called an epic, and that he saw nothing to admire but his verses against the popes.*

* Voltaire translates with much unction:—
——— je ne repliquai rien
A Belzébuth; il aaisonnait trop bien

The modern Italians, however, begin to understand this great poet better than even those Florentines, who, after razing his house to the ground, and confiscating his goods during his lifetime, founded a professorship in his honour immediately upon his death. Editions upon editions of his works have multiplied in our own days, and Dante is read and comprehended in his own Italy—but not by Cesare Balbo.

The publisher has shown little acuteness in selecting this work for translation. It is dull, dry, scanty in its details of all we wish to know, and diffuse upon the intricate and worthless politics of the time. The author is ultramontane in his ecclesiastical views, but liberal in his politics—Dante was anti-papal and much of an aristocrat. For the best parts of the book we are indebted entirely to Mrs. Bunbury, and quite sure we are that if this lady had been allowed to throw Count Balbo's book into the fire and to sit down with Boccaccio and Bayle beside her, she would have produced a life of Dante infinitely more true, amusing, and instructive, than that she has translated.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. 3 Vols. London: Bentley. 1852.

UNTIL we arrived at the third volume, we did not quite comprehend the expectations that could have induced an English publisher to reprint this American book.

Margaret Fuller was one of those he-women who, thank Heaven! for the most part figure and flourish, and have their fame on the other side of the Atlantic. She was an intellectual Bloomer of the very largest calibre. She was an encyclopædia in cerulean stockings. She understood Socrates better than Plato did, Faust better than Göethe did, Kant's Philosophy better than Kant did—an acquirement by the way not, perhaps, so very, very, difficult—astronomy much better than Adams or Leverrier, ethics better than Aristotle, rhetoric, logic, poetry, better than any professor in any Yankee college. But, alack! the difference between an enclycopædia bound in calfskin, and an encyclopædia moving in blue stockings! Every fact, word, thought, idea, theory, notion, line, verse, that crowded in the cranium of Margaret Fuller was a weapon. They shot from her in season and out of season, like pellets from a steam gun. She bristled all over with transcendentalism, assailed you with metaphysics, suffocated you with mythology, peppered you with ethics, and struck you down with heavy history. For our part if one-tenth of what these three volumes say is true, we would just as soon sit in a library, where all the books should be endowed with voice, and all should sing forth their contents continuously, as to find ourselves in the company of any Mrs. Ossoli, or of any Margaret Fuller.

However, Mrs. Ossoli is dead, and a committee of Yankee memoir writers have combined to work her apotheosis. Here she sits upon a cloud, blown by these panting, puffing fame-givers. The bombastic eulogy, well-flavoured as it is by American slang, would be amusing from its exaggeration; but, alas! it disgusts by its vulgarity.

Of course this mighty mass of mind never did anything worth recording. She translated some German and Italian, and helped to edit an American transcendental periodical, but nothing more did Margaret Fuller *do*. The strong-minded lady, however, forced all she knew upon everybody, and obtained an awful respect in society. We question after all whether Margaret Fuller, whom even one of her biographers admits knew very little indeed of one of the authors she vapours most about—Shakespeare, had more solid useful learning than many a well-informed English lady, who is quite content to remain a woman and not to be a prodigy.

As to the book, it opens within an autobiographical fragment wherein Miss Fuller describes her father, a Massachusetts attorney, her mother, who "was of a flower-like nature, but was bound by the same law as the blue sky, the dew, and the frolic birds," and herself, whom her father crammed with learning until he destroyed her health, and made her nervous and a sleep-walker for life.

How that poor Roman gentleman, Mr. Ossoli, came to allow this she-Crichton to marry him, the book does not explain. We think if he could have seen her presiding at one of those female Boston conversation *soirées*, and could have listened to the following bit of "philosophical" talk, he would have doubted, and, perchance, cried off:—

LEARNED LADIES.

March 22, 1841.—The question of the day was, What is life?

Let us define, each in turn, our idea of living. Margaret did not believe we had, any of us, a distinct idea of life.

A. S. thought so great a question ought to be given for a written definition. "No," said Margaret, "that is of no use. When we go away to think of anything, we never do think. We all talk of life. We all have some thought now. Let us tell it. C——, what is life?"

C—— replied,—"It is to laugh, or cry, according to our organisation."

"Good," said Margaret, "but not grave enough. Come, what is life? I know what I think; I want you to find out what you think."

Miss P. replied,—"Life is division from one's principle of life in order to a conscious reorganisation. We are cut up by time and circumstance, in order to feel our reproduction of the eternal law."

Mrs. E.—"We live by the will of God, and the object of life is to submit," and went on into Calvinism.

Then came up all the antagonisms of Fate and Freedom.

Lors il m'empoigne, et d'un bras roide et ferme
Il appliqua sur mon triste épiderme
Vingt coups de fouet, dont bien fort il me cuit;
Que Dieu le rende a Boniface huit.

Mrs. H. said,—"God created us in order to have a perfect sympathy from us as free beings.

Mrs. A. B. said she thought the object of life was to attain absolute freedom. At this Margaret immediately and visibly kindled.

C. S. said,—"God creates from the fulness of life, and cannot but create; he created us to overflow, without being exhausted, because what he created, necessitated new creation. It is not to make us happy, but creation is his happiness and ours."

Margaret was then pressed to say what she considered life to be.

Her answer was so full, clear, and concise, at once, that it cannot but be marred by being drawn through the scattered medium of my memory. But here are some fragments of her satisfying statement.

She began with God as Spirit, Life, so full as to create and love eternally, yet capable of pause. Love and creativeness are dynamic forces, out of which we, individually, as creatures, go forth bearing his image, that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces by which we also add constantly to the total sum of existence, and shaking off ignorance, and its effects, and by becoming more ourselves, i. e. more divine;—destroying sin in its principle, we attain to absolute freedom, we return to God, conscious like himself, and, as his friends, giving, as well as receiving felicity for evermore. In short, we become gods, and able to give the life which we now feel ourselves able only to receive.

We prefer "Miss P.'s" definition, and if that young lady be not already "cut up by time and circumstances," we beg to solicit for our next number an article on American transcendentalism, which we will print side by side with a column of "pie," and ask the judgment of our subscribers as to which is the pleasanter reading. When will American women find out that the men know very well that it is only crass ignorance that induces a certain class of transatlantic females to talk the twaddle of a shop-boys' debating club? It requires no reading to speak the stuff we have just quoted, but in the quiet conversation of half-a-dozen English ladies, as they skim the subjects of the day, and talk of books and music, and passing topics of the hour, there is taste, refinement, and gently-placed illustration that show a quiet power, and evidence a concealed garner-house of study laid up with more care and patience than could be found in a wilderness of "strong-minded women." Contrast such a scene with that wherein Miss Fuller or Mrs. Ossoli, with a loud voice, and a nasal twang loud as the crack of a planter's whip, silences all general conversation, lectures and asserts, utterly contradicts, and contemptuously denies, until she has cleared the room of all except a few weak-minded wonderers, whose instinct it is to lick the dust before some roaring lion.

The third volume contains Mrs. Ossoli's adventures in Europe; and here it is we find what an English public is expected to buy. When she describes contemporaries of note, her sketches have an interest which she herself is, in our eyes, quite incapable of exciting. It is the old story of "Pencillings by the Way," "Notables in Undress," "Private Life in England," "Portraits of People who asked me to Dinner," "What I heard in the Servants' Hall," and such like charming catching titles, wherewith our American guests contrive to improve their experiences, and make money out of a host without stealing his silver forks. Perhaps the lady who has least ground of complaint on the present occasion is Madame Dudevant, for Margaret Fuller has all the rights of a captor and an invader over her. Now, this lady is the reality of that whereof Mrs. Ossoli was only a wretched imitation—a woman of great power and intellect, exercising influence upon her age and generation. How she uses her power, whether her influence be good or bad, may be disputed, and is disputed. But no one denies that the power exists. The strong-minded American evidently bored poor George Sand nearly to death. The Frenchwoman's politeness was a dreadful incumbrance when matched against such an antagonist. In vain did she leave her letter of self-introduction unanswered. Our Americaine was not to be thus put off. She walks into Madame Dudevant's rooms as coolly as Fighting Fitzgerald did into Brookes's after his blackballing, and no hints about printers waiting for copy, could get rid of her "for a good part of the day." We don't wonder that she never saw George Sand uninterruptedly afterwards. Here is her account of the interview:—

GEORGE SAND AT HOME.

The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and, as Madame Sand afterwards told me, her god-daughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as "*Madame Salez*," and returned into the ante-room to tell me, "*Madame says she does not know you.*" I began to think I was doomed to the rebuff, among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, Ask if she has not received a letter from me. As I spoke, Madame S. opened the door and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure; she is large, but well-formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a blackmantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste, her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and lady-like dignity, presented an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part is the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower, strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as, indeed, she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood). All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and power that pervaded the whole,—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, "*C'est vous*," and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study: we sat down a moment, then I said "*Il me fait de bien de vous voir.*" (!) * * * She looked away and said," *Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante.*" This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. She told me, before I went away, that she was going that very day to write to me; that when the servant announced me she did not recognise the name, but after a minute it struck her that it might be *la dame Américaine*, as the foreigners very commonly call me, for they find my name hard to remember. She was very much pressed for time, as she was then preparing copy for the printer, and having just returned, there were many applications to see her, but she wanted me to stay then, saying, "It is better to throw things aside, and seize the present moment." I stayed a good part of the day, and was very glad afterwards, for I did not see her again uninterrupted. Another day I was there, and saw her

in her circle. Her daughter and another lady were present, and a number of gentlemen. Her position there was of an intellectual woman and good friend,—the same as my own in the circle of my acquaintance as distinguished from my intimates. * * Her way of talking is just like her writing,—lively, picturesque, with an undertone of deep feeling, and the same happiness in striking the nail on the head every now and then a blow. * * I forgot to mention, that, while talking, she *does* smoke all the time her little cigarette. This is now a common practice among ladies abroad, but I believe originated with her.

What our American celebrity's opinion of "*goodness*" can be when she thus applies it to Madame Dudevant, we cannot stay to investigate. We must make another extract, however, which may probably enable the reader to judge of this matter:—

THE "GOOD" GEORGE SAND.

You wished to hear of George Sand, or, as they say in Paris, "Madame Sand." I find that all we had heard of her was true in the outline; I had supposed it might be exaggerated. She had every reason to leave her husband,—a stupid brutal man, who insulted and neglected her. He afterwards gave up their child to her for a sum of money. But the love for which she left him lasted not well, and she has had a series of lovers, and I am told has one now, with whom she lives on the footing of combined means, independent friendship! But she takes rank in society like a man, for the weight of her thoughts, and has just given her daughter in marriage. Her son is a grown up young man, an artist. Many women visit her, and esteem it an honour. Even an American here, and with the feelings of our country on such subjects, Mrs. ——, thinks of her with high esteem. She has broken with La Mennais, of whom she was once a disciple.

Mr. Carlyle gave Margaret Fuller a dinner, and of course she makes the world a present of his portrait as an appropriate return.

It would be cruel to inquire what Frenchman has written a History of Philosophy, and yet some of our readers may perhaps guess who is meant by the flippant Frenchman in the following account of

CARLYLE'S DINNER PARTY.

I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light, witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet, homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry. Of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told with beautiful feeling, a story of some poor farmer, or artisan, in the country, who on Sundays lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the Essays, and looking upon the sea. I left him that night, intending to go out very often to their house. I assure you there never was anything so witty as Carlyle's description of—— ——. It was enough to kill one with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion. The second time Mr. C. had a dinner-party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of a man, author of a History of Philosophy, and now writing a Life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, of which one was glad, for that night he was in his more acrid mood; and, though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said. For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry, and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind. Tennyson wrote in verse because the schoolmasters had taught him that it was great to do so, and has thus, unfortunately, been turned from the true path for a man. Burns had, in like manner, been turned from his vocation. Shakespeare had not the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose;—and such nonsense, which, though amusing enough at first, he ran to death after a while. The most amusing part is always when he comes back to some refrain, as in the French Revolution of the *sea-green*. In this instance, it was Petrarch and *Laura*, the last word pronounced with his ineffable sarcasm of drawl. Although he said this over fifty times, I could not ever help laughing when *Laura* would come. Carlyle running his chin out, when he spoke it, and his eyes glancing till they looked like the eyes and beak of a bird of prey. Poor Laura! Lucky for her that her poet had already got her safely canonized beyond the reach of this Teufelsdrockh vulture. The worst of hearing Carlyle is that you cannot interrupt him. I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down.

It is scarcely disguised that Mrs. Ossoli thought Thomas Carlyle an intolerant and most intolerable bore. What Mr. Carlyle thinks of Mrs. Ossoli he is probably too polite to say.

We do not quarrel with the lady for thinking Joseph Mazzini "by far the most beauteous person she ever saw," or for revealing how he writes in "Saunder's People's Journal;" nor do we vehemently disapprove the twaddle about Wordsworth and his love for hollyhocks, and her surprise that an old man of seventy-six should live at Rydal Mount, "the retirement of a gentleman, rather than the haunt of a poet." Doubtless, Margaret Fuller had a right to expect to find the poet declaiming in a damp cave, or catching rhymes and rheumatisms in the spray of a waterfall: but we confess we cannot forgive her a monstrous eulogy of Rousseau, the meanest and the basest reptile that ever crawled in the garden of literature. We do not think well of any woman who professes to have read the "Confessions of Rousseau," and who can speak of him without horror. Let the French, who, by the way seldom read any others than his one worst book, admire the shining phrases of the man who tells them in pathetic French how he seduced a servant-girl, and stole some ribbons to offer her as a love gift—and how, when the owner of the ribbons identified them, and prosecuted the poor girl for the theft, the lover, the man of genius, the great apostle of French, and, as it would seem, American ethics, looked on in apathy and saw his victim punished for his crime. When we find a woman eulogising a man in whose history this is but one consistent fact, we are much inclined to be thankful she was not an Englishwoman.

We need hardly say that we do not recommend this book to English family reading. It is false in style and sentiment, and, although free from glaring improprieties, and, perhaps, not amusing enough to be very likely to be read, still we think it is not a nice book for English ladies, and not an entertaining book for English gentlemen.

Darien. By ELIOT WARBURTON. 3 Vols. London. 1852.

IN his last work Mr. Warburton has selected, for the basis upon which a pleasing superstructure has been raised, an incident which, in less able hands, would scarcely, perhaps, have led to so gratifying a result.

The circumstances that attended the colonisation of Darien form the theme of his narrative. The history of that event is perhaps known but to few, the interest it was calculated to excite being altogether of a transient kind. Yet in the form in which it is here given, interspersed with passages of love and war, and adorned with descriptions that may be classed among the happiest effusions from his pen, the story is one that will make its way with every denomination of reader, excepting, perhaps, the most stolid or the most hypercritical.

It must be admitted that it is perhaps somewhat overlaid, and spun out to rather greater length than the materials at his disposal warranted; but we readily overlook that, and some other trifling faults here and there apparent, and accept with melancholy satisfaction this the latest emanation from a departed genius. The blank he has left will not soon be filled, the loss he has occasioned will long be felt in the world of letters.

To place our readers in the possession of the main topics that form the groundwork of the tale, it may be necessary to inform them that, about the middle of the seventeenth century, a scheme was projected by a shrewd and enterprising Scotchman of the name of Paterson for colonising that portion of the northern coast of South America which abuts upon the Isthmus of Panama, and is known by the appellation of Darien. Its fertility was described as unbounded, its mineral wealth inexhaustible, and its resources of every kind were depicted in such glowing colours, that there was no lack of candidates for the advantages and emoluments that were to be placed within the easy grasp of any ambitious colonist.

The age, indeed, was one of reckless speculation. In Scotland, especially, the spirit of commercial enterprise had recently been evoked. The project divulged in the announcements of Paterson were, consequently, dwelt upon with more than anticipated avidity. His abode was daily and nightly thronged by men of every grade of life and every shade of political opinion. To all he incessantly disclosed his plans and expounded his views. The temperament of the majority of his auditory naturally led to their conversion to his opinions, if, indeed, they had ever entertained any that were not altogether in unison with them. The distant wilds of Darien, from repeated description, soon became as familiar to the inhabitants of North Britain as their own border counties, while equal eagerness was evinced to visit the one as had, in earlier times, been displayed to traverse the others. The intermediate expanse was despised: it was only a voyage of some half-dozen weeks, and what was that, when boundless wealth was discernible in the mist that loomed over the ocean waste? In the descriptions lavishly repeated over the kingdom, and re-echoed with innumerable variations and amplifications, the public were assured that within the vast precincts of Darien were boundless tracts that might be appropriated by any settler who chose to take possession of them. Nothing could exceed in delicious flavour the spontaneous productions of the soil, nor the beauty of the crystal streams that flowed eternally over sands of gold:—

> . . . . . "Thus was this place
> A happy rural seat of various views;
> Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
> Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
> Hung amiable Hesperian fables true,
> If true, here only—and of delicious taste."

The waves of the Caribbean Sea that laved its shores teemed with shoals of fish disporting themselves among groves of coral strewn with costliest pearls. All that was needed was the advent of Scotia's hardy and industrious sons to take possession of the glorious realm, and to lay the foundations of a new city and a new empire, that in magnitude and importance would shortly rival any of the capitals of the East.

With marvellous rapidity these rumours extended themselves throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, and England was not slow in swelling the number of the enthusiasts. Hamburgh next caught the flame, while the projector himself was overwhelmed with applications for shares, and by the tide of fortune that flowed in, and well-nigh threatened to overwhelm him.

Meanwhile he laid claim to the most extraordinary disinterestedness. From the first he had requested only the moderate allowance of two per cent. upon the whole amount of capital subscribed; as some remuneration for the time and money expended in maturing his designs. Of a sudden, to the surprise of all, he gave an unconditional release of all his claims!

Hitherto all moved on pleasantly and well. Scotland actually contributed to the enterprise half of all the capital in circulation in the country, while England, Hamburgh, and Holland filled up the subscription lists to the extent of nearly a million sterling. At this juncture William III., who had hitherto in every way sanctioned the undertaking, was suddenly induced, upon the representations of the merchants of London, to withhold his favour. A revulsion of feeling took place on the part of

England, and, from one circumstance or another, Scotland was left to carry out alone her project for the colonisation of Darien. Her hopes and enthusiasm under this apparent discouragement, far from diminishing, increased from day to day. The jealousy of England had been excited, there needed no further evidence of the soundness of her own views.

Throughout the whole of Scotland the entire body of preachers busied themselves in denouncing what they termed the apostacy of the sister country, and in urging their hearers to new and increased exertion.

It so chanced that at this epoch there existed a man whose equal, even in these days of speculation and chicanery, has rarely been met with as a daring and yet fortunate gambler. At the time to which we allude, gaming, as a practice, or even as a profession, was not regarded with the abhorrence it now so justly excites. It was then the dominant vice of all classes. "The Board of Green Cloth," as Mr. Warburton aptly styles the fatal table, "was an arena for all the passions to expatiate in; it conferred its own peculiar fame; it had its own Napoleons, Machiavellis, and Thurtells; all casualties and all human results might be found there—except peace and honour. John Law was the Napoleon of the gambling world. His fortune never forsook him until it had culminated in the Mississippi scheme, and brought princes and their minions to his feet.

Law closely allied himself to Paterson, warmly advocating his scheme for the establishment of a Bank of England, and also that for the colonisation of Darien, up to the time of William III.'s withdrawal of his favour. That withdrawal he rightly attributed to the future policy of the British Government towards Spain, and having satisfied himself upon that point, he proceeded to speculate on the probable results.

Undaunted by the secession of their allies, the Scotch determined single-handed to push forward the preparations for their expedition. Crippled as they were in their resources, their equipment was necessarily defective, the stores and provisions of the vessels they despatched across the Atlantic being scarcely adequate to the exigencies of a coasting voyage. But the ardour of the nation was aroused; thousands burned with the eager desire to share in the vast emoluments they pictured to themselves as certain to accrue from the possession of this Ophir of the West, and they were consequently blind to the innumerable perils that beset them on every side.

Almost every member of the council of management seemed bent upon his own aggrandisement at the expense of the unfortunate undertaking. The contracts that they sanctioned sufficiently proved their lack of integrity, and hundreds of the unhappy victims of their cruel frauds perished miserably in consequence of their unprincipled avarice.

Profusely adorned with paint and gold, the rotten ships, stored with decayed provisions, at length, on the 28th of July, 1698, set sail from the Scottish shore. They were commanded by men wholly unqualified, either by experience or by seamanship, for the important duties assigned to them, and even their authority was impaired by mutual and petty hostilities and jealousies.

During the voyage Paterson beguiled its tedium by eloquent discourses to the emigrants on the glowing prospects before them; now dwelling on the fertility of the teeming soil, on the abundance of the fruits, and the variety of the game; nor did he fail to dwell upon the more solid advantages to be derived from the vast beds of the pearl-oyster, from the rivers with golden sands, interspersed with rubies and emeralds.

On the 30th of October they sighted the New World, and on the 1st of November the vessels anchored off the "Golden Island." Far, far within its opaque and tangled forests silently flowed the Golden River; still further embedded among the mountains were the golden mines of Cana. Whatever visions now animated and inspired the minds of his followers, Paterson was doubtless absorbed by higher and nobler views: the union of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans—that project which, after an interval of a century and a half, again occupies the attention of the world, with likelihood of its consummation.

The period of the arrival of the colonists was the springtime of that brilliant clime. The air, the sea, the woods inspired them with new emotions, enhanced, probably, by their long confinement on shipboard. For some weeks after their landing they abandoned themselves to a life of luxurious idleness; but when they at length set resolutely to work, they displayed no lack of energy nor of skill in their undertakings.

Paterson, looking upon himself as an invader until he had obtained the sanction of the aborigines to the establishment of his colony, made numerous attempts to conciliate not only them, but the Spaniards, who complacently regarded them as deserving only of slavery or death. A treaty with the Indians was soon concluded, under which the emigrants received full permission to establish a settlement in the land. Peace between them, according to the wording of the document, was to endure "as long as river ran and gold was found in Darien." Well would it have been for the companions of Paterson had they been enabled to establish so satisfactory a regulation amongst themselves. Unhappily, however, a spirit of mutiny and of insubordination broke out, tending to the direst

results. There was no head to rule, neither were there subjects to obey; all unhappily were charmed with "the vanity of having no superiors—the very vanity of vanities." The dearth of food heightened their disaffection, for it was found that the greater portion of the provisions brought with them from Scotland were unfit for use. Famine stared them in the face, and none amongst them were competent to cope with the evils that daily became more formidable and more hopeless.

A number of wild and infatuated enthusiasts, who had been suffered to accompany the expedition, added by their fierce denunciations to the severity of the misfortunes that overwhelmed their unhappy hearers. In the absence of other authority they arrogated to themselves the command of the colony, and actually issued mandates to the effect that every individual should daily attend what they were pleased to term divine service during three mortal hours, while on Sundays, one half of the day was to be devoted to listening to their frantic "outpourings."

There are still in existence numerous epistles sent home by these fanatics at this juncture, and they afford convincing proof of the detestable spirit by which the writers were actuated. It is impossible, indeed, for the most apathetic to peruse them without a glow of indignation, so brutal, so ferocious, so totally opposed to all the tenets of Christianity, are the expressions with which they are profusely interspersed. Again and again they testify their joy at the bitter sufferings of their "flocks," dwelling with evident satisfaction and fiendish delight upon what they chose to term "visible judgments very refreshing to the faith."

Our readers will feel no great surprise when they learn that the young colony, unprepared to combat so many internal evils, still less to resist external aggression, soon began to languish and droop. Day by day the little forlorn band became more and more attenuated, and the narrow precincts of their cemetery speedily teemed with the late occupants of the fort.

Notwithstanding their brief and uncertain tenure of life, however, the survivors engaged in quarrels, petty dissensions, and in a general manifestation of insubordination. "Still the ministers denounced, the sea-captains bullied, the clerks peculated, the workmen pined, all murmured—but all held on!"

The arrival of King William's edict expressly directed against the Scottish colony was the culminating misfortune. Having first encouraged the expedition in every way, he now doomed it to destruction by forbidding, under the severest penalties, the conveyance of provisions or of succour of any kind from any of the British settlements in America or the West Indian islands to the colony of Darien.

This mandate arrived at the commencement of the rainy season—the unhealthiest period of the year. The gallant band, unable longer to withstand the combined effects of mental affliction and bodily misery, rapidly succumbed. The Fort of St. Andrew, in the construction of which they had expended all their energy, became a general lazar-house, where the sick were tended with unremitting diligence by Paterson and his wife, whose humanity and courage appear not to have deserted them even under these most trying scenes, till, smitten with death, the partner of his lot perished in his lonely hut, and Paterson himself appeared ready to sink under this last and weightiest affliction. "He became like a little child, docile and gentle as he always was, but dreamy, and apparently unconscious of a past or future."

The few who remained in life out of the crowd that had accompanied him from Scotland now insisted upon quitting a spot associated in their minds with so many horrors. They fixed upon New York for their destination. The vessels in which they embarked, with one exception, reached Charlestown in North America. From that port some thirty emigrants soon after set sail for their native land, and they were all that survived out of twelve hundred souls, who, animated with hope and the most ambitious views, had quitted that country but a few brief months before.

Such is the sad narrative upon which Mr. Warburton has founded the last work he was ever destined to give to the world. To render it attractive to the general reader, he has grafted on to it a tale of love, replete with a variety of incident, skilfully introduced, and, in some instances, powerfully wrought, with ability all his own.

We are presented in the opening volume with a graphic episode, pourtraying in a point of view that gives ample scope for reflection the state of society in Spain in the seventeenth century. From this portion of the work we select the following harrowing description of

AN AUTO DA FE.

And now that terrible arena is reached, and another roar of exultation rose from the fanatical crowd that thronged the space around it.

Within that space are thirty tall, stout stakes, each twelve feet high, and each furnished with a rude sort of seat about eight feet from the ground. These stakes are disposed in two circles, one within the other; a heap of dried furze and firewood lies piled at the foot of each: in a small brazier, close by, there is a small but very lively fire. The victims, as they arrived, are hurried to their allotted stakes. Ten of them who had professed "penitence" are then quietly, and with horrible *sang froid*, strangled by the executioners; their yet warm corpses then hoisted up and chained on the inner circle of stakes. For the "impenitent" a more prolonged suffering remained. A ladder is placed against each stake, and the victim is compelled to mount it until he reaches the seat, to which he is bound firmly with wet cords, his legs dangling downwards towards the faggots. All this occupies a cruelly long time, though many zealous hands assist. At length all the preparations are completed, and,

high over the heads of the eager multitude are to be seen the thirty forms of their doomed fellow-creatures—some swaying themselves to and fro, as far as their cords will allow, in agonised suspense; some proudly, nobly calm; and some, scarcely more tranquil, the "penitents," whose sufferings are ended, and whose lifeless heads hang down upon their breasts.

They formed an awful group—those martyrs, or whatever else they were, elevated there; shined on, as if in mockery, by the calm setting sun; while their black robes, with the emblazoned flames and devils, wave about in the breeze, and give an appearance of quivering life even to the dead.

But the people grow impatient, as at a bull-fight, when they thirst for blood and cry for the matador. Fierce fanatic yells salute the victims' ears, and, in a phraseology well understood by the frequenters of such scenes, some voices call out to—"*Board them!* board the heretics!" Thereupon, an executioner seizes a long lance, furnished at the point, with a bunch of furze dipped in oil. This he lights at the brazier, and then thrusts it, flaming, into the nearest victim's face, pressing the thorny brand so closely to the mouth as almost to stifle the wild shriek for mercy that bursts from the sufferer's lips.

"Let us see him!" shout the multitude; "let us see if the boarding is well done!" The brand is removed, and, oh God! what a fearful change has been made in thy handiwork by that inquisitorial touch! So little of the countenance remained, that scorched, and shrivelled, and featureless, it seemed no longer human; the very organs of the voice were changed; the wretch's shrieks had settled into a faint, prolonged, and wild unearthly moan!

And now the fagots beneath are lighted, and the flames with forked tongues dart up and lick the victim's feet at first, and then his knees, which again contracting in his agony, double up and set fire to the serge upon his breast, which burns mouldering but kills not. And at the same time the other fagots are lighted, and thirty fires blaze up at once, and there are sounds most horrible to hear, and dark figures writhing in the flames most horrible to see, and overpowering smells of scorching flesh; and the people are yelling in fierce and frantic glee; and their inquisitorial priests hold up their hands to heaven, and solemnly consign the souls of the departing sufferers to the last—the ghostly enemy of man.

The sacrifice is ended; the last heart of the heretics has ceased to beat. Reaction from their tragic excitement has set in among the people, and the lust of pleasure has succeeded. The multitude disperses, they wander away in groups by the lovely banks of the Guadalquivir; they fling themselves down at the feet of the old cork-trees; the alforja—the wine-skin—is ready at a call; the tinkle of the guitar, and the thrill of the rebeck is heard through the pleasant hum of voices; faint perfumes from the orange groves are borne on the evening breeze, and many a cup of wine is quaffed to wash away the horrible savouriness that has been reeking in their nostrils. Sounds of mirth and revelry echo everywhere, and many a cloaked form is gliding along side by side with the veiled beauties of Seville.

Suddenly, what would seem to a stranger's eye a miracle, takes place,—a solemn peal of bells arises in multitudinous chorus from the distant city. The tones of the blessed Angelus come floating on the ear. At once those varied groups, men, women, and children, start from their wine, or love, or play, and with uncovered heads kneel down upon the ground in humble prayer. Wonderful is human nature, especially in Spain!

We give some other passages to show Mr. Warburton's great descriptive powers, which placed him in an exalted position among our modern—would that we might still have added our living—authors.

Alas! that it may not be so. The literature of the country has indeed sustained a loss, in the untimely fate of this brilliant and able writer, which will not soon nor easily be supplied.

It is not a little singular, too, as our readers will perceive, that some of the reflections and scenes in "Darien," in some respects strikingly accord with the dreadful fate that awaited our lamented author himself, within a few weeks of the time at which "Darien" was committed to the press.

We doubt not but that among the bereaved circle of his relatives, more than one will be found, to glance with a tearful eye over the following beautifully-rendered sentiment:—

"There is no departure so impressive as that by sea. Those whose hands we have but now grasped fervently in ours—those whose last faltering words are still in our ear—are now with us—now fading away in distance, gradually becoming invisible—absorbed into the sea and sky—gone like those who die:—except that even the very form we have long loved for the sake of the spirit within, is likewise gone."

Many more will, by the following passage, be involuntarily but forcibly reminded by the closing scene of the unfortunate Amazon, so fresh in the recollection of all:—

THE BURNING SHIP.

The Spanish ships came on, closing with each other, to cut off, as they conceived, all possibility of escape from the pirate. But no thought of escape entered the mind of Lawrence (for he it was, as the reader will have guessed). He had been lying in wait for one of these very ships, and the unexpected presence of her consort could not daunt him from his purpose. The men who served him were of his own sort, and welcomed the alternative of death or conquest with a wild cheer, as the blood-red flag ran up aloft and streamed out upon the rising gale. A few shots from his enemies whistled over him unanswered. He wore his schooner, and, letting his topsail go by the run, soon found himself overtaken by, and between his pursuers: they ceased firing for fear of injuring each other; their grappling-irons were cast on board of the pirate unresistingly, and he was called upon to surrender, as the vessels lay all three locked together, and moving like one body through the water. Lawrence reclined (for he was still unable to stand) by an open hatchway, beneath which lay the powder magazine, now thrown open. His men, huddled into a close mass, were clustered round the bows; they seemed instinctively to shrink from the coming explosion, but they bristled with tomahawks and cutlasses. Lawrence, in answer to the summons to surrender, pointed down to the magazine.

"Twenty barrels of powder," he shouted, "only wait for your first shot, to blow you all to hell!"

The Spaniards, stout as they were, shrank from the sudden and imminent destruction. The Buccaneer was well known to them: they did not doubt that he would keep his word; and his face, now transformed into the aspect of a fiend, seemed to assure it. A dreadful pause of a moment ensued. Then one of the Spaniards cast off his grappling-irons and stood away, but carried with him a shower of unquenchable fireballs which the buccaneers had flung upon his decks and into his hold: every man on board only thought of extinguishing them, and the ship ran away before the wind. Then Lawrence, with his pistol still presented to his magazine, shouted to his men; and they leaped upon the deck of the other Spaniard, whose crew, all unnerved by the still threatened explosion, scarcely offered any resistance. In a few minutes, they were conquered, slain, flung overboard; and the Bloody Flag floated over the broad banner of yellow and scarlet that so lately had flaunted proudly from their mast head. But the bugle of their chief soon recalled the boarders. Some brief orders were given: half-a-dozen hands were left on board the prize to work her, and the rest made all sail on their own little craft. The remaining Spaniard was now on fire forward, and her dry sails burned up rapidly into three pillars of flame. The despairing crew had retreated to the lofty poop, and were trying to lower their boats, but Lawrence ranged up along-side and poured in a steady fire of musketry, under which they fell fast. Among them was seen a Dominican friar standing with folded arms, awaiting his fate with stern composure. But as soon as the Buccaneer was near enough to be recognised, he addressed Lawrence as an old acquaintance and *commanded* him to cease firing, and to send his boat to take him on board. Lawrence crossed himself, and

turned away. The firing was renewed for a few minutes, but the flames had now eaten their way aft, and were creeping up to the poop. The Buccaneer stood away to avoid the explosion which must soon take place, and the miserable Spanish crew threw themselves into the sea. There for a few minutes they remained floundering about, but they were soon suddenly twitched under water, and the quickly ensanguined waves showed that the sharks were busily at work.

As a fair specimen of the facility with which at will Mr. Warburton could present to his reader, as by the magician's or the painter's art, the image moulded in his own fertile brain, we quote the two succeeding descriptions :—

THE FIRST NIGHT AT SEA.

The first night at sea, when the weather was fine, was always celebrated by the Buccaneers as a festival. At sunset, one of their number came aft to invite Alvarez to join them, but he received a refusal without offence. The wild crew respected the stranger whom their captain chose to honour, and they left him to such retirement as such a ship could afford. To his surprise and pleasure he soon heard the sounds of skilful music, and as the ship lay tranquilly on the quiet sea, it was delightful to hear the sonorous sounds of trumpets and violins spreading softly over the water. It was one of the fierce captain's singularities to which we have before alluded, that love for music; and it was not the only taste he carried with him from a former life of refinement to his present outlawed condition. But the music did not last long; it soon gave way to less harmonious sounds, jovial songs, loud laughter, and wild jests.

How strange to Alvarez—how strange to him in his solitude and his sorrow, appeared the bacchanalian revelry that began to rage below! The sea in all its solemnity was spread around, heaving slowly, as if its great heart were palpitating with the deep and quiet pleasure of that glorious summer night. Above, the sky in sublime serenity was flooded with angelic light, like a visible heaven arching over this poor harassed world, a final and blessed asylum for those who have finished their life's long task. The ship herself, in her calm and swift progress over the lonely and fathomless floods, was in harmony with the scene. Her pure white sails, and tall tapering masts, and the whole contour of her graceful form made her look like a beautiful and meet inhabitant of the element that was her home.

And yet, from the very heart of her arose through the blessed evening air, such sounds of oaths and ribald songs, and angry altercation, and still more hideous mirth, as might have belonged to hell. So passed the first evening that Alvarez spent among his fellow men at sea.

The ship steered south to fall in with the trade winds that tend to cool the tropics; and day by day she seemed to enter into a more delicious climate. Even the sorrow of Alvarez became softer under the powerful influence of a pure and constant summer air, and the soothing monotony of a life at sea. He had youth, too, on the side of his resignation, and the consciousness, ever strong in the oriental mind, that the past was irremediable. The world, and it alone, was before him. He had the proud conviction of all-mastering talent to cope single-handed with every difficulty, and to wrest from it its prizes—such prizes as it had to bestow. Above all, he had for his nearest object revenge upon the Spaniards. He had never dreamt of its criminality; he knew not the god-like pleasure of forgiveness; he perceived in vengeance only a high duty, too much in accordance with the instinct of his burning heart.

As time sped on he became more alive to the multifarious though evanescent interests of the ship. He set himself diligently to learn the duties and discipline, and somewhat of the art of naval life. He was conscious, too, that he had much to learn in that most puzzling book of human nature, from which he had been so long secluded, and every man on board became a subject for him to study. Naturally, and by habit reserved, he was obliged to exert some force of will in order to expand himself, and to find objects of common interest with such associates. He tried, however, and succeeded. The inner citadel of his feelings was always well guarded and unapproachable; but on all outlying topics he soon became open and communicative, giving and receiving such knowledge as he might. His first questions naturally related to the order to which his new comrades belonged, and one sultry forenoon, as they lay beneath the awning with their pipes, he learned all that was to be said in favour of the wild BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEAS. Their story is now fading fast from men's memories, yet they performed important functions in their time. They were the rude pioneers of independent commerce in the remote Western seas. They made the world acquainted with the intricate navigation of their rich and beautiful but most dangerous islands, and they vindicated for the world at large a right to those regions which the Spaniards having first reduced to unheard of misery, afterwards attempted to monopolise.

THE WRECK.

Profound silence now settled over the *Bonne Esperance* and all her desperate crew. The stern vigilance of Lawrence had given place to the license claimed at first from a new made captain. The watch, having drank almost as deeply as their comrades, were all asleep at their various posts. Even the helmsman nodded at the wheel, only startled now and then into wakefulness as the neglected ship came up to the wind and her sails were shaken. But the wind soon died away: the very heavens seemed to be asleep and the stars to twinkle drowsily. A vast dark curtain of clouds rose slowly up the northern sky, and soon, but imperceptibly, wrapped the ocean in a double night. Still the drunken freebooters slept on; it might have seemed a ship of death, with a black and universal pall spread over it. The white sails towered up into the darkness like gigantic ghosts, and ever and anon small tongues of lambent flame would hover, spirit like, over the mast-head. The sea began to heave and swell portentously, with a long and measured motion, that lulled the sleepers into a yet deeper slumber, and all the while a strong current bore the ship swiftly and helplessly along as in a dream.

Suddenly, the wild storm of the Tropics awoke and burst upon the world of waters with terrific uproar. Thunder shook the heavens with prolonged roar, and sheets of lightning wrapt the gleaming sea in one wide flame: the waves were roused instantly to fury; but, ever as they rose, their crests were whirled away by the tornado, and scattered into clouds of spray.

The best prepared ship could scarcely have endured that fierce and sudden storm:—but the brigantine had every sail set to the previous gentle breeze, and every hand that should have helped her was relaxed in sleep. Instantly, as the hurricane assailed her, she was struck down on her beam-ends: the sea rolled over her in all its force: the decks had been strewed with the drunken revellers, who were now helplessly drowned as they lay: even the watch were only wakened by the wave that carried them away into the raging waters. Almost instantly all was over; and but two living creatures interrupted the sublime loneliness of the stormy sea.

Alvarez, like the rest of the ship's crew, had been asleep; his dreams haunted by the loud brutal songs and impious jests of the pirates. Suddenly, in his dream, it seemed to him as if those shouts of revelry were changed to shrieks and at the same moment that he had become, he knew not how, involved in their orgies. He seemed to reel and stagger, and the bowl of wine that they had been sitting round, seemed to gush up like a great fountain, and pour down upon him and all the revellers, washing them away in its red torrents: startled by the sudden sense of drowning, he awoke to find himself in the angry sea, with wreck and ruin and destruction all around. Too paralysed to swim, he almost abandoned himself to death; but at the same moment he felt himself seized by a vigorous grasp, and dragged through the seething waters, within reach of a floating spar. There clinging desperately, but still blinded and half-smothered by the waves, he felt gradually propelled onwards, until a comparative lull allowed him to look round. He was under the lee of the wrecked ship, whose masts had been snapped asunder like twigs, and were floating alongside her in a confused and tangled mass. With incredible vigour and address, the Indian steered the spar between the ship's hull and her floating masts, and then, having made it fast to the former, he relaxed his efforts and looked round him with an air of triumph. To him the water was as natural an element as the land; to him, those who had perished were so many enemies destroyed: his preserver alone remained alive, but the order of obligation was reversed; he was now the patron—the deliverer of his deliverer;—and that proud consciousness swelled his broad breast with manly triumph. And yet all

this time he and Alvarez were holding on for their lives under the lee of the wreck, while the storm still shrieked over and around them. The waves, risen to mountain height, now threatened to throw the sheltering hull right over, and now to jamb them against the mass of tangled masts and rigging which floated only a few spars to leeward. Suddenly, some shrouds from above parted, and the ship righted so violently as to snap the line that held their spar, and the next moment they were drifted to the timbers that formed a sort of rude and struggling raft. But now Alvarez had recovered his strength and presence of mind, and having divested himself of his cumbrous clothes, he made almost as good use of his opportunities as the Indian. They soon struggled along the shrouds that still attached the floating spars to the ship's lee-chains, and then they found themselves on board and sole masters of the ship. Dismembered of her spars, and buoyant as a cork, she rode the waves gallantly, and the sea-beaten survivors felt themselves in comparative safety.

Daylight soon burst forth from the stormy east with tropical suddenness, and Alvarez could not, in all his misery, but admire the splendour of the scene. The tornado was already subsiding, and the waves assumed a purple hue, here and there dashed in with gold colour from the dawning sunshine, and flecked with the silvery foam that still sparkled on each breaking wave. Ten thousand scattered clouds, like spirits of the storm, bespread the blue field of sky with their broken battalions in tumultuous but gorgeous confusion, as they fled away before the dawn.

But the exigency of the moment soon diverted the attention of Alvarez to other objects. The ship's deck had been washed clear of every moveable. Nothing but the stumps of the masts remained: even the wheel was gone overboard, though still held on to the ship by one of the tiller-ropes, in which the drowned helmsman was tangled and still seemed to struggle in the vexed waters. No other remnant of the crew was to be seen: the wounded in the late action had all gone to the rendezvous in the prize, and every man who could rattle a dice-box, or raise a goblet to his lips, had been on deck where he had fallen asleep when the revel ended.

Alvarez was, therefore, the sole owner of that wealthy ship, which he would then gladly have exchanged for the meanest galley out of Spain. But he soon roused himself to make the best of his situation. With great labour he and the Indian contrived to get a top-gallant mast and sail on board, with such cordage as they thought might be most necessary. They then cut away the masts and rigging which encumbered and endangered the ship's side. Their top-gallant sail was soon rigged on its jury-mast; a long tiller was fitted to the rudder; the breeze came fresh and strong from the eastward, and Alvarez had soon the happiness of finding himself once more borne steadily along the waters.

The delight of the Indian knew no bounds; and when Alvarez called him his preserver, and declared him free, he danced wildly about the deck, shouting and singing, and making such extravagant demonstrations of delight, that Alvarez was obliged to reassume all his authority, in order to restrain him.

The day passed swiftly by—each hour becoming brighter, and the air more redolent of the delicious climate they had run into. The trade-winds blew steadily. Provisions of all sorts abounded in profusion, and Andreas (as the Indian called himself) declared that he only wished his present life to last for ever. By the time night came, he had learned to steer with intuitive quickness, and he and his patron relieved each other thenceforth every two hours.

We might, were we disposed to be hyper-critical, find fault with the occasional use of a nautical phrase in a manner calculated to raise a seaman's smile; but we will allow these venial errors to pass uncensured, since by a seaman only will they be detected.

The next extract has not even this trivial fault.

THE PRINCELY MERCHANT.

The intelligent and active mind of the young merchant did not confine itself to the accustomed route of Carthagena affairs. The gold of Mexico, the silver of Peru, the pearls of the Gulf, indeed, found their way into his treasuries, as well as into those of other merchants, who prepared such costly stores for the great fair of Panama and the galleons of Spain. But the most remote and incongruous treasures were as eagerly sought and brought together by one who acknowledged precedents only as finger-posts for bolder enterprises.

Cinnamon from the Caraccas: ambergris from the Baltic; fish from Newfoundland; spices from the Moluccas; ivory from Ceylon; diamonds from Golconda;—nothing was too remote, or too mean, or too costly, to be transferred to the great merchant's stores. Gradually he extended his spheres of action, and made all the great commercial capitals of the world arenas for his enterprise. In some he failed to procure the mere profit calculated on; but his very failures were sure to suggest some greater scheme, and, ultimately, some grand success. In other instances a new fountain of wealth at once was opened, and began to pour its streams into the ever expanding reservoir of Carthagena.

The prosperity of Alvarez became proverbial; his slightest words were treasured as affording some clue to wealth; his movements were imitated, his ships were sought for. Many a bold hand, however, was paralysed in attempting to wield the smallest of his gigantic enterprises; he stood alone, unrivalled and unapproachable in his power of combination, and in the enormous wealth which resulted from it.

Meanwhile Paterson, with a mind as active but of yet wider speculation, was restlessly exploring the cities, solitudes, seas, savannahs, shores, and mountains of the Terra Firma. He had built a summer-house on the spot whence Balboa

"Silent on a peak of Darien"

first beheld the Pacific Ocean. There he gazed on it rolling beneath him in unbounded grandeur—in sublime significance; opening a wider sphere of action and enterprise than yet had been conceived by mortal man. Beyond its waters lay a great continent, and scattered richly amongst them were innumerable islands, pregnant with all that can render earthly life prosperous and resplendant. There,—sleeping beneath the waters, couched beneath the earth, waving upon the trees, roaming through plains, or forests, or snowy wildernesses—were all the richest and most luxurious spoils of earth—the means of diffusing wealth to many, comfort to all.

One rocky ridge there is, which has not in recent times been re-discovered, which commands a view of the shores on either side of the isthmus. There the entranced speculator stood and gazed. Primæval forests, it is true, with impenetrable brakes and pestilential swamps, swarming with terrible reptiles, barred the one ocean from the other. But the barrier was not insuperable. What *is* insuperable to the mortal brain and hand that raised the wall of China, that built the pyramids, nay, that summoned up among the abysses of those very forests on which Paterson then gazed—the magnificent lost cities of the Aztecs? His eagerly dreaming eyes could already see two kindred ports on the two great shores, with a broad causeway between them, over which the commerce of two worlds rolled along in stupendous ebb and flow. That lone and dreamy stranger saw also in his vision, lines of quays extending along the crystal waters of the tropics; forests of masts reflected in the waves, clouds of rich argosies, making populous the horizons of both oceans. What was the Alexandria of arid Africa compared to what the new emporium of two worlds might become?

The mind of the dreamer expanded over such thoughts; it moulded and remodelled them until they became plans; those plans became a purpose; and, finally, the object of a life.

Nor let us think that in the midst of a worldly success, which far exceeded the most golden dreams of his early youth, Paterson neglected the philanthropic mission that had first induced him to cross the seas. But in a bigoted country, where his own presence was barely tolerated, he found it impossible to attempt any of the reforms that he aspired to. These he was obliged to refer to the period when his schemes upon the Isthmus were carried into effect, and that thought lent a new stimulus to the project. Even at Carthagena he endeavoured, with national caution and courage, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves; and there came a day when even that abject people had an opportunity of proving that they could be grateful.

One more quotation, and we have done. It briefly describes the

ORIGIN OF BANKING.

Carthagena abounded in bullion, and almost all other representatives of wealth, but its coin was far inadequate to

the required circulation. Paterson represented to the merchants that it was only ignorance of its powers that prevented that torpid wealth from assuming an active and vivifying form. He said,—

"Your word, Don Sancho, is worth ten thousand ducats; yours, Don Felipo, is worth as much; but you cannot transfer its value to another. Now, if you could render it palpable, your credit would virtually add twenty thousand ducats to the wealth of the community. Why *not* render it palpable, visible, and available for all purposes of commerce?

Such was the simple foundation of the great banking system which now overspreads the civilised world, with some inconveniences, but innumerable advantages. The leading merchants associated together, and gave their united credit to certain papers, stamped in a form agreed upon, and signed in their names by an accredited agent. All their feasible property—their fish yet uncaught at Newfoundland, their silk yet unwoven in India, their velvets at Genoa, were all suddenly converted into moving and creative capital; circulating through every house in the flat-roofed streets of Carthagena, and rendering more easy the lot of its inhabitants. Paterson, for a matter now so familiar, suddenly acquired great reputation; he was looked up to as a great discoverer and a public benefactor.

We had intended to have given a retrospect of Mr. Warburton's principal works, commencing with "The Crescent and the Cross," and including his "Memoirs of Prince Rupert," "Reginald Hastings," "Hochelaga," &c., but the space at our disposal precluded our carrying out the design we had in view.

The Heir of Ardennan. By Miss Douglas. London: 1852.

We are well aware in predicating of this novel, that it is among the best and most sensible of the season, that we are bestowing upon it no very high panegyric, for it is no difficult matter at the present day for writers, tolerably familiar with the rudimentary rules of composition, and endowed with a moderate amount of common sense, to distance the majority of their competitors.

It is satisfactory to observe that the praise so fairly awarded to the former literary attempt of Miss Douglas has not deterred her from seeking improvement. Her present work entitles her to assume a very respectable position in the literary world. Her delineation of character, her deep sense alike of the beautiful and of the ludicrous, and the skill with which she sketches the various peculiarities of her *dramatis personæ*, are worthy of a high encomium. As for her plot and the characters to whom it is entrusted, a few words will suffice to dispose of them. A retired officer in the Company's service has twice married. His son by the first wife inherits maternal property in Scotland, where he resides with his wife (the scion of an impoverished Highland family), who have been obliged to let Ardennan, their goodly heritage, pass into the hands of the stranger, whence it is subsequently redeemed by the "Heir of Ardennan," Malcolm Gordon, the hero of the story. By his second wife the major becomes father to Caroline, at the cost of her mother's days. It is with the career of Caroline, her fortunes and misfortunes, until she becomes the happy bride of Malcolm, that the reader has to be occupied. There are several episodes, one a very painful one, of Sir Arthur and Lady Cornish, that serve to heighten the interest we feel in the heroine and her trials, for the story is simple enough, and we will not attempt to sketch the minor characters, though they have been powerfully delineated by the fair authoress. Her chief excellence, indeed, consists in that department of the art. If this be intended for a likeness, we think we should not err in naming the orignal —

I shall explain the riddle to the best of my power. The great objects of Lady Harriet's life are amusement and worldly success. In the great fashionable world, at least since Sir George's death, she has not been a great person, for her jointure is not very large—her beauty has long been on the wane, or rather has set entirely—she has no country-house to which summer invitations might be desirable; and, in short, her acquaintance, though perfectly unexceptionable, can confer neither lustre nor profit on the society to which she naturally belongs. She, therefore, hit upon the plan of setting up for a blue, and a patroness of literature, art, and science, and being an acute sort of woman, and managing to collect around her the stars of the intellectual firmament, she has succeeded pretty well. Her *conversaziones* are very agreeable to those who belong to the set. I only wish you could have been properly introduced, and not left to pass your evening at the door in this stupid way.

Miss Douglas is guilty of one very crying literary vice—the vice of diffuseness. She worries her readers to distraction by her needless and indefinite protraction of difficulties and misunderstandings, of which the result is so conspicuously obvious.

The following extract will exhibit a specimen of the powers of an authoress whom we hope soon to meet again:—

The chief pleasure of her life consisted in simulating those feelings which she never experienced in reality. Lady Harriet's mind was all surface. Many things might skim over it, but nothing could take root or abide in it. Nor had Lady Harriet ever, in all her life, been taught the difference between right and wrong. She was as ignorant as if she had been a South-sea Islander, or one of the lowest or most degraded of the populace. It is a trite saying, that extremes meet—and many a drawing-room has as much need of a missionary as a gin-palace. The denizens of the one, though sunk perhaps in a more gross, are not immersed in a more fatal ignorance than those of the other; nor are their opportunities of moral advancement much fewer. Men and women are most assuredly not altogether the creatures of circumstances; yet, at the same time, not one of us can be certain what, under different circumstances, we might have become. It has been often urged, and in excuse for the vilest criminal, that the difference between him and the judge who condemns him, may be but a difference of circumstances. Far from denying this, I think that justice demands that the principles upon which it is based should be much more widely applied. Among a certain class of political moralists, it is the fashion to excuse the vices of the lower classes at the expense of those of the upper, combined with the more difficult circumstances in which they are placed. Now the writer of these few passing remarks is no politician, but a poor student of that wonderful part of God's wonderful universe—the human heart; and it appears to her that the reasoning of these political moralists, though sometimes characterised by a certain generosity of motive, is equally false and unjust, unless they can prove that grandeur and riches have not

temptations, as well as meanness and poverty. Have we not, rather, the highest authority for believing that their temptations are greater? For the most part, it is a different class of vices to which they lead; but if both classes are equally the product of circumstances, why is one to be railed at and the other excused? Are selfishness and pride, and inhumanity, in truth, less pitiable than dishonesty and brutality? If moral and spiritual degradation be as melancholy as material privation—and surely no Christian will affirm that it is not?—a Lady Harriet is, perhaps, as much to be pitied as any unfortunate woman whom destitution has driven to crime.

The Militia Major. 3 vols. London, 1852.

IRELAND, its evils and their remedies, have for centuries been a fruitful theme for meditation and discussion with the poet, the philosopher, and the statesman; but since none of them can be said to have yet arrived at any satisfactory conclusion, there is no reason why the novelist should not step into the arena. The evils afflicting Ireland admit, alas! of no doubt or controversy; they still stand forth in hideous prominence before the view of the most indifferent or unwilling observer; but the causes of those evils, and the remedies to be applied to them, appear to constitute as hopeless a problem in ethics as the quadrature of the circle in science. "Notwithstanding," says the author of "The Real State of Ireland," "the wilderness of words, oral and written, which has of late years been wasted on the affairs of Ireland, and the paroxysm of legislation under which we have laboured, arising out of the perpetual discussion of her misfortunes and her faults, I am grieved to think that the people of England are still greatly uninformed, or, what is worse, greatly misinformed, as to our real condition." To this important point the novelist may address himself, with perhaps a fairer prospect than is open to others of elucidating the general subject, by the liberty it is his province to assume of entering upon minute details of habits and conversation, and diving into the recesses of the peasant life. Our present author appears to have well qualified himself in this respect, if we may judge from the outlandish Gaelic words and phraseology which he familiarly introduces into the discourse of the peasantry, and the intimate acquaintance he exhibits with their *modus operandi*. He is deep in the arcana of the midnight Ribbon conclave, even to the formal arraignment and condemnation to death of the landlords or agents who may have incurred the enmity of the unscrupulous tribunal. At one of these judicial meetings we are made acquainted with the astounding fact that the sum of thirty shillings is the regular recognised price paid by the "prosecutor" to the executant of the bloody decree; and are thoroughly taken aback by the further information that "many instances" have occurred wherein an I O U having been given, and not duly honoured when payable, the amount has been, in due legal form, sued for and recovered at quarter sessions by the murderer, while placards were displayed all about the country offering large rewards for his apprehension and conviction! Arragh now, that bangs Banagher! Yet is there an air of vraisemblance about our author's general statements which make us hesitate to declare ourselves wholly incredulous, even on this point, nor when he proceeds to tell us that the man to whom the deed of death is committed has usually no personal feeling whatever in the matter, nor any interest in it beyond his stipulated pay, having, perhaps, never so much as seen his intended victim till made acquainted with him for this deadly purpose. One might suppose that the relation of cold-blooded atrocity such as this would be followed by abhorrent denunciation of it; but not so; our author's sympathies are all the other way; and if he does not actually seek to justify these acts of savagery, he would at least lead us to the inference that they are the natural and inevitable consequence of the oppression and cruelty of the landlords.

> What was to become of them? They had no reserve to draw upon, the crop was seized for the rent of the last gale day, and the cost of litigating the ejectment was sure to swallow what might be left. Ruin stared them in the face, and they had nothing for it but to turn round and face it. Submission to their heartless landlord made hopeless beggars of them for life, and resistance, whether covert or open, might cause a diversion in their favour. Upon this hope they acted, threatening notices were served, shots were fired, favourite dogs killed, cattle hamstrung, timber cut down—all shadowing forth the fatal doom that awaited their landlord unless his discarded tenants were granted renewed leases of their lands.

Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion from such premises. Our author must be allowed, however, to be a shrewd and earnest advocate, if not a convincing one, since he educes an augury of good out of this mass of apparently unmitigated evil. From the fact that no individual of the murderous gangs has ever been induced by extremity of distress, or hope of reward, to betray a companion in crime, he argues that there must be inherent in them a feeling which, directed into its proper channel, might be conducive to the happiest social and political results.

> Is it, then, too much to ask, from those who rule over us, to try the practical experiment of turning from evil to good this great principle of fidelity in a nation; to win the confidence of a people, whose worst and basest can be true to one another; yet whose very virtues, in their present unhappy social condition, sink them into deeper crime?

There may be some truth in this, but we fear, rather, this feature in their character is no other than that good faith, a certain sense of justice, and obedience to recognised rules among thieves and all sorts of miscreants, which the great Roman philosopher declared to be essential to the maintenance and holding together even of such societies.

Justitiæ tanta vis est, ut ne illi quidem qui maleficio et scelere pascuntur possint sine ullâ particulâ justitiæ vivere. Quinetiam leges latronum esse dicuntur quibus pareant, quas observent.

Far be it from us to deny the existence of latent qualities for good among the most depraved of mankind, nor that the Irish peasantry may be distinguished by something of that refinement of feeling and perception, not to say sentimentality, with which the author rather too profusely invests them. We would go as far as possible with him in taking a consolatory view of human nature, though presenting itself under the most discouraging aspect; but we cannot acquit him of an unwarrantable bias the other way if he intends to put forth his hero, Major Power, as a type of Irish landlords in general, the said militia major being a compound of whatever is selfish, cruel, cowardly, and treacherous. These qualities are conspicuous in the government of his family, and yet more so in his treatment of his tenantry.

No promise of rent, however large, would alter the major's purpose. He was to erect a model farm on Knockanura, rear green crops, and stall-feed prize bullocks, and what cared he that over twenty families should be driven on the wide world without a home; that the hearthstone of his serfs should be made desolate: were their feelings, their interests to move the balance one iota of an hair's-breadth in their favour when his own whim was thrown into thd scale!

Accordingly, one of his tenants, Martin Sweeney, who has a sort of prescriptive right to his holding, but whom it is convenient to remove, is got rid of by deliberately-planned fraud and false accusation, while the general ejectment is effected by military and police force, in the course of the slaughter attendant upon which operation the major specially directs the musket of his ever-ready agent, Dan Wetherall, against the fairest young lass in the district, who happens to be over strenuous in defending her cottage, and encouraging the men to resistance. In the affairs of his family he keeps up his character, by plotting with one Barney to carry off Amy O'Brien, his ward, that he may possess himself of her property, the chosen Barney being remarkable as having received a larger amount of thirty-shilling blood-money than any of his compeers. The worthy major is also more than suspected of having contrived the death of his wife, for no other reason, that we can make out, than that she is not so submissive a partner as he requires. His head man and prime agent, Dan Wetherall, is every way worthy his master.

> Ah, sure a pair was never seen
> So justly formed to meet by nature.

The various deflections of both from the line of rectitude place each in the power of the other, but Dan at last anticipates the major and puts him out of the way by a very summary process. Of plot, properly so called, there is but little in these volumes, with the exception perhaps of some love passages between the ladies of the two families residing at Drumgar, County Tipperary, where the scene is laid, and the officers of the 5th regiment quartered there to keep down the peasantry. Agnes Power and Amy O'Brien are very pleasingly drawn portraitures; and Nick O'Brady and his friend Frank Mandeville are actors in divers practical jokes in true Irish fashion. One of the most striking characters is Corny Mac Carthy, who, though in the humble position of village-schoolmaster, and reduced to wear the *cotemar* or loose coat, enveloping the throat and descending to the ancles, to conceal the scanty supply of inner garments, is full of Milesian pride, and ever asserting his hereditary dignity as descendant of the Irish kings. Neither does he altogether despair of resuming the titles and estates of his ancestors.

"If there was wance jistice fur Ireland we would soon shew them then that a Sassenach King or Queen had no right to confiscate the estates of an Irish prince; an' whin the ould race has its own again, we'll bate um into the say, as St. Patrick did their ancesthors, the toads and sarpints; an' then, an' not till then, we'll be shut ov all the venemous reptiles that pizin ould Ireland, since the days of Strongbow an' Cromwell."

In virtue of Corny Mac Carthy's larnin' he is chosen to do the literary portion of the contest for tenant-right. "And may be," says Corny, when applied to on one of these occasions, "may be I won't be afther havin' a *kinnundrum* ready in the mornin' for the major;" the conundrum in question being nothing less than a threatening notice posted on the major's door, beneath it "a black oblong sort of drawing," and under that again a *Noty Beny*, giving a friendly hint to "wan Dan Witherill not to be showin' ov himself, much after sunset, or may be the dogs wouldn't be afther knowin' him, whin nixt his masther ordered thim out."

Such are Irish conundrums! Heaven grant the time may not be far distant when some modern Œdipus shall appear to solve once for all the dread enigma of Irish destiny, and destroy for ever the desolating Sphinx of the Emerald Isle, enabling her to become what, but for the wilfulness of man obstructing the designs of Providence, she must long since have been

> ——Great, glorious, and free,
> First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.

The Farce of Life. By Lord B——. 3 Vols. London: 1852.

WHAT may have been the date of my lord B——'s patent of nobility we are not presumptuous enough to inquire. That it is of no long standing, however, we infer from the very decided plebeian prejudices which still haunt him. "The festering corruption of aristocratic class supremacy" is the burden of his song. "The finer feelings of the soul," quoth he, "are dulled and almost deadened by the false idea

of their own superiority and worth in which the children of wealth and luxury are educated. Surrounded by an atmosphere of lies, they see all things through a distorting medium," &c. &c. It is doubtful whether any sound part in this corrupt body is perceptible to his jaundiced eye. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? he seems to ask, and answers very positively in the negative. Numbers of the rich may devote both their time and their money to the service of the poor; "but this is charity, not justice: Even such men, when labouring for our good, do it as superiors, not as brethren. Pride is in all their hearts!" The clergy fare no better in his hands. If he is forced to admit that "they have become very active lately, and are doing what they can to comfort the poor," he is careful to qualify the admission, by explaining that "it is for their own interest only; to support the Church, but not to cure the sins of the world. The pride of priests, which Christ denounced, was never worse than now." Again, "The first care of the clergy in this country is to maintain the power and the revenues of the Church; and the only education they wish to give the people is to teach them submission." Of the Rev. Mr. Marston, Lord B———'s model clergyman, whose sentiments on Church matters are of this description, we are specially informed that he has an insuperable aversion to all sweeping and scrubbing in his house, and that the acquaintance of his body with clean linen on Sunday, and of his chin with a razor three times a week, is solely due to the unintermitting vigilance of his old housekeeper.

We have read somewhere that cleanliness is next to godliness, but our model clergyman does not appear to be remarkable for the former quality, *ergo*, &c. With an aristocracy and a clergy such as our author is pleased to delineate, it is not surprising that the war cry of his commonalty should be "If they won't give us what is right and reasonable, well, we'll take it, that's all;" thus reverting to

> The good old way, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

Upon the whole, without any disrespect to Lord B.'s peerage, we are bound to record our opinion that the *bonnet rouge* would be his appropriate coronet. Between the authorship and the tone of these volumes there is a marked incongruity—*Nec pes nec caput uni reddatur formæ*—thus involving mystery which it is neither our province nor our desire to penetrate. Mystery, indeed, appears to be our author's *forte*, as he evidences in the present narrative, the subject of which is one of those ingeniously-sustained mysteries, the great desideratum of novel readers, whom nothing delights so much as to be perpetually suspended on the tenterhooks of doubt and expectation. Sir Charles and Lady Trenton are, through the latter, in possession of a fine estate, their title to which both are aware is deficient, the elder brother of Lady Trenton's father, Mr. Elsmere, having contracted a secret marriage with a Miss Marston, of inferior station, and the issue having been a son, Leonard, who, according to the provisions of a will made by the uncle of the two brothers, is the rightful heir to the property. On the death of his elder brother, Mr. Elsmere bribes the parish-clerk to subtract from the register the records of the marriage and the birth, and on his widowed sister-in-law appealing to him for her rights, drives her with ignominy from his house. The officiating clergyman being no more, he considers the secret to be beyond detection: remorse, however, overtaking him on his death-bed, he enjoins his daughter, Lady Trenton, who has inherited the estate, to seek out the lawful heir and make restitution. Willing to fulfil her father's command, she is deterred by the threats and violence of her husband. In the meantime the deserted widow has taken refuge with her brother, Mr. Marston, curate of a City parish, to whom, at her death, she confides the care of her son. Finding in him a taste for the fine arts, Mr. Marston contrives to send him to Italy to study painting, and there, by one of those strange coincidences common in novels, he falls in with the Trentons, who take a great fancy to him, and, on their return to England, invite him to their mansion. By another curious coincidence Leonard, while sojourning with Mr. Marston in the City, becomes acquainted with his neighbour, one D'Arcy, a weaver, whose wife's father turns out to be none other than the country parish-clerk who had been bribed by Mr. Elsmere to make away with the registers. Though professing to have destroyed them, he has, it appears, carefully preserved them, with a view to future exactions, and hidden them under an old tomb in the parish church. He, too, like Mr. Elsmere, being smitten with remorse on his death-bed, reveals the secret to his daughter, bidding her not to make it known till after his own wife's death. On the occurrence of this event Mrs. D'Arcy, to relieve her husband who is in great distress, writes to Sir Charles Trenton offering to direct him to the place of concealment of the registers, on payment of a sum of money. The poor but high-minded D'Arcy, however, on being made acquainted with the negotiation, resolves to sacrifice his interest to his sense of justice, despite the rage of Sir Charles. His long and toilsome journey, with his daughter Kate, to the distant country village, his access to the mysterious tomb, his despair on ascertaining that he has been forestalled there, and that the papers have been withdrawn, and the means by which they are at

length recovered, and Leonard installed in his paternal estate, these several incidents are sketched with considerable power, and with a degree of tact which keeps the interest continually alive. The courtship, also, of Miss Carrington, of the Trenton family, by Leonard, her encouragement of his addresses, and final sudden rejection of him on learning his supposed illegitimacy, is a sufficiently well-drawn picture, though it is made the occasion of too many and too acerb sneers against those of the fair sex whom Providence has placed in the upper ranks of society. According to his notions they are all heartlessness and frivolity from first to last, in exemplification of which he represents his heroine, at a time of deepest depression and sorrow, just "giving a slight touch of rouge to her pallid face" before descending into the drawing-room, that she may not appear less charming than usual. Why, this nearly equals the solicitude of Pope's Narcissa—

> One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,
> So, Betty, give the cheek a little red.

Du reste, he is mightily severe upon the "prejudices, the luxurious idleness, the useless half-learnt accomplishments, and the vanity and dissipation of the generality of woman in the upper classes of English society." But the ladies may console themselves under all this battery, since they are in the same category with the clergy and the landed gentry, in his lordship's "Farce," which, according to Dr. Johnson, is something "stuffed with wild and ridiculous conceits." No! my Lord B., we have no fault to find with you as a novelist, rather the reverse; but, as to your ethics, we would strongly recommend you, ere you write again, to apply to some moral oculist, who may rectify your perverted vision.

Hearts and Altars. By Robert Bell. London: 1852.

Upon the appearance of any new set or sect, or modification of those already in existence, our neighbours, *d'outre mer*, possess a facility of applying some happy expression to characterise such theory or innovation.

Thus, for instance, they recognise degrees and distinctions amid that vast and increasing host who made the world victims to their *cacoethes scribendi*. To those writers who have attained a respectable and acknowledged position in the thorny paths of authorship, they award the comprehensive title of *écrivains*, whilst they style *écrivassiers* those silly scribblers who shrink from striking out boldly into the clear, wide ocean of literature, but content themselves with floundering awhile in the turbid shallows of journalism, unless, haply, they prefer to dabble in the inglorious streamlet of an obscure magazine, thus evading criticism by the utter insignificance of their efforts. Yet is your *écrivassier* an animal of overweening conceit, very prone to misinterpret the silence of contempt, and occasionally discarding the security of his peaceful *incognito* to obtrude himself into those realms over which the critic holds wary watch and ward. Thus, for instance, Mr. Bell informs us, in the preface to his present most inscrutable work, that it (*i. e.*, the first story) "was originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*." Now, aware as we are of the talent occasionally enlisted in that periodical, we must own that "the following narrative, now carefully revised and enlarged," has hitherto utterly escaped our observation, nor should we ever have dreamt of its existence, had it not been thus brought under our ken.

Mr. Bell, whatever may be his merits, has, upon this occasion, selected a field for their display which he is far from being competent to hold. Scorning the commonplace career of ordinary men and times he boldly strikes off into the wild, the mystic, and the incomprehensible, and, as we closed his "Phantoms and Realities," we exclaimed, as many of his readers have since inquired, in amazement, "What, in the name of all that is rational, is it all about?" The first chapter solely inculcates the strikingly novel lesson, that when young we find everything strange, when older we learn something, and that passion now and then feels disposed to try conclusions with reason, in which contests sometimes one, sometimes the other prevails. Senility succeeds, "and then we drop into the dust." The hero, after these sage prefatory remarks, makes his bow upon the stage, assures us how very difficult he finds it to tell his story, as he has a certain feeling that he has been playing the fool, with an "apprehension that he should be regarded as one who had been himself deceived, or who was practising a deception on others." We will proceed to examine how far his forebodings have been justified. It seems that our anonymous hero has lost his father in his infancy, and resides with his highly imaginative mother "on a lonely moor in the north of England." A very long description is given of the house wherein they dwelt, and, in sooth, it seems as likely a place for ghost or goblin as they might wish to disport in. There are, of course, caves and corridors, "shattered doors, strange shadows, remnants of armour, fragments of tapestry," and such like Anne Radcliffe-ean properties. A silly parent and a dotard nurse render him almost idiotic from his belief in terror of the supernatural, which his first adventure tends considerably to confirm :—

> Towards the extremity of a court, to the south of the old pile, there was a chasm in the ground, partly filled up with

loose stones and brambles. The whole place was overrun with grass and weeds, and the walls and outbuildings that surrounded it were in ruins. I had heard that this spot, which gaped so grimly through the tall lank bushes and accumulated rubbish, was formerly the entrance to a series of subterranean galleries, which had been excavated below the foundations, for the purpose of concealing troops, or stowing away prisoners, in times of trouble; and that they had been used in that way during the Civil War, when the mansion stood out a long siege against some of Fairfax's generals. An irresistible curiosity to explore these galleries seized upon me. I was fascinated by the very fear with which the stories related about them had inspired me. I never could pass that yawning chasm, which, now nearly choked up, was hardly wide enough to admit of the descent of a grown person, without longing to plunge into its depths. I often lingered there in the twilight, when the shadows were falling about, enhancing the terror and the temptation; and one evening in the autumn I took courage, and, clearing away the brambles with trembling hands, I forced myself down, bringing after me a torrent of stones and earth.

Finding my feet at the bottom, and rubbing my eyes, I tried to grope my way onwards. At first there was a dim light at a great distance above me, in a slanting direction, but in an instant afterwards I was in total darkness. My first impulse was to laugh at the exploit I had achieved; but as I pattered along, splashing sometimes in pools of water, and sometimes knocking my head against the rough stones that jetted out on each side, my mirth deserted me When I became accustomed to the darkness, I fancied I could discern shapeless figures rising up and vanishing in the gloom—the walls seemed to move out of their places, and to heave to and fro like wrecks in a storm—then they would open, and collapse, and disappear: all was in motion, black and tumultuous, and a surging sound, as of winds and waters lashing and wailing in a confined space, moaned dismally in my ears. Even when I closed my eyes, and pressed my fingers upon them to shut out these sights, they were still before me. This was, of course, the work of mere fright; but what followed cannot be so easily accounted for.

While I stood hesitating how I should proceed,—for I had lost my track, and knew not whether I ought to go backwards or forwards,—I heard a distinct rushing sound, quite close to me. It swept past, and all was silent again. It was like a rush of silk or satin, or some fabric which, suddenly crushed, gives out a rustling noise. All the blood in my body gathered into my head; my eyes emitted fire, as if they had been struck with a cord. A stifling sensation bubbled up to my throat, and I involuntarily uttered a cry, which was echoed from a hundred recesses, and continued at intervals, reverberating like a succession of shots in the distance. I panted with horror as I grasped the wall and listened. My fear was too great to suffer me to cry out for help. The apprehension of again invoking those dreadful echoes appalled me; I hardly breathed, and stood still to listen, I know not how long. A deathlike silence pervaded the darkness. The soughing of the winds had ceased, or I fancied so, the stillness was so heavy. It may be that my faculties were intent upon that palpable sound I had heard, and could distinguish nothing else.

At last I began to move, treading softly, and stopping at intervals to watch and listen. I had scarcely proceeded in this way a dozen paces, when I felt, as plainly as if I saw the object in the broad glare of the sun, a quick motion at my side in a nook or crevice of the wall. It was like the effort of a person to shrink down and escape from me. In an excess of fright and desperation I clutched in the dark with my hands, and caught something—a substance resembling a thick silk palpably filled the palms of both my hands. I held it with the grasp of one who was struggling for life, and tried to speak, but my tongue was dry, and I could not articulate a word: and while I held it I was conscious the object was moving away. It moved away, and still I thought I held it. I had not the power to loosen my fingers, which I had a strong impulse to do—and then the silk glided out of them, although they were coiled in it—and the next moment a grasp of muscles, cold and sharp, was on my neck, and pressed into my flesh. I was distraught with terror, and my senses forsook me.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on a couch in the great room, my mother sitting at a distance, and an ancient female servant watching over me.

This woman was the oldest domestic in the house. She had lived all her life in the family, and had seen two generations into the grave. It was from her lips I had learned most of the traditions that filled my head with such alarm and curiosity; it was from her I had acquired a knowledge of the subterranean passages in which I had encountered this singular adventure; and as soon as my mother left the room I related the whole story to her. She heard it to the end with a dark expression of anger on her face, which I interpreted into a reproof of my wilfulness and folly in venturing into such places; and then she questioned me severely as to what I had heard and seen, and what I thought it could have been. Finding that I could give her no satisfactory answers to these questions, she enjoined me to hold my tongue about it, and above all things not to speak of it to my mother. She rated me soundly for saying that I firmly believed I had caught something like a woman's dress in my hands; and she made me feel her old stuff gown, that I might assure myself it was no such texture as that. "How could I be so silly as to suppose that a woman, or even a man, would hide in vaults and passages that had not been opened for hundreds of years? What could I imagine they were doing there? It was more likely that rats, and toads, and bats were to be found there than human beings:" and a great deal more to the like effect, as if she wanted to impress upon me that it was altogether the fancy of a distempered brain, and no reality.

This little mystery, by the bye, is never cleared up, or again alluded to! The old woman appropriates the paternal plate, decamps, and is heard of no more. Our author, it would seem, had exhausted all his mystic skill and imaginative powers upon the creation of this startling melodrama. But to proceed, the mother of our anonymous hero dies whilst her hopeful son is engaged in reading to her some "grim tale of horror." He thus becomes sole possessor of the dismal mansion. By and by he meets with another very inexplicable adventure, the key to which is, however, subsequently to be found:—

I was on horseback one day, passing leisurely in an idle mood out of the mouth of a ravine that led to an open valley, when I saw a lady, in a riding-habit, mounted at no great distance from me. Her horse was apparently picking his way slowly through the hillocks that dotted the surface of the sward. The appearance of a lady alone loitering in so unfrequented a spot surprised me. Had I seen an apparition I could not have been more astonished.

As she moved past towards the opposite side she turned her head, and her clear pensive eyes fell full upon my face with an expresion of ineffable sweetness.

Where had I seen those features before? They seemed quite familiar to me. The dress, the action of her arm as she reined up her horse, and, above all, the sad beauty of her eyes, I could have protested I had seen a hundred times. Yet an instant's reflection ought to have sufficed to convince me that I was under a mistake; for visitors or friends like her there were none in our lonely house.

Her brief, quiet glance had something in it of a look of recognition. I felt as if there was a recognition on both sides. I felt, too, or imagined, that she was slightly agitated by it. I knew that my own heart fluttered wildly. My solitary life had rendered me nervous, and the dangerous lore with which my head was filled gave to the incident an immediate colouring of romance. A new sensation had taken possession of me—a new world was opening to me; the solitude and remoteness of the place, and the unexpectedness of that vision rising up amongst the wild flowers and the dark green heather, acted like a charm, and awakened me to a sense of bewildering delight I had never experienced before.

There is always an awkwardness in country places at rencontres between people who are unaccustomed to strangers. I hardly knew whether I should advance or retreat, and suffering my horse to take his own course, he carried me a little circuit behind a patch of trees that intervened between us. When I looked again, she was gone. Scarcely a moment had elapsed, and she had vanished like

a sunbow. I could hardly believe in a disappearance so miraculous, and rubbed my eyes and gazed again and again over the vacant space before me. But she was nowhere to be seen. My curiosity was highly excited, and, dashing at full speed over the very spot she had so recently occupied, I traversed every outlet, but without success. It was broad noon. I know all the bridletracks in and out of the valley, and it was impossible she could have taken any of them, and escaped my vigilant search in so short a time. What, then, was this form I had beheld? I had heard of Second Sight, and other visual deceptions—was this one of them? Had she melted into the air? Had she come there only to mock me? Was I the victim of a self-delusion? The tortures of Tantalus were slight in comparison with the misery I felt as I rode round and round that sequestered dell, hoping in vain that she would return.

He now begins to think that his connection with the spiritual world is a little too exciting, and prudently resolves to mingle more in the realities of life. His first step is to visit London, unquestionably a very practical place. There he takes to tavern-hunting, foregathers with such as he meets there, and becomes more particularly *lié* with a kindred spirit in the person of a moon-struck individual named Forrester, and after much tedious dialogue and dissertation, our friend accompanies his new ally to the latter's house. Here comes the sequel to incident two. He finds at his friend's abode a sofa near the fire, &c.

Motioning me to follow him up the stairs, which he ascended stealthily, I crept up after him with a very uneasy mind. When he reached the drawing-room door he paused for a moment, then, turning the handle slowly and noiselessly, he entered the room. One glance at the apartment gave me a general idea of its character. It was small, and fashionably furnished, but had an air of neglect and disorder which indicated its tenant had been long confined by illness. At the opposite side was a sofa, which, for convenience, had been moved near the fire. A lady, apparently in a very delicate state of health (I could only judge by the langour of her position, for I could not see her face), lay resting upon it. Forrester stole quietly to her side, and took her hand.

"Gertrude, how do you feel this evening?"

A sigh from the depths of her heart answered him.

"Don't be alarmed; I am not alone; we have come to——"

"Who?" she demanded, suddenly raising herself from the sofa. "Who is come? Come!—come!—you!—Henry—and——"

She looked at me; I stood in the full light of the fire; our eyes met; every vein and artery in my body seemed to beat audibly; she uttered an hysterical cry and fell back upon the sofa. I rushed to catch her, sobbed, gasped, tried to speak, flung myself upon my knees before her, and madly clasped the drooping hand, the living hand, of her who had so long enthralled my soul, and who, until this hour, had appeared to me more like a spirit of another world than a being of the earth like myself.

No wonder this little scene took place after the following explanation:—

Gertrude's aunt had been bred up in Scotland, and was a staunch supporter of the old customs, and a stickler for the popular faith in the ceremonies that are practised there during certain anniversaries. On one of these occasions, Gertrude, whose imagination had, probably, been excited by the stories she had heard concerning them, was induced, half in play and half in earnest, to try the virtue of a special charm dedicated to the Eve of All Hallows. We might safely smile at these things, if they did not sometimes, as in this instance, lead to serious results. You see I am relating it to you calmly and circumstantially, although it has blighted my existence. The charm accomplished its ends to a miracle. The table was laid out with supper, the necessary incantations having been previously performed, and Gertrude, hiding behind a screen, waited for the appearance of the lover who was to decide her future destiny. They say there was a long pause—at least it seemed so to her—and then a footstep was heard, and then the figure of a man entered the room and seated himself at the table. Trembling with terror, she looked out from her hiding-place, and saw him clearly within two or three yards of her. The chair had been so placed that his face was exactly opposite to her. She scanned his features so accurately that she remembered the minutest particulars, to the colour of his hair and eyes, and the exact form of his mouth, which had a peculiar expression in it. The figure moved, as if to rise from the chair, and Gertrude, struck to the heart with fear, uttered a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the ground. Her friends, who were watching outside, rushed into the room, but it was empty."

"And that figure—has she never seen it since?"

"Never till to-night. *She recognised you in an instant.*"

This meeting hurries to the tomb the hapless Gertrude, who was already in an advanced stage of consumption.

This catastrophe of course preys much upon the mind of the nameless one, who, feeling himself like "a solitary tree," again seeks refuge from himself in the busy bustle of the world. He is doomed, however, to be unfortunate in the selection of his companions. We next find him associating with a very singular set indeed:—

They were all very odd, and did nothing like other people. They were so changeable and eccentric that they scarcely appeared to me for two evenings in succession to be the same individuals. They were perpetually shifting the slides of character and exhibiting new phases. Their amusements and occupations resembled the incessant dazzle of a magic lantern. They were never without a novelty of some kind on hand—a new whim which they played with like a toy till they got tired of it—a subtle joke, with a little malicious pleasantry in it—or a piece of scandal, which they exhausted till it degenerated into ribaldry. Their raillery and mirth, even when they happened to be in their most good-natured moods, were invariably on the side of ridicule.

But the gem of this quaint family is a certain dwarf, who is a member of it, and who appears to play the buffoon to perfection. Half mountebank, half *mime*, his fooling seems to have been exquisitely performed:—

During these strange feats he never spoke a word. He did not require language to give effect or intelligence to his action. All was rapid, graphic, and obvious, and dashed off with such an air of original humour that the most serious pantomime took the odd colour of a jest without compromising an atom of its grave purpose. Indeed this tendency to indulge in a kind of sardonic fun was the topping peculiarity of the whole group, and the dwarf was a faithful subscriber to the family principles.

With this strange worthy, who never, however, exercises his facetious powers throughout the work, our hero contracts a close intimacy, thereby affording, we presume, another illustration of the alliance between "great wits with madness." But of course a lady does not fail to appear on the scene. And such a lady, beautiful of course, but cold, haughty, reserved, and evidently suggestive of some mysterious antecedents.

Assiduously does the anonymous one seek to fathom her secret. Their humours chime in together, and, after a decent interval, they love each other, and would have plunged into matrimony but for the

intervention of a slight obstacle. It is this: Astrea (as the aforesaid family chose to denominate her) was compelled by a dying father to wed one whom she despised. Meanwhile the dwarf watches their every motion, and strives by threats and manœuvres to check their intimacy. This so alarms Astrea, that she flies the house and betakes herself to some country retreat, whither she is naturally followed by her lover, and thereupon a *liaison* is formed between them, which those of less sublimated intellects are wont to characterise by a certain very plain and homely term. Now the enigma is revealed—the dwarf is Astrea's husband, and is very strongly disposed to question the propriety of his high-souled spouse's arrangements. He tracks them to their hiding-place, and narrowly escapes getting shot for his intrusion. They then resolve to mix in society, and betake themselves to Brighton! where all goes well for a time, until, owing to the dwarf's strenuous hostility they become, to use a familiar expression, "blown upon." They seek other places, but always with the same result, until the health of Astrea and the love of her companion daily and visibly wane under Quasimodo's relentless persecution. At length he follows her to her home, and a very fierce conversation ensues, until the lover impetuously bursts in, and has almost succeeded in throttling his puny rival, when he suddenly discovers that his adversary is insane, and the poor dwarf is permitted to take up his abode under the care of the Chancellor, and of the Commissioners in such cases made and provided. Of course the anonymous one makes the *amende honorable*, by proposing marriage to the frail fair one. Astrea, who has all along manifested a strong repugnance to ties of that description, declines the proffered honour, and calmly descends to the grave. Thereupon this strange, unpleasing tissue of improbabilities concludes.

In vain has Mr. Bell smitten his forehead, and lashed his sides to produce a harrowing and fearful work. He has signally failed. Even in the palmy days of the Minerva press his volumes would have remained on the shelves of the circulating library unsullied by the touch of the most morbid lover of wild romance.

The singular production, whose consideration has encroached somewhat unduly upon our space, being thus abruptly concluded ere it had half accomplished its normal length of three volumes, Mr. Bell discovering, too late, his feeble powers of imagination, devises the happy expedient of eking out his remaining pages by translations and reproductions of time-worn traditions and legends.

Mr. Bell's erudite introduction to the "Armourer of Munster," the story next in order, will be gratefully welcome to those of his readers who may not happen to have ready access to the Penny, or any other Cyclopædia, or whose purses or pursuits have debarred them the gratification of witnessing the performance of the popular opera, "Il Profeta." Moreover we are informed that

> The reader who is familiar with the writings of Franz Karl Van der Veldt will recognise the source from whence the story has been drawn; and, remembering the somewhat crude character of Van der Veldt's fictions, will hardly object to the liberties in treatment and structure which have been ventured upon in this instance. Van der Veldt was born in 1779, at Breslau; where, after holding various judicial appointments, he died in 1824. After his death his collected works were published at Dresden, in twenty-five volumes, edited by Bottiger and Theodore Hell.

Now we have before us the third edition of this eminent author's works, published at Stuttgart by Henne, in 1838, and we find in an introduction to one of the stories written by Böttiger (what we were perfectly well aware of) that the writer's name is written van der Velde. This is perhaps a very venial error on his translator's part, yet still it is one we cannot pass over unnoticed. We are perfectly ready to admit that the works of van der Velde do not unfrequently contain sundry highly-coloured passages of a somewhat objectionable character, which require to be much toned down ere they are fit to appear in our sober vernacular. And this is more particularly, and from the nature of the subject, more unavoidably the case in the story selected in the present instance. The title of this story in the original is the "Wiedertäufer," or Anabaptists, the scene is laid at Münster during the most fearful period recorded in the sanguinary annals of fanaticism.

Now it is scarcely honest in Mr. Bell to speak of this story as the one which served as the source whence he took his own materials. The "Armourer of Munster" is but a sorry and emasculated paraphrase of the original. We know not if crudities of character extend to names, and therefore should be glad to be informed wherefore Mr. Bell has been pleased to alter, not only the title of the tale, but the name of the hero. And if the subject of the story have suggested to him such a re-baptism, or that he deem *Alf* to be too "crude" a prænomen, could not his imagination have supplied another without being indebted therefor to one of the characters in "Die Patrizier" story, which immediately follows "Die Wiedertäufer?"

It would amuse our readers, and furnish an useful hint to the busy book-making tribe, were we to enable them to test the adaptive powers of the translator by supplying them with occasional closely translated extracts from the original; from this our space precludes us. We must, however, find room for one specimen. Alf, the hero, speaks:—

"Be a man, Franz Wagner!" he cried, snatching off his cap, and waving it towards the distant city; "be a man, I tell you! You were a boy *then*, Franz,—a little, pale, ugly, miserable urchin as ever the sun rose upon. Nobody would have thought *then*, Franz, that in a few years you should return to your home—and there it lies, straight before you, bless its old houses! I know every gable, and door, and window, of them by heart—nobody could have thought *then* that you would come back such a lusty, handsome fellow as you are; with a little money, too, in your pocket—not much of that—and with such a knowledge of your art as will make your good old master, Hubert Krutzlinger, proud of you, Franz. On, then, to good fortune! You'll be a prosperous man yet, honest Franz!"

LITERAL TRANSLATION.*

"God greet thee, fathertown!" cried he, overjoyed. "Long, indeed, have we been separated, nor find I once more those good parents who seven years ago accompanied me as far as this cross. But thou lookest kindly and friendly on me, as though to offer me a hearty welcome. In sooth, man's home surpasses all beside, and God be thanked that I find mine again, and in it the genuine right faith in which I hope to live and die."

The reader will of course perceive that the above is a mere verbal rendering of the language and not of the spirit of the original. Mr. Bell, when he *does* condescend to adhere to his text, is a little apt to misconceive the original. For instance, a poor old doctor of theology, and a fugitive from the doomed town, exclaims, when abandoned by one in whom he had confided:—

Eine Täuschung weniger! or an illusion the less.

This Mr. Bell translates thus in the sentence where it occurs:—

"Who knows but I may be," &c., &c. "Delusion," said the priest (?)

* C. F. Van der Velde.—Sämmtliche Schriften, vierter Band, 109 Seite. Stuttgart, bei Friedrich Henne.

But our notice of this second story of Mr. Bell's has been extended much to the detriment of the remaining tales.

We have next a very feebly-written commonplace affair termed "Love to the Rescue," remarkable only for the constant interpolation of French phrases, and the introduction of singular anachronisms that reflect little credit on Mr. Bell's historical attainments or research. The scene of the narrative is laid in the year 1661 or '62, and we actually find one of the characters wearing "an immense laced steinkerk." He might as well have encircled his hero's neck with a Joinville tie, or made him cross Waterloo-bridge. One would have thought that every schoolboy had known that the battle of Steinkirk was fought in the year 1692, and that in commemoration of the victory then gained, the French (according to Smollett) applied the name of "steinkirk to all the ornaments of the fashion peculiar to both sexes." But the real cause of so naming cravats arose from this circumstance: When Luxembourg was surprised by the allies, his young officers were obliged to accoutre and mount in such hot haste, that, having no time to prolong their customary sacrifice to the Graces, they flung their handkerchiefs round their necks careless of effect. Hence cravats worn loosely and negligently were termed steinkirks. Moreover, we find a Puritan nobleman talking of "Tartarus disgorging its demons." The remaining stories may be dismissed by one word. They are simply inane and ridiculous. And here terminates our notice of a work which amply justifies the affected and meaningless title bestowed upon it.

Wynville; or, Clubs and Coteries. 3 vols. London: 1852

If we accept, in its integrity, the estimate of himself presented by Mr. Wynville, who here favours us with his autobiography, we must set him down as the most extraordinary personage of the day; one who, if he would but condescend to reveal himself, would be to the full as attractive an object to the public in 1852 as the united wonders of the Crystal Palace in 1851. It is doubtful whether any great unknown, however he may expatiate on his own merits, be strictly amenable to the charge of egotism; but, assuredly, in comparison with the wondrous self-sufficiency of Mr. Wynville, the "Ego et rex meus" of Cardinal Wolsey and the "L'état c'est moi" of Louis XIV. are humility itself. Before the dazzling sun of Wynville's presence, dukes and marquises, leading statesmen, and such-like lesser stars, pale their ineffectual fires, and Wynville reigns supreme in the social and political firmament. As the young lion gives early indications of his strength and speedily developes it, so Wynville. From the first, he informs us, he was endowed with great physical activity; and the moral sense of nature spoke to his imagination in a thousand ways; at twenty-two he had "amassed a prodigious variety of knowledge, which was ill-adapted for assimilation." Does he mean by this to say that "none but himself could be his parallel?" Probably; for shortly afterwards he thus discourseth of himself—"At that time I was—may I say it?—(by all means, Mr. Wynville, no modesty, pray)—at least as good-looking and pleasing a young man as was likely to be found in general society." Again, he does not leave us in ignorance of the interesting facts that he "inherited a sufficient share of the hereditary appearance, which was distinguished by its marked style;" that he was "tall and active," distinguished for "manly grace," and that "my countenance was considered

to be very like that of Lord Castlereagh, which was a compliment to my face, if not to my character. I had a silvery voice, which I inherited from my mother," &c., &c. All this and much more is impressed upon us from time to time, to leave no doubt on our minds that Mr. Wynville is both personally and mentally a paragon. We are not, therefore, surprised to hear that his maiden speech in the House excited the utmost enthusiasm of his party, by completely upsetting the ministerial statement:—

I made a decided hit. My speech was the very kind of thing wanted at this time by the Whigs, who were anxious to have as many thorns as possible sticking in the Cabinet. The heavy but influential Lord Althorp turned round and said, "That's the sort of man we want, not your mere debating-club spouters." Several members offered me their congratulations, and I was specially pleased with the notice taken of me by the Speaker—the artful and agreeable Manners Sutton—a man whom I found, by subsequent experience, to have been an admirable judge of parliamentary performances. My table next day was covered with cards and invitations.

His triumphs in the field of Cupid are as signal as in the senatorial arena, winning the heart of the incomparable Lady Jane Mowbray against a whole host of rivals. Relentless fate, however, appears to have issued its fiat against the happiness of the lovers, and to destine the hand of the fair one to a certain Lord Lingard, who holds mortgages on the Mowbray estates to an amount fully equal to their value, but who, to gain the lady, proposes not only to cancel them, but to make a handsome settlement into the bargain. The conflicting claims of interest and of love are discussed and re-discussed in every key of the gamut, and form the subject of a full third of the three volumes. All-powerful interest, at length, gains the day, and the preliminary matrimonial arrangements are completed according to stipulation, when, two days before the nuptial knot is to be tied, my lord happening to take a pleasure excursion in his yacht, a "capful of hurricane" blows for five minutes and he floats to shore a corpse. The mortgages being released, and the settlement secured before the occurrence of this melancholy but remarkably convenient accident, Mr. Wynville, without further obstacle, obtains the double prize which, whatever its magnitude, he of course does not regard as more than what is due to the pre-eminent qualities he arrogates to himself. We are, notwithstanding, inclined to take exception to these, on his own showing. In his religious opinions he betrays much unsteadiness, and discusses theology with his friends in a style remarkable only for desultory vagueness. To use his own phraseology he "made desperate lunges after a faith, but could find none to settle down in." In his dubious state he goes to hear a Mr. Foss, who, it seems, "was brought up by Dr. Drayton—a leading light of the three denominations (what may these be?), and some years since embraced Unitarian views." We are then treated to the following description of Mr. Foss's chapel:—

It was a small building with the appearance of a stunted Greek temple—a dirty little specimen of the Doric style. The congregation was of a curious sort enough. St. Leger, shrewd and observant, remarked that there were no poor people at all. "I will bet the odds," he said, "they are a set of intellectual deists." Whether they were deists or Christians is more than I can tell; but of one thing I am pretty certain, and that is, that a more diabolically ugly set of women I never saw congregated together in any place of worship. They were a pale, sickly, sour, disappointed-looking set—if not deistical, certainly dyspeptic. Every second woman of the lot might have been hung outside an hospital as a sign.

Despite these repulsive features which Mr. Wynville remarks in Unitarianism, he, strange to say, is converted thereto by Mr. Foss; and, stranger still, is subsequently re-converted therefrom by witnessing the performance by a beautiful actress of Viola in *Twelfth Night*. Far be it from us to attempt to expound this theological mystery. Rather let Mr. Wynville speak for himself:—

Little did the actress deem that she was making a conversion in the feelings and in the views of life and religion entertained by a young Templar. Little could she suppose that her manners and figure suggested ideas and thoughts which were more powerful in removing scepticism from his mind than the arguments of a mere biblical controversialist, however learned. But so it was. She roused my feelings and excited my mind into the vivid apprehension of the truth that mere intellect, mere understanding, is very far from being the chief part of human nature. Foss, and the school to which he belonged, addressed the intellect alone; and I began to recoil from the cold, critical analysis which, every Sunday morning, Foss exhibited to his admiring audience of ugly women and smart essayists."

Besides giving to the stage the somewhat novel character of a school of divinity, he is deep in the secrets of the green-room, and in the history of theatrical notables. Among these he introduces us to Mr. Webberson, in whom there is no difficulty in recognising the shrewd and active gentleman who, when the ill-starred Delafield undertook the government of the Covent-garden Opera, constituted himself viceroy over him, and lived *en prince* during the continuance of that dynasty. The re-union at Mr. Webberson's villa at Brompton (not too far from Fulham) is described with much gusto. Plot there is none in these volumes, unless the phases of his courtship of Lady Jane may be so designated. The greater portion of them is devoted, as the title imports, to the "Clubs and Coteries" which the redoubtable Mr. Wynville honours with his visits for the purpose of recording his *ipse dixit* on the leading characters of the day. This he does with much easy impudence, and no little flippancy, pronouncing judgment *ex cathedrâ* upon Lord John, Lord Palmerston, Wilson Croker, Macaulay, &c., under such slight disguises as Lord John Rowland, Lord Pallarston, Wrixon Crowley, Barrington Mackenzie, &c. As a specimen of his cool assurance we may cite his verdict upon the last-named:—

Barrington Mackenzie has most extraordinary powers;

but I doubt the substantiality of his genius, and I am sceptical about his possessing the higher order of the thinking faculty. His powers are very extraordinary of their kind. His talent is dazzling; but he often dazzles to delude. Has he seriousness and gravity of character? Is his life exalted by a lofty moral purpose? It strikes me that he is a rhetorician of the first class in his literature, rather than a gifted and original thinker, as in Parliament he shows that he is more of a declaimer than a debater.

The late Sir Robert fares no better:—

I don't rate Peel high: he is a mechanical genius—if he be a genius at all; and it is almost absurd to call him an orator!"

As to Lord Brougham, "He affects to be an *omnis homo*." What may that be? Upon Lord John he is pleased to pass a tolerably favourable opinion, but this appears to proceed from a sort of feeling of reciprocity, since he informs us that "I could perceive that he in his turn liked the apposite way in which I illustrated some of the views mooted in conversation by quotations from some of the old English classics."

This being the case, we recommend public men in general to set themselves forthwith to ascertain the personality of Mr. Wynville, the self-appointed *censor morum*, that it may go well with them in his next edition of his "Clubs and Coteries."

The Two Families. By the Author of "Rose Douglas." 2 vols. London: Smith and Elder. 1852.

As well-devised contrast imparts life and spirit to a painting, so it enhances the interest and materially conduces to the impressiveness of a narrative; a truth which our present author recognises and acts upon. The two families, whether morally or physically considered, are placed in striking and effective opposition; the one exhibiting, in its history, the incongruities, the petty vexations, and the bitter disappointments attendant upon wealth when unsuited to the temper, the moral training, and the station of the possessors; the other presenting a touching picture of virtuous poverty pursuing the even tenor of its way, and guided by the pure light of religion through all the changes and chances of its destiny. The main incident of the story is the marriage of Eliza Wilson, the heiress of the parvenus, ill-taught, purse-proud, and self-willed, to Ernest Chamberlyn, a scion of aristocracy whose dilapidated fortunes are his sole inducement to the match. Immediately, however, on its accomplishment, his mother who has been the prime agent in the matrimonial manœuvre, not finding her daughter-in-law so submissive as she had anticipated, loads her with contempt and engages with her in a series of fierce and not over-refined altercations, which result in the flight of the unhappy Eliza from her husband's house and her consignment to an untimely grave. That the mercenary considerations represented as actuating Mrs. Chamberlyn and her son have their parallel but too frequently in actual life, cannot be doubted; but at least a certain veil of decency is thrown over them, that the convenances of society may not be too openly outraged. We cannot, therefore, but think that our author, by the coarseness characterising these particular passages of the narrative, oversteps the legitimate bounds, and is open to the charge of unseemly exaggeration. Not so when he conveys us, by a grateful transition, to the romantic and peaceful glen in the Highlands where dwells the lowly family of the Macbeans. Here all is nature in her most pleasing aspect, whether he depicts the simple inmates of the humble abode where industry and guilelessness preside, and filial and conjugal love shed their holy influence around, or whether he indulges in picturesque and vivid descriptions of the wild Highland scenery. In these he evinces the true poetical spirit, being evidently endowed with an eye to appreciate the

> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,

and we may add, the "land of his sires," judging from the life-like air, as if the result of familiar experience, with which he invests his delineations of the society of the little town of Chapelton. But for his knowledge of Scottish character thus manifested we should be sceptical as to his representation of the ultra-generosity and self-denial of the poor people of the Highlands. On the death of Eliza Chamberlyn childless, a clause of her father's will, designedly concealed by her mother at the time of the marriage, comes into operation, whereby the entire property then made over to the Chamberlyns lapses to the lowly Mary of Glenearn, for whom the testator had in early life conceived a penchant. A large portion of the property in question having been appropriated to the redemption of heavy mortgages, its resumption involves the ruin of the aristocratic Chamberlyns; on learning which the humble inheritors of the fortune positively refuse to avail themselves of more of it than will suffice to purchase for them a small farm. The conclusion of the discussion with the man of law we cannot do better than give in the words of the author:—

"We cannot take advantage of that mistake, Sir."

"But you have the law on your side, Ma'am," said the lawyer, who had never met with such a disinterested client, and suspected that she hardly understood her own rights; "no one could blame you for seeking back that money—Mrs. Chamberlyn had no power to give it to her husband."

"Nor have we the wish, now that he has got it,—and it would ruin him to part with it,—to take it from him, Sir. God forbid that I should ever be so covetous as to pursue a fellow-creature by law to gain money!"

"My stars! Madam, do you know what you are proposing to give away!" said the astonished lawyer: "it is no less a sum than fifty thousand pounds."

"It is a large sum, Sir," said Mary; "and I never thought of having it in my power to do so; but still it is all the

same. I will tell you the plain state of the case, Sir. We are humble people, accustomed to labour, and contented with little. Such a fortune as this, Sir, would lift us out of our own sphere, which is not safe, and, besides, would ruin, as I understand, its present possessor to part with. Knowing this, Sir, we could not expect the blessing of God. This may not be according to worldly law, Sir; but I know it is according to God's, and I cannot act otherwise. And if I comprehend things rightly, there will still remain far more than sufficient for us."

"Well, you must choose for yourself, Ma'am; but you and your daughter are certainly the most unworldly clients that I have ever met with yet—not that I do not respect you for it, Ma'am," said the lawyer, pausing in the midst of his speech; "far from it; I see you are not acting in ignorance, but that you are doing so from a genuine conviction that the course you adopt is the right one; and I honour you, Ma'am—upon my soul I honour you. If there were many like you in the world, we lawyers should have to give up business, or rather business would give up us—ha, ha, ha! But still I must do my duty, Ma'am, and see that you take no step without due caution and remonstrance. Mr. Chamberlyn was not a kind husband, Ma'am, and he will profit extremely by this. Have you considered this?"

"Yes, Sir; but we would rather not be the means of his punishment. Ah! Sir, there is retribution enough in such people's proud, hard natures. He cannot be a happy man."

"And—and I have already written to Mr. Chamberlyn, and enclosed him a copy of the will."

"Then write again, Sir, and tell him that it will never be used against him."

"Very well — ve-ry well! And do you agree with your mother?" he said, after a long pause, addressing Lily.

"Yes, Sir, in everything," she modestly replied.

He was again silent. He honoured their Christian feelings; but the more he did so, the more averse he felt to the good fortune of the Chamberlyns. It was a new study to him in human nature — and the lawyer was much moved.

"Will you not take a longer time to consider it?" he earnestly inquired. "A day—a week if you please. Let me advise you."

"No, Sir, it is needless," said Mary, cheerfully. "I am certain we can not change our minds."

"Well, well, have it your own way then, though I wish some better individual was to profit by your generosity than Mr. Chamberlyn." He rose up suddenly — "My good woman, shake hands with me. Long as I have known the world, I never before met one capable of resisting such a temptation. And, depend upon it, you and your bonnie daughter there will be happier on the small sum than he on the large one."

And the lawyer turned away to hide a tear that was twinkling in his eye.

Agatha Beaufort; or, Family Pride. By the Author of "Pique." 3 vols. London: Smith and Elder. 1852.

THIS is a novel in which the circulating libraries will find much profit, and which they will praise to their subscribers as "a reading book." It is not difficult to understand, strains after no far-fetched new philosophy, and seeks to illustrate no strange passages of history. Its text is one that appeals to every experience; it pretends only to show how little able is the high and rugged fence of family pride and hard disdain of the softer emotions to keep out the influences of the passion by which, despite his high resolves or his pinching necessities, noble and peasant are alike impelled. Raise the rampart of class prejudice high as you will, girt the heart about with a wall as continuous as that built to keep out marauding Tartars, still shall we ever find an invader within the "enciente continue" answering derisively—

> By love's light wings have I o'erleaped these walls,
> For love is lighter than the gossamer.

Agatha Beaufort is a haughty, handsome, churl-despising dame, given to solitary musings, and visible only to county society. Sole mistress of Methwold Abbey, in hard and superb mood she exercises a power almost absolute over all around her. The son of a ruined merchant, Basil Sullivan, dares to loves her, but is checked by a scornful repulse that sends him wandering through the world. Other and more malleable hearts are made to revolve about this stony heroine. Margaret Desmond, as kind, affectionate, and trusting as the lady of the abbey is haughty and austere—Alice Sullivan, who loves not wisely but too well, and loves, unfortunately, one whom Agatha would least have wished her to love—Alice Berners and Lilian Grant, schemers for husbands and for inheritances—a ghostly night-wandering maiden, and a confidential waiting maid, make up together a company of ladies among whom any quantity of love and mischief may be plotted. For the men, we have a mysterious old gentleman in a railway carriage, as like as may be to a character who, in Mr. Dickens's "Bleak House," appears and makes the acquaintance of his heroine—Mark Braddyll, a terrible plotter—a mysterious Italian, who plays a sad trick to the superb Agatha—and lovers of exquisite mould and unshaken constancy. All these characters are set to work out a plot which carries the reader in a state of excited expectation to the end of the third volume, disconcerting all his preconceived expectations—or rather *her* expectations, for it is emphatically a woman's book—at every turn of the story. We will offer a short extract as a specimen of the contents of these volumes. Margaret Desmond, in nervous alarm, and much moved by a story of an apparition that has just been told her, is walking in the long, shadowy picture gallery of the abbey, searching, with a flickering candle and a throbbing pulse, for the portrait of her father's mother. At last she finds it:—

THE PHANTOM.

She still stood gazing earnestly on the picture, when a light current of air caused the candle to waver. Margaret raised her hand to screen the light, and then turned away, with the intention of retiring to her own room. Suddenly her steps were arrested; the blood rushed to her cheeks and brow, then receded again, leaving her pale and breathless. Within a few yards of her, in front of the picture of the beautiful unknown, stood a lady. Her large dark eyes glittered with unnatural brilliancy as they are intently bent upon Margaret, and a profusion of soft dishevelled curls surrounded her face. The attitude of the lady was firm and unwavering; not a fold in her long white drapery stirred, nor the slightest perceptible respiration agitated the light tresses flowing from under her veil.

Overpowered with terror Margaret's senses seemed para-

lysed. Alice's words recurred with vivid distinctness to her mind; the apparition boded evil. It was that of the Lady Mabel, who had perished for her crime on the scaffold. A cold shiver shook Margaret's frame as she marked its extraordinary likeness to the portrait of the beautiful lady beside which the shadowy form stood. After a few brief seconds, the phantom glided swiftly down the gallery; it paused again at the crimson door, bent another glance upon her, and then vanished.

Margaret drew a deep breath, then hastily continued her way. Her own room, from the gloom of which she had previously fled, she now earnestly desired to regain as a safe haven; and with rapid nervous step she proceeded onwards. All was dark and tranquil around, and with beating heart she soon found herself traversing the tapestried gallery upon which her door opened.

Joyfully she quickened her step; when to her dismay again the apparition stood at the top of the flight of stairs at the end of the corridor. The lady's brilliant eyes were rivetted upon her, as if that full, mournful gaze had never been withdrawn. Presently she raised her transparent looking hand and beckoned. Terrified beyond measure, Margaret without hazarding another glance at the lady regained her own apartment, and, hastily entering, closed the door.

We have submitted this novel to a jury of young ladies, and they report it to be, to their minds, the best of the quarter.

A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to Oregon and California. By the Hon. HENRY J. COKE. London: 1852.

IN the dedication (to his brother, Lord Leicester) with which Mr. Coke prefaces his "Ride," he informs us that his journal, from beginning to end, was written exclusively for the perusal of his friends, and he cautions the public "not to expect instruction where, at the most, they can only find amusement." Now, we are of opinion that if an author does not think proper to content himself with privately circulating his productions, he cannot altogether take refuge under the above plea. Had the volume before us been printed for distribution amongst the writer's acquaintance, without any view to ulterior results, we should of course be, in a great measure, precluded from offering any very severe criticisms upon its character or its style. As it is, however, Mr. Coke appears before our tribunal under the usual circumstances, and must expect that impartial treatment, which, in the discharge of our functions, we should award to any other aspirant to literary fame.

In the first place, then, we must enter our protest against a practice, too common amongst all denominations of travellers, of sending their diaries to the press in the crude, disjointed state in which they are necessarily produced. Many incidents recorded at the end of a day of toil or peril, though important enough, perhaps, at the time, are of little or no interest to the general reader, and often, in the aggregate, mar the general utility of a book. If the object be merely to fill a certain number of pages, of course the processes of excision and cancellation are not likely to be palatable. But with the reading public, now-a-days, quality is of far higher consideration than quantity, and they are not likely to award a high degree of merit to an author whose tedious recapitulation of minute and unimportant affairs renders it necessary for them to turn over half-a-dozen leaves at a time, as undeserving of more than a passing glance.

Mr. Coke has, in some respects, fallen into this error; he requests us to "make every allowance for the carelessness of the writing," a defect of which he seems to be justly sensible. We see no good grounds for this appeal, *ad misericordiam*. Surely, a sufficient interval has elapsed since his return, for him to have either performed, vicariously or in person, the office of a judicious editor, to have knocked some of his slighter sketches into shape, to have corrected the drawing and the colouring in others, and to have given his name to a book, not only calculated to contribute to the amusement of a brother, but to the greater edification of all who may chance to take it up.

At the same time we freely allow that the "Ride" is not devoid of entertainment—that Mr. Coke has a happy felicity of hitting off a scene that strikes him, and that many of his descriptions are sparkling and vivid. Still we should have preferred to have found somewhat less flippancy, stronger evidence of condensation, and the absence of certain passages that here and there militate against good taste. The book under consideration, with a little more editorial care bestowed upon it, would have deserved very high commendation. But since the blemishes alluded to are those of a young writer, and can readily be guarded against on future occasions, we would wish to temper our rebuke with lenity, and to avoid giving rise to discouragement.

During the last two years we have been overwhelmed with accounts from emigrants to California of the difficulties, miseries, hardships, and perils encountered by them in the overland journey to the far shores of the Pacific. In all these there is, necessarily, perhaps, much sameness, amounting often to tediousness. A journal kept for one week by a traveller across the prairies recounts the adventures of any number of emigrants along the same wild route. The monotony is occasionally broken by a stupendous thunderstorm, a rencontre with Indians, a buffalo hunt, a burning forest, or a chase after a herd of antelopes. Then come the breaking down of waggons, the failing of beasts of burden, the frightful privations of water, its maddening results, the nocturnal bivouac with its concomitant alarms, and such like incidents. Of these the public have supped full,

and we scarcely think that Mr. Coke's book imparts much that is novel, into this field of literature. The best and most interesting portions are those towards the close, in which we find some admirably drawn pictures of life in California.

Did any rational man need an inducement to visit in preference any other quarter of the earth, we think the perusal of Mr. Coke's Ride would effectually deter him from making acquaintance with San Francisco, or its motley inhabitants. A more brutalised state of society it is impossible to imagine than that which now degrades this new city of the West. A more heterogeneous or a more detestable assemblage than that now congregated there, were never, perhaps, collected within similar limits, except perhaps at some of our penal settlements.

It is cheering to think that such an outlet should have offered itself for the scum of the population of Europe, who certainly are better employed in delving for gold dust there than in preying, as has been their wont, upon their fellow-men.

That a fair idea may be formed of the way in which these gentry pass their leisure hours we transcribe a scene at

THE GAMBLING-HOUSE.

Not more than twenty yards from the door of the El Dorado, is a gambling-house of the same name; it was larger and, generally speaking, more crowded than any other in San Francisco. In one corner of the room was a faro table, at the moment we entered unoccupied. The cards parted out on this table were cleaner than elsewhere; the cloth was less greasy, and the playing pack was always shuffled on a neat little pad of blue velvet. Evidently this table was only resorted to by high players. The hellite, and he was the very model of a hellite, slightly bowed as we passed. "Take a chair, gentlemen." "I can't afford to play high," said the Major. "As you please, Sir; try the white chips to begin with." "Give me twenty, then," said the Major, throwing down four pieces of five dollars each. "Now, Sir, I'll go the half them on the pot, and the other half on the ace and queen." The hellite lit a fresh cigar, and began to shuffle. What wonderful legerdemain in that shuffling; so neat, so quiet. Eleven times the same process was gone through, and, click, in they go into the tin box, and no more handling of the pack; they are as snug and safe from cheating fingers as if they had never been made.

The hellite turns three large diamond rings on his left hand, leans a little forward in his chair, and draws. Nine, four—nothing done. Nine,—king. "King wins," said the Major; "this takes in the king." "Not this time, Sir." Six, seven, stands off. Ace—five, and the hellite takes one lot of the chips. "I'll double the stake on the pot," said the Major. "If you please, Sir." Seven—ace. "D—n," said the Major, and I backed the ace a minute before." Fifty dollars behind the nine. Nine loses, seven wins. "On the turn, by G—d! Come, Sir, let me shuffle those cards if you please." "Certainly, Sir." "There—now if I don't win this deal I'll leave off." Just one little shuffle the hellite gave the pack, then placed them in the box. "One hundred dollars," said the Major, taking a green chip with 100 dollars marked upon it. "One hundred dollars on the pot, and another hundred," taking another green chip, "on the ace—single turn." Ace loses, five wins. The green chip is restored to the place from whence it came. Seven loses, king wins, and the other green chip is also restored to the place from whence it came. "A lucky turn for the table," said its keeper, without looking the least concerned. "And a d—d unlucky one for me, Sir; that makes nearly three hundred that I lose, and that's all the money I have in my pocket. I'll have one more deal if I die for it." "We don't give credit, Sir; anywhere but in California I should be most happy;" and the hellite turned his rings, arranged the checks and lit a fresh cigar. "Sir," said the Major, after having twisted his moustache till one corner nearly stuck in his eye and the other touched his chin, "Sir, I am Major Mc'B———, you observe, a man of the strictest integrity and of the most undoubted valour; now, Sir, if any man came to me and said, Mc'B———, my boy, I want a thousand dollars,' may I be hanged, Sir, but I would instantly give that man the thousand dollars—if I had them, you observe. I should be ashamed"—"Very likely you would, Sir; but I confess my liberality is not so great as yours. Would not your friends lend you a few hundreds?" "O, certainly," said the Judge, "I think I have five hundred in my pocket-book; here they are and at your service." The money was put down in one stake upon the favourite six, seven and eight. The cards were shuffled exactly eleven times, and the hellite having laid aside his cigar, began to draw. For five turns not one of the named cards showed its face; at the sixth the removal of a two left a six on the top of the box. "At last!" breathed the Major. "I'll parallee it!—Turn." King loses, seven wins. "Two thousand dollars—I'll parallee by G—d." Three quick turns, and the six won again. "Four thousand. Stop a minute. Mister," said the Major, "I'll take a cocktail. Now, you observe, gentlemen, that it would be extremely convenient to me to pocket four thousand dollars, and extremely inconvenient to me to lose the eight hundred I have staked. Another lump of sugar, if you please. My luck at the beginning of the play was as bad as ever I saw, but my good luck, you observe, began with this deal. Is it likely to continue or to stop? In the course of my gambling experience, you observe, I—" Come, Sir, shall I turn the cards, or will you take the money?" "Don't be in such a hurry, Sir; I was going to remark, that in the course of my gambling career, I have always found that good and bad luck go by fits and starts; they run in veins, you observe, and when a man has worked out one, he is sure to hit upon the other." "Press good luck, Sir, and you must win." "Mister, I parallee—turn." For the first time in the course of the play I saw the hellite's hand slightly tremble; he bit his lip to prevent him from breathing too hard; he drew the cards hairs' breadths at a time. Three turns and nothing done. "Stop," said the Major; "there are too many cards out to win on three, so go on the seven bar the turn." Five—seven—"wins" exclaimed all the lookers-on, and the turn had been barred. Alas! poor Major, your luck was gone. Another seven appeared to be taken down, and an eight remained to win. If the hellite had been fingering brass farthings, he could not have done so with more apparent indifference than he handled the enormous pile of ivory chips, which he removed from the card to arrange in regular rows in the box before him. The Major finished his cocktail, buttoned his coat, and walked away.

Fortunately for the public and the survivors, the Californians have adopted a rude but effectual system for ridding themselves of the most obnoxious individuals amongst them. The following is a specimen of their

LYNCH LAW.

On my way to Marysville I stopped a couple of days at Sacramento. The weather was beginning to be cold. I had been rambling all the morning through the town, and was just returned to my hotel, and sat ruminating over a large stove in the bar-room, thinking Sacramento about the most comfortless place in the world. In the course of my walk I had observed a crowd collected round a large elm tree in the horse-market; on inquiring the cause of this assembly, I was told that a man had been lynched on one of the lower boughs of the elm at four o'clock this morning. A newspaper containing an account of the affair lay on a chair beside me, and, having taken it up, I was perusing the trial, when a ruffianly-looking individual interrupted me, with "'Say, stranger, let's have a look at that paper, will you?" "When I've done with it," said I, and continued reading. This answer would have satisfied most Christians endowed with any moderate degree of patience; but not so the ruffian. He leant himself over the back of my chair, put one hand on my shoulder, and with the other held the paper, so that he could read as well as I. "Well, I guess you're readin about Jim, aint you?" "Who's Jim?" said I. "Him as they hung this morning," he answered, at the same time resuming his seat. "Jim was a particlar friend of mine

and I helped to hang him." "Did you," said I—"A friendly act—What was he hanged for?" "When did *you* come to Sacramento city?" "I only arrived this morning, and have not yet heard the particulars of this case." "Oh! well! I reckon I'll tell you how it was then. You see, Jim was a Britisher, that is, he come from a place they call Botamy Bay, which belongs to Victoria, but aint exactly in the old country, I believe. When he first came to Californy, about six months back, he wasn't acquainted none with any boys hereaway, so he took to digging all by hisself. It was up at Cigar Bar whar he dug, and I happened to be a digging there too, and so it was we got to know one another. Jim hadn't been here a fortnight before one o' the boys lost about three hundred dollars that he'd made a *caché* of. Somehow suspicions fell on Jim. More than one of us thought he had been digging for bags instead of dust, and the man as lost the money swore he would have a turn with him, and so Jim took my advice and sloped." "Well," said I, "he wasn't lynched for that, was he?" "Tain't likely," said the ruffian; "for till the last week or ten days nobody knowed whar he'd gone to. Well! when he come to Sacramenty this time, he come with a pile and no mistake. And all day and all night Jim used to play at faro, and roulette, and a heap of other games. Nobody couldn't tell how he made his money last so long, nor whar he got it from, but certain sure everybody thought as how Jim was considerable of a loafer. Last of all, a blacksmith, as lives in Broad-street, said he found out the way he done it, and asked me to come with him to show up Jim for cheating. Now whether it was that Jim suspected the blacksmith, I cant say, but he didn't cheat, and lost his money in consequence. This riled him very bad, and so, wanting to get quit of the blacksmith, he began to quarrel. The blacksmith was a quick-tempered man, and, after a good deal of abuse, could not keep his temper any longer, and struck Jim a blow on the mouth. Jim jumped from his seat, pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot the blacksmith dead on the spot. I was the first man that laid hold of the murderer, and, if it had not been for me, I believe the people in the room would have torn him to pieces. 'Send for Judge Parker,' shouted some. 'Let's try him here,' said others. 'I don't want to be tried at all,' said Jim; 'you all know, d——d well, that I shot the man; and I know, b——y well, that you'll hang me. Give me till daylight, and then I'll die like a man.' But we all agreed that he ought not to be condemned without a proper trial, and as the report of the pistol had brought a crowd to the place, a jury was formed of them that were present, and three judges were elected from the most respectable gentlemen in the town.

"The trial lasted nearly a couple of hours. Nobody doubted that he was guilty, or that he ought to be hanged for murder; but the question was whether he should die by Lynch law, or be kept for a regular trial before the judges of the Criminal Court. The best speakers said that Lynch law was no law, and endangered the life of every innocent man; but the mob would have it that he was to die at once. So as it was just then about daylight, they carried him to the horse-market, set him on a table, and tied the rope round one of the lower branches of a big elm tree. All the time I kept by his side, and when he was getting on the table he asked me to lend him my revolver to shoot one of the jurymen who had spoken violently against him. When I refused, he asked me to tie the knot so as it wouldn't slip. 'It aint no account,' said I, 'to talk in that way. Jim, old fellow, you're bound to die; and if they didn't hang you I'd shoot you myself.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'give me hold of the rope, and I'll show you how little I care for death.' He seized the cord, pulled himself in an instant out of the reach of the crowd, and sat cross-legged on the bough. Half a dozen rifles were raised to bring him down, but, reflecting that he could not escape, they forbore to fire. He tied a noose in the rope, put it round his neck, slipped it up till it was pretty tight, and then stood up and addressed the mob. He didn't say much, except that he hated them all. He cursed the man he shot; he then cursed the world; and last of all he cursed himself, and, with a terrible oath, he jumped into the air, and with a jerk that shook the tree, swung backwards and forwards over the heads of the crowd."

Many will be amused with the following anecdote of

YANKEE "SMARTNESS."

One of my companions in the vehicle that took us down from Marysville was rather an amusing specimen of a Californian. He was a roughish fellow to talk to, but well to do in the world, at least respectably dressed, and was evidently treated by the driver and an occasional acquaintance that we passed on the road with that degree of deference, which in this enlightened country is only conferred upon the "smart." He began the conversation with me by asking how much I would take for the studs in my shirt, and upon being told they were not for sale in the first place, and in the second that no amount would buy them, as they were given to me by a friend, he answered, that considering they were a present, and cost nothing, I ought to be the more ready to "trade," and that I might make my mind easy upon one subject, which was, that if he had a chance, and he meant to look out sharp for one, he would steal them as sure as he was born. Such a declaration might have startled a person unused to the open and candid nature of such rascals, but the genus is so common, and is moreover so thoroughly appreciated everywhere in America, that I was the least bit more astonished than if any other foreigner had offered me a cigar; but, merely taking the remark as a compliment to my studs, I buttoned my coat, that he might not be tempted with the opportunity, which I knew he would not fail to profit by if it occurred.

This little incident introduced a spirited discussion on the topic of "smartness." The Yankee was convinced that, "Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost," was the only motto for a wise man in this world, and, as an instance of the wisdom of the dogma, he mentioned his own case; showing how from the lowest dregs of society he had risen to affluence; how he had used no other weapons to combat against the greatest reverses of fortune, but the mother-wit that had taught him—that the easiest method of avoiding difficulties was to put your hands into the pockets of your friends. Every man, he argued, would cheat his neighbour, if he knew how. What folly it was then not to be beforehand with the rest of the world, and cheat them in advance. The mistake people made was, that they foolishly substituted the word "cheat," in the place of the word "smart." What was a crime with us Britishers, was a creditable act with an American. And if a man's intellects were not given him for his own advantage he did not see for whom else they could be given. "Yourn warn't given you for the adwantage of the man you sold the stage to, I guess—was it coachman?" This appeal was made by a dirty-looking passenger to the driver. "I reckon not—that was a smart job from beginning to end—that was," returned the coachman. "What was it?" I asked; "I suppose you stole the coach from the man first, painted it a different colour, and then got a friend to sell it to him for a new one?" "Not so bad as that, neither, stranger. What I did I don't consider nothing out of the way of business; it's what any fool might do, and not be smart at that either. You see, when I first got to San Francisco, I had no more than a respectable suit of black, and five dollars in my pocket. I wanted to get to the diggings, but it would have cost me a deal more than five dollars to fit out for that expedition, so I made up my mind to stay where I was till I could afford to go. One day when I was walking up to the square, thinking how I should get my living without working to death for it, I saw an old friend of mine driving a mule-team. I asked him how he had managed to get money to buy the mules. "They're not mine," says he; "they belong to a gentleman of whom I hire them for a small sum." "And what," said I, "did he see in your ugly face to make him so charitably inclined?" "He saw those gold spectacles, which I always mean to wear in future, as the best friends I ever had. I was like you when I landed; I had but five dollars in my pocket, and three of 'em I gave to a Jew for these specks. If they had been silver they would never have done the job. Well, I mounts the specks, and off I goes to the charitable old boy of whom I had heard talk, and represented myself to him as a medical gentleman that had left a large family, and come out here to give the sick the benefit of my practice on purely philanthropical motives. Of course, I made a good circumstantial story, telling him that I should be glad of some easy job, as I warn't accustomed to hard manual labour, and as soon as I had earned enough to live upon, should go and practice at the mines. He heard my story to the end, looked at me, and then at the gold specks, and I am sartain sure if it had not been for those specks, and those specks had'nt been gold, he never would have believed a word I said." "I wish then you would lend them to me, friend?" "I won't do that, but

I will lend you something better. I must go to Sacramento for a couple of days, and until I return, you shall have the loan of this mule-team." Here's luck, thought I; this team can't be worth more than ten dollars a day to their owner, and if I sell them, they can't be worth less than 500 dollars to me; so into the market they shall go. "And you stole the mules?" we asked. "I sold them leastwise, and borrowed the money." "And you were not hanged for it?" "Not that I know of," said he; "but to cut a long story short, and come to the matter of the stage which I began about; the money that I got for the mules bought me a light waggon and four horses, and I persuaded a man who had another team to let me drive them in the waggon, and he was to have a share of the profits. We soon established a good business; I bought out my partner, and sold the whole concern for just five times what it cost me, and a mighty good thing the man who bought the business would have made of it, *if* he had not been a-dealing with a smart 'un. But there's where it is you see; he wasn't smart, and I was. I went to San Francisco, paid my friend the price of the mules which he had naturally been put in prison for stealing; gave him a hundred dollars to keep him quiet; bought a good stage and three fast teams; came back to San Jose, and in one week drove the old coach off the road; made two thousand dollars by the traffic, and sold the whole concern again for two thousand more. And here I am in a fair way to become a rich man; have invested 4,000 dollars at 40 per cent., which, though it is not great interest in these times, yet it is as safe as a mortgage on the most valuable property in California can make it. Gentlemen, as we are at the end of the journey let us liquor."

And here we must take leave of an author, who has certainly produced an agreeable book which gives an indication that his abilities are above mediocrity. There is manifest evidence of improvement since his first essay at authorship, and we hope that he will ere long give proof of still further advancement.

Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings. By DANIEL B. WOODS. London: 1852.

THE gold diggings of California have been the cause of so many published books that our readers will be impatient of any more than a passing notice of a narrative of the miseries of another disappointed suitor of the great god Mammon. Daniel Woods was a Philadelphia schoolmaster. When the tidings arrived of gold to be gathered in the far west he dismissed his scholars, shut up his school, and started with high hopes and eager wishes for the land of promise. The result has been such as any one with a grain of common sense might have anticipated.

Dominie Samson was not more out of his element with Meg Merrilies and her gipsy crew than was this gold seeking pedagogue among the Yankee back settlers, Irish emigrants, English navvies, and general run of rapskallions of all nations, whom he found up to their knees in water, digging each in his separate hole all day, and drinking, gambling, and blaspheming all night. Of course the poor man grows much disgusted, sick at soul, and ill in body. He gets very little gold, but a great deal of experience; and he comes back to us, with solemn face and broken health, lecturing most sadly upon the guilt and folly of the inordinate desire of riches. If Mr. Woods had made a fortune he would probably never have made this book, and we confess to small faith in a repentance which has been so evidently caused by experience of the impossibility of success.

We have here more descriptions of the ignorance and superstitions of Mexicans, the rapid and off-hand operation of Lynch law, the strange society of San Francisco, and the horrors of its hells; some further accounts of the enterprises that are springing up in the new golden state, whose age of gold is far other than that which philosophers were fond to dwell upon; and some testimony to the success of associated miners, which promises well for the ultimate prosperity of those schemes that are now engaging the attention of our home speculators. That a foolish schoolmaster should have failed to become a successful miner is not so great a wonder as to interest many readers as to the means and occasions of his failure; nor can we promise to the reader of this book that he will find in its pages any more valuable information upon the subject it treats than had been already published in the "Golden Dreams and Waking Realities," in Mr. Kelly's work, or in the other half-dozen books upon California which have already been noticed in this review.

The Life of Taou-Kwang, late Emperor of China. By the late Rev. CHAS. GUTZLAFF, author of "The History of China." London: Smith and Elder. 1852.

THIS is a posthumous work of poor Gutzlaff, revised for the press by Sir George Staunton, the friend to whom he had affectionately dedicated the volume. The publishers, in an advertisement to the work, allude to the circumstance of the author's decease; and, as his widow is now gathering materials for a memoir, they exercise a proper and a kind discretion in abstaining from any attempt to sketch the career of this Chinese scholar.

Taou-Kwang, the hero of this biography, was born in 1781. He was the grandson of Keènlung, and the son of Keaking, Keaking being the fifteenth child of Keénlung, by a concubine. Keaking had the misfortune to be hated by the greater part of his family, and to be obliged to put them to death by degrees. Meening, however, for that was the great emperor's early name, avoided all cabals, sought not to put his father to death, sang songs, and hunted, and was jolly with a circle of young rakes, whose names defy orthography.

Great Keaking went on in his tyrannies, and grew dainty in his cruelties, until, being in his sixtieth

year, he suddenly disappeared to the inconsolable sorrow of his dear subjects whom he kept in an agreeable state of excitement, as to the position of their heads. He left a will, which is so wise and patriotic in its *words*, that we could cite sentences from it that would regenerate the world, for instance "A good administration consists in venerating Heaven, imitating our ancestors, diligence in government, and love to the people." The only *fact* in the will was that it made Meening emperor.

"Meening was lank in figure, and low of stature, with a haggard face, a reserved look, and quiet exterior." He had never given an opinion, and never expressed a preference. Not a spy could find out his secret thought, nor could the best possible grievances draw from him a sigh of sympathy. Surely he was the man to reign in China—he who had known so well how to obey. Therefore, was the name of Taou-Kwang (the Light of Reason) given to him, and, when he mourned his father, abolished the harem, and adopted the empress for his mother, there was much joy among the celestials.

Now should we enter upon a history of the reign of Taou-Kwang—now should we tell of his frugality, and his love of Sycee silver, and much ought we to say of that chapter (xv.) of Dr. Gutzlaff, wherein he treats of "Remedies for difficulties arising from a want of the circulating medium of the precious metal." Of the half-conversion of Taou-Kwang, and of the battle between the Catholic and the Protestant missionaries, we ought to speak, and of the wars with the English, the monster meetings at Canton, and the alternate uprisings, and downfallings of Keshen—that shrewd, practical, and tolerant minister, who was clever at making treaties with the barbarians for his master, and skilled in making the most out of a government appointment for himself. The last distinguished act of a very distinguished life we should also note. The Brother of the Sun could, of course, take liberties in his own family, so, finding that an eclipse was likely to take place on the next new year's day, he postponed the next new year's day to avoid it. If we do not dilate upon all these events it is from a certain lurking suspicion that our readers would scarcely agree with Dr. Gutzlaff that Alexander or Napoleon, even at the *acmé* of their glory, would envy an emperor of China. To reign over an impotent race of effete barbarians, seems but a doubtful post of power, whatever the number of the swarm. Alexander would prefer his phalanx, and Napoleon his old guard to a solar system full of such pasteboard warriors.

More seriously, however, although the subject is not one of vast dignity in our eyes, we can well imagine that its importance may be great in those of others. Those who would know the history of China during the last thirty years may read this book with profit, while all may find in it some amusement.

Homœopathy in 1851. Edited by J. Rutherford Russell, M.D. Edinburgh: Hogg; London: Groombridge. 1852.

It is now somewhat more than half a century since homœopathy, as a science, first originated, under the auspices of Hahnemann, at Leipsic; and it counts at the present day no inconsiderable number of disciples. Still, it cannot lay claim to the conversion of many of those whose lives have been devoted to the study of medicine; and if any one should attach any importance to this fact, it unquestionably labours under the disadvantage of having received, on more than one occasion, the unfavourable report of a committee of French physicians deputed by Government to institute an inquiry into the subject.

Homœopathy may be defined to be the science by which disease is combated by the exhibition of drugs calculated to produce similar disorders—the infinitesimal doses in which such medicines are administered, having, as we apprehend, no necessary connection with the system itself. The opponents of the science, denominated by their antagonists *allopathists*, deny the possibility of producing any malady whatever similar to ordinary physical ailments, by the agency of any drugs with which we are acquainted; affirming, moreover, that such artificial disorder, if induced in any way, would augment rather than diminish the virulence of the primary malady.

Thereupon issue is joined; and judging from the manner in which the dispute is carried on upon both sides, there seems no probability, in our time at least, of any result satisfactory to both parties. The public, meanwhile, keep aloof, sagely determining not to hazard an opinion upon points where so many doctors disagree.

In corroboration of their views, the disciples of Hahnemann argue that the medical practitioners of all ages have unconsciously been acting in strict accordance with their principles. Thus, it is argued, that the ravages of that fearful scourge of Europe, the sweating sickness of the fourteenth century, were successfully resisted by the administration of sudorifics—the horrors of small-pox by vaccination—of dysentery by purgatives; then, again, a frostbitten limb is recovered by the application of snow—the dry, excruciating sore throat of scarlatina by doses of belladonna, which, if taken in health, cause an affection

similar to the one it removes. In these and a variety of other instances, it is urged that the principle kept in view is, that two disorders of a similar character cannot contemporaneously exist in the same frame. Upon this presumption, the one of artificial origin is supposed first violently to eject its rival, and then gradually to subside of itself.

On the other hand, it is urged that there are a great number of diseases which cannot be imitated by any medicines whatever, and these, consequently, do not admit of being homœopathically treated. If, therefore, the followers of Hahnemann profess to combat *all* maladies, it would certainly seem that here at least they must be baffled. It is too common an error to regard as the disorder itself what are only monitory symptoms; the practitioner, therefore, who only removes these without at the same time attacking the seat of the evil, will, in all probability, only hasten the dissolution of his patient. Many of the most distressing concomitants of every complaint are, if rightly considered, only so many efforts of nature to relieve herself of some morbid secretion that cannot be otherwise expelled. They indicate the presence of the malady, but they can in no way be deemed identical with it.

It seems unphilosophical indeed to regard any ailment as a "something" existing independently of the body in which it is found, and capable of being assailed by measures that do not affect the frame it tortures, or that any medicines that produce no effect whatever upon a healthy individual can operate upon one whose powers are temporarily prostrated.

But Dr. Russell shall speak for himself:—

"It is stated," says he, "by the advocates of the allopathic system, and the opponents of homœopathy, that the latter system may succeed in concealing its imposture in the sluggish stream of chronic maladies, but that in acute diseases, which demand immediate remedies, it is impotent. Now, is it so? It is just, if report may be credited, the very reverse! From tables before us, prepared by Professor Henderson, of the Edinburgh University, it is shown that in 909 cases of inflammation of the lungs, treated upon the established system, no fewer than 212 died—that is, nearly *one* out of every *four*; whereas, in 299 cases treated on the homœopathic system, only nineteen died, or *one* out of every *fifteen* cases. In 111 cases of pleuritis, treated upon the established plan, fourteen deaths ensued, or about *one* in *eight*; whereas, out of 224 cases of the same malady treated homœopathically, there were but *three* deaths, or little more than *one* in *a hundred* cases! Again, in twenty-one cases, actually occurring in the Edinburgh Infirmary, upon the established plan, there were *six* deaths, or more than *one* in *four*; whereas, in 105 cases of the same malady, treated homœopathically, there were but *five* deaths, or *one* in *twenty-five* cases.

"Now, we ask the Royal College of Physicians if these things are so? It will surely be allowed that there is at least a case made out here for inquiry. These statistics are facts or they are falsehoods. If falsehoods, let their falsehood be arrived at; if facts, let the Royal College of Physicians explain, and vindicate the course they have pursued."

Here the space at our disposal induces us to draw our notice of this book to a close. We do not profess to be of that class who would summarily discard every theory that does not accord with their own prejudices. If the investigation already bestowed upon this difficult question has not elicited satisfactory results, let them be continued until a fair and impartial verdict can be pronounced; that, we apprehend, is all the homœopathists profess to require, and their opponents can hardly refuse them so reasonable a request.

Women of Christianity. By JULIA KAVANAGH. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1852.

AN unfair practice has for some time past too widely prevailed of under-rating such of the fair sex as, disdaining the glories of the sampler and the duties of home, dared to aspire to rivalship with man in the stormy arena of literature! A spice of jealousy, perchance, or a distrust of intruders, may have rendered such offenders so far unmindful of the dictates of chivalry, or there may be cynical spirits prepared to hint at the impossibility of reconciling the duties of a gifted authoress with her pursuits, on account of the utter incompatibility between poetry and political economy and the pastry and preserves of domestic life. It may be that Mrs. Jellyble is not merely a creature of the imagination.

But we are conscious how delicate is the ground on which we tread, and will, therefore, cease to theorise, and turn our attention to the work before us.

What more graceful field can an aspiring lady select for the exercise of her powers than that so judiciously chosen by Miss Kavanagh? She has taken pen in hand to rescue from oblivion those of her own sex, whose gentle and unobtrusive virtues were but little likely to attract attention beyond the immediate sphere where they were displayed. Our authoress ascribes to Christianity alone the development and proper direction of that germ of love, of charity, and faith which, in earlier days, made woman court persecution, and brave the terrors of martyrdom:—

We hear of empresses and queens, of heroines and geniuses, and even of those women who won a perilous fame through the power of loveliness or surpassing grace; but woman in the peace and quiet beauty of her domestic life, in the gentleness of her love, in the courage of her charity, in the holiness of her piety, we must not hope to find. History has been written in the old pagan spirit of recording great events and dazzling actions; not in the lowliness of the Christian heart, which, without affecting to despise the great, still loves and venerates the good.

The writer of the following pages has neither the power of supplying so great a deficiency, nor the ambitious aim of opening a new path in history. Leaving the task to others, she intends no more than to record with truth and simplicity what is known of the pure and good women who have lived and died since the opening of the Christian era,—of these women who honoured humanity, but whom the historian has rarely mentioned, whom the general biographer has too often forgotten.

The preaching of the Gospel is an era in the modern world. If we would know what it did for woman, we need only compare the earliest Christian women with those of the ancients in their purest days. No doubt there were many noble women before the word of Christ was known or acknowledged in Europe,—women of lofty intellect and high character, accomplished Greeks or rigid Romans, fit to rule with Pericles, or worthy to suffer with Brutus. But the difference is clear and striking — there was no Dorcas.

Your fierce and fiery heroines, Judith, Deborah, Saragossa's maid, even Jeanne herself, find no place in Miss Kavanagh's gallery. There alone figure the holy, the charitable, the self-denying of all times and climes, from the pride of the Romish Calendar, the "Serafica Madre Santa Teresa de Gesù," down to our own Elizabeth Fry—perhaps almost as worthy of canonization. It is remarkable how many ladies eminent alike for faith and works have flourished in France during its most licentious and impious periods. If not the first, yet in the foremost, rank of these practical Christians stands Madame de Chantal, known to the rigid Catholic as the mystic friend and ardent admirer of that truly great and good man St. Francis de Sales, and to the merely secular reader as grandmother of Madame de Sévigné.

Her biographer thus records the earlier part of her career :—

Jane wished to enter a cloister; but to this Monsieur Fremiot would not consent: "Christian virgins," he said, "should remain in the world, and edify it with their virtues." Jane dutifully yielded, and left the choice of a husband to the president; who married her, in her twentieth year, to the Baron de Chantal—a distinguished officer, high in the favour of Henry IV., rich and noble, and no more than twenty-seven years of age.

A few days after the ceremony had been solemnised, the baron took his bride to his seat at Bourbilly. As a proof of his confidence, he insisted on giving up to her the management of all his property. She shrank from so heavy a responsibility, which would not, she conceived, leave her sufficient time for her devotions; but M. de Chantal very sensibly objected, that piety was not incompatible with the daily tasks of life; he quoted the case of his own mother —a lady of many virtues, reared in a court, and who had yet found it possible to become the most notable woman in the province. Madame de Chantal promised to comply with her husband's wishes; and by her prudence, economy, and good management, justified the trust he had placed in her household virtues.

She rose with dawn, and had finished her devotions, and ordered her household affairs, by the time her husband was up. She gave little time to dress, and only wore plain camelot. Prayer, work, the lives of the saints or French history, her husband, her family, and the poor, absorbed all the thoughts of the pious lady. Her great anxiety was to keep her little household pure and religious. On her arrival at Bourbilly she had found a few profane books— most probably romances — with which M. de Chantal amused his leisure; she remorselessly consigned them to the flames; and such works never again entered the old mansion whilst she was its mistress. There was a chapel in the chateau; yet every Sunday Madame de Chantal resorted to the parish church, in order to share in the devotions of her husband's vassals. They needed not this proof of friendly sympathy to love and respect their lady; in all their troubles and distresses they appealed to her. M. de Chantal, though kind-hearted, was passionate and proud. The temper of his wife was still warmer, especially where her religious feelings and affections were concerned; but she had long exercised the virtue of self-control, and with all who approached her she was the gentlest of human beings. She made it her task to soothe her husband's anger when it had been roused by vassal or servant: he allowed himself to be pacified, but not without some reluctance. "If I am too quick," he said, "you are too charitable." It often happened that, in a fit of choler, the baron would consign some offending vassal to the prison of Bourbilly; and thus practically remind the little realm over which he ruled of the power vested in him by feudal law. The dungeons of Bourbilly were damp and unwholesome; the kind-hearted baroness secretly delivered the captive, made him sleep in one of the baron's excellent beds, and early in the morning placed him once more under bolt and bar; then about the time of her husband's rising she would enter his room, greet him cheerfully, and having put him into a good temper, gently coax him out of the freedom of the unlucky prisoner.

Her goodness to the vassals who lived on the domain of Bourbilly was not confined to these acts of kindness; she relieved their wants with boundless charity—for charity was, and ever remained, her favourite virtue. She often said; "I can with more confidence ask of the Lord to grant me my necessities, when for love of him I have bestowed alms on the poor." A famine desolated the country around her: she opened her stores to the indigent, and daily gave bread and soup to all those who asked. They came in great numbers—often from a distance. Madame de Chantal presided over the distribution herself; and to render it more orderly, made those who entered by a front gate leave by a back door. Many took advantage of this to walk round the chateau, and coming in again, to claim a second portion; Madame de Chantal perceived the cheat, but would neither notice nor resent it. To those who remonstrated with her on the subject, she said that her inward reflections were: "My God, am I not a beggar at the gates of thy mercy? Should I like to be refused a second or third request? A thousand times hast thou borne with mine importunity, why then should I not endure that of thy creatures?" Whilst this hard time lasted, poor families, too proud to beg, were relieved privately by Madame de Chantal.

Next on the list of pious Frenchwomen is Madame de Miramion. Of her we are told how

In the year 1673, troops quartered in the town of Melun introduced a contagious disease so rapid and fatal that upwards of a hundred persons died daily. All intercourse with the neighbouring towns was interdicted; and the terror in Melun was so great that the sick were thrust out of doors to die in the streets. Priests forsook their flocks, nuns left their convents, and the magistrates and civil officers of the town were on the point of deserting the place; when Madame de Miramion arrived on the spot accompanied by surgeons and several sisters. She began by assembling the magistrates: a step which her well-known virtue far more than her rank authorised. Her exhortations and unshrinking courage shamed them from their fears. A house was turned into an hospital; the sick, no longer left to perish in the streets, were conveyed to it; and Madame de Miramion and her sisters entered it immediately. The priests and nuns who still remained in the town, ashamed to see a few women usurp the Christian charity they were bound to exert, endeavoured by tardy zeal to repair the disgrace of previous indifference. The contagion lasted two months; when it was over, Madame de Miramion returned to Paris overpowered with fatigue: yet, when she learned on her arrival that a similar calamity afflicted the town of Senlis, it required the express prohibition of her religious superiors to prevent her from going to it immediately: so ardent was the zeal of her charity.

Indeed, Madame de Miramion may be described as ever on the watch for doing good: this was both the aim and passion of her life. Thus the immodest language of a few idle girls, whom she overheard as she was returning home one evening, suggested to her the excellent project of workrooms, with mistresses to instruct and superintend girls who were ignorant and idle, but willing to learn and work. The plan was tried, and succeeded admirably: young girls came to those rooms in the morning, worked all day, received their dinner, and were paid for their work at the end of every week. At a period when commercial industry was so imperfectly developed, there was much in this idea. In the year 1694, corn became extremely dear; the hardship, of course, fell most heavily on the poor. Madame de Miramion used her influence with Madame de Maintenon and the king to induce them to cause a large quantity of rice to be brought to Paris, and either given away or sold very cheap. She herself made for her establishment six

thousand distributions of soup three times a-week. It not unfrequently happened that those whom she thus relieved acknowledged her charity by coarse abuse; which she bore, and exhorted her sisters to bear, with heroic patience. "Courage, sisters!" she said, "the more you receive contradictions from men, the more does your merit before God increase. Let them speak, and do you continue to serve them: your patience will prevail in the end." She spoke truly: many of those who had insulted her most grossly, repented their ingratitude, and came to ask her forgiveness.

We are warned, however, by our space that we must not linger long, although it be amid such godly and goodly company. Our own countrywomen occupy, we are proud to say, a conspicuous position in this delightful compilation. To enumerate them, although a pleasant task, would trespass too far upon our pages. We must, however, find space for one extract commemorative of the virtues of Mrs. Godolphin *née* Blagge, and maid of honour to Catherine of Braganza, the neglected queen of Charles II.:—

Never did more discreet and pious maid of honour adorn a profligate court. Modest in her bearing; devout to austerity in prayer, fasting, and vigil; yet free from ostentation; detached from the world and its pleasures; cheerful, obliging, prudent, and wise; she united to the innocence and gentle ardour of youth, virtues which are seldom possessed before maturity of years brings judgment. The proof that her religion was not mere lip-worship, but sprang from her heart, may be found in her extensive charities: "than which I know no greater mark of a consummate Christian," writes Evelyn. She gave much of her time and industry to "working for poor people, cutting out and making waistcoats and other necessary coverings, which she constantly distributed amongst them, like another Dorcas." She diligently sought out and visited the poor in "hospitals, humble cells, and cottages." Her friend records that he often accompanied her on such errands of mercy to obscure places of the town, or to lonely dwellings in the outskirts. He dwells with admiration on the patience and charity with which she administered to the sick, condescending to the meanest offices; and how, sitting by them for whole afternoons, she instructed them with that insinuating grace which charmed all who knew her. A poor and good widow assisted her in her charities, and especially in the difficult task of finding out worthy objects: it was through her that Mrs. Blagge distributed weekly pensions, looked after orphan children, put them to school, and paid the debts of poor prisoners. Her income, which was not large, was spent thus; and when Evelyn accused her of profusion, she only smiled. He confesses, that though he knew of twenty-three indigent persons whom Mrs. Blagge "clad at one time," this was only a very inconsiderable portion of her charity; which she strove to keep secret, by walking out alone and on foot, in the midst of winter, when the weather was such that a servant would not have been sent out, in order to minister privately to poor creatures for whom she alone cared.

To these tasks did Margaret Blagge devote herself in the bloom of youth and beauty, and surrounded by pleasures which have had power to charm the senses and the heart of the wisest. The contrast between the mode of life to which her post called her, and that to which inclination led her, is affectingly described by Evelyn. "Often have I known her privately slip away, and break from the gay and public company, the greatest entertainments, and greatest persons too of the court, to make a step to some miserable, poor, sick creature, whilst those she quitted have wondered why she went from the conversation; and more they would, had they seen how the scene was changed from a kingly palace to some mean cottage, from the company of princes to poor necessitous wretches, when by and by she would return as cheerful, and in good humour, as if she had been about some worldly concern, and excuse her absence in the most innocent manner imaginable. Never must I forget the innocent pleasure she took in doing charities. 'Twas one day that I was with her, when seeing a poor creature on the streets, "Now," says she to me, "how will I make that miserable creature rejoice!" upon which she sent him ten times more than I am confident he ever could expect. This she spake, not as boasting, but so as one might perceive her very soul lifted up in secret joy, to consider how the miserable man would be made happy with the surprise."

In order to assist the poor more freely, Mrs. Blagge restricted her own expenses. Few things pained her more than money ill spent; she could not always refuse to play at cards, but the money which she won was devoted to charity, and that which she lost bitterly regretted: as is testified by the following entry in her diary:—

"June the 2nd.

"I will never play this half-year, but at threepenny ombre, and then with one at halves. I will not; I do not vow, but I will not do it. What! lose money at cards, yet not give to the poor! 'Tis robbing God, misspending time, and misemploying my talents—three great sins. Three pounds would have kept three people from starving a month: well, I will not play."

These few extracts will amply suffice to convince our readers of the merit of this book. As we look with sinking heart on the numerous works of fiction now marshalled in grim array upon our library table, and observe how many of them are the work of female pens, we cannot forbear to congratulate Julia Kavanagh on the excellent taste she has evinced in her choice of a subject and upon the talents and erudition she has displayed in its treatment. We hope to meet with it in many a drawing room, and to see gentle damsels and happy matrons warming into emulation of good deeds as they dwell upon its pages.

Lectures on Church Music. By W. Spark, Organist and Choir-Master of St. George's an St. Paul's, Leeds. Leeds: Slocombe.

We have here, within moderate compass, a succinct and lucid investigation of the principles of the choral service, an exposure of the anomalies which are frequently suffered to disfigure it, and a demonstration of the method whereby it may be rendered worthy of its exalted purpose. The laudable object of the author is to revive, to a greater extent than has yet been effected, that primitive and well-approved system of Church service, whereby a due elevation of tone is imparted to it, and a character in accordance with the sublime spirit of Christianity. The affinity that exists between devotional aspirations and melodious sounds, has been recognised from the earliest ages and among all nations. Numberless testimonies to this innate feeling might be cited from the poets and philosophers of antiquity; and we need not add that both the Jewish and Christian Scriptures abound with examples of, and exhortations to, the praise of God with instruments of music and the voice of singing. Accordingly, in the primitive Church we find the choral service practised with a remarkable fervour of devotion, the entire congregation so heartily taking up the responses in musical tones, that St. Ambrose compares the united voices,

in response, of the men and women, youths, and maidens, to an harmonious roar of rushing waters.

"Responsoriis psalmorum, cantu vivorum mulierum, virginum, parvulorum, consonans undarum fragor resultat." Subsequently to this pure period of the Church's history, the unhappy policy adopted by Rome of excluding, as far as possible, the general congregation from all participation in Divine service, and converting it into a monopoly in the hands of the priesthood, began to develope itself. For the simple responsive choral service were substituted elaborate antiphonal pieces of music, altogether above the comprehension of the people, who were thus reduced to be mere listeners to the grand, but wholly unedifying performance of the choir, arranged in two divisions, and alternating the phrases or verses. This mischievous departure from the true spirit of congregational worship, our Reformers, in conformity with the enlightened views by which they were directed, set themselves to remedy by introducing into the services of the Church a style and character of music fitted for prayer and praise, being ennobling and exalting, yet of a simplicity bringing it within the compass and capacity of the least learned members of the congregation. As our author well observes:—

> The music of our own pure, and, I trust, never-to-be-shaken Reformed Church, is of a very different character from the *Mass* music of the Romish Church. From the time of the Reformation we have had a definite school of Church-music peculiar to itself, and the characteristics of that school a quiet and devout melody, a simple but pure and unpretending modulation, together with a solemnity of harmony, which is alike ecclesiastical, massive, and of a kind to affect the mind to devotion.

Such was the character of the Church-services till the time of the great rebellion, when the sour severity of the Puritans, who had no feeling for the beautiful either in art or in Divine worship, ruthlessly overthrew the goodly work of the Reformation. Extremes are said to meet; and in this instance assuredly Romish tyranny and Puritanical fanaticism inflicted the same identical evils upon the Church of England. These evils neither the times of the Restoration nor of William III. and the first Georges were calculated to cure. Throughout the last century they held their ground in undiminished hideousness, and it is even now only with painful steps, and slow, that the Church advances in the work of expelling them. What can be more utterly alien to the spirit of religion than the listlessness and apathy which, till very recently, was the general characteristics of the services in our parish churches. The practice of taking any part in the solemn office had been so long lost sight of, that the attendants at it appeared to be there for no other purpose than fulfilling a vague and irksome duty, in which they felt no sort of interest, which excited in them no fervour. How, indeed, should these effects be produced in a congregation lolling in their pews, or standing, at stated intervals (kneeling was completely obsolete), while the clergyman delivered a series of soliloquies, diversified by occasional monotonous dialogues with the clerk underneath, half-educated or not educated at all, as the case might be. All those, in short, who did not emigrate to the more exciting atmosphere of the conventicle, sunk into a state of torpor and moral atrophy. But this dreary period of the Church's inanition is, we trust, approaching its end. A disposition is extensively shown to recur, as regards the Church-services, to the principle upon which our Reformers acted. That principle was, that true religion can have no concern with apathetic indifference; but that religious worship, no less than religious responsibility, is properly and strictly personal, and ought to be brought home to each individual. Hence their favour to the choral service, and their earnest and successful endeavours to establish it throughout the land. A like successful result promises to attend the efforts now making in the same direction. Already in very many places are heard those cheering sounds of responsive melody which elevate the soul to heavenly contemplations, that "singing by course" which, to use the words of Hooker, is "a thing which all Christian Churches in the world have received, a thing which the most approved councils and laws have so oftentimes ratified; which heretofore the best men and wisest governors of God's people did think they never could commend enough; which, as Basil was persuaded, did both strengthen the meditations of those holy words which were uttered in that sort, and serve also to make attentive and to raise up the hearts of men; whereunto God's people of old did resort with hope and thirst, that thereby especially their souls might be edified; which filleth the mind with comfort and heavenly delight; stirreth up fragrant desires and affections correspondent unto that which the words contain; allayeth all kind of base and earthly cogitations; banisheth and driveth away those evil, secret suggestions which our invisible enemy is always apt to minister; watereth the heart, to the end it may fructify," &c. A like picture might fairly be drawn at the present day of the choral service wherever it has been introduced; the religious animation, tempered by deep reverential feeling which pervades those congregations, must impress the most indifferent or prejudiced observer. Beauty and simplicity are ever allied, and it is a satisfaction to know that, in this instance, there is no difficulty whatever to the willing mind; all that is requisite for the full and efficient accomplishment of the ennobling object in view, that of imparting to the services of the Church their befitting character, is readily attainable by the humblest capacities. This important circumstance Mr. Spark conclusively

establishes by the exceedingly simple, yet appropriate and effective chants and responses which he gives in the appendix. We are happy to find this timely little tract proceeding from one who has himself directed, and thus had successful practical experience of the system he advocates in so influential a city as Leeds.

[This article is from the pen of a writer so thoroughly conversant with the subject that we were unwilling to exclude it, although in some respects it sins against our principle of advocating no particular side in either politics or religion. The writer is of the highest authority upon Church music; but with regard to polemics and politics our readers must peruse the article as we publish it—*cum grano*.—ED.]

Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley. With an Introductory Essay by ROBERT BROWNING. London: 1852.

Mr. White's Letter to Mr. Murray on the Subject of the Byron, Shelley, and Keat's M.SS. London: 1852.

THE volume whose title is placed first above this article is now withdrawn from publication. It purported to be a compilation of five-and-twenty letters written by Shelley to different individuals, between the years 1811—21. Many of them were of some little interest, if genuine, as tending in some slight degree, to show the impulses of that extraordinary mind, so little understood, and yet capable of such great achievements. Shelley possessed, as Mr. Browning correctly observes, the faculty of beholding external objects with greater clearness and perspicuity than other men, and the impressions they conveyed to him were proportionably more vivid, more brilliant, and more enduring. Hence his transcendent imagery, the grandeur of his ideas, which, combined with remarkable copiousness of language and power of thought, have tended to elevate him to rank among the highest of modern poets. Yet was there withal, in much of his poesy, a degree of wildness, sometimes approaching to incoherency, that has materially militated against his popularity. But to those who know the real cause of this blemish, however much it may be subject of regret, it can be no matter of surprise. A tortured frame, deriving only temporary relief from the unremitting use of opiates, must necessarily have engendered a degree of mental bewilderment, from which poor Shelley might otherwise have been exempt. "I am constantly subject," he himself once observed, "to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensation, through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and excess of passion animating the creations of the imagination." Whatever may be the ultimate judgment upon the authenticity of these letters, this fact should never be forgotten while we read the fugitive leaves that photographed the pang-born curse, the passing petulance, the momentary rebel thoughts against reason and against heaven which intolerable agony forced from him in frenzy. Who among us would wish to be judged by his most impatient and his least considered words?

We own that we consider a mania for prying into the minute private acts of great men to be a very contemptible curiosity, alike disgraceful to those who have it and to those who pander to it. The volume before us is tolerably free from any objectionable matter of this kind; it contains very little that any friend or relative of the poet would care to see suppressed, and it has some gossip upon contemporaries and their works which testify to the kindliness of the poet's heart. Take, for instance, the letter to poor Keats.

For the information of the few who may not have heard the circumstance to which we advert, it may be as well to premise that upon the appearance of Keats' "Endymion," in 1820, it was treated by a reviewer in the *Quarterly* (we believe Mr. Gifford) with a degree of harshness scarcely warranted by the defects of the poem, while its evident merits were scarcely alluded to. The critique, indeed, was tinctured with all the contemptuousness of phraseology and the bitterness of personal animosity, and had the appearance of being intended utterly to crush the writer. There was no necessity why "Endymion" should have been reviewed at all, unless to notice its excellencies, it was—like the generality of poetry of the present day—little read except by the *élite* of the literary world, and there was no fear of its becoming a model of that bad taste with which it is certainly tinctured. With the public this undeserved severity altogether failed; not so, however, with Keats himself. He was thrown into a deplorable state of mind, and the memory of that unfair criticism contributed to embitter the whole of his existence, inducing a disease from which he never recovered. The first effects produced a state resembling insanity, and he required incessant watching to prevent him from committing suicide. A long course of mental agony finally caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, after which the symptoms of consumption rapidly supervened, and he died in Italy, the guest of Shelley, in whose society his last sad hours were passed.

TO JOHN KEATS.

Pisa, July 27th, 1820.

My dear Keats,—

I hear with great pain the dangerous accident that you have undergone: and Mr. Gisborne, who gives me the

account of it, adds that you continue to wear a consumptive appearance. This consumption is a disease particularly fond of people who write such good verses as you have done; and with the assistance of an English winter, it can often indulge its selection; I do not think that young and amiable poets are at all bound to gratify its taste; they have entered into no bond with the Muses to that effect. But seriously (for I am joking on what I am very anxious about), I think you would do well to pass the winter abroad. If you think it as necessary as I do, and so long as you can find Pisa and its neighbourhood agreeable, Mrs. Shelley unites with myself in urging the request that you would take up your residence with us. You might come by sea to Leghorn (France is not worth seeing, and the sea is particularly good for weak lungs), which is within a few miles of us. You ought at all events to see Italy, and your health, which I suggest as a motive, might be an excuse to you. I spare declamation about the statues and the paintings, and the ruins; and what is a greater piece of forbearance, about the mountains or streams, the fields, the colours of the sky, and the sky itself. I have lately read your "Endymion" again, and ever with a new sense of the treasures of poetry it contains—though treasures poured forth with indistinct profusion. This, people in general will not endure, and that is the cause of the comparatively few copies which have sold. I feel persuaded that you are capable of the greatest things, so you but will. I always tell Ollier to send you copies of my books. "Prometheus Unbound," I imagine you will receive nearly at the same time with this letter. The "Cenci," I hope you have already received; it was studiously composed in a different style, below the *good* how far! but far above the *great*. In poetry I have sought to avoid system and mannerism; I wish those who excel me in genius, would pursue the same plan. Whether you remain in England or journey to Italy, believe that you carry with you my anxious wishes for your health, happiness, and success, wherever you are, or whatever you undertake, and that I am yours sincerely,

P. B. Shelley.

This letter is not now printed for the first time: it appeared in the *British Quarterly Review* in 1848, in an article upon Mr. Monckton Milnes' "Life of Keats."

The letter No. V. in this collection was printed more than twenty years ago in a stereotyped edition of the works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, published at Paris by Galignani.

A great portion, also, of letter No. XXI., wherein the poet describes to Godwin his impressions of Florence, was used by Sir Francis Palgrave in an article written by him in the *Quarterly Review* in 1840—not, however, as an extract or as a letter, but as part of the text of the article.

The other letters are, we believe, new to the public, and among the most interesting is one undoubtedly genuine, since it was addressed to Mr. Hookham, who long enjoyed the friendship of the poet, and was by that gentleman selected from many others in his possession, as the only one treating of a topic quite unconnected with private matters, and of legitimate interest to the public. The third canto of "Childe Harold" is in many parts indicative of a current of thought strangely similar to that which influenced Shelley throughout life. It is seldom that we have an opportunity of hearing from a poet so impartial a judgment upon the performance of a brother bard. It is as follows:—

TO THOMAS HOOKHAM, ESQ.

Geneva, August 3rd, 1816.

My dear Hookham,—

* * * * * * * * *

Shall I subjoin to a letter of business, details of domestic events, or of our adventures and voyages? I will relate only one piece of news, perhaps interesting to you. Lord Byron has completed the third canto of "Childe Harold" in a style far superior not only to the two others, but to all his former productions. It is evidently written under the strong influence of that solemn and humanised strain of thought and feeling of which Wordsworth is the most exact specimen, and which seems to have arisen from the startling influence of the causes which preceded the events which signalised the French Revolution. From this influence Lord Byron was long preserved by (the) circumstances of his high birth, and the companionship of ordinary men. Thus, we have seen in his writings, as the Christians would say, pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy, malice, revenge, &c. But, that he is a person of consummate genius, and that he has composed a poem in the very highest style of poetry, I, the slowest of all men to praise, now not only allow, but assert. It is the privilege and the power of genius to break through the mere accidents of situation, and to vindicate its own pre-eminence by belonging to no class, and submitting, however late, to no control. This poem of which I speak, merits so much praise as belongs to the assertion of this privilege. If I except the "Excursion," it is the finest poem of the age. Lord Byron has had as yet some popularity; I think this poem will secure to him a rarer, but sometimes less brilliant jewel—fame. You understand the distinction, which is such as I would make between Walter Scott and Coleridge, between Solomon's "Guide to Health," and Sir W. Drummond's "Academical Questions."

Yours very truly,

Percy Bysshe Shelly.

Now comes the question whether these letters (we except, of course, the letter to Mr. Hookham) were ever written by Shelley; and as some interest has been excited by the statements upon this subject, and by the withdrawal of the volume from circulation, we will state as succinctly as we can the circumstances which led to the publication.

One afternoon during the summer of 1848 a lady called upon Mr. White, the bookseller in Pall-mall, and offered for sale some autograph letters of Shelley and Byron. Beyond the fact that Mr. White knew not the lady, there was nothing to lead to any doubt upon Mr. White's mind that the letters were authentic. He purchased from her, from time to time, a great many letters, and gave for them considerable prices. He appears to have believed a story she told him that the correspondence had come to her through the hands of Fletcher, Lord Byron's valet. He showed the manuscripts freely to Mr. Murray, who knew Lord Byron's writing well; to Mr. Moxon, who published for Shelley; and to many men eminent in literature, and who were well capable of testing the genuineness of the letters from their internal evidence. So far as Mr. White is concerned, we think we may acquit him at once of any knowledge or suspicion that these letters were not the genuine correspondence of the author's whose signatures they bear. Any further question as to whether it was creditable to deal in any way for some of the letters he bought, or whether it was considerate to obtain them through such unknown

channels, is, we conceive, unnecessary for us to discuss.

Of the correspondence thus obtained some was sold to Mr. Murray, and is still unpublished, the remainder was sold by public auction. Mr. Moxon purchased at this sale the letters that form the volume before us. The rest of the Shelley letters were bought by Sir Percy Shelley at the rate of five guineas a letter.

We have passed over as unimportant some previous negociations with the Shelley family, for the purchase of letters of a very private character that were among those held by Mr. White, and which Sir Percy afterwards bought at the sale. Sir Percy Shelley had previously paid a considerable sum for some of a like character, and containing the same identical sentences which were sold among the autographs of Mr. Hodges, of Frankfort. Very probably he thought that any further purchase of such things through *any* private hands would only be an an inducement to extortion.

Soon after Mr. Moxon's volume was published, the accidental discovery of the identity of the descriptions of Florence in the *Quarterly Review* with that of the letter purporting to have been written by Shelley to Godwin, created for the first time a suspicion that all the letters Mr. White had bought were forgeries. A careful examination was immediately commenced, the post marks were compared with those upon the letters which Lord Byron had written to Mr. Murray, from the same continental cities; the originals were placed in the hands of Mr. Peacock, the well-known author of "Headlong Hall," and "Nightmare Abbey," and who was the executor of Shelley; the assistance of persons skilled in the examination of hand-writing was called in, and every available test was applied to these now much-doubted MSS. The result was, that although Mr. Peacock was himself at first deceived, it was at length incontestibly established that the letters were not in the handwriting of Shelley, and that the post marks were fabrications.

Mr. Moxon, very properly, immediately recalled the published volume. The evidence upon which he had vouched for these letters had proved false, and, pending the investigation as to whether they were copies of originals or mere fabrications, he took the strictly honourable view of the case—that of refusing to be the means of circulating a correspondence *suspected* of being spurious.

Next came the inquiry—by whom was the forgery committed or were the copies made? Mr. White had, after completing his purchases, entertained some suspicion, and had ascertained that his fair *incognita* was none other than the wife of one George Byron, a person not unknown to the book trade. He had seen this Mr. Byron, and had been assured by him that the letters had been collected by him and were genuine.

This discovery introduces a new person into the drama. George Byron claims, we know not with what truth, to be a natural son of the poet by a Spanish lady. He has of late years constantly represented himself to be in possession of much private correspondence collected by him with a view to writing a life of his father, and the character of his proceedings may be judged of from the fact that after having received from Mr. Hookham, who acted in the matter for the Shelley family, £30 for some original letters written by Mrs. Shelley to her husband, and which, of course, were not wished to be made public, it was found that he had kept copies of them. Mr. Byron asserted that he had obtained these letters at Paris, and they were supposed to be part of a box-full of papers left by Shelley at Marlow, where he resided in 1817. This box was never recovered, and is supposed to have contained much of his most private correspondence. It was not likely to have contained any letters *from* Shelley, and certainly could not have contained any of those now printed, for these all bear dates subsequent to the year when Shelley left Marlow. This George Byron is now in America, whither he is gone for the purpose of publishing his life of Byron, a work which could for many reasons obtain no respectable bookseller in this country. That he committed a fraud in selling these letters as originals cannot be doubted; but there is still great reason to suppose that they are copies—no one but himself can know how far *true* copies—of letters actually written by Shelley. Letter No. XV. contains a copy of a document in a Chancery suit, which is undoubtedly genuine. Letter No. XVI., which has not the name of the person to whom it was addressed, was at once recognised by Mr. Peacock as a genuine letter known to have been written by Shelley to Miss Kent, a sister of Mrs. Leigh Hunt; others have, as we have before mentioned, already appeared in print, although Mr. Moxon was of course ignorant of the fact when he bought them in MS. Letter V., addressed to Mr. Lawrence, has strong internal evidence of being genuine; and those addressed to Mr. Graham also bear marks of authenticity. These last cannot be tested by actual evidence, because Mr. Graham was an American, who, during a passing visit to this country many years ago, made the acquaintance of the poet, and has not been heard of in London since he returned to his own country. Possibly they were published by him or his representatives in some American periodical.

Upon the whole we are inclined to think that the published collection comprises many letters actually written by Shelley; but how far they are faithful transcripts of the originals must depend upon the

accuracy of Mr. Byron, or the interest he may have had in falsifying them.

The value of the work we have been examining is certainly not sufficient to justify us in occupying the space we have bestowed upon it. We have done so, however, less with a view to what has been printed than to what has not. It is not an useless task to point out to publishers and to the public that, by the careless publication of letters obtained from a questionable source, we have now in print and in MS. a quantity of letters attributed to Shelley and to Byron which we can neither receive as genuine nor absolutely reject as fabrications.

Perils of Fashion. 3 vols. London. 1852.

THREE volumes of the dreariest trash that ever brought discredit upon a circulating library. From Viscount Leverton, who was a lord of the bedchamber of George III., and who marries a Circassian, to Miss Dark (or rather D'Arc), who is the heroine and the daughter of the said Circassian, and her first husband's bailiff, we must say we never found ourselves in such very stupid company. It seems odd to make a nobleman tell a young lady that her lover has left her in the following style :—

"You must know that Henniker had a letter from his governor this morning, to tell him that you haven't got the lots of tin he and all our fellows thought you had, and so he has cut."

"To intercede with his father?" Mary said timidly.

"Bless you, no," *the Marquis of Bangor* replied. "The poor fellow is deucedly in Short-street," &c. &c. &c.

We have no doubt, however, that whenever the author heard an English, or rather a Welsh, nobleman break disagreeable tidings to a young lady of character and position, this was precisely how the nobleman dressed his ideas.

The Family Almanac and Educational Register for 1852. John Henry Parker.

The Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England. Oxford and London : John Henry Parker. 1852.

The Preservation and Restoration of Ancient Monuments. J. H. Parker. 1852.

Daily Steps towards Heaven. John Henry Parker. 1852.

The Penny Post. John Henry Parker, 337, Strand. 1852.

THE "Family Almanac" is beyond dispute the best and most complete annual of its kind. In addition to all the usual contents of an almanac it gives every requisite information relative to the universities, their several colleges, professorships, and institutions — foundation and grammar schools — training institutions for teachers, &c. At the present day all classes are so much interested in the subject of education that this publication of Mr. Parker's cannot but be deemed most acceptable, inasmuch as it supplies a great public want. The contents will, indeed, be found compiled in no other volume, and as considerable pains have evidently been taken to ensure the greatest accuracy, this useful work only requires to be generally known in order to be appreciated as it deserves. Its 228 pages contain, in fact, a complete encyclopœdia of knowledge.

The "Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England" is published, it appears, under the sanction of the central committee of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland—of itself a sufficient guarantee of its intrinsic worth. The number before us is the sixth that has been issued, and comprises all the principal edifices in Cambridgeshire.

We happen, from an intimate acquaintance with them in days of yore, to be enabled to vouch for the fidelity of most of the descriptions here given. We find, indeed, that they tally in the minutest points of detail with our notes made many years ago.

What Cambridge man is there, indeed, who does not fondly and proudly dwell upon the memory of the noble specimens of church architecture that abound in the vicinity of his Alma Mater? From the simple and unpretending St. Mary's, at Madingley, in whose churchyard Gray penned his memorable elegy, St. Andrew's, at Chesterton, St. Mary's, at Granchester, or the lonely "Templum QUY stat in agris," to the stately St. Peter and St. Etheldreda, the cathedral of Ely, one of the most magnificent in northern Europe. The chapels of Bishops West and Alcock in this cathedral are, with few exceptions, the most gorgeous erections in the kingdom, and the pile itself presents so complete a series of English architectural gradations, that the student who has made it his business to study them thoroughly, will have acquired a greater fund of valuable knowledge than if he had desultorily visited every other ancient church in the kingdom.

The work is admirably brought out and its typography is a perfect specimen of the art. The two other works at the head of this notice, though of modest pretension, are eminently calculated by their circulation to do good service to the cause of religion. As they do not appear to touch upon doctrinal points they are equally adapted for all denominations of Christians.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

RESUMÉ.*

To chronicle the state of French literature since the audacious stroke of policy which has been supposed for the moment to have put an end to the very existence of literary men will be considered perhaps a bold and difficult task. It is humiliating indeed for the critic to have to content himself with the mere leavings of other times, to devote his attention to wha a few months ago would have been deemed utterly unworthy his notice, and to be compelled to examine the peelings and parings of mutilated works with the same minute care he would formerly have bestowed upon the whole. Most of the works which appeared immediately after the 2d of December cannot fail to inspire the consciousness of having been mutilated to suit the awful change which the sudden taboo of the censor had laid upon them even while they were struggling through the press. To peruse the same productions as they existed in their original state just before they were crippled by the *coup d'état*, and to observe the curtailments in some cases, the lengthening out in others, the various stratagems, in fact, to which the trembling author was compelled to resort in order to suit his work to the length and breadth of the Procrustes' bed of the rigid censor, would be amusing enough. One of the officials, now most high in favour, is known to have rushed to the printing office where his manuscript was deposited and to have carried it hurriedly away to cleanse it from the unpalateable truths with which it was contaminated. A work of great importance, which was destined to make some noise in the world, lies at this moment half printed, unclaimed, unsought. Is it condemned to eternal oblivion, or is it biding the time when the revelations it purports to contain may be more acceptable than ever?

Whatever may be said of the dearth of literary excellence, of which the *coup-d'état* has been the cause, it is the least of all the literary evils which it has inflicted upon society. The closing of the most influential *salons*, the restraint and silence which prevail in those which still remain open, has for the present completely altered the aspect of the literary world of Paris, hitherto recognised as the most free, the most brilliant, the most liberal in the whole universe. The intellectual march, however, seems pausing for a moment, as if in doubt whether to recede altogether or to take a contrary track to that which it has been so long pursuing. The political speculation, the brilliant dreams of human perfectibility, the fascinating theories of government, must all be given up, and the mass of talent hitherto employed thereon; to what purpose will it now be turned? As in the oppressed countries of southern Europe, will this pent-up energy be compelled henceforth to devote itself to the cultivation of abstruse science, or will it return once more into the channel from whence the destruction of the Bastile had caused it to emerge, and tend merely to increase the number of poets and novelists, and to enrich the language with the labours of new dreamers in the walks of fiction?

Among the serious books of the quarter, "Les Quatre Conquêtes de l'Angleterre" may be taken as suggesting a notion serious enough. M. Emile de Bonnechose points to the four invasions of the Romans, the Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans only that he may mutely designate how easily a fifth conquest might be added to these four. It is impossible for any one who watches the course of French literature to deny that the notion of an invasion of England has taken a strong hold of the French populace — a notion which perhaps will hardly be driven out of their heads until the Champs Elysée are again turned into an encampment for English troops.

We have a third volume of the "Histoire de la Restauration," which closes with a fine *resumé* of the career and character of Murat, and subsequently a fourth which brings the history down to the abdi-

* The reader will readily discern from the *atmosphere* of this article that it was written in Paris. The *coup d'état* weighs upon the writer's mind like a nightmare. The constant presence of this event to the reviewer's imagination shows even more graphically than his words what its effect has been upon the current literature of our neighbours.

cation of the Emperor. M. de Barente is, we perceive, proceeding with his "History of the Convention," and M. Louis Blanc with his version of the French Revolution. These are the most noticeable, although perhaps not in all respects the most readable, of the historic works of French literature during the last quarter.

For the first week or two after the *coup d'état* the whole of the books published in Paris were of course devoted to the subject of that event, but as they all, *et pour cause*, were unanimous in staunchly supporting the same side of the question, but little truth could naturally be gleaned from their contents. Of these the first in pretension, if not in merit, is one by P. Mayer, "L'Histoire du Deux Décembre," and professes to be written in a fair impartial spirit of inquiry as to the justice of the sentence which has condemned to imprisonment, to inaction, to despair, the brightest and most brilliant of the intellectual glories of France. The very introduction of the book betrays at the outset the spirit of equity which the author maintains to be his proudest boast, and prepares the reader for the fulsome flattery to the successful, and the unjust calumnies lavished on the vanquished, which follow throughout the work:—

As the poverty of our language compels us to call by the name of revolution every moral or political change, let us accept this weakness of public opinion, which has, however, accustomed us to even greater anomalies than this, and let us denominate the great act of the 2nd of December by the same appellation as that which named the advent of Christ, was applied to the crowning of Clovis, the mission of Charlemagne, of Gregory the Great, and of St. Louis, to the discovery of printing, of artillery, and of the mariner's compass, to the night of the 4th of April, 1789, the day of the 18th Brumaire, and the week of July, 1830. If these were indeed "revolutions" they should be blessed and honoured for the same reason and with the same faith which makes us despise and hate the heresy of Arius, the reform of Luther, the terror of Robespierre, and the Socialism of Fourrier, which all have been denominated in turn "REVOLUTIONS."

Such, then, is the revolution of the 2nd of December. We had imagined it in dreams, we had anticipated it by hope, saluted it dimly in our aspirations, in our conscience, in our patriotic visions. But nothing in our presentiments, or our desires, could resemble the splendour of the form in which it appeared at last, and yet the shouts of joy by which it is hailed at this moment would have been turned to shrieks of terror had we been told beforehand "Such will it be."

This quotation will suffice to display the spirit which pervades the book, and how far the judgment of the writer may be depended on. The experience of the last few weeks has shown the value of the anticipations of which he speaks, and of the hopes those anticipations had engendered. It would seem as if in the history of this country the same strange dramas were continually being reacted; sometimes in the form of the deepest tragedy, sometimes comedy, sometimes farce. The present epoch seems devoted to parody. The parody of the 18th Brumaire has been followed by a broader parody of "Bonaparte, First Consul." What has been done has not yet been justified according to promise, and must still be called by the name by which it first was called, a foul and base surprise, a mean and cowardly *guet apens*; and so will it be chronicled in the pages of history, unless the future should efface the guilt and treachery of the *means* by displaying to the world a glorious and manly *aim*. This result seems further off than ever, and up to this hour the transaction which has changed the whole country to its very centre, and overturned for awhile the very existence of free France, assumes upon examination an aspect not more serious than that of a conspiracy of eunuchs in a seraglio—triumph by violence and craft—helplessness and ignorance after conquest—embarrassment and hesitation with regard to the management of power acquired. A spectacle of another order is evidently in rehearsal for the world's contemplation, to which the *coup d'état*, now considered of such immense importance, is but the simple prologue. In the history of no other country in the world could an example be shown of the readiness with which the elements of a whole government fell to pieces at the first touch of a rusty and blunted sword. The dissolution of the Assembly, for instance—not a single struggle, not a voice raised in protestation, not one souvenir of the old Brumaire to give the smallest colouring and excitement to its pale and languid corpse. The echo of the closing door, as it reverberated through the empty hall, was the last token of its existence.

This fact alone would serve to show how slight the hold the country had possessed over the men chosen to protect its interests. Like every public event in France, there was a strange mixture of the sublime and ridiculous in the whole scene. That singular procession along the Quai d'Orsay of the members of the Assembly, arm-in-arm, betwixt two lines of soldiers with fixed bayonets, filled the mind with astonishment and sadness which not even the *insouciance* and gaiety of the prisoners themselves could help to dissipate. Some amusing anecdotes are told illustrative of the cheerful flow of spirits which in all Frenchmen is the most convenient substitute for philosophy on trying occasions:—

In the yard at Vincennes, where the prisoners were requested to wait until the apartments were made ready for their reception, M. Barrot, mounted on a chair, began with great gravity to harangue his colleagues. General Courtigis, roused by the applause and clapping of hands which followed his discourse, rushed to the spot exclaiming, "What, Monsieur Barrot, you who have been for thirty years pronouncing the same discourse, not tired of it yet?" "General," returned the orator with solemnity, "representative power is dead in France. I owe all things to its existence, and out of sheer gratitude am bound to pronounce its funeral oration."

The work of M. Granier de Cassaignac, "*Récit complet et authentique des Evénemens de Décembre*," slender in form and substance though it be, yet possesses a greater responsibility than that of M. Mayer.

It is the production of a man of taste and letters—one whose talent has held a high place among the public writers of the day. The avowed intimate of the Elysée, he is supposed to pronounce none but the words which the "master" had already uttered, as in some countries of the East the favoured slave is nourished with the morsels which, warm and slimy, fall half masticated from his tyrant's lips. Like Osmyn he can exclaim, "*Nourri dans le sérail j'en connais les détours!*" and therefore every syllable of the little work published under his name assumes an importance to which it otherwise could lay no claim. We accuse him not—we lay not at his door the foul calumnies printed in his book against every honest man whose opinions coincide not with his own admiration of Napoleon and his family, but fix them whence they really emanate. We have, by way of compensation, the most implicit faith in his praises of the President, and listen with pleasure to all the variations he sings upon the virtues of his illustrious driver. No man can be a better judge of these than M. Granier de Cassaignac. He is in the position of the half-converted savage who assumed a superiority in Christian faith over his red brethren by proving a greater appreciation of the worth and piety of Father Leflos, the Christian missionary sent amongst them; for while they had been content to sit in silence and listen to the unctuous discoursing of the holy father, he had roasted and eaten him!

The *coup-d'état* has wholly extinguished the poetic art! The cause is easily explained. The whole band of French poets, save Monsieur d'Arlincourt, who writes all his poetry in prose, being staunch Republicans. Where is Pyat? where is Victor Hugo? where Edgar Guinet? where Barthelemy? Echo that answers "Where?" must be the echo of the dismal corridors of Mazas, or the citadel of Brest, or the hold of the Canada. We are thus left *tête-à-tête* with M. Brizeux and his poems, which make no echo. "Primel et Nola" is left alone to represent the state of French poetry. The poem touches upon the traditions of Brittany, of the green hedges and *clairières* of La Vendée, and may be regarded almost as a *pièce de circonstance*, so carefully does it tell of the love of the Breton race for their king—so warmly does it speak of the affection inspired by a monarch, "*juste bon et généreux.*" The verses of M. Brizeux are exactly what is required for the moment, mild, soft, and insinuating—the note of the flute awakening gently the love, gently and with caution; not the trumpet, arousing him suddenly, with all his passions strong and fierce about him. They will do, no doubt—they will answer all their purpose as "soft music," until the brass band is required.

The drama has been satisfied with little. The great success of the hour being a piece by Alexandre Dumas, as dramatised from a novel of his own, *La Dame aux Camelias*—the great interest of the piece for the Parisian public being the well known reality of all the personages who appear in it. Marguerite Gauthier, the heroine, being the impersonation of the unfortunate Marie Duplessis, whose death a short time since occasioned such a sensation in the fantastic, giddy world, of which she was queen. The great success of the drama justifies the impression of the irresistible attraction of all unlawful things—for the world into which it admits us has hitherto been considered as forbidden ground upon the stage. The gay and dissipated youth of the student and grisette, of banker and lorette, had often been given to us, clothed in all the fascinating drollery, the thoughtless folly, which alone can (even poetically speaking) excuse the deviation from that which is just and right. But in the *Dame aux Camélias* we have for the first time an exact picture of the life of a courtezan, and an insight into the society of spendthrifts and roués to which she is condemned. We behold her with her broken heart, with her mute unawakened affections, compelled to accept the gold which alone is offered as panacea to all her woes, sink and die at last of a disease which gold has no power to heal—a true and fervent passion for the first man of worth whom it has been her lot to meet. The disgust, the weariness of life, the yearning after death and yet the dread to die, expressed by poor Marguerite, forms one of the most harrowing pictures ever offered to our contemplation upon the stage, and is admirably rendered by Madame Doche. *Diane*, concerning which such great expectations were raised, has not been saved even by Madlle. Rachel's magnificent impersonation of the heroine, from that worst of failures a *succès d'estime*. All these new dramatic works bear such evident marks of incompleteness, from having been maimed and *trouqué* to suit the temper of the times, that we must not expect a *franc succès* for some time to come. The very applause seems bestowed less upon what is said than upon what has been omitted. A whim of George Sand, *Les Vacances de Pandolphe*, has been just brought out, with *succès equivoque* (another kind of success to which authors in repute are greatly subject here). The personages are from the Italian drama, and we find our old friends Harlequin, Columbine, Fabelle, Pantaloon, and Cassandre, all brought upon the stage before us, but O, ye gods, in what different guise! They talk of a "heritage," "of conveyancing," "the courts of law," while we sit in amazement to find them grown so learned. *Our* Columbine cared not for inheritance, *our* Leandro mocked at the thought of dowry. As for our Pantaloon, credulous and good natured, *he* would have scorned intriguing to obtain posses-

sion of the house where he had always been free to dine. We withdrew fully convinced of the talent of the author, and wondering at her science—but somehow we cannot help thinking that our dear old granny, who could not read without spelling, and had never learnt to write, used to tell us this same story, far, far better, aye, and with much more spirit and humour too.

George Sand, in her two published dramas, "Le Mariage, ou Victorine" and "Molière," has portrayed the two leading features of her own mind,—a love of art and a rebellious impatience of the usual restraints of society. Valentine, the daughter of a merchant's clerk, is solicited by the merchant to become the wife of his son; Molière is much more of a nobleman than the Grande Condé. How these ideas are worked out we may not stay to tell, but every one can imagine for himself who has read "Consuelo" or "Indiana."

Paris has been rather barren of novels and romances. In addition to those more particularly mentioned hereafter, we may remark that "Le Niagara" is a story in one volume told by a *vieux marin* who has been a French prisoner in England, and hates the English accordingly. We confess, however, that we found M. Leon Goslan rather a bore, and shall not inflict him upon our readers. "Le Biscéliais et le Vomero," by Paul de Musset, is a story of Neapolitan life, wherein an Englishman "Sir John" becomes the rival of a lazzarone for the love of a domestic, and of course offers most honourable marriage. Achard commences a series of stories, whereof the first, "Nelly," has been already translated into English; and perhaps some of our readers may find the "Traite des Blondes" readable. There is nothing, however, to create any great excitement in any of these reprints of emasculated feuilletons.

We may not, however, omit to notice that Henry de Kock commences a series of tales called "Les Femmes Honnêtes.". Any one who may read the first chapter of "Lydie" will very soon discover that it is a book not to be left where ladies may perchance take it up.

So much for the present hour of French literature. The future as yet is undefined. Lamartine speaks of no literary project, advertises nothing but the *Civilisateur*, a journal which all Europe declares to be much required by his countrymen. Guizot is occupied entirely with the "Revolutions of England," making believe that those of his own country concern him no longer. Dumas, besides the Memoirs of which we have spoken, has five *other* romances in the course of publication. Henry Murger, the historian, of the Pays Latin, has a work in preparation which purports to recount the result of the Paris University education upon the student when returned to his own family. Zorilla, the Spanish poet, is here, superintending the progress of his work, "The Conquest of Grenada" through the press. Finding the pillage exercised by Paris publishers of most important injury to him, he has resolved henceforth to publish his works in Paris, having obtained from the Spanish Government free entry for them when printed. The calling to arms of the Arabs in this poem is one of the finest things ever written in the Spanish language. Poor Gabriel Ferry, who had taken upon himself to make the ignorant Parisians intimately acquainted with the life of our copper-coloured friends in Mexico, whose exquisite tales of the Mexican war have been proceeding for some years in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is lost to us for ever. He perished with Warburton in the catastrophe of the Amazon, having embarked on his way to California, whither he had been despatched to negotiate a commercial treaty with California.

Histoire de la Révolution Française. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tome 3me. Paris: Langlois et Leclercq.

Another history of the French Revolution? many will be inclined to exclaim; have we not enough already? Can any additional light be now thrown upon it, any new feature imparted to it? Assuredly there may, even as any number of paintings on a given subject by competent artists, though in the figures and general aspect similar, will respectively, in their grouping, colour, and peculiar tone, bear the distinct impress of the individual mind. Mons. Louis Blanc's history is a remarkable illustration of this. Far be from us any sympathy with his political principles; we utterly repudiate them, whether as exhibited in his previous writings and in the present work, or as practically carried out in those *démarches* to which we are indebted for the honour of his presence in this country. But we are not disposed on this account to withhold from him the tribute justly due to his intellectual powers, the address with which he announces his views, and the attractive qualities of his style. There is an animation and dramatic character about this history which contrasts favourably with the dry, formal manner of Thiers, while he not unfrequently, without descending from the dignity of history, recalls to us the light and lively touches of Dumas. The third volume, which has just made its appearance, comprehends the latter half of the eventful year 1789, in tracing the progress of the Revolution through which period, he startles us with a strangely novel hypothesis. No fact in that fearful drama has

hitherto been considered more incontestably established than the complicity of the Duke of Orleans in the seditious and sanguinary outbreaks of the Parisian populace which marked its commencement, and opened the way to all the subsequent horrors. In the face, however, of contemporary records, the unanimous testimony of historians, and the settled public belief, M. Louis Blanc undauntedly undertakes to exonerate him, and to show that he was the ill-used, persecuted party, guiltless himself of any traitorous designs. He was, according to M. Blanc—

A prince who succeeded in drawing upon himself the suspicion of all, without actually conspiring; for up to this time neither the character nor the conduct of the Duke of Orleans justified the charge that he had determined to plunge the Crown in blood, in order to withdraw it thence himself.

What was there in reality to reproach him with?—of having opposed the money-bills emanating from the Assemblée des Notables?—of having mitigated, by extensive acts of charity, the severity of the winter of 1788?—of having endeavoured in 1789 to bring about the coalition of the three orders? Surely the judgment of that man must have been strongly poisoned by hatred who could transform into crime such acts as these.

It may be readily conceded to M. Blanc that the three acts specified cannot be fairly alleged against the duke as crimes; albeit, in opposing Calonne's noble project for subjecting the nobles to their due share of the public burdens, he evinced hostility to the King, and in urging the union of the three orders he gave the first impulse to the revolutionary spirit. But does M. Blanc seriously intend to insinuate that nothing else is chargeable against his *protégé?* In whose profligate salons did the flagitious calumnies against the Queen originate? whose largesses, profusely distributed among the *Gardes Françaises*, seduced them from their allegiance? whose residence was that great focus of sedition, the Palais Royal? Finally, what is to be inferred of the man who, when arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, urged in his defence that he had instigated the savage attack on Versailles, as also the yet greater atrocities perpetrated on the 10th of August at the Tuileries, and that he had recorded his vote for the death of the King? M. Blanc, in advocating the cause of his client, not being able to deny that there was marked estrangement between him and the rest of the royal family, ascribes it to the enmity entertained towards him by the Queen:—"Marie Antoinette haïssait ce prince, pour quelques vanteries indécentes que sa fatuité s'etait, dit-on, permises." This hatred led to so much persecution and injustice, that people in general concluded he could not but be discontented and inimical to the court, and thus he was installed as head of the malcontents without any tendency thereto in himself:—

The war waged against him by the court tended to group, rather around his name than around himself, a crowd of malcontents, of whom he was constituted chief, rather by public acclammation than by any act of his own.

An ingenious method of stating the case, truly. He, however, does not confine himself to this description of argument, but mainly relies, for the proof of his case, upon certain valuable and hitherto unknown manuscripts, of a Mons. Sauquaire Souligné, which he has got into his possession, and by which it appears that the Count de Provence was the personage really guilty of most of the traitorous machinations usually charged upon the Duke of Orleans. According to the revelations of these manuscripts, the malignant insinuations of the King's physical incapacity were set on foot and assiduously spread abroad by the Count de Provence; and we find a strange inuendo about the mysterious murder of a physician employed to examine into the allegation. The Count de Provence also, we are told, in furtherance of his scheme, beset Marie Antoinette with insidious flatteries, and encouraged her in indiscreet gaieties, to prepare the way for suspicions of the illegitimacy of her children. In the words of M. Blanc:—"Des mains exercées lui verserent goutte a goutte le poison lent des éloges; on lui sut adoucir la pente des liaisons téméraires." Accordingly, on the birth of the Dauphin, he caused a declaration of his illegitimacy to be drawn up and deposited among the registers of the Parliament, to be produced on a fitting occasion. On the dissolution of the Parliament this record, we are told, passed into private hands, and was carefully preserved until the Restoration, when it was offered to its author, Louis XVIII., who readily purchased it. The Count de Provence, it is further said, and not the Duke of Orleans, was the main instigator of the insurrectionary spirit in Paris and elsewhere, with the design of driving Louis XVI. out of the kingdom, and obtaining the supreme power for himself. The plan of Mirabeau for inducing the King to withdraw himself from Paris, which occasioned the popular outcry, "*Grande trahison du Comte Mirabeau,*" is here represented as having been in the interest of the Count de Provence who, we are left to infer, was the author of the affluence which Mirabeau enjoyed in the latter years of his life. The Marquis de Favras, too, whose ignominious execution was the first judicial (?) immolation to the Revolution, was, according to M. Blanc, another agent of the Count de Provence in the plot to carry off the King, though he was too magnanimous to betray his employer. The most notable of these newly-discovered documents is a letter from Mirabeau to the Count de Provence, wherein he advises him not to be too precipitate, and reminds him that sovereigns cannot be summarily disposed of in France as they occasionally are in Turkey:—

Nous ne sommes ni en Orient ni en Russie pour traiter les choses si lestement. . . . En France, ou ne soumettrait pas à une revolution de sérail.

M. Blanc is careful to inform his readers that he

does not rely upon the Souligné manuscripts unless when supported by other evidence, and here we are decidedly of opinion some corroboration is required. The various startling statements, however, therein made or insinuated, scarcely affect us with more surprise than the altogether novel judgment he is pleased to pass upon the *dames de la halle* and their female associates, who, on the famous 5th of Oct., 1789, marched upon Versailles, invaded the Assembly and the Palace, and carried off the King and Queen in triumph to Paris. These, judged by their language and acts, have hitherto been regarded rather as fiends and furies of hell than as women. Even the gentle Walter Scott speaks of them as "entirely unsexed by the ferocity of their manners, and such disgraceful specimens of humanity as serve but to show in what a disgraceful state it may be found to exist," and Anquetil describes them "semblables à des bacchantes, et la plupart dans un état qui leur méritait bien ce nom!" M. Louis Blanc, notwithstanding, insists upon regarding these viragos as in no degree derogating from the mildness and gentleness of the sex, and actuated solely by an amiable feminine impulse. We purposely subjoin the passage in our author's own words:—

L'image de la femme, de la femme du peuple, avec ses emportemens, avec sa compatissante bonté, avec ses crédules colères et sa generosité plus crédule encore, avec sa facilité à suivre les premières élans et à se laisser ramener sous l'empire de la raison, voila ce qui domine dans les scènes que nous allons retracer.

How delicate and pretty! But, M. Louis Blanc, it so happens that in the scenes you are about to sketch you ignore all those which might lead us to a just appreciation of your interesting fair ones. Not a word of the preliminary rioting in Paris and seizure of weapons, the disorderly march to Versailles, the irruption of a drunken horde into the Assembly, the occupation of the president's chair by one Amazon, while the rest shouted, jumped on the benches, abused some of the members, and embraced others—not a word of all this, nor of the oaths and blasphemies resounding on every side during the return to Paris, the insults directed against the Queen and the two heads of her slaughtered guards paraded before her. This latter incident is alluded to by our author for the purpose of denying it, in which denial will be included the episode of the halt of the mob at Sèvres for the purpose of compelling a perruquier there to powder the gory heads and curl their hair. In contrast with these atrocities, most historians concur in recording a bit of French sentiment, *àpropos* of the interview of a deputation from the Poissardes with Louis XVI. in the palace at Versailles. M. Louis Blanc of course makes the most of this. The head of the deputation was Pierrette Chabry whom he has previously described, with six or seven others remarkable for youth and beauty, in picturesque costume and lance in hand, gracefully handling her steed in the van of the procession to Versailles. Pierrette, on being introduced, with her companions, into the presence of the king, becomes so excited and agitated as to faint away. The king, much affected, "fit respirer à la belle enfant des eaux spiritueuses," and finally revived her by a goblet of wine and a tender embrace.

They were eagerly expected at the gates. "Well, what news?" "Excellentes; the king has promised all we sought." "What proof do you produce? Has he given you anything in black and white?" In proof of her assertions, Pierrette related that the king had found her pretty, and had embraced her. Misery, alas! is suspicious. What! and was that all?

The ladies without are on the point of strangling the unfortunate Pierrette, when the king saves her by appearing at the balcony and making an appeal in her favour.

The momentous proceedings of the National Assembly during the year 1789 are treated at full length, and with much ability. In recording the dissolution of the parliaments throughout France, M. Louis Blanc gives an instructive review of their history, and of their vigorous but ineffective struggles for the maintenance of their privileges with the all-powerful Assembly. In the discussions on the confiscation of the property of the Church he dwells with remarkable zest on the exposures then made of the alleged abuses and corruptions of the ecclesiastical establishments, but, at the same time, renders full justice to the purity of motive which led to their original foundation, the exemplary course of life pursued in many of them, and the important benefits conferred by them, in earlier times, on the nations of Europe. His peroration is pithy, and what we should have expected from him:—

The time had arrived. The monastic orders had not been altogether useless; nevertheless, the emancipated world would no longer tolerate them. Civilisation, up to this time, had been indebted in some measure for its progress to the principle of association partially applied, with the combined aid of superstitious or barbarous practices, and fettered with the bonds of tyrannical discipline. Henceforward universal association, daughter of science and mother of liberty, was to impel men forward in the path of happiness and of duty.

Upon the whole, *nous n'avous rien à redire* with regard to M. Louis Blanc as an historian. Rather the reverse; we cannot but admire his earnestness and energy. With his principles we are already acquainted; we take them, therefore, for what they are worth, and are not shocked even when we find him going so far as to hail the establishment of the ferocious and ruthless Jacobin Club:—

It was owing to the Jacobin Club, and to its offshoots in the principal towns in the kingdom, that Paris was enabled to spread herself in all directions, and to infuse her glowing life throughout the whole of France.

Notwithstanding this appearance of unqualified approbation, we anticipate that M. Louis Blanc, when, in a subsequent volume, he comes to consider the reign of terror inaugurated by these same

Jacobins, will discriminate between the end, which he regards as the political regeneration of his country, and the horrors perpetrated as the supposed means to that end. In that case we shall not be disposed to denounce him for advocating opinions adverse to our own. The days of intolerance are passed, and men now rather court than shun these intellectual collisions from which alone truth can be elicited.

Mémoires d'Alexandre Dumas. Paris: 1852.

THE marvellous abundance and richness of the French language in autobiographies like the present has always been the subject of astonishment amongst the philosophers and wise men of all nations. Were it not indeed for a remark made by the late Archbishop of Paris, we should share likewise in the sentiment of wonder respecting the preponderance of this style of writing, which has existed ever since the dark ages. A certain eminent divine of the Church of England happened one day to be paying a visit to Monseigneur d'Affre just at the moment when the long-cherished hope of a fusion between the Romish and Reformed churches was being discussed by the circle gathered at the Hotel Bretievilliers. The English dignitary, one of the staunchest of the High Church party, was also one of the most zealous advocates of the proposed "fusion," and suggested with great warmth, as a first step on the part of the Catholics, the abolition of oral confession. "We *dare* not abolish confession," replied the Archbishop; "in France the few men and women who still show respect to the forms of religion are bound to them by this one alone. They never will give it up, for it affords them the opportunity of talking of themselves as long as they choose without interruption." Here, then, do we find the true reason of the continued stream of personal "Confessions," "Confidences," "Revelations," and "Souvenirs," which poured from monkish pen long before the age of printing had arrived, and has gone rushing on without intermission ever since. Scarcely a year passes by unmarked by the appearance of one or more of these autobiographies, written by living men and women who walk the world with as much cool grace, after having unfolded to the light the most secret springs of thought whence have welled forth every action of their lives, as though claiming praise for their frankness, instead of feeling shame for the disclosures they have made. Sometimes, indeed, as in the case of Jean Jacques Rousseau, they even go so far as to suffer their self-love to cease for a moment its *fanfare* of self-laudation to reveal with cynic turpitude the dark excesses of their tainted youth, and then turn boldly round to exact from their readers not only pardon for the crime but admiration for its avowal, appealing in the name of nature and of truth to all who peruse to bear witness that frailty is common to the whole human race, while the boldness to avow it is peculiar to the writer alone. Well might Molière exclaim with such bitter irony: "*Où donc en France l'honneur va-t-il se nicher?*"

Of all French writers of the present day, Dumas is unquestionably the one who has written most, and was considered the one who had also written best, until "Necessity," who, in the case of authorship, seems to belie her maternity and refuses to become the "mother of invention," had driven him to write *much* instead of *well*, *more* instead of *better*. The powerful organisation of the man; his inexhaustible imagination; his active, restless temperament, have hitherto been his own great enemies. "Alack! are they destined to become those of his readers likewise?" is the question which suggests itself while running over the volumes before us. The work appears as a feuilleton of the *Presse*, and is dedicated to Count D'Orsay, "My brother in arts and my bosom friend." Beginning at the very beginning, it opens with an extract from the parish register of Villers-Cotterets, where our hero was born, establishing beyond dispute the fact of his legitimacy, which he declares with some bitterness has been contended by his countrymen, "as well as every other quality of mind and body," always excepting, we suppose, the vanity which none have ever sought to dispute, probably because every Frenchman is provided with a sufficient stock of his own.

The first volume is entirely consecrated to the biography of his father, General Dumas, one of those sturdy rivals of Bonaparte, whose constant opposition and active surveillance went nigh to change the destinies of Europe by preventing his recall from Egypt by the Directoire. If all the anecdotes related in this volume of his bravery be true, then must General Dumas have been regarded with jealousy and dread by his ambitious commander, who was already beginning to recognise amongst his comrades the suspicion which his haughty manners and undisguised assumption of superiority had created in the bosoms of the true republicans by whom he was surrounded. General Dumas, returning from the army of the Tyrol, was presented to the Directoire by Barras as the "Horatius Cocles" of the French Republic, and the brilliant feat of arms by which he earned the title is worth recording:—

THE FATHER OF DUMAS.

The retreat of the Austrians had been so precipitate that they had not even paused to destroy the bridges. We (it is the general's aide-de-camp who writes the account)

were following close upon their rear when our pioneers announced that the enemy had come to a halt at the bridge of Clausen, which they had barricaded with loaded waggons. The general started on the instant with fifty dragoons in order to examine the locality. On arriving at the bridge of Clausen we found it strongly barricaded, and defended on the opposite side of the river by both infantry and cavalry. We imagined that the general would of course wait for reinforcements before he presumed to begin the attack, but such a resolution was not in his nature.

"Come quick, my lads!" exclaimed he, "five-and-twenty of you jump down from your horses and carry me yonder bridge in the twinkling of an eye." Twenty-five dragoons on the instant threw their bridles to their comrades, and, in the midst of the most terrible fire from the Austrians, rushed towards the bridge. It was hard work—the waggons were heavily laden, and the balls were whistling round the heads of the men thick and heavy as a hailstone.

"*Allons-fainéant!*" shouted the general to me, "are you going to look on without giving a helping hand to our good comrades?"

I dismounted at these words, and was just about to harness myself to one of the waggons, when the general, finding that the work advanced but slowly, rushed amongst us, and, with his Herculean strength, accomplished as much work in one moment as the whole five-and-twenty had been able to manage during the half hour we had been engaged. By the way, I must not forget that our numbers were already somewhat reduced, for the Austrian bullets had done their work, and five or six of our men were by this time *hors de combat*, when, just as our case was getting desperate, by the greatest good luck, we beheld a small troop of our infantry, sixty in number, advancing to our rescue. They drew up on either side of the bridge and opened a steady fire, which soon disturbed the Austrians and prevented them from taking such perfect aim. We were thus enabled to push the waggons into the torrent. This was comparatively an easy task, as the bridge was devoid of parapets. No sooner was the passage free than the general, re-mounting his horse, galloped towards the street of the village which opens on the bridge. I cried out to him, "General, stop! remember, there are but two of us!" He heard nothing, or feigned not to hear. Suddenly we found ourselves face to face with a detachment of cavalry, upon which fell the general, sabre in hand, and regardless of consequences. With one single backhanded stroke, the men being drawn up in line, he succeeded in killing the *maréchal des logis*, at the same time inflicting a most horrible gash upon the soldier standng beside him, and with the point of the sabre mortally wounding a third! The Austrians, never deeming it possible that two men alone would have the audacity to charge them thus, wheeled round instantly, but the horses losing their footing rolled over with their riders pell-mell down the muddy bank. Just then our dragoons came up, bearing the foot soldiers on the saddle behind them, and the whole detachment of Austrians was taken prisoner! I could not help congratulating the general on the success of his *coup de sabre*, declaring it the most wonderful I had ever seen. "If you don't get killed before the end of the campaign," replied he, "you will see it equalled more than once."

After this *anecdote militaire*, what right have we to laugh at the hair-breadth 'scapes of Bobadil, Charles O'Malley, or the Great Katterfeld? Now hear the description of the man which leaves us in doubt whether the heroes in which Alexandre's soul delights—d'Artagnan, Pascal Bruno, and Monte-Christo—be drawn from the portrait traced by filial admiration upon the memory of the son, or whether the paternal likeness given in the memoirs be taken from these said creations of his fertile brain:—

My father was the handsomest man I have ever seen. . . He was a true Guacho. With fire-arms he could perform all kinds of feats, which would astonish even Saint Georges and Junot. His strength was proverbial in the army. More than once, when passing beneath a certain beam in the riding school, has he been known, by clasping the beam in his arms, to lift up his horse from the ground by the muscles of his legs alone. (?) I have seen him, and I still remember it with the same childish wonder I experienced at the time, carry two men standing upright upon his outstretched leg, while upon the other he would hop round the room. Several other feats more wonderful still, considering they are told of a gentleman and not of a mountebank, are recorded of him; and with all this his son declares, although he was six feet* (French) in height, his foot to have been so small that he could wear his wife's slippers, while at the same time the calf of his leg measured in circumference exactly the same number of inches as her waist.

The reader must necessarily here perceive the germ, if reality, or the fruit, if imagination, of every one of Alexandre Dumas' most striking heroes.

Of the historical portions of the five volumes but little is presented which is new, excepting, however, the affirmation made with the greatest *aplomb* of the total incapacity of Lord Nelson as a seaman and the superiority of Lord Exmouth over every other naval commander in the service of Great Britain! The opinion of the author of the "Speronare" is of course sacred to us. The nautical science of the man who brought the "Pharoan" so gallantly into port—who plunged Edmond Dantes to the bottom of the sea sewn up in his sack, and made him rise again to swim without pause to the slippery rock, has inspired us with too much awe for us even to dare to express a dissent, the more particularly as a little further on he exclaims with rapturous emphasis—"The world may pronounce what judgment it chooses, but the poet is the only true historian, and the history he hands down to posterity is the finest of all." Such being the case, the *poetical justice* thus dealt to Lord Nelson need cause neither surprise nor indignation in the minds of his countrymen.

As a contrast to all the absurdities with which the work is already filled—absurdities which make us tremble for those which are to come, yet are there some passages of most powerful interest, which make us read on and crave for more. The indescribable charm of Dumas' writing, making us forget all errors, all improbabilities, pervades this work more than any other, giving to each picture a living reality which no other author but Dumas *can* give. It is true that, as in the case of Lord Byron, most of his heroes partake more or less of his own image, and are pictures of what he himself would like to be; but you feel none of this individuality while reading it; it is only when you have closed the book that it bursts upon you, and you say to yourself: "The author is a coxcomb, and I am a time-killer, a driveller, an idiot, to waste a moment upon such improbable, nay impossible, absurdity." But yet you have read it to the end, notwithstanding, and when the very next work of his issues from the

* The French foot is thirteen English inches in length.

press, you are one of the first subscribers, and know no peace until you have it before you.

There is, for instance, in these memoirs a sketch of Bonaparte, which redeems every accusation we have just been bringing against Dumas. It is full of originality and interest—not the brilliant General Bonaparte, valorous and victorious, returning in triumph at the head of his scarcely diminished army, from conquests almost fabulous, to meet the joyous greetings of his fellow countrymen—not the stupendous Emperor Napoleon, imperial in his magnificence, and imperious in his will, but the disappointed, anxious, and neglected commander, forgotten by the Directoire, and in dread of being left a sacrifice in a distant country when others were reaping glory and honour nearer home. Bonaparte was at the time suffering dreadfully from the itch, a malady he had caught in the most heroic manner by plucking from the hand of a dead artilleryman the fusee with which he was in the act of firing the cannon at Toulon. In what despondent tone he writes to the Directoire:

I am sick and weary both in mind and body, and have scarcely strength left to keep my saddle. Nothing is left to me but hope and courage; these are not sufficient for the post I occupy. The enemy can number us as we stand. All prestige is gone. Send me troops, or Italy is lost.

Some of the *ordres du jour* issued while the army was crossing the Alps are startling, and worthy of Attila or Genseric. One in particular struck us as being remarkable. It was issued during that tremendous passage of the Mont Cenis, which has become one of the *hauts faits* of history.

Any man who is unfortunate enough to lose his footing there understands immediately that he is a dead man, and that in such a case no power on earth can save them. It is, therefore, useless to call for help. The slightest cry might occasion failure in our attack, by betraying our approach to the enemy.

Two men fell over the precipice. Their bodies were heard to rebound from rock to rock, but not a sound escaped their lips as they fell; not the slightest murmur of complaint, not even a moan or sigh.

Dumas' *résumé* of the "*position actuelle*" at the moment of the 9th Thermidor is rapid and brilliant, and in his best manner; but we pass over it to come to the *result* of all the strife and bloodshed, a result which was to lead in its turn to despotism.

On the 6th of May, Fouquier Tinville, with fifteen judges of the old revolutionary tribunal, were condemned to suffer death in the *Place de Grève*.

Our readers should understand the full meaning of these words. They should be well weighed, and their great importance duly considered—"*The Place de Grève.*" At last, then, order is once more restored—safety warranted, since even the scaffold has resumed its former place, and stands where it stood when Damien the regicide suffered for his attempt on the life of Louis Quinze. We may hope for security now that the holiday crowd of execution days is allowed its old free space and plenty of elbow room, so that nothing of the show may be lost as heretofore. The raising of the guillotine on the spot where had stood formerly the gallows and the rack was hailed with much applause, and many were the facetious jokes bandied about among the crowd while "Fouquier Tinville and the fifteen judges" were being marched to the scaffold. But before this signal mark of peace regained and order restored could be accomplished, let us examine what had taken place since its removal:—

In 1789 France possessed scarcely a single army. She had levied six in '92, ten in '93, and fourteen in '95.

In October '93 Carnot presents a report of the progress of the national foundries, and of the means of defence against the enemy. By this report it will be seen that science herself had taken part in the revolution and placed herself at the disposal of the committee, seeming to take delight in submitting impossible problems for solving by scientific men. France was destitute of saltpetre, artillery, and arms. In the space of nine months the scientific commission had extracted from the soil, which had hitherto furnished annually 900,000 pounds of saltpetre, 12,000,000 pounds of the very same. There existed in France, before the revolution, but two foundries for bronze artillery and four for brass cannon. These six foundries produced annually 900 pieces of cannon. Fifteen bronze and thirty iron foundries are established: the former producing annually 7,000, the latter 13,000 field-pieces. An immense manufactory of fire-arms is established in Paris, and yields 140,000 fire-locks per annum more than the united produce of the whole of the manufactories of France before the revolution. One single manufactory of small arms existed before the war. Twenty are now open and, governed upon new principles, this produce is doubled. A factory of carbines, a kind of weapon totally unknown to the French, is organised. Aerostation and the telegraph are turned to account in the war. . . .

Thus while the Convention was busy creating its fourteen armies science was busily creating the materials of conquest. The members of the Comite du Salut Public might well exclaim with such pride: "These new victories, and the increase of territory which have marked the campaign (1794), belong to us, for they are our work. They are the result of measures with which the country would now reproach us as with crimes. It is well; we leave our success to answer for the account between us—with that alone we seek to balance the amount of all the blood which has been spilt." These words, terrible in their savage grandeur, were uttered by Carnot. . . . . Yes—let a gloomy and devoted worship be for ever rendered to your memory, O dark and terrible heroes of the Convention. You were indeed the scourge of God. You were indeed the hammer and the anvil which forged the sword he used to deliver the world!

With this invocation, à la Monte Christo, we take leave for the present of our friend Alexandre Dumas, hoping to meet with him again in better times, for the world is going but ill with him at present. The *last* event mentioned by him in the first volume of his "Memoirs" is his *birth*, under most difficult and trying circumstances, which are all duly set out in strict detail for the benefit of the reader. At the end of the second volume, our dear friend has only attained his tenth year! At the end of the third we have reached only the year 1815, and the interesting mulatto is recounting with dreary minuteness how, as an urchin, he poached in the royal forests and outran the *garde-chefs*. While we write we receive a fourth and a fifth volume, and the contents of the latter suggest a horrible suspicion. Seventy-two pages are filled with exact

details of the *procès* Maubreuil, with speeches of counsel and interruptions by the prisoner, all at full length. Can it be—is it not just possible—that M. Dumas contemplates reproducing that nice little portable work, "Les Causes Célèbres?" It is facetiously told of David Garrick that a lawyer who knew his foible succeeded in getting him to subscribe to a new edition of the statutes at large, by promising to introduce into the work a short memoir of "the hero of the theatre." Does our voluminous French friend hope to treat the public to the converse of this story, and to get them to subscribe to a memoir upon the promise that it shall contain a new edition of the state trials? Thus, you see, that with his usual prudence and foresight, Dumas is economising the precious time with all the pains in the world. And, at this rate, we are led to expect numberless volumes out of a life so full of varied incident as that of the author, and, above all, the *owner*, of "Monte Christo," must necessarily be. The female portion of his readers are in an agony of suspense, for they know (by calculation of the time it will take to arrive at the interest, according to the pace at which the "Memoirs" have begun) that the fourteenth and fifteenth volumes will be heart-stirring, while just about the middle of the thirty-fifth the excitement will have arrived at its climax; always supposing, by the way, that the author does not act like Chateaubriand, who was accused by one of his fair friends of having cheated us of all "the *amusing* anecdotes of his life, and given us nothing but the *good*."

L'Ombre du Bonheur. Par la COMTESSE D'ORSAY. 3 Vols. Paris: 1852.

A FRENCH novel by the daughter of an Irish earl, and the wife of a Frenchman with an ancient title, who was for some years a lion in London, must be a matter of some interest. Of the private history of the fair authoress we of course know nothing, and seek to know nothing, but we hope we are not transgressing the bounds which we shall always religiously respect when we allude to the public fact that the gay Count was never seen in London with his wife. Lady Harriet D'Orsay has, we fear, no experience of the happiness of married life, except from what she may see, and see with doubtful belief, in the society around her. We do not much wonder, therefore, to find in these three volumes the world painted "en noir," that the men are all heartless and frivolous, cold and egöistic, selfish, vain, and cruel, or that they should be apostrophised as creatures far beneath the animals which contribute to their amusements ("Hommes, qui dans votre fol orgueil vous arrogez le titre de seigneurs de la creation, il n'existe pas parmi les brutes que vous méprisez, un être aussi vil, aussi sordide, aussi ingrat que vous!") Perhaps we may have been a little struck with the fact that, with the exception of a couple of home-bred country maidens, there is not a virtuous woman in the whole work; and that nearly all are persons of the most promiscuous tastes, the best of whom concentrated her single virtue in the sincerity of her passion. The notorious fact that the authoress has been ill-used by the world gives her a right to view it through a jaundiced medium: but we are a little surprised to find her imagining orgies that she never could have seen, and depicting abodes of misery and low debauchery that, even if she were a sister of charity, she could hardly have witnessed. While we read this book our interest was absorbed, not by the characters or the plot, but by the authoress—how sad must have been the life that has left only such an estimate of the world in the mind of a beautiful, an accomplished and a high-born lady!

In the first chapter we are introduced to a joyless house in the rich pastures of Franche-Comté, wherein a Monsieur and Madame Saulnier and one little girl live an isolated and a miserable life. The mother dares not to lavish one maternal caress upon the unconscious child, so full of affection and so greedy of love; the father—no, not the father, the husband—treats the daughter with a conscientious but a cold kindness. Husband and wife have their sleeping rooms apart, yet is the wife described as being all a woman, and the husband as being an honourable man, and rather a lover than a mere marital partner.

We shall allow Madame D'Orsay to describe these domestic arrangements herself, premising that we depart from our usual course, and do not translate our extracts, in order to allow the reader to judge of the style in which our countrywoman writes French. We may perhaps miss the epigrammatic neatness of Dumas or George Sand, but our eye can detect no absolute fault:—

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

La chambre à coucher de Madame Saulnier n'était séparée de celle du docteur que par une mince cloison; la porte de communication était restée close depuis les premiers jours de leur mariage: Pendant qu'Inès était agenouillée devant son crucifix, dans l'isolement de son éternelle pensée, ou bien que, penchée sur sa fille endormie, ses larmes tombaient silencieusement sar le frêle roseau qui portait tout son amour, toute sa vie de femme et de mère, M. Saulnier restait debout, l'œil invariablement fixé sur la séparation qu'il avait lui-même élevée, essayant de surprendre et d'interpréter les moindres bruits qui surgissaient au milieu du silence des nuits, dans cet asile de la douleur.

Lorsque parfois le déchirement d'un sanglot, le murmure d'un soupir étouffé arrivait jusqu'à l'oreille de Pierre Saulnier, alors ses mains se contractaient avec rage; tous ses muscles se crispaient sous la violence des passions qui se déchaînaient dans son cœur pour s'y livrer un combat désespéré. Le malheureux aurait donné tout son sang pour franchir la barrière qu'il avait élevée, pour combler l'abîme

que sa méfiance avait creusé. Il aurait voulu serrer sur son cœur cette femme qui expiait courageusement le crime d'un autre, et qu'une injuste fatalité faisait si malheureuse. Il aurait voulu dépouiller l'inexorable sévérité du juge pour se courber en esclave sous les larmes qu'il faisait couler. Il aurait acheté au prix de sa vie le bonheur de fouler sous ses pieds cet implacable tyran qu'on appelle la dignité d'un homme, et de savourer les ineffables douceurs du pardon.

The *mot de l'enigme* is this:—Poor Ines was the daughter of a commercial baron married to a daughter of a grandee of Spain. The baron became a bankrupt, leaving a son and a daughter. The son is the hero of the novel, an attaché, a poet, a litterateur, a handsome, lively, passionate young man, but as selfish as passionate, and as fickle as handsome. The daughter is seduced and abandoned by an English nobleman. She retires to conceal her disgrace. M. Saulnier, the doctor, is called in to tend her; he falls hopelessly in love. Ines listens with delight when he declares his passion, but with consternation when he offers her his hand. We must extract the declaration scene, it is so very French:—

M. SAULNIER'S DECLARATION.

Un jour, enhardi par un accueil plus affectueux que de coutume, par un silence plein de trouble et d'ardentes interrogations, Pierre osa laisser tomber un aveu.

Une déclaration, dans le monde Parisien, est la monnaie du sentiment. Elle représente toutes les quantités, en partant de la plus légère pour arriver à la plus considérable. Depuis le goût frivole et passager jusqu'aux affections sérieuses, qui font les relations durables de la vie. Inès en avait entendu mille sans y attacher plus d'importance qu'elles ne le méritaient. Elle attendait avec une émotion pleine de charme celle de M. Saulnier.

Mais elle était loin d'être préparée aux conséquences de cet aveu, et c'était cependant le dénouement le plus facile à prévoir. Le docteur était un honnête homme; il lui demanda sa main.

Ce fut un coup de foudre qui vint surprendre Inès au milieu des doux ravissements de sa dangereuse situation. Comme tous ceux qui ont beaucoup souffert et qui marchent vers un but inévitable, vers une catastrophe arrêtée d'avance, Inès vivait au jour le jour, elle savourait le parfum des fleurs qui croissaient sur son chemin, sans arrêter sa pensée sur l'abîme qui en marquait le terme. Elle voyait dans Pierre Saulnier un ami tendre, qui plus tard devait être un confident, un sauveur peut-être, mais elle n'avait jamais osé se demander de quelle façon ni dans quelles circonstances le secret de sa honte devait lui être révélé.

L'obscurité de la situation devenait intolérable; elle sentit qu'il fallait faire le jour par un éclair, répondre à la loyauté d'un aveu par une confession sans réserve, et conserver l'ami en perdant l'amant.

Mais l'orgueil féminin se brisa sous les sanglots.

— Non, Pierre, répondit-elle d'une voix entrecoupée par les angoisses de la douleur, oh! non, je ne puis être votre femme. Je ne suis pas l'ange de pureté que vous adorez en moi. Un homme sans honneur s'est joué de mon amour et de ma foi. Il m'a perdue, continua-t-elle en cachant sa figure dans ses deux mains, et dans quelques mois ma honte sera publique. Je suis mère!...

The doctor marries Ines, nor does he repent of the sacrifice—but he never consummates the marriage. In due time, after long years of misery, the wife dies of a broken heart.

Her brother, who knows naught of these things, after a short visit departs for Paris, and his adventures in the world form the chief plot of the novel. We have a strange scene of a princely banquet at Naples, where the guests pass from voluptuous dances to still more voluptuous kisses. (Alas! we know nothing of Neapolitan society, and therefore cannot judge authoritatively of the probability of the description.) We are taken thence up stairs, and shown an expiring cantatrice, who had ruined more lovers than any other courtesan in Europe, and who was dying of starvation, while her young daughter was hanging over her coarse mattress, and her son of sixteen, in face a seraph and in mind a demon,* was blaspheming at her side. The daughter goes down stairs and prostitutes herself for a purse of gold to the prince, the Amphytrion of the revels below. She returns only to find her mother dead. Giuditta, the daughter thus early sacrificed, becomes the mistress of the hero. We must, however, quote the death-bed scene of the *prima donna*. The person giving the advice is the brother "with the lips of a seraph:"—

THE SACRIFICE.

—Le Prince Lucchesini t'aime, lui disait-il de sa voix douce et persuasive, vas à lui, fais un appel à sa bienfaisance pour notre mère. Il est généreux comme un monarque; sa main s'ouvrira pour venir à notre aide, et la pauvre malade sera sauvée.

Il y avait dans ces pernicieux discours une apparence de raison qui les rendait particulièrement dangereux dans la circonstance fatale où était placée Giuditta. La jeune fille, dans son inexpérience du vice, n'avait que des idées très vagues sur les périls qu'elle pouvait courir à implorer la charité d'un débauché, tandis qu'elle ne comprenait que trop positivement la terrible réalité de la faim et de la mort qui la regardaient en face.

Les gémissements de sa mère, le déchirement de ses propres entrailles, le froid qui mordait sa chair et engourdissait ses membres étaient autant de démons conjurés à sa perte. Elle se pencha sur le lit de sa mère, elle imprima un long baiser sur sa main décharnée, et elle la baigna de ses larmes brûlantes en s'efforçant de prononcer quelques mots de consolation et d'espoir.

Teresa les entendit et elle fit un effort pour essayer de serrer sa fille dans ses bras.

— Mon enfant, mon bon ange, lui dit-elle d'une voix éteinte, prie pour moi, et quand je serai morte...écoute-moi bien...Pende autour de mon cou ce sachet qui ne m'a jamais quittée, un jour peut-être il pourra...

Ses forces l'abandonnèrent, les paroles expirèrent sur ses lèvres, et elle retomba sans haleine sur son lit de douleur.

— Que la Sainte-Vierge ait pitié de mon âme, s'écria Giuditta en se jetant à genoux près de sa mère. Voici le moment du sacrifice, et Dieu n'a point détourné de mes lèvres ce calice d'amertume et d'opprobre.

Tandis que la jeune fille se relevait et se dirigeait vers la porte, le sein palpitant, l'œil hagard, le féroce Beppo lui-même se sentit frémir sous le regard qui le fascinait. Quoique Giuditta s'éloignât d'un pas rapide et léger, il semblait à l'imagination troublée du bandit que chacun de ses pas résonnait à ses oreilles comme un glas funèbre. Lorsque la porte se fut fermée sur elle, il sentit un frisson glacial agiter ses membres, comme si un fantôme eût passé près de lui.

Nous ne suivrons pas la malheureuse fille dans sa course désespérée. Elle fut absente *pendant quelques heures*, et, lorsqu'elle revint, la lueur pâle d'une aurore d'hiver éclairait la chambre. Beppo dormait du sommeil profond de l'ivresse, et sa bruyante respiration troublait seule le silence de l'effreux réduit.

Les traits de Giuditta étaient rigides, ses yeux brillaient

* "Un Corsaire aurait frémi d'entendre d'affreux blasphêmes, d'immondes plaisanteries tomber de ces lèvres de séraphin, qui semblaient faites pour la prière, et de rencontrer le regard terne et fixe de l'ivresse dans ces grands yeux d'un azur si doux et si pur." This hopeful son was sixteen years old.

d'une expression étrange, elle marchait et agissait comme un cadavre galvanisé, sans rien voir, sans rien entendre.

Elle posa sur le plancher un panier qui contenait de la nourriture et quelques morceaux de charbon qu'elle avait achetés; puis, cachant dans son sein une bourse pleine d'or, elle s'approcha du lit de sa mère.

Tout à coup, le silence profond et solennel qui régnait dans le triste réduit fut troublé par un cri déchirant.

L'infortunée Giuditta était tombée évanouie sur le cadavre de sa mére. . . . .

We think we have said enough to give the reader an idea of this novel. A succession of scenes not unlike those we have extracted fills up the three volumes. The sister of Giuditta is a great lady and a heartless flirt. The hero loves her and is jilted for an English nobleman; but is, as we gather, rendered happy in her favours after the marriage. The nobleman tries to seduce Giuditta from her lover, who was the lover of his wife. Tremendous is the encounter between the two sister rivals, who, however, know not of their relationship, until a malignant old marchioness reveals the fact to the English countess, and sends her to the death-bed of her expiring sister.

We have intimated the contents of these volumes, and we have done. It is a work we dare not criticise.

L'Institutrice. By Eugéne Sue.

THE labours of an author to attain popularity have almost been considered as coming nearest in variety and intensity to those of Hercules; but nothing is ever said of the toil and trouble, the pains and anguish, the "cark and care" necessary to keep the fame whenonce obtained. If it be, indeed, a hard task to climb a slippery pole, how much more difficult having attained the summit, to remain seated there, while other candidates for the place are struggling and tearing beneath you, threatening now to oust you from your high position, now to bring down pole and all into the mud. With this danger constantly before them, it is astonishing how writers, who have had the toil and pains we speak of, who have mounted the pole, and have remained seated there, will suddenly let go their hold either from giddiness or lassitude, and either sink at once or slide gradually to the bottom, retarded only in their downward course by the ineffectual efforts made to rise again. Of such a nature may be reckoned the puny, puerile effort now before us, which, were it not the production of a man of genius—one, indeed, who has risen by his genius alone, to be reckoned amongst the most influential of his countrymen—would not be worthy of the slightest notice. While skimming over the few scanty lines which adorn the pages of these volumes, we involuntarily pause in astonishment to think that they are written by the same hand which penned the "Mystéres de Paris," "Atar Gull," and the "Salamandre." The novel purports to be one illustrative of social manners. The scene is laid in our time, and in one of the French provinces. The herome (the *Institutrice*) is an Irish girl, by name Miss Mary Lawson, whose father, "Sir Lawson," has been suddenly reduced from a state of the highest affluence to the most abject poverty—from the high position of a "*gentleman de campagne*" to that of a clerk in the Customs—from the rich and mighty owner of the splendid mansion and grounds of "Lawson Cottage," to the humble occupant of a small lodging in a back street in Dublin. To show the great exactitude of the *tableaux de mœurs* in France, we will give an extract, premising that the lady who is "in want of a governess," has written to her brother in Dublin to send her an "*English*" one, but has no sooner despatched her letter than a qualm of jealousy comes over her, and she dreads the idea of a stranger stealing away the affections of her daughter from herself. She insists, therefore, upon her husband writing immediately to Dublin in order to countermand "Miss Mary" (who of course is already *en route*), but has great scruples about depriving the family of "Sir Lawson" of a resource upon which they had doubtless reckoned, viz., the salary of £100 per anuum. She is much troubled in her mind, and communicates her uneasiness to her husband. Now hear the conversation. Does it not seem an extract from the immortal works of Berquin, or rather from the lucubrations of Bouillé, who makes little boys and girls induce their papas and mamas to give away whole parures of diamonds, and now and then a farm or two, with *beaucoup de bétail*, or may be to Fauchon, the wet-nurse, an appropriate dairy, with a "*beau tróusseau*," and to Petit-Pierre, the virtuous valet, they may give the post-house of the nearest town, with "its stock of roadsters, its farm and outbuildings, and all its privileges tax and rent free for two generations."

M. Eugéne Sue's personages are of the same order. In reply to his wife's objections, the husband answers:—

"Louise, since your kind heart has anticipated my embarrassment, I cannot help owning that the only thing which gives me pain in our altered resolution is the reflection that this interesting family will thereby be deprived of a resource. I had already been seeking the means to ——"

"Enough, *mon ami*; it grieves me to the soul. But listen to my plan; we were going to dispose of a hundred pounds yearly for the salary of Miss Mary. You know it is not for the sake of the paltry saving that we are led to renounce her?"

"Certainly not."

"Would there not be some means, some method of compensation, I dare not call it indemnity, to make her accept this annual hundred?"

"Impossible. You have read your brother's letter. M. Lawson is of a proud character. Not only would he never

accept of our charity, but he would be mortally wounded by such an offer."

"Do you think me unreasonable enough to dream of proposing to M. Lawson, or his daughter, an annual charity? Are there no other means of making him accept this service? You must get your brother, to whom you are going to write your embarrassment, to find some good English books not yet translated into French. You understand me?"

"Excellent idea! He will beg of Miss Mary to translate them, interlined, for our Alphonsine——"

"And we will pay the price which suits us. The most umbrageous delicacy can take no offence at that."

It is to such a milk-and-water *régime* as this that we find reduced the author of the "Juif Errant" and the "Mystères du Peuple." The President, that Father Mathew *au moral*, has evidently administered the temperance pledge to all who loved to indulge in the fiercest potations, and, instead of displaying their drunken lucubrations in the share of social theories, they now "roar you like any nightingale." The *coup-d'état* has quieted the ravings of these violent brawlers, and left them, if not quite sober, only a little maudlin—just a little fuzzy.

Chien et Chat. By Amédée Achard.

This is a well-written tale, intended to illustrate the impossibility of any fusion between the different ranks of social life. Had it been written some few months ago, it would have called forth universal deprecation; but now the principle is accepted, and we read without wondering at its absurdity. The hero of the story, a youth of high name and large fortune, but of most romantic ideas, falls in love with a grisette, who, although loving another, suffers her better feelings to be overruled by an ambitious mother. The hero's father, meanwhile, has discovered his son's attachment, and, instead of opposing it, gives his immediate consent to the union, provided the whole family of the bride will consent to pass the month previous to the nuptials at his chateau in the country. Here, as may be foreseen, the triviality of the daughter, the *ennui* of the father, the absurdity and pretension of the mother, are all brought into full play, and effectually serve to cure the young nobleman of his misplaced attachment. He marries his cousin, and the little grisette returns to her Jacques and flower making, heartily glad to be rid of the trammels of the great world. The book is evidently written in support of a system which can have no support, especially in France, where the minute division of property, and the absence of all pretension to hereditary wealth, render the idea of a fusion of classes not only possible, but perfectly acceptable. The objection, therefore, must dwell with the individuals of the novel, and not with the class to which they belong. But already do we not perceive the old leaven of French aristocratic pride, so long hidden that it was supposed to be banished entirely, now breaking forth by degrees, offered as the most acceptable sentiment to the middle class, which contains the great bulk of novel readers? Is not this a great sign of the times? Before the "Republic" is called by any other name we shall certainly have the distinction between aristocracy and *canaille*—*noble* and *roturier* drawn as clearly as in the days of the Regency.

Le Sceptre de Roseau. Par Emile Souvestre. Two vols. Paris: 1852.

In our last number we noticed an American forest romance by this author, called "Les Coureurs de Bois." M. Souvestre pursues the same line of fiction in these two volumes. There are two tales. In the first (which is called the "Reed Sceptre" only because a Canadian pastor exclaims that God had given him a sceptre of gold to guide and govern his flock withal, but that love had transformed it into a reed) the plot is that a certain French count does violence to the wife of this Canadian pastor, and the husband, believing his wife to be a consenting party, poisons himself, in order that the offence may be repaired by marriage. The sentiment is certainly somewhat strained! The other is a little story of savage life. "Le Fort du Cèdre,"—the Block House—ends characteristically with a successful rifle shot and a boat wreck over the great cataract.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Ungarn's Redner und Staats-Männer. HERAUSGEGEBEN VON A. CSENGERY. 2 vols. Wien, Manz. London: Williams and Norgate.

MANY histories are defective for want of material; others suffer from an accumulation of brute matter, which the historians are not capable either of digesting or mastering. Those who would record the lamentable scenes which of late years have been transacting in Hungary, are likely to find themselves in the latter predicament. If they turn to books for special information, their path will be obstructed by heaps of unauthentic or irrelevant matter; they will find the same unimportant statements meeting them in every page of every new volume to which they resort in search of essential truth, while, as if by a tacit understanding among writers the most heterogeneous in their principles and the most hostile in their views, there is an utter absence of information on many important men and events in the history of the last four years. Our duty, we take it, is to clear the way for future writers by recording the appearance of books, inquiring into their contents, and reporting thereon. From this point of view alone we notice a collection of biographies of the Hungarian "Orators and Statesmen" edited by Anton Csengery, from the contributions of some very respectable men and indifferent writers,—such as Messrs. Toth, Bezeredi, and Kemeny. The biographies include the lives of some of the most notorious Hungarian agitators among some of the most deserving politicians. Eötvös and Eugene Beöthy (who at one time passed in England as the Joseph Hume of Hungary) are treated of with Szechenyi, and the two Wesselenyis, and although of questionable authenticity, the information contained in these volumes is not always devoid of interest. Take, for instance, the sketch of the elder Wesselenyi, of his expedition against Gorbo Castle, and his captivity. We premise that the scenes of which we copy the account were enacted in the last century:—

Gorbo Castle was a few miles distant from Wesselenyi's castle at Zsibo. The proprietors of the two domains had long been on the worst of terms. The owner of Gorbo was a count; a phlegmatic little man and a great friend of the court party. He was the counterpart of Baron Wesselenyi of Zsibo, who was a tall man, a restless neighbour, and a radical patriot. It will be easily understood that the two gentlemen despised one another cordially. Their grudges heated into quarrels, and thus it happened that one fine morning, a herald, duly armed and accoutred, and trumpet in hand, appeared at the gates of Gorbo Castle. He blew his trumpet and informed the astonished household that his master, the Baron Wesselenyi, provoked by the continued insults of the Count, had resolved upon declaring war against that nobleman, and that, with heaven's help, he would storm, sack, and destroy the fastness of Gorbo Castle.

The Count knew that his neighbour was as good as his word. There was no garrison of Austrian soldiers within a day's journey from Gorbo. He armed his servants and retainers, and intrusted the defence of his castle to Captain R., who happened to be staying with him. After making these preparations he took to flight just as Wesselenyi at the head of a column of huntsmen, grooms, domestic servants, and serfs, all armed with muskets, broke through the park-palings, invested the castle, and proclaimed martial law. The invaders had half a dozen small guns from Castle Zsibo.

The Captain and Commander of Gorbo Castle did all in his power to acquit himself honourably of his office. He organised his troop of servants, and led them against the enemy. Wesselenyi attacked them with his guns; the roar of the artillery was enough to drive them back. They sought shelter behind their walls and shut the gates, which were next exposed to the fire of the artillery. A breach was made, and Wesselenyi's men advanced to take the place by storm. The greatest disorder prevailed among the garrison, some of whom hid themselves in the lofts and in the cellars. The female part of the garrison screamed prodigiously. They expected to see Gorbo Castle a prey to the flames, and its defenders vainly imploring mercy at the hands of the exasperated Wesselenyi. The Captain, terrified by the screams and lamentations of the women, rather than by the advance of the enemy, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent messengers to negotiate a capitulation. But Baron Wesselenyi demanded an unconditional surrender, and no choice was left but to comply with this demand. The gates were opened. The besiegers made a triumphant entry into Gorbo Castle; the servants of Gorbo were captured and taken into "durance vile," at Zsibo. As for the Captain, he was tried by a court martial, presided over by Baron Wesselenyi, who proposed to hang him. In this extremity the wretched soldier appealed to the generosity of the victor.

The result of this appeal goes far to confirm any suspicions our readers may entertain as to the sanity of Baron Wesselenyi. He liberated his captive, praised his gallantry, and offered to pay for all and everything his soldiers had broken in the castle, or destroyed around it. His offers of indemnification might possibly have made his peace with the proprietor of the domain; they made no impression on the governor of the province, who had been informed of the Count's flight and its cause.

A detachment of soldiers was sent to arrest Baron Wesselenyi. He made his escape into the forests. After a long search and an obstinate hand-to-hand engagement he was secured, and imprisoned in the fortress of Kuffstein. Here again we must quote our author, lest we should commit the fault of designating that as insanity which to him appears in the light of pure heroism:—

> Wesselenyi, who insisted on draining the cup of suffering to the dregs, declined availing himself of those indulgences, which are sometimes offered to prisoners, even under the severest regime. His proud heart shrank back from the alms of grace and pity. He revelled in his misery and solitude.
>
> He would not have his prison swept! The dust accumulated, and its heaps marked the months and years of his torments.
>
> An accident served in his case to add to the rigour of prison discipline. One day the turnkey came to his door. Wesselenyi asked whether anything had happened? "Nothing whatever," said the fellow. "Only they have just brought another prisoner—a dog of a Hungarian." Hearing this, Wesselenyi, stretching his arms through the window in the door, seized the turnkey, shook him, and hurled him back along the corridor and down the stairs.

These extracts will suffice to acquaint the reader with the character of the two volumes. There are some pearls among the rubbish. Since the book is printed at Vienna, we need scarcely add that it contains no memoir of Mr. Kossuth.

Vergangene Tage. Von Karl Gutzkow, Frankfort. J. Rütten. London: Williams and Norgate.

This is the thirteenth volume of the collected works of Herr Gutzkow, perhaps one of the oldest, but certainly the most solid of the German *litterateurs*. After a long and chequered literary life he has collected and reprinted his various novels, dramas, and periodical papers, and now that the whole have been struck off and presented to the public in a new form, he has, perhaps not wisely, tacked his earliest and most extravagant efforts to the accumulated wealth of much labour and thought. As to the merit of the work, the author begs the question by the very title, which answers to the "Auld lang syne" of Burns. "Wally, or the Sceptic," is a work which at one time convulsed the whole of Germany, which became a football for the bandied reproaches of antagonistic parties in theology and politics, and which for that very reason, retains some importance for the students of German literature from 1830 to 1840. In no other respect does this novel deserve the notice of the public, for although it abounds in thoughts which are always bold, sometimes beautiful, and in a few instances exceedingly reprehensible, the thread of the narrative is so slight, and withal so confused—there is so little action, and what little there is, is so little to the purpose, that while we cannot help admiring we are far from being interested. Few people in these days will take pleasure in Herr Gutzkow's female sceptic, while many there will be, we apprehend, who will think his Wally a bore. With this we may dismiss the book, merely adding that on its first appearance the author was persecuted by the police, at the suit of Herr Wolfgang Menzel, the chief detective among the German critics; and that the republication of the work has been followed by its confiscation in almost all the German states. So close an affinity does there exist between the state of Germany in 1834, and the condition of the same country in 1852!

Der Geheime Agent. Lustspiel in fünf Aufzügen. Von F. W. Hacklander. Stuttgart, Krabbe. London: Williams and Norgate.

This is a five act play from the pen of Herr Hackländer, whose "Nameless Stories" we noticed in our last number. The play met with a favourable reception at most of the German theatres, and deservedly too, if we may judge from the book. It reads well. The plot, however, is thoroughly German. Duke Alfred, heir to one of those small Teutonic principalities which Eugene Sue depicted in rather too flattering colours in the appendix to the "Mysteries of Paris," has returned from his travels just as he is of age, and taken upon himself the responsibilities but not the functions of a sovereign and ruler of men. The latter are still in the hands of the dowager duchess, his mother, who ruled as regent during her son's minority, and who is by no means inclined to abdicate. She is supported by the ministers and courtiers. Every attempt to wrest the reins of office from her hand is followed by an attack of hysterics, while the courtiers are at pains to bow and shuffle the lawful heir out of his right. The duke, a good son and easy going man, suffers all, especially since his thoughts are bent upon his mother's adopted daughter—a poor and orphaned dependant upon the family. But in the very first act he discovers that part of his small dukedom is about to be mortgaged to a neighbouring court,—that his hand has been promised to a Bavarian princess, whom he never saw, and that the Princess Eugenia—the lady of his love—has, very much against her will, been betrothed to the nephew of his mother's prime minister. To free himself from this disgraceful servitude, he invents a "secret agent," a sort of dramatic "Outis," whose mere announcement divides the clique, and lets loose all sorts of court intrigues, until his mother is finally compelled to bow

to his superiority, and acknowledge his right. A good many comic scenes are produced by the general fear and suspicion of the duke's secret agent, of whom everybody speaks and whom nobody sees, until at length the court is distracted by a common fear, and every courtier denounces his neighbour or rival as the "Duke's secret agent." The interest is kept up throughout, and the characters of the play are true to nature. If taken up by able hands it might possibly succeed on the English stage.

Die Deutschen Frauen in dem Mittelalter. Von KARL WEINHOLD. Wien, Gerold. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE German women ought to be very much obliged to the author of this work, who writes a volume of near 300 pages large 8vo. to illustrate their manners, morals, and habits, from the the days of Tacitus up to middle ages. Twenty-four pages are devoted to their names alone, the researches into whose origin and meaning, if not always novel or correct, are at least always interesting. Thus, for instance, our lady readers will be gratified to learn that the Teutonic word for woman "*wip*," signifies a "motive power," and, in its further sense, a "clever" and "subtle" being; while the word *frouwa*" is meant to denote a "joyful," pleasurable being. In support of which the author quotes two ancient MS., from the year 1081, in which it is said :—

daz vröüwen an in ist bekant
des sint si vrouwen genant.

And—

din vrouwe vröüwet unde unvröüwet
maneger mueter kint.

The ancient names of women speak well for the gallantry of those that invented them. Of roots of names there is "*Lâbra*," a lively woman; "*Swinda*," a strong woman; "*Sieôna*," a beautiful woman; "*Berhta*," a radiant woman; and "*Heida*," a merry woman; with their compositions: "*Bertina*" or "*Bertwina*," delighting in radiancy; "*Bertamna*," radiant raven, &c. It would be too long and too tedious to quote all the various names and their meanings. We prefer translating a beautiful and philosophic paragraph, in which the author treats of those who invented the nomenclature :—

"Our ancient ages were brimful of the freshness of life; nature spoke to them in living accents. The trammels of domestic life, and of great cities, had not in those days transferred mankind from the world of creation into an artificial existence. They lived among the flowers and beasts, and understood them better than we do. We may possibly compare a beautiful woman to a rose; we may press lilies, tulips, and violets into the service of poetical imagery, but such like parables are, after all, dry and worn out. In the 13th century there was some meaning in the simile, when a poet compared the lady of his love to a "dewy rose." And at a still earlier period there was a deal of truth in the flower-names of women, for the flowers were not then considered as perishable grass; they sprung under the footsteps of gods; they marked the paths and resting places of immortals. They spoke of a creating spirit; their blossoms looked up as a human eye; the branches of trees yearned and embraced as human arms, and flowers were the ornaments of nature as woman is the ornament of human life. Names of flowers, such as the Greeks and Sclavonians gave to women, were at an early period lost among the Teutons; but for their early existence we may adduce the personification of plants in the middle ages, and their ancient relations to gods and animals. The names of imps and devils, which are derived from herbs and flowers, may with safety be traced back to ancient names of women. As for the names of animals, there is an absolute certainty. In ancient times animals were more considered; they had a poetic meaning. This is proved by the mystical signification of animals, and by the legend of the animals. (Thiersage.) Their agility, strength, and beauty caused them to be compared to gods and heroes, and of female names, there are a large number which, taken from animals, bear witness to the fact that the women of ancient times were distinguished by beauty and agility as well as by strength, courage, and other warlike virtues. All their names, which to this generation may possibly convey some ludicrous ideas, were, however, seriously and respectfully applied.

In proof of which we are informed that most of the names were derived from swans and serpents; others were composed of the names of bears, wolves, horses, and boars.

The other chapters are devoted to the goddesses, priestesses, white women, and witches; to the various estates of woman—as maiden, wife, and widow—to their households, dresses, and ornaments, all of which are treated of at great length, and with much patient research. On the whole, the book is a valuable supplement to Grimm, and there can be no doubt but that it will be a valuable acquisition to antiquarians.

Hägringar: Reise durch Schweden, Lappland, Norwegen, and Dänemark, im Iahre 1850. Von ALBRECHT PANCRITIUS. Königsberg: Bornträger. London: Williams and Norgate.

HÆGRINGAR, the title of this book of travels, is taken from the Scandinavian Fata Morgana, and the author informs his readers on the first page that the north of Europe, too, has its optical delusions, and that the mermaid Gunnila will now and then display her charmed islands to the eyes of the wrapt beholder. Of course the Fata Morgana of the north wants that richness of splendour which marks the same phenomenon in the Gulf of Naples. It wants the crystal clearness of the Southern Alps; the fiery and brilliant colours of oriental scenery. In many instances it is very much like a bad daguerreotype—a mere jumble of black lines on a greyish background. Take it all in all, and though immortalised by Tegnér in the "Frithjofs Saga," the charmed islands of Gunnila are scarcely important or characteristic enough to serve as a recommendation to the production of any tourist. The

work, however, is worthy of the title. The author, whoever he be — for the name of Pancritius is evidently an *alias*—would have done himself and the public better service if he had written less or travelled more, and if, in the course of his travels, his eyes had been bent rather upon the countries through which he passed than on his note book and the Danish and Swedish annuals, from which he has largely extracted. We doubt whether his production will amuse any one; we are sure it will instruct no one. It tells us that Dr. Pancritius made a summer tour through the Scandinavian islands, and that he was vastly delighted with his trip. So much the better for him; but is that a reason why he should bore the public? His is not a readable book, and we do but our duty by entreating those whom it may concern to "Beware of the 'Hägringar.'"

Wanderungen durch London. Von MAX SCHLESINGER. Berlin: Besser. London: Williams and Norgate.

A FOREIGN book on London, and one dedicated to the English nation, deserves more than a passing notice at our hands; for when an author not only sets about describing us, but prefaces his description by a pithy and well-turned compliment testifying to the greatness, generosity, and hospitality of the nation, we ought, in common fairness, to set some store by the present. Dr. Schlesinger, indeed, addresses not us, but the Germans, to whom he, in a way half serious half comic, reads many a useful lecture, of which we sincerely trust they may have the grace to profit. Revealing the cause and origin of his book in its first pages, he informs his countrymen that London, the capital of the British empire, has been discovered, *à propos* of the Great Exhibition, in the year of grace 1851. Runaway bankers' clerks, professors of history, and professed travellers there have indeed been, who landed on these coasts at an earlier period, and vague and incredible rumours were set agoing by such persons of the wealth, happiness, and freedom of these islands. But travellers, from Sir John Mandeville down to Alexander Dumas, are distinguished rather by an exuberant fancy than by a strict regard for truth; and the Germans, in their various localities, were consequently justified in treating these rumours with that magnanimous contempt which such evident fabrications undoubtedly deserved. They read all their own writers, and ours too, and continued to exalt the vastness of Vienna, the splendour of Berlin, the commercial spirit and enterprise of Augsburg and Frankfort, and the grand and imposing character of Munich. It was all very well telling tales: London was far away, and the traveller, if sincere, showed only that he was an ignorant rustic, and a stranger to the vastness and splendour of the capitals of the "Fatherland."

This ignorance, we might say, of the *existence* almost of a great, powerful, and kindred country has been broken through, partly by the Great Exhibition, which attracted crowds of the least imaginative of our Teutonic cousins, but chiefly by the very wholesome policy which the German governments have thought proper to adopt. The lamentable issue of the revolutions of 1848 showed plainly that the "German mind" was a stranger to the idea of self-government, and that, taking its lessons from the first French revolution, it was madly bent upon hurrying freedom into excess. Every one is agreed that another revolution may come off at any moment. The most dreadful scenes were expected at the hands of the leaders of the first movement of 1848, who vowed to go the whole length of the French Convention, and to introduce the guillotine on a large scale whenever an opportunity presented itself. The German governments, which have been unjustly spoken of by their enemies, took the only course to avoid the recurrence of the execrable scenes that soiled the close of the last century. Concealing their paternal love under the mask of wholesome severity, they banished the Democrats and Liberals, drove them from the German soil, compelled them to leave France, Switzerland, and Belgium, where they wished to abide, and gave them no resting place until they reached the only country which affords a practical illustration of constitutional government, political moderation, and individual liberty. In England they were compelled to remain, and as a great many of these gentlemen are writers, it is but natural that they should not only learn, but also communicate the result of their studies to their countrymen on the banks of the Rhine, the Isar, the Spree, and the Danube.

Dr. Max Schlesinger, the author of the "Town Travels," is among the most able and spirited of these students from the Continent. We are not sure as to the precise acts or writings of his which procured for him the honour of an English exile, but the perusal of his book has convinced us that he is neither a Red Republican nor a Social Democrat. We incline to the belief that some of the most prominent among the younger writers and journalists of Germany were sent to this country, not because they professed any very extravagant or dangerous opinions, but merely because the German press is in a very sad condition, and because it was thought advisable that some men of talent should study the management, the motive power, and the

causes of the influence of our great journals. Nothing, indeed, can be more wise, beneficial, and truly paternal. For the first mouthful of British air which the continental student inhales is a lesson to him, and though his studies may commence in disgust, they are certain to end in admiration. To our mind, this is the moral of Dr. Max Schlesinger's book. Take, for instance, the opening scene, when the author, fresh from the Ostend steamer, discourses with an English friend on the merits and demerits of British civilisation :—

"Are you aware, Sir," said Dr. Keif, drawing his chair up to the fire, "that I am about to hate, and perhaps to despise, this country of yours?"

"Indeed, Sir? you are quick of feelings! you've just been two hours in London. Wait a little longer before you pass a judgment; there are lots of your countrymen in London, not one of whom ever thinks of going back to Germany."

"And for good reasons, too," says the doctor.

"But may I ask the cause of your disgust?"

"The cause, sir," said Dr. Keif, emphatically, "look at this cigar, sir! It won't burn; it has a nasty smell, it drops its ashes, and costs about four times as much as a middling cigar in my own country. Do you call this a country? Do you mean to say that this is a government and a constitution? Can you, Sir, in the presence of this villanous cigar, presume to talk to me of civilisation and free-trade, or even of Mr. Cobden?"

"Stop, Sir!" cried Mr. John, making a strenuous though futile attempt to assume the martial and inquisitorial bearing of a continental gensdarme; "where's your passport, Sir? Did any one ask for it? Have you been sent for to Scotland-yard to take out your *carte de sureté?* Have the police told you that you cannot remain in London? Eh, Sir? It's either one thing or the other—either good sterling freedom and bad cigars, or cheap cigars and the police and all its miseries. You may take your choice!"

"I mayn't do anything of the kind," screamed Dr. Keif; "they hunted me as you would do a fox over the mountains and through the dales to the very shores of the sea, and into the very maw of that green-eyed monster, Seasickness, which in its turn flung me on the shores of this barbarous island, where men smoke cabbage-leaf and call it tobacco!" saying which, and flinging his cigar into the fire in a transport of passion and patriotism, the doctor stood up and sang—"What is the German's fatherland?"

This is not an exaggerated description. In justice to Dr. Schlesinger, we believe that he imputes to himself sentiments which struck him as ridiculous and reprehensible in others. His experience in this respect is confirmed by our own. No judgments can be more rash, no opinions more violent, than those which the majority of German visitors pronounce on England and the English during the first hours, days, or weeks of their stay in this country. As far as passing guests and foreigners newly landed on our shores are concerned, we are perhaps the best abused people in Europe; but it is a strange and significant fact, that after a few months' residence, the thunderstorm of vituperation dissolves and dwindles into an occasional grumble; that if strangers are loath to come to England, they are also loath to go away; and that of all foreigners, the Germans are those who find fault with England chiefly that they may have the pleasure of being contradicted.

Of this kind are Dr. Schlesinger's good-humoured sallies against our national character and habits. He has attempted to embody in his Dr. Keif the sum of the German prejudices against England and the English; and introducing the said doctor to London life, showing him an English house from the garret to the kitchen, pointing out to him the security and neatness of the area railings which surround the house, and the comfort and independence which reign within; taking him next into the street and revealing to his astounded and bewildered gaze some of the glories and mysteries of London street life, its hurry, noise, bustle, and clap-trap on the one hand, its earnestness, its object, and its security on the other; marching the poor doctor from Guildford-street, up Oxford-street, to Bayswater, and back again all along Holborn to the Bank, showing him, in one word, the *sights* of London, the power, wealth, prosperity, and freedom of the greatest city on the earth: he overrules a fresh objection at every street corner, and kills an old prejudice on every mile which they traversed together. These are profitable town travels, and, if properly read and understood, likely to do a great deal of good to the Germans, at whom they are written; but they contain equal sources of interest, amusement, and instruction for the English public. The opinion of foreigners concerning our country and its institutions is always interesting; and in the present case the interest is enhanced by a liveliness and ease of writing of which we have scarcely ever seen the like among the Germans. Dr. Schlesinger is not only an able but also a practised writer, whose good-tempered, bold, and yet discreet, style, must be a source of infinite amusement to his readers. Those who know that he is the author of the best book which has ever been published on the lighter features of the Hungarian War will, we trust, understand our desire to see these town travels in an English edition. We cannot, however, conclude our notice of a work which we have read with unqualified admiration without quoting Dr. Keif's conversion and humorous confession and apology :—

"This Exhibition building," said the doctor, "reminds me of the 1st of May, the day on which the Queen opened it. You were not here at the time, Mercutio; but I dare say you have read that the moment the Queen announced her intention of opening this great Exhibition, there was a violent rush for season tickets. The public were altogether regardless of the expense. I know there has been a deal of sneering on the continent at this 'quaint, antiquated, and unseasonable' loyalty of the English people. To tell you the truth, I don't like those sneers! I won't deny that there is some childish thoughtlessness, and a good deal of practical calculation in this same British loyalty; but if it were really innate in the English—(some people, you know, are silly enough to say such things)—if it were a gift of nature, such for instance, as fine eyes or a humped back, or something of the kind, it would have no moral significance. It does not spring from thoughtlessness or stupidity, for the Anglo-Saxons were no idiots—far from it; and the history of this country shows that British loyalty is as little produced by habits as by education. The loyalty of the present generation is essentially an expression of conscious respect for the monarchical principle in its most dignified representation.

"Queen Victoria," continued the doctor, "has neither the

energy of the Russian Catherina nor the genius of Maria Theresa; but throughout her reign she has always been just to the voice of the majority. She is a constitutional Queen, and exactly what she ought to be. Don't tell me she can't help being what she is! She cannot, of course, send her ministers and the members of the Opposition to Botany Bay; nor can she crush the Radical press, or break through the trammels of her compact with the people. But with the choice of ministers, with the right of dissolving parliaments, and creating peers, hers is a great power for good and for ill. English royalty is not a puppet-show, as the people in Germany are prone to believe. That her power is turned to a good account, that, sir, is the Queen's merit. Hence she is most blessed among all the crowned heads in the world; hence it is that she is adored, worshipped, and idolised by millions, which are frantic with joy if they can only see her face. I wish you had been here on the first of May! I wish you had seen this park crowded with people—and with well-dressed people, too—crowded with people, I say, all anxious to see the Queen! You saw nothing but heads—and up to the tree tops, too. They risked their lives for the Queen, in despite of any courtier. Excepting myself and her Majesty, the whole of the public had gone mad."

"But, my dear doctor, did it not strike you that that was the time to stand forth and deliver a revolutionary address to the populace?" said Mercutio, well knowing that the doctor was by far too modest to speak in public.

"No!" said Dr. Keif; "the thing was quite out of the question. As spotted snakes shed their enamelled skin, so do continental revolutionists doff the red toga on this blessed island. When I was fresh from Germany, I was rough and hairy, like Esau of old, for really there was too much of annoyance and disgrace on the other side of the channel. But after a four weeks' sojourn among these smooth-chinned and *really* constitutionally-governed barbarians, I have become as smooth and mannerly as old Jacob the Patriarch. Another twelve months will, in all probability, gain me for the cause of constitutionalism. I don't think I could stand a couple of years. They would make me an absolutist *à la* Montalembert. It is really too bad! These disgraceful English politics,—this careful, conscientious, moderate, constitutionalism plays the deuce with my republican fury. The only redeeming feature in it is that our vaunted German patience is impatience's self compared to British patience. But still I feel that my principles are in danger; a German watering place might perhaps meet the exigencies of my case. What do you say to Carlsbad? As for revolutionary speeches—what's the good of addressing them to an English audience? A stump orator in this country is a madman! Are revolutions to be had for the mere asking? Can I stamp them from out the soil? Do they not, more than any other monstrosity, want forcing heat and genial showers from the higher spheres! Small men of our stamp have never been able to make a revolution! Kings and princes make them, and unconsciously, too. Some of the continental governments are afraid of granting passports for London. Mere folly, sir! If I were a king, there is but one man whom I would prevent from going to England, and that man, sir, would be the Crown Prince. He might possibly become infected with the happiness of the British Queen. They say that these things are catching, very much as laughing, weeping, gaping, or the plague!"

We look with great interest to the appearance of the second volume of a work which promises so much. In the meantime, we trust that some enterprising publisher will be found who will procure for Dr. Schlesinger's town travels that circulation in this country which they undoubtedly merit.

Der Königsleutnant. Lustspiel in vier Aufzügen. Von KARL GUTZKOW, Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE seventh volume of the collected edition of Herr Gutzkow's dramatic works. The "Königsleutnant" belongs to a class of productions whose success is least flattering to an author. The true cause of the interest such a piece may excite remains always a matter of doubt. The author has taken hold of an eminent man, or of a highly interesting event, of whom and of which less information has transpired than suffices to satisfy the curiosity of a hero-mongering public. Given the subject of general interest, who can tell whether the book has sold, or the play has drawn full houses for the sake of the subject, or for the sake of the treatment it received at the author's hands? Thus it is with Herr Gutzow and his dramatised episodes from the lives of Göthe and Schiller. In his autobiography, "Wahrheit und Dichtung," Göthe tells some neat stories of his boyish passion for the French stage, of his admiration for, and *quasi* amour with, a French actress, and of a high French functionary who lived in his father's house, and who at one time had a serious quarrel with the family. These incidents have furnished Herr Gutzkow with the plot for a dramatic story, which is very neatly told, and which, no doubt, must be highly interesting to those who are very fond of German literature. But this, we apprehend, is all.

England und Schottland. Reisetagebuch von FANNY LEWALD. Vol. II. Braunschweig, Vieweg. London: Williams and Norgate.

AFTER reading Dr. Schlesinger's excellent work on London, it is scarcely possible to have patience with this second volume of Miss Lewald's very unromantic journey through England and Scotland. That lady, it appears, came to England about eighteen months ago; she stayed a few weeks in London, after which she went to the north, and, with no previous knowledge of this country, its manners, customs, laws, institutions, and inhabitants, she managed, from her short career in town and her railroad and steamboat journeys through the manufacturing districts and the north, to pick up matter for two ponderous volumes, and perhaps for more. For even now it is doubtful whether another couple of volumes on the same subject are not actually writing and publishing. It is certainly very flattering to our national vanity to think that foreign tourists should not only come to our country, but that they should also find so much matter for thought and reflection. But it is scarcely gratifying to us, when we come to read the books, to discover how very little of either thought or reflection they contain. In the present instance the Germans receive at the hands of Miss Lewald some elaborate

descriptions of our public buildings, of which they would gain a more correct idea if they were to see them in Baxter's coloured prints, which are now sold all over the Continent. They are further informed of the exact parties to which Miss Lewald went, how the people looked and how they were dressed, with other things equally important. One half of this second volume is filled with an account of the impression the palace at Holyrood made upon the fair tourist, and a rather elaborate life of Mary Queen of Scots, which has a suspicious family likeness with some parts of Mignet's History. We regret to learn from the German papers that these doings are encouraged by the German public. Miss Lewald, we are assured, can write better if she chooses. Her journey was very expensive, and a couple of volumes are dashed off in a hurry to fill the void in the lady's exchequer. Since it is an "ill wind that blows no one any good," we trust that the authoress herself will profit by the job. As for the Germans, they can derive no advantage from the perusal; and as for the pleasure which such like productions can give, we apprehend it is a mystery of the "German mind," that profoundest of all mysteries to an Englishman. If our readers are advised by us, they will leave Miss Lewald's book to the Germans.

Die Göthe Literatur in Deutschland. Cassel: Balde; London: Williams and Norgate.

NEVER was any little book so much wanted! Of all their writers Göthe is the one of whom the Germans have at all times been most fond of talking and writing. In the commencement of his career he was dogged by a host of pampleteers; as he advanced, the pamphleteers expanded in their dimensions and grew into book-makers, and latterly the original Göthe is almost lost amidst a confused medley of voluminous commentaries, collections of correspondence and conversations, biographies, and partial illustrations of certain phases of the great author's life. The books which at various periods have been written on this one man constitute in themselves not only a small, but also a very large library. In a like manner, but less voluminously, have the Germans treated some other of their great writers, such as Schiller, Herder, and Lessing. Mr. Balde, an enterprising publisher at Cassel, has now published small catalogues, containing the correct titles of all the books and pamphlets which have appeared in the German language on the subject of these men. Thus some order is likely to be infused into this chaotic mass of literature on literature. Another addition to this bibliographic library, containing a catalogue of the German Shakespeare literature, will be a valuable acquisition to the students of literary history. Altogether, this is a useful undertaking, which will save time and trouble to many a reader.

Wo ist Babel, Sendschreiben an Ida, Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. Von Dr. AUGUST EBRARD. Leipzig, Gebhard and Reisland. London: Williams and Norgate.

IN our last number we made some mention of the Babylonian literature in Germany and its cause, the late perversion of the Countess Hahn-Hahn to the errors of Romanism. That lady, who has for many years been an object of great interest to the Germans, partly on account of her eccentric behaviour, and partly because she wrote a certain number of novels of—to say the least—very equivocal literary and moral value, signified her conversion to Romanism by a controversial pamphlet containing the history of her life, and entitled, "From Babylon to Jerusalem," which was soon afterwards followed by another pamphlet of much the same description, which she called "From Jerusalem," thereby signifying that the Protestant part of her life was passed in Babylon, in a most sinful and wicked world, but that since her change of sect she had entered into Jerusalem—into a state of primitive innocence and unobjectionable bliss. Of course it is not *our* province to inquire into the reasons for the lady's conversion and her sincerity. It is enough to say that those reasons, and that sincerity, have been doubted by many of the Protestant divines in Prussia and elsewhere, and that the epithet of "Babylonian," which she applied to the Protestant world, has provoked many a prose paraphrase of the quaint old rhyme:—

> Oh, that the lord the gift wad gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us!

In our former number we mentioned Dr. Abeken's "Babylon and Jerusalem,"* by far the most temperate and conciliating among the Protestant rejoinders to the attacks of the gallant and pious Countess. Indeed, many Germans are of opinion that Dr. Abeken is far from doing justice to the enormity of the case. Among the fiery spirits who feel and speak more strongly on the subject is Dr. Ebrard, an Erlangen professor of divinity, who opines that the Countess Hahn is not qualified to champion any church, and unequalified especially on account of the *scandalous* literature which she has cast upon the world. Scandalous! The Countess Hahn has some friends in this country, and we have

* London: John W. Parker and Son.

no doubt they will cry out against the term. That term, however is not ours—it belongs to Professor Ebrard, who, it would seem, uses it advisedly. We introduce the reverend and learned gentleman, pleading his own cause :—

Scandalous? Perhaps, Madam, you think the expression is too severe. Perhaps you will denounce it as a *low*, as a *Protestantic*, expression. Do so by all means; it will help you to beg the question. But just think of the qualities which a book ought to have to be deserving of the name of a scandalous book. Such a book ought, in the first instance, to take its leading characters from those spheres of society in which it is considered "a tedious affair," at all times, "to sigh at the feet and in the arms of one and the same woman"—nay, more! "especially if that woman be one's own wife." The characters, I say ought to be taken from a sphere of society which consists of counts and countesses, and barons and baronnesses, and in which the chief and favourite heroine is sufficiently depraved to inform her guilty husband that "the exact terms of the matrimonial compact depend on a mutual agreement between man and wife, and no one has a right to inquire into their affairs, so they do but keep up the *appearance* of a happy household." Another quality of a scandalous book might be found in the wilful perversion of the ideas of right and wrong, of things sacred and profane—or worse. Thus, for instance, it is scandalous if we are introduced to the illicit intercourse between a young man and a married woman, whose husband is absent from home, and we are told of the "domestic happiness," and the "enviable family life" of the two criminals. In a scandalous book, vice, must be dressed up to pass as virtue. Criminal love crime itself, and the first glow of young affection in an innocent heart, must be huddled up together, and confounded in a common medley of sunsets, running brooks, and attar of roses. This sort of thing ought to be treated either as if no one had a conscience, or as if such wickedness were altogether a matter of course—and at most an amiable weakness.

* * * * * *

A scandalous book, too, ought to conduct all these high-flown and sentimental love affairs to a speedy and dirty consummation. There ought to be but one step from Psyche to Circe's sty, and that step ought to be made easy by a medley of equivocalities, Aposiopeses and Euphemisms. And with all this it is necessary to impress the reader with a high idea of the author's immaculate virtue. There ought to be lamentations that "youth is so rare in young men," and that a real youth "who has strength for the volition to live," and who "has also the capabilities, is a perfect miracle in our time." But such moral reflections must not, by any means, spring from moral sentiments, and the "young man" must be hurried into depravation and ruin.

* * * * * *

The rest, though proceeeding from the pen of a learned and reverend professor of divinity is unfit for publication in England, and it is with a mixture of horror and disgust we assent to his original proposition, that a book which contains such things is, indeed, *scandalous*. The naked and ugly truth, such as it stares us in the face from these pages, is, indeed, in the original novel, veiled in fine sentiments, and concealed behind a scaffolding of pompous phraseology, but the fact remains undisputable, that all the disgraceful things we have quoted, and some more disgraceful things which we dare not quote, are contained in one of the Countess Hahn's novels, namely, in the romance "Der Rechte," *Anglicé*, "The man after my own heart," or in a free translation, "The Fancy Man."

The remainder of Dr. Ebrard's pamphlet lies beyond the limits of our purpose, for after the chapter of practical criticism, part of which we quoted, he rushes headlong into all the subtleties of a German theological controversy. There we leave him, merely adding that the Hahn case, in all its features, has a direct bearing upon the state of religious parties in this country.

NEW QUARTERLY LIST

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE PAST QUARTER.

[THE BOOKS MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK WERE RECEIVED, OR WERE PUBLISHED TOO LATE TO BE NOTICED IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of England and France under the House of Lancaster.

History of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden.

History of the Island of Corfú, and the Republic of the Ionian Islands. By H. J. W. Jervis.

History of the Whig Ministry to the passing of the Reform Bill. By J. A. Roebuck, M.P. Two vols.

Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries. By the Earl of Albemarle. Two vols.

Suwarrow: a Sketch of, and his last Campaign. By the late Major E. N. Macready.

Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. By Lady Theresa Lewis. Three vols.

Grenville Papers. Two vols.

Niebuhr (B. G.), the Life and Letters of. By Chevalier Bunsen, &c. Two vols.

Louis Philippe of Orleans, the Public and Private Life of. By L. G. Michaud.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Three vols.

Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland. By J. J. A. Worsaae.

Colquhoun (J. C.) A History of Magic, Witchcraft, and Animal Magnetism. Two vols.

Life of Lord Jeffrey. By Lord Cockburn. 2 vols.

Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time. By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Vol. I.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet du Pan. Two vols.

Sir Christopher Wren and his Times. By James Elmes.

History of Greece. By George Grote. Vols. IX. and X.

Invasions, &c., of England. By Creasy.

History of the American Revolution. By George Bancroft. Vol. I.

The History of the British Empire from the Accession of James I. Two vols.

Life and Times of Dante Alighieri. By Count Cesare Balbo. Translated by F. J. Bunbury. Two vols.

Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley, with an Introductory Essay by Robert Browning.

Opinions and Policy of Viscount Palmerston, during more than Forty Years; with a Memoir. By G. H. Francis.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Scenes and Adventures in Central America. Edited by F. Hardman.

Nicaragua, and the proposed Inter-Oceanic Canal. By E. G. Squier. Two vols.

Cape and the Kaffirs. By Alfred W. Cole.

Pictures of Life in Mexico. By R. H. Mason. Two vols.

Coke (Hon. H. J.), A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to California.

Tagus and the Tiber. By W. E. Baxter. Two vols.

Trip to the United States and Canada. By E. W. Watkin.

Arctic Miscellanies. By the Officers and Seamen of the Expedition.

Journal of a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece. By J. L. Patterson.

Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada. By Susanna Moodie. Two vols.

Canada as it was, is, and may be. By Sir R. H. Bonnycastle and Sir J. E. Alexander. Two vols.

Life in Bombay and the Neighbouring Out-Stations. (Plates.)

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Wynville; or Clubs and Coteries. By the author of "The Age of Pitt and Fox." Three vols.

Lady Felicia. By H. Cockton.

Farce of Life. By the Author of "Masters and Workmen." Three vols.

Hearts and Altars. By Robert Bell. Three vols.

Confessions of Country Quarters. By Captain C. Knox. Three vols.

Ruth Garnett. Three vols.

Alice Rivers; or Passages in the Life of a Young Lady. Two vols.

Militia Major. Three vols.

Heir of Ardennan. By the author of "Anne Dysart." Three vols.

Horace Grantham; or the Neglected Son. By C. Horrocks. Three vols.

Two Families. By the author of "Rose Douglas." Two vols.

Emily Howard. By Mrs. Dunlop. Three vols.

Delameres of Delamere Court. By the author of "The Duchess." Three vols.

Desert Home; or, the Adventures of a Lost Family in the Wilderness. By Capt. Mayne Reid.

no doubt they will cry out against the term. That term, however is not ours—it belongs to Professor Ebrard, who, it would seem, uses it advisedly. We introduce the reverend and learned gentleman, pleading his own cause :—

Scandalous? Perhaps, Madam, you think the expression is too severe. Perhaps you will denounce it as a *low*, as a *Protestantic*, expression. Do so by all means; it will help you to beg the question. But just think of the qualities which a book ought to have to be deserving of the name of a scandalous book. Such a book ought, in the first instance, to take its leading characters from those spheres of society in which it is considered "a tedious affair," at all times, "to sigh at the feet and in the arms of one and the same woman"—nay, more! "especially if that woman be one's own wife." The characters, I say ought to be taken from a sphere of society which consists of counts and countesses, and barons and baronnesses, and in which the chief and favourite heroine is sufficiently depraved to inform her guilty husband that "the exact terms of the matrimonial compact depend on a mutual agreement between man and wife, and no one has a right to inquire into their affairs, so they do but keep up the *appearance* of a happy household." Another quality of a scandalous book might be found in the wilful perversion of the ideas of right and wrong, of things sacred and profane—or worse. Thus, for instance, it is scandalous if we are introduced to the illicit intercourse between a young man and a married woman, whose husband is absent from home, and we are told of the "domestic happiness," and the "enviable family life" of the two criminals. In a scandalous book, vice, must be dressed up to pass as virtue. Criminal love crime itself, and the first glow of young affection in an innocent heart, must be huddled up together, and confounded in a common medley of sunsets, running brooks, and attar of roses. This sort of thing ought to be treated either as if no one had a conscience, or as if such wickedness were altogether a matter of course—and at most an amiable weakness.

* * * * * *

A scandalous book, too, ought to conduct all these high-flown and sentimental love affairs to a speedy and dirty consummation. There ought to be but one step from Psyche to Circe's sty, and that step ought to be made easy by a medley of equivocalities, Aposiopeses and Euphemisms. And with all this it is necessary to impress the reader with a high idea of the author's immaculate virtue. There ought to be lamentations that "youth is so rare in young men," and that a real youth "who has strength for the volition to live," and who "has also the capabilities, is a perfect miracle in our time." But such moral reflections must not, by any means, spring from moral sentiments, and the "young man" must be hurried into depravation and ruin.

* * * * * *

The rest, though proceeding from the pen of a learned and reverend professor of divinity is unfit for publication in England, and it is with a mixture of horror and disgust we assent to his original proposition, that a book which contains such things is, indeed, *scandalous*. The naked and ugly truth, such as it stares us in the face from these pages, is, indeed, in the original novel, veiled in fine sentiments, and concealed behind a scaffolding of pompous phraseology, but the fact remains undisputable, that all the disgraceful things we have quoted, and some more disgraceful things which we dare not quote, are contained in one of the Countess Hahn's novels, namely, in the romance "Der Rechte," *Anglicé*, "The man after my own heart," or in a free translation, "The Fancy Man."

The remainder of Dr. Ebrard's pamphlet lies beyond the limits of our purpose, for after the chapter of practical criticism, part of which we quoted, he rushes headlong into all the subtleties of a German theological controversy. There we leave him, merely adding that the Hahn case, in all its features, has a direct bearing upon the state of religious parties in this country.

NEW QUARTERLY LIST

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE PAST QUARTER.

[THE BOOKS MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK WERE RECEIVED, OR WERE PUBLISHED TOO LATE TO BE NOTICED IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of England and France under the House of Lancaster.

History of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden.

History of the Island of Corfú, and the Republic of the Ionian Islands. By H. J. W. Jervis.

History of the Whig Ministry to the passing of the Reform Bill. By J. A. Roebuck, M.P. Two vols.

Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries. By the Earl of Albemarle. Two vols.

Suwarrow: a Sketch of, and his last Campaign. By the late Major E. N. Macready.

Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. By Lady Theresa Lewis. Three vols.

Grenville Papers. Two vols.

Niebuhr (B. G.), the Life and Letters of. By Chevalier Bunsen, &c. Two vols.

Louis Philippe of Orleans, the Public and Private Life of. By L. G. Michaud.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Three vols.

Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland. By J. J. A. Worsaae.

Colquhoun (J. C.) A History of Magic, Witchcraft, and Animal Magnetism. Two vols.

Life of Lord Jeffrey. By Lord Cockburn. 2 vols.

Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time. By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Vol. I.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet du Pan. Two vols.

Sir Christopher Wren and his Times. By James Elmes.

History of Greece. By George Grote. Vols. IX. and X.

Invasions, &c., of England. By Creasy.

History of the American Revolution. By George Bancroft. Vol. I.

The History of the British Empire from the Accession of James I. Two vols.

Life and Times of Dante Alighieri. By Count Cesare Balbo. Translated by F. J. Bunbury. Two vols.

Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley, with an Introductory Essay by Robert Browning.

Opinions and Policy of Viscount Palmerston, during more than Forty Years; with a Memoir. By G. H. Francis.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Scenes and Adventures in Central America. Edited by F. Hardman.

Nicaragua, and the proposed Inter-Oceanic Canal. By E. G. Squier. Two vols.

Cape and the Kaffirs. By Alfred W. Cole.

Pictures of Life in Mexico. By R. H. Mason. Two vols.

Coke (Hon. H. J.), A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to California.

Tagus and the Tiber. By W. E. Baxter. Two vols.

Trip to the United States and Canada. By E. W. Watkin.

Arctic Miscellanies. By the Officers and Seamen of the Expedition.

Journal of a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece. By J. L. Patterson.

Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada. By Susanna Moodie. Two vols.

Canada as it was, is, and may be. By Sir R. H. Bonnycastle and Sir J. E. Alexander. Two vols.

Life in Bombay and the Neighbouring Out-Stations. (Plates.)

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Wynville; or Clubs and Coteries. By the author of "The Age of Pitt and Fox." Three vols.

Lady Felicia. By H. Cockton.

Farce of Life. By the Author of "Masters and Workmen." Three vols.

Hearts and Altars. By Robert Bell. Three vols.

Confessions of Country Quarters. By Captain C. Knox. Three vols.

Ruth Garnett. Three vols.

Alice Rivers; or Passages in the Life of a Young Lady. Two vols.

Militia Major. Three vols.

Heir of Ardennan. By the author of "Anne Dysart." Three vols.

Horace Grantham; or the Neglected Son. By C. Horrocks. Three vols.

Two Families. By the author of "Rose Douglas." Two vols.

Emily Howard. By Mrs. Dunlop. Three vols.

Delameres of Delamere Court. By the author of "The Duchess." Three vols.

Desert Home; or, the Adventures of a Lost Family in the Wilderness. By Capt. Mayne Reid.

Mary Grey, and other Tales, and Verses. By Lady E. Ponsonby.
Snow Image, and other Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Alice Learmont. By the author of "Olive."
Head of the Family. By the author of "Olive." Three vols.
St Giles and St. James. By Douglas Jerrold.
Zena; or, the Silent Woman. By Miss Wallace. Three vols.
Perils of Fashion. Three vols.
Court and the Desert. Three vols.
*Adventures of a Beauty. By Mrs. Crowe. Three vols.
Wallace; or, the Days of Scotland's Thraldom. Two vols.
The Three Paths; or, Truth, Vanity, and Profession. By the Hon. Mrs. Anderson. Two vols.
*Mr. Wray's Cash Box; or, the Mask and the Mystery. By W. Wilkie Collins.
The Wide, Wide World; or, the Early History of Ellen Montgomery. Two vols.
Rose of Valentia; or, the Corsican. By the Author of "Horace Vernon." Three vols.
*Fortune: a Romance. By D. T. Coulton. Three vols.
*Adrian; or, the Clouds of the Mind. By G. P. R. James, &c., an American author. Two vols.
*Alice Offley; or, the Pervert and the Soldier. By the Author of "Confessions of a Hypochondriac." Two vols.
Student's Wife. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels. Three vols.
Courtland. By the Daughter of "Mary Ann Wellington." Edited by the Rev. R. Cobbold. Three vols.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Literature and Romance of Northern Europe. By William and Mary Howitt. Two vols.
Men and Manners. By William Hazlitt.
Meliora; or, Better Times to Come. Edited by Viscount Ingestre.
The Upper Ten Thousand Sketches of American Society. By a New Yorker.
Broderip (W. J.) Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist.
A Sequel to "The Female Jesuit."
Zoological Notes and Anecdotes.
Men and Women of France during the Last Century. Three vols.
Modern India: a Sketch of the System of Civil Government. By George Campbell.
Sketches of English Literature. By Mrs. Balfour.
Political and Historical Works of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Two vols.
Men of the Time in 1852.
Ethnology of the British Colonies. By R. G. Latham, M.D.
Solwan; or, the Waters of Comfort. By Ibn Zafer.
Bole Ponjis. By H. M. Parker. Two vols.
*Home Truths for Home Peace. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.
*Instinct and Reason. Effingham Wilson.
*Verdicts. Effingham Wilson.

*** We wish much to impress upon publishers the importance of forwarding their books for review as early as possible.

THE

NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

RETROSPECT OF THE LITERATURE OF THE QUARTER.

If the present number of the *New Quarterly* be not printed within a double mourning border, it is our printer's fault, not ours. We have a two-fold reason for much sorrow. Literature has lost her Dictator and her Master of the Horse. There is woe in Paternoster-row, and much discontent in Albemarle-street. Strange to say, the first luminary of the law has declared against the monopolizers of the profits. Since the time when—

"Osborne and Curl accepted glorious strife"—

and one obtained a profitless prize, and the other an inglorious crown, never has the world looked upon so great a display of energy with so little sympathy. At one moment we had almost despaired of the republic. Congregated in little knots might be seen authors of much note, with an unwonted tinge of indignation upon their usually calm faces, talking together rather earnestly about the feasibility of an Authors' Publishing Association, Rowland Hill, and the distribution of books to retail traders through the post-office. Such symptoms boded worse than the overthrow of a dictatorship, they threatened chaos. An engine like this once at work, and the great minds of the day supplying it with power, and what would become of the hand-loom weavers of literature? How quickly would skill, and tact, and commercial ingenuity die for lack of sustenance? Never again should we have beheld a surprising pantomimic mutation, like that by which the "Prisoner of Ham," unchanged in body, became a "Life of Louis Napoleon;" reprints would never again come forth decked with the virgin orange blossom; translations would no more figure in advertisement columns as original compositions; editors would no longer be allowed to vouch for works they had never seen in manuscript; and country folk might escape from contributing their quota towards bringing forth unsuspected genius, by ordering three or four books they did not want, while searching by the dubious light of a literary announcement for some original information upon any given subject. All danger of so dire a revolution is now happily passed away, or is at least adjourned to those Attic calends when men of genius shall become also men of business. Cincinnatus has resigned the dictatorship and has returned to his harrow, and Lucius Tarquitius has been obliged to desist from riding the high horse. All sounds of discord have ceased, books are to be sold, like cabbages or Carolina negroes, for just what they will fetch; the chivalry of Paternoster-row is gone, the economists and calculators have, in every sense of the word, succeeded, and the glory of literature is extinguished for ever.

The Dictator and his Master of the Horse are gone back to their plough or their harrow, and we wish them all success in their open field or hot-house operations; but we do humbly object to their driving that harrow across the high road along which we travel. It has been delicately and quietly intimated to us that Quintius and Lucius are not pleased to approve of the tone of our reviews, and that there is disapprobation of a very decided character ready to be manifested at the slightest possible notice against us and all our aids. Now we cannot affect a strong tragic air, or cry with melodramatic dignity—

No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush us—let it burst;

but we take the first opportunity of intimating to all and singular, Dictators, Masters of the Horse,

Captains or colonels or knights in arms,

that we have not the prudence to regard the charitable message, and that the very principle and main-

spring of all our actions will be a quiet indifference to all love and to all hatred on the part of those who are engaged in the commerce of books. Not that we have the smallest feeling of hostility or antagonism to those great houses. We remember the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and twenty other mighty works that would never have formed the walls and foundations of our literature had there not been enterprising publishers as well as able writers; but the circumstances of the time are peculiar. England is covered, from the Tweed to the Rocking Stone at Land's End, with book societies; the members of these societies are utterly destitute of any means of judging the merits or the scope of the new books they see advertised in the daily papers, and they cannot be supposed to know by intuition the secret history of every new product of the press which they see bepuffed and bepraised in the organs of the publishers. The consequence has been that every month and every week a quantity of the most worthless trash is manufactured for this particular market; reprints of old books are produced upon any subject that has a momentary popularity, and no hint is conveyed in the advertisements that the volume has ever appeared in type before; foreign works are altered, adapted, a little redressed, and produced as original compositions; and, at least in one instance, the unsold copies of a long-forgotten volume have been treated to a new title-page, and published as a fresh book under a very attractive title. These "tricks of the trade" threaten the best interests of literature, and we are sure that not even we ourselves are more anxious to see them exposed and put down than are some of the best and most prosperous of our publishing houses. We came into being to do this work—and do it we will; but ever, we hope, in a quiet and a courteous manner. We are quite satisfied to warn our subscribers when a book of this kind comes in our way, and we have never yet once made an observation tending to more than this—"Do not buy this book as an original book, or a good book, or a new book." We have trusted that a little wholesome surveillance steadily carried out will gradually render these speculations unprofitable, and that they will quietly cease without any necessity on our part of stepping out of the plain and acknowledged path of criticism, or attributing objects or motives to any one. Anxious to avoid giving any reason for hostility, we do not, however, upon any other grounds deprecate it. We believe we are now pretty well understood throughout the country, and we are proud to know that we are trusted. We are bound also to admit that the houses we have hinted at as unprovoked enemies, are those which are (except as the owners of rival reviews) the least interested in checking our course: had it been otherwise, we should not have condescended to waste these few sentences in answer to them.

The past quarter is that which is usually the most fecund in literary novelties; but whether it be that the war of parties and the constant threat of a general election have diverted men's minds from literature and dismayed the publishers, or whether it be that the competition of nameless literary hacks, working upon the productions of the Continent, have driven our British writers from the field, we have little to which we can draw the especial attention of our readers. We cannot expect that every quarter will produce a great historical work likely to live for centuries; but perhaps the most important of the historical productions of the last three months is the "History of the Roman Emperors, from Augustus to Antoninus," by Mr. Lynam—an attempt to unite Hooke to Gibbon, and savouring rather of a continuation of the former than of a prologue to the latter. It is not unworthy, however, to form the link between these two established classics, and to find place on the library shelves of those who, content to abide by the faith of their fathers, and despite of Niebuhr and Newman, pursue the stream of Roman history from Romulus, the first of Roman kings, to Romulus the last of Latin emperors. Mr. Fowler has commenced a History of Russia, of which we shall say more when it has advanced further, and there is a History of the Huguenots, in three volumes, by N. Peyrat, and a "History of the Later Puritans," by Mr. J. B. Marsden.

A third volume of Mr. Gladstone's translation of Farini's "History of the Roman States, from 1815 to 1850," has appeared this quarter, but we postpone any detailed notice of this important work until we have it complete in its English dress before us.

M. Michaud's "History of the Crusades" has found a translator in Mr. Robson; but the book itself is too well known to require any especial mention at our hands, and the translation is remarkable for nothing but the singular ignorance of all historic matters, which is betrayed in the translator's notes.*

In historical biography the literature of the quarter is rather rich. Miss Pardoe, who expended such successful labour upon the City of the Sultan, has taken up the wives of a monarch who was, in his way, quite as much a sultan as any Grand Turk of them all. The gallant adventures of Marguerite de Valois, and the wrongs of Marie de Medicis are piquant subjects for two volumes of biography. Mr. Pollard Urquhart's "Life of Francisco Sforza" is

---

* He informs us, for instance, that all the facts relating to preaching the Crusades are to be found among the authors in "Godfrey Moine," evidently supposing that this person (Godefridus Monachus) was a Mr. Moine. Surely Mr. Robson must have heard of this person, and might have translated him back to the name we know him by, or to "Godfrey the Monk."

written with the firm hand of a scholar and an historian. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has given us a very tolerable life of Admiral Blake, and Mr. Headley, from across the Atlantic sends us biographies of the Empress Josephine and General Lafayette. Translated from the German of Dr. Reinhold Pauli we have a "Life of King Alfred the Great," that deserved better than to be translated by an anonymous translator, and to be introduced by Mr. Wright as its editor. Not that we have any objection to make to Mr. Wright's fitness for this or any other task connected with the historical antiquities of Britain, and we may remark in passing that, although his book called "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon" has appeared too late to allow us to do more than cut the leaves, we are inclined to think that more attentive perusal will enable us hereafter to make favourable mention of his labours upon the twilight of our history; but it so happens that Pauli's Life of Alfred is, perhaps, the only work, kindred to his studies, which Mr. Wright should never have been entrusted to edit. Mr. Wright, in his "Biographia Literaria Anglo-Saxonia," vehemently attacked the authenticity of what has been considered by all who have assumed to write of Alfred, from Sir John Spelman downwards, as their principal storehouse of materials; we mean, of course, the chronicle of Asserius Menevensis, "Annales Rerum Gestarum Ælfredi Magni." Dr. Lingard, in his work on the "History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," undertook to re-establish the authority of Asser's life, and, in the opinion of most persons who have looked into the matter, he has succeeded. Dr. Pauli is a strong Asserian; therefore, to hand over the German doctor to the English antiquary, was either to give up the former to be mangled by his foe, or to compel the latter to give his authority to a biography that, in his opinion, was built up on the foundation of a forgery. Mr. Wright having accepted this somewhat embarassing position, extricates himself by writing a short preface, and adding a few utterly unimportant notes. In the preface he reiterates his former opinion as to the great point of controversy, and informs us that all he knows of the volume is derived from reading the proof sheets as they passed rapidly through the press. The object, in a commercial point of view, of getting a name of some repute at the head of a bad translation, has undoubtedly been obtained; but we cannot think that a translation thus produced is either complimentary to the original author, or creditable to any of the parties concerned in its production.

The "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers" have now received their completion in four bulky volumes. The name of Chalmers tempts us much to undertake the whole theme of his character, his genius, and his career. But the work falls not strictly in our path, for its publication was begun ere yet we were born, and if we are confined to strict neutrality on matters religious, justice could not be done to the subject. We note the fact, therefore, and reluctantly pass on.

Of the two literary biographies of the quarter, the "Life of Lord Jeffrey," and the first volume of Mr. Jerdan's autobiography, we have fully spoken in separate articles. The title of Miss Mitford's "Notes of a Literary Life," as the authoress confesses in her preface, "gives a very imperfect idea of the contents of the volumes." They consist of extracts from her common-place books, jottings down of her opinions, occasional recollections of men and events, and selections of the best bits of neglected authors—among which we were surprised to find a whole chapter devoted to our long familiar acquaintance "the Pleader's Guide." The "Notes" are excellent reading, and, as everything from the pen of this lady must be, charming in its tone and manner. We sympathise with her even in her chapter upon the loss of her walking-stick, and we are half persuaded by her to believe that Thomas Davis, the writer of the furious ballads in the *Nation*, might possibly have been an estimable man; albeit we cannot imagine what good purpose an educated man could hope to serve by arousing the fierce passions of an ignorant people by such lines as those on Fontenoy:—

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb shell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired;
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:
To death they rush, but rude their shock, not unavenged they died.
On, through the camp the column trode, King Louis turned his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain."
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo
Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement and true.
"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The Marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay!
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day;
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry;
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry;
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown;
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.
O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets—charge!" Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands!—
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle wind;

Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanagh!"

The efforts of a talent exercised on such bad objects had better be forgotten, and we hope that Miss Mitford, when she writes a real autobiography, will find something better to remember.

Contemporary events always have their immediate illustrations, in the shape of original, and often hastily-compiled works, new editions, and popular reprints. The Napaulese embassy is not thought sufficiently remote to be an invalid excuse for two books upon the subject. We have noticed them both elsewhere.

Professor H. H. Wilson tells the story of the first Burmese war in a very different style to that which would have been adopted by that other Professor Wilson, who is sometimes known as Christopher North. It is a dry, dull narrative, extracted and reprinted from an official quarto—the most justifiable of all reprints, since the matter had been entombed for a quarter of a century, was inaccessible in its ponderous sarcophagus, and was wanted to give information opportune to the second Burmese war, in which we find ourselves now engaged. It is not quite in the style of Macaulay's Warren Hastings, or even of Mill, but just now it will do us yeoman's service.

The defeat and flight of Rosas has been thought a proper occasion for a second edition of Sir Woodbine Parish's work on Buenos Ayres.

The American expedition to Japan has produced a second and enlarged edition of Captain Golownin's adventures in that mysterious and inhospitable island, and has provoked a publication on the same island from Mr. Charles Macfarlane—an indefatigable maker of books, who probably finds the subject congenial to that last effort of his pen, the somewhat notorious defence of the King of Naples and of his mild paternal Government.

The East India question has produced fewer works upon the subject than we anticipated. We may mention, however, that in addition to Mr. Campbell's volume we have to notice Sir J. F. Davis's account of China during the war, and since the peace, Mr. F. A. Neale's narrative of a residence in Siam, and Mr. Robert Fortune's journey to the tea countries of China and India. Mr. Horace St. John's "History of the British Conquests in India" is little more than an abridgment of Mill's great work, with some remarks upon the present constitution of the Company, and an argument in favour of our continuing their power over the life and happiness of those millions of Asiatics who are now nominally under the sway of the British sceptre, but who are really submitted to the good pleasure of a congregation of British capitalists.

A recent controversy between some Canadians and the Colonial Secretary has also been the occasion of drawing special attention to that important colony, and has, perhaps, induced some reprints and one original work on Canada, all of which we have noticed in a separate article.

The Great Exhibition, although being daily carted away piecemeal, has not lost its effect upon our literature. Mr. Bogue has collected in a thick volume, ornamented by a portrait of Prince Albert, the lectures delivered before the Society of Arts on the results of the Exhibition by Dr. Whewell, Sir Henry De la Beche, Lyon Playfair, Professors Owen, Lindley, Solly, Willis, and Royle, Captain Washington, and Messrs. Glaister, Hensman, and Jacob Bell. The volume is, in fact, a *resumé* of the very last results of science and of art in every department of human industry and study.

It seems that we are indebted to Dr. Lardner for the descriptive articles at the Exhibition, which appeared in the *Times*. Messrs. Longman have collected these articles and have re-published them with some additions, and with the author's emendations.

Mr. Peter Cunningham gives us immediate promise of a memoir of Turner, the great painter, but it had not appeared when this article went to press. We may mention also, *par parenthèse*, that this author has published, in a collected form, his "Story of Nell Gwynne," contributed to and printed originally in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Of travels and deeds of adventure there is no great lack. "Hungary in 1851," by Mr. Charles Loring Brace, is, we believe, a reprint of a book very recently published in America. It is written in the full spirit of Kossuth-worship. In the ex-governor the author can see practical, thorough talent, united with the genius and ideality of a master-orator, and the enthusiasm and heroism of a noble mind; but he can see no guile, ambition, or weakness in his hero. There is a dashing earnestness about Mr. Brace, which of course we like, and which renders him very readable, but we are not greatly surprised, we must own, to find him enjoying a somewhat uncomfortable sojourn in an Austrian prison. Happy was Mr. Brace in being an American citizen! Had he been a mere Englishman, he might perchance have had his ears cut off; and Lord Malmesbury might have obtained for him, with much ado, a five-pound note as a recompense. The Austrians discovered that Mr. Brace was not an Englishman, so they refrained from practising their sabre exercise upon him, and set him at liberty with much politeness, thanking God they had got quit of an American. There have been times, and these were not long ago,

when an Englishman might have felt pride, and safety even in Austria, in naming the country of his birth.

Mr. Michael Burke Honan, one of the ablest and most enterprising of those correspondents who accompany armies and take their stand upon barricades, and who jot down their notes amid the whistling of bullets and the roar of big guns, has printed in two volumes his personal adventures in Italy during the late war. We shall probably have to recur to this work in conjunction with Farini's "Rome."

Captain Mackinnon's "Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches," and Mr. Tremenheere's volume, noticed hereafter, are the two books of the quarter upon America. The former contains the usual quota of Yankee anecdotes, and the usual number of descriptions of often described places. It is a light, superficial book, which may be read with more ease than instruction.

"Our Antipodes," is a lively description, by Colonel Mundy, of our Australian colonies. The colonel held the appointment of deputy adjutant-general, and had every opportunity of seeing, hearing, and feeling all that is to be felt, heard, or seen in that part of the round globe which is directly underneath us. For more particular samples of the book we must refer to our subsequent review, or to the work itself. It is a portly production in three octavo volumes, with a portrait of the colonel drawn in gilt on the outside of the cover, and scribbling away assiduously at an office desk.

Mr. Laing's "Denmark" also has its particular notice hereafter; the "Five Years' Residence in the West Indies," by the author of "Hints on Etiquette," has been treated, we hope, with becoming politeness; Mr. Reach's loungings among vineyards and olive trees will be found to be duly chronicled; and when we have said that Mr. Curtis's little American volume called "the Lotos Eaters" is as if an Englishman should visit Margate, Brighton, Ilfracombe, and Teddington Lock, and should contrast the scenery of each with his recollections of Rome, Genoa, Baden-Baden, and the Niagara falls—when we have said that this is a description of American watering-places, we think we may refer to the table of contents upon the cover of this number for any further catalogue of the travels of the quarter.

Of the novels we have really nothing to say. There is not one that stands out very far before the rank and file, or that we can ascertain to have created anything like a sensation. The "School for Fathers," is, upon the whole, perhaps, the best; but however infallible may be the results of critical examination of plots and characters, we cannot dispute the fact that any half dozen indolent old ladies or gentlemen, who sit at home of an evening and devour love-sick sorrows in their easy chairs, have much more potent influence over the fate of a novel than we have. Their tastes have been duly provided for, and a long array of mediocre fictions occupies a space we ill could spare.

Among the works not included in any of the classes hitherto touched, we must not omit to mention Bonomi's "Nineveh and its Palaces;" a very good epitome of all that is known, and all that has been done, about the buried capitals of the young world. It is not a work of very high order of merit, and there is hardly a pretence of discrimination between what is true and what is mere rash conjecture in Colonel Rawlinson's *ex cathedrâ* assertions upon this subject. The question is too vast to be treated in an article which professes only to flutter over the outspread leaves of an acre of books, but it is one upon which we hope to bestow serious attention upon an early occasion. Meanwhile, we can recommend this volume as well prepared and wonderfully cheap.

The publications upon religious subjects form, as usual, about two-thirds of the total number of printed books. With these we do not meddle; but we may pause for a moment to notice Mr. Henry Rogers' "Eclipse of Faith," wherein a sceptic, who has made bankrupt of his faith, is gradually led back to the firm path whence he had in an evil moment deviated. Mr. Rogers is the writer of several articles in the *Edinburgh Review* upon the same subject; and one of these, entitled "Reason and Faith," is still strong in our memory, and probably in that of the majority of our readers. We must remark also the appearance of the first of a series of little books called "The Restoration of Belief," undertaken with the same object of combating the presumed increase of infidelity in our generation. It is written with a scholarlike power and in an attractive style, and promises, in our judgment, to be worthy of the object it aims to serve. The other publications of a religious kind, if we except a reprint of D'Oyly and Mant's "Notes on the Bible," are generally of a controversial nature, and are beyond our sphere.

There is a book published this quarter called the "Sequel to the Female Jesuit," by a Mrs. S. Luke. Upon looking into it we were so struck by the cruel malice and disgusting vulgarity of the thing that we sought out the volume to which it is a sequel. A miserable creature, probably in want of bread, imposed upon this Mrs. Luke, and told stories of conversions and re-conversions which all turned out to be false. The woman was clever, accomplished, and apparently mad—for what else could have induced her to pass her days and nights in writing letters to imaginary persons, with no other possible object than that of keeping her place in Mrs. Luke's house? Mrs. Luke prints a book about her and publishes

her portrait in the title page; declares her to be a female Jesuit and a suborned spy, frightens many respectable nervous matrons into fits, ruins a vast number of poor inoffensive French governesses, and has a sale for her book which guages the ignorant credulity of our middle classes. Mrs. Luke follows up her victim with the keenness of scent of a Spartan hound, and with the malignity of—we were going to say an Austrian policeman, but we should do the policeman wrong, he gains his living by his odious calling; Mrs. Luke is an amateur in the good work. Excited by the sale of her first book, and eager to get materials for a second, she hunts "the Female Jesuit" from place to place, from city to city, from kingdom to kingdom—finds out that she is a poor impostor, who seeks only a quiet home and a little food, and tries to gain it by becoming a convert to the religion, whether Catholic or Protestant, of the person with whom for the moment she wishes to stay. She found Catholics and Catholic priests quite as indignant at having been hoaxed as Protestant divines. At last she succeeds in lodging her in a German prison, and having thus accomplished her good work she returns home in triumph. What criminal offence to deserve this incarceration the poor creature had committed we do not know. She certainly had the habit of exciting other people's cupidity by promises of huge benefits, but we do not read that even Mrs. Luke accuses her of having obtained any money, or having sought to obtain money, by these false pretences. Of two things we are tolerably certain—the first is that if Mrs. Luke had given this poor woman into custody in England instead of in Germany, an English jury would have given her some hundreds of pounds damages; the second is that no fraud committed by the wretched "spy" is half so bad, or has been a hundredth part so profitable, as that committed by Mrs. Luke in designating as "a female Jesuit" in her title-page a person whom Mrs. Luke not only knows, but is compelled in the body of her work to admit, is no more a Jesuit than Mrs. Luke is, nor, in the worst sense of the word, not half so much so. Such books as these are a scandal to our age. We hope that some people of Christian feeling will investigate this case, and will rescue the poor wretch from her tormentors. Be she mad, or be she only wicked, she ought not to be left to this wild Indian style of malice.

The controversies of the day have not been numerous or very energetic. Putting aside Miss Sellon and the Sisters of Mercy, and Mr. Bennett and his parishioners, as not fitted for our pages—although we could settle the latter controversy at once by striking the initial letter from the Reverend Churchman's new vicarage, and presenting him to Rome instead of Frome—but putting these aside, we have no very great disputation to chronicle, except that upon rifles and revolvers. The reader, however, will find this subject treated and exhausted in a subsequent article by a writer who loves his subject as a lover loves his mistress, and who understands it more thoroughly.

We have tried hard to label, docket, and arrange in classes the pamphlets of the quarter; but we might as well attempt to catch and register all the flakes of a snow shower: we should but fill unprofitable pages, through which no reader would accompany us, and we desist in despair.

The principal fact that strikes us in the course of this retrospect is the great increase of American books and translations, and the great decrease in native English books of sterling merit. Our respected elder brother, the *Quarterly Review*, not long since inquired, with some contempt, "Who now ever reads an American book?" We fear that it will soon be an object of inquiry, "What publisher will now-a-days pay money for an English copyright?"

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

LORD JEFFREY.*

WHO will go back with us into the past, and dream for awhile? 'Tis the winter of 1801. The wind is howling and the sleet is driving through the narrow defiles of the Auld Town of "infragrant" Edinburgh. The children of the misty metropolis are hurrying by with their plaids spread over their shoulders, and the lights from the Castle are struggling dimly through the gloom. Let us stop for a moment—but not too long—for the warnings at the topmost windows, and the frequent splashes in the scavengerless streets, tell that it is dangerous to tarry—before the entrance to the common staircase of that lofty house. We are in what is called by courtesy the new part of the Old Town, and the place is named after one of Scotland's numerous Dukes. Hark! there is the muezzin shout on high, prelude to the descent of unsavoury cataracts. Let us seek the shelter of the doorway. Now toil we, following in each other's footsteps, up, up the dark, uncleanly staircase. We have attained the altitude of the third "flat," and as you, good reader, are a rotund Englishman, your wind is gone, and your perseverance in climbing well nigh exhausted. Never mind, we have fairy power to-night; you shall glide through oaken doors, and look, invisible, on all we find beyond. Pass we, like phantoms, through the keyhole or through the oak. Lo! we are in a very moderate, scantily-furnished, dining-room, a salle à manger, where a thrifty Abigail is gathering together the fragments of a supper that the meanest slave of Lucullus would have scorned with loathing. The furnishing forth of the chairs and tables of this room, for as honest *cicerone* we are bound to tell you all we know, cost thirteen pounds eight shillings. The open doorway shows you the "drawing-room," no gorgeous boudoir, for the whole equipment scarcely cost as much as one of the chimney ornaments of our friend Bullion's drawing-room in Oxford-square, but within it, on household duties intent, passes to and fro a lady of quiet, unpretending, but not unpleasing mien. She is not showy nor remarkable, either in person or in character, but she has good sense, good manners, good temper, and good hands; she has, moreover, a good heart, and that heart is her husband's without reluctance or division. What more do you want, to make this dull flat a palace to a husband's mind, even though that husband is a man of fastidious (theoretical) taste in matters of beauty, and has meditated an essay upon the subject that will some day reach the honour of a long-enduring entombment in the Encyclopedia Britannica?

Turn we to the left, and let us pass noiselessly through the partition into that room whence boisterous sounds of merriment proceed—or rather, like a good Asmodeus, let us make the partition transparent, while we stand and contemplate the scene beyond. It is the *sanctum* of the lord of the "flat," not luxurious in its appointments, for seven pounds eighteen shillings furnished forth all its upholstery, but curiously crammed with books of every subject, language, form, and size. Piles of them have been pulled down from their shelves this very evening to illustrate discussions or to decide controversies. Little wreaths of tobacco smoke are curling upwards to the ceiling, and there are toddy glasses on the table. But the loudly-talking roysterers? Bah! they are young. What need of so much prelude to a description of a student's toddy party? Look again, Sir. Young as those seven men may look, they are the most desperate conspirators in Great Britain. They have just projected a *coup d'état* in the great republic of letters. Merrily, and with ringing laughter, are they now promising each other how absolute shall be the tyranny of the Septemviri; how the whip shall crack, and how the victims shall wince and howl. They are saying to the wind that blows the smoke back in volumes into the room, and to the sleet that drives against the window, that they trow, do those seven young spirits, that they will blow a storm that shall shake more lofty pinnacles, and spread further and wider through the land, than does this material blast that now sweeps through Auld Reekie. Mark that most fragile and diminutive of little men, with the sparkling eyes and the rapid, flippant tongue, skimming so wide a surface in his flights that you will swear until you know him well, that he dreams no more of the depths of the many subjects he is touching than does the curlew of the caverns that lie deep in ocean. He has not numbered thirty summers, yet he aims boldly at a dic-

* "Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence." By Lord Cockburn. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1852.

tatorship over Scotch, aye, and over English intellect. And he will achieve it—he will hold it long, resign it uncompelled, choose another ambition, and achieve that too; he will live a celebrity, and die in great age the Sylla of literature and a lord in law. Comrade, that little man is Francis Jeffrey.

Next to him sits one of larger mould, handsome and well-featured, with face expressive rather of benevolence than great intellect, but lit up at this moment with a ray of humour. This is the first projector of the whole conspiracy. He is an Englishman among Scotchmen, a parson from the middle of Salisbury Plain, driven into Edinburgh when on his way to Germany as bear-leader to his squire's son. He has said, "Let us set up a Review," and the confident youths around him have shouted at the idea. He is now slyly proposing a motto—"tenui meditamur avenâ—we cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." But Jeffrey resents the joke as a reflection upon the national pabulum, and that thin, wiry, mobile-featured young man, the youngest of the party, whose features and whose limbs are never still, who appears to be made all of watch-springs, and to quiver, and bound, and vibrate in every nerve —that eager, energetic, unquiet young man being also an Englishman, but from a border county where much oatmeal is devoured, laughs loud, and says the motto has a damning fault—it is too true, too literally true.

Between Parson Smith, who has arrived at the mature age of thirty-one, and young Harry Brougham just mentioned, who is scarcely twenty-three, sits a man of lofty brow and staid and thoughtful countenance; half a century later those features, chiselled in marble by the hand of Chantrey, will be scanned in Westminster Abbey, and will stay the step of the English tourist who lounges through the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn. He is now scarce twenty-four, yet so maturely thoughtful, that Jeffrey addresses him as "the sage," and Brougham appeals to him as "the ancient Horner."

The eldest there is Allen. He is a surgeon in the city, and a lecturer in the University, is the elder by a year of Parson Smith, and is relied upon as the best-stored mind in all the coterie.

There are others, but all young men. Murray, the schoolfellow of Horner; Thomas Brown, who is great in Scotch metaphysics; and Thomas Thomson, familiarly known in this circle as Timothy. All are confident, exulting, full of hopes, and determined to do deeds of glory.

It was a great scene, that to which you have just been introduced, reader. Around that table sat the purveyors of thought to the last generation. On that night they first formally banded together. War to Dundas the tyrant of Scotland, civil freedom even to Roman Catholics, death to the slave trade, Whiggism in politics, and a new standard for literature—these were the bold objects that seven fellow students, meeting in an obscure upper room, and not possessed of seven hundred pounds among them, dared to proclaim in the face of the world—in the face of a world that regarded all who whispered the word reform not with the disapprobation we now cast upon the tenets of a political opponent, not with the dislike, not unmingled with pity, wherewith we now regard a furious Chartist, but with horror and with hatred, bitter, personal, and persecuting, even to the gibbet; with that same degree of disgust wherewith we should now be inspired by the presence of a murderer; with a feeling that all such men were Jacobins in heart and Robespierres in object, abettors of Bonaparte and traitors to their country. What became of them? Did they live out their lives in gaols and in the galleys? How did they die? Did a corps of gallant yeomanry practise their broadsword cuts on them at Peterloo? Did the bullets of loyal red coats stay their bold sedition against our ancient institutions? Or was there solemn trial and much speech, and were they, after grave lecture from judges bristling with indignation and horsehair, hanged by the neck in a row to encourage others in the same path?

Had these men been bunglers, such, undoubtedly, had been their fate. But there are two ways of setting about an agitation. The youngest of those who sat in conclave in that dingy garret has ran a career whose least important results are that he has been Lord Chancellor of England and is a peer of Parliament. The eldest, for a quarter of a century held more undisputed sway in the *salons* of Holland House, when all the rank, and fashion, and intellect of Europe were gathered there, than he did at the toddy party in Buccleugh-place*—one sat in the seat of Dugald Stewart, and trained many a mind that is working at this day—the author of the earliest idea they adopted in common was a Church dignitary and the first wit in Europe, never forgetting that he was clad in band and cassock, but playing his fireworks against fraud and folly, till all could discern by their light, of what stuff those venerable impostors were really made—two others sat long upon the judgment seat, and are remembered as luminaries of the law—the seventh died in comparatively early days, but not

* Allen, however, has done nothing for posterity, and posterity will not trouble itself to learn his name. He collected materials for a history of Spain, which his indolence did not permit him to complete; he neglected an opportunity of literary fame such as few men can ever hope to enjoy, for he had full facilities for writing the life of Charles Fox; and he published a book upon the royal prerogative, full of crotchets and crudities, which served only to show with how little real knowledge this same subject had been treated in the *Edinburgh Review*, and found its most merciful fate in an immediate oblivion. His was a rich mind, incapable of a sustained effort: he poured all its treasures into the lap of contemporary society, and must be content with the admiration and gratitude of his personal intimates.

until he had made himself a place among the first rank in the British House of Commons, and had done so much that Canning and Sir Samuel Romilly vied in expressions of admiration at his ability and regret for its extinction.

Talent would appear to be gregarious. The successful men in each generation are commonly comrades in youth; but never was there a more successful *camaraderie* than that we have just been looking on upon. Shoulder to shoulder and linked arm in arm, giving and receiving mutual aid, they forced themselves in a compact body through the crowd of individual atoms: the efforts of the whole body were always, sometimes even unconsciously, brought to bear, to attain for each member of it, the post he most ambitioned. The effect has been, that they have all been high-placed, higher in many instances than their merits warranted; they have all become famous in their generation, and many of them have obtained an over-estimation in their own age which will be curtly corrected in the next.

Among these latter we are much inclined to rank Lord Jeffrey. An epitome of his career will not detain us long.

In October, 1773, there dwelt in Edinburgh one George Jeffrey, who had been "bred to the law," but whether as advocate, or as writer to the signet, or in any other rank or capacity known to that mysterious Minotaur called Scotch law, the biographer does not state, and we have not thought worth while further to enquire. This George Jeffrey lived happy in the possession of a little place in the Minotaurian labyrinth before mentioned, and in the affection of Henrietta, his wife, the daughter of a Lanarkshire farmer.

On the 23rd of the month wherein we have introduced this affectionate couple to the reader, Henrietta presented her husband with a son, having previously increased their domestic bliss by the production of two daughters. This son was Francis, the future reviewer, lawyer, judge, and conversationist, but then the tiniest and darkest of all white-raced babies. As he increased slowly in size and rapidly in strength, we are carefully told that he was taught his letters at home, but was instructed in dancing ere yet he was breeched—or whatever may be equivalent to that change of costume in Scotland. From his eighth to his fourteenth year he was a pupil, at the High School, of "a plump, jolly, heavy-looking man, rather foolishlike as otherwise," who, in his class-boy's critical opinion, "would have made a better landlord than a pedagogue." However, as this plump pedagogue was the forcing-pump which, a few years later, drove the Latin accidence into Walter Scott and Henry Brougham, we may gather thence the conclusion, that jollity in an usher is rather favourable than otherwise to a budding genius.

Young Jeffrey's six years at the High School were followed by two years at the University of Glasgow, and by one year at home. Of these three years nothing is known, although a great deal of twaddle has been written. The names of his tutors are easily discovered, and his journals, correspondence and papers show, that, like other studious youths, he wrote essays upon such common subjects of school-boy speculation as the benevolent affections, the immortality of the soul, sorcery and incantation—the only peculiarity seems to be that they all ended with an elaborate criticism upon his own performance.

In September, 1791, he went to Oxford. Why he was sent there, at what college he was matriculated, who were his tutors, who his companions, what scholarships or prizes he competed for, what degree he took, or why he left without any, might be supposed to be objects of some interest to an ordinary biographer. It is, however, only by an accidental date to a letter, printed in an appendix to a very old Oxford calendar, and to a happy idea of the biographer in reprinting his certificate of matriculation, that we are indebted for the knowledge that, instead of Baliol, where Scotchmen most do congregate, young Jeffrey was placed among the northern Englishmen at Queen's. From Lord Cockburn's biography we derive the information that the youthful student hated Oxford heartily. His fellow undergrads were all "pedants, coxcombs, and strangers"—he got a little acquainted with one or two of the students, and kept in their company, because he was afraid of solitude, until he retired to sleep—he went to study law (to study law, and Scotch law, at Oxford!), and he was compelled to study Latin and Greek, and rhetoric and grammar, and bitterly does he complain of the absurdity and inconvenience of uniting such *incompatible* pursuits: he wishes he had been bred a piper, and he sees nothing possible to be acquired except praying and drinking. He wrote, however, a great many essays, and he could not have been ignorant that in his own especial line of study, there was an opportunity of distinction open to him. In 1792 the subject of the Chancellor's Latin prize poem was "Maria Scotorum Regina," and Jeffrey, who at this very time was writing to his sister, "I feel I shall never be a great man unless it be as a poet," allowed an Englishman, afterwards Mr. Justice Richardson, to walk away with this truly Scottish prize. There was an English prize poem also in his year of matriculation, but we do not hear that Jeffrey tried his poetic powers upon the theme of the "Aboriginal Britons," cognate to his tastes as the subject was. One of the "pedants, coxcombs, and strangers" of his own college gained the Latin prize in the year that he came up, and there were Mitchell exhibitions at

Queen's open to his emulation, and the Snell exhibitions at Baliol, which have the especial advantage of being confined to natives of Scotland. Among the "pedants" of his own time he might have met such men as Copleston, who picked a crow with him in after days, and whose "Advice to a Young Reviewer" might, for talent and bitterness, be placed against all that Jeffrey ever wrote. George Canning was in his last year of residence, Henry Philpotts was sharpening his style, and practising writing with aqua fortis; and if Jeffrey had gone into the Sheldonian Theatre a few days after his matriculation, he might perhaps have felt his emulation fired, and his mind enlarged, by hearing Mr. Burrows read his prize essay upon "National Prejudices, their good and bad effects." If Jeffrey competed with the men we have named, he must of course in any contest, or on any stage, have been beaten by the least of them; but it does seem strange that, knowing what was expected of him, and being tormented, as he declares, with the apprehension of disappointing those expectations, he should not have beaten some one of the dozen mediocre men who, in every term, were carrying off open scholarships. That he came to Oxford to do this is clear, or wherefore the expectations, and wherefore the fear of disappointment, at a time when there was no examination for honours, and when the scholarships and Chancellor's prizes were the only opportunities for distinction. In the absence of any other explanation of his early abandonment of his academic career, we hope we are not uncharitable in conjecturing that he tried himself against the Oxford men of his time and failed.

However this may be, he left Oxford and returned home in a very ill humour with poor Alma Mater, and with many flippant censures upon his tutors written on the back of his matriculation paper.* Then he indited much poetry, of which even his biographer does not venture to quote one line, and innumerable essays, whereof the postscript criticisms are more than a trifle tedious. A full-length tragedy and eighteen hundred lines of blank verse on dreaming, many elegies, perseveringly completed translations, and frequent fragments upon love and scenery, are all happily extant among these early exercises. They testify to his industry, but seeing that they extend to 1796, when he was at an age when men of genius have often brought forth their masterpiece, and that not one of them is now found possible to be produced in print, we think we may assume that our hero was not a great poet, lost for want of industry or opportunity, but that he was rather a man of studious perseverance who was pertinaciously storing up multifarious knowledge, and laboriously acquiring a facility for writing ephemeral essays.

Two years after leaving Oxford he was admitted to practise at the Scotch bar. By his father's influence he got a few briefs, but was very miserable and very discontented, "scarcely known to anybody, and not much liked by those who did know him"—we are quoting his own complaint. He considered very seriously the probability of his success at the bar, and had but little comfort in the prospect. Then he thought he should like to be the rival of Smith and Hume, then he grew to abhor the idea of a slow, obscure, and philosophical starvation at the Scotch bar, and there were moments in which he thought "he could sell himself to the minister or the devil, in order to get above these necessities." At another time, although an advocate of four years' standing, he thought of deserting his profession and "settling in London as a grub." He obtained introductions to review and newspaper editors, and appears to have actually come to London upon this venture. His introductions, however, were quite insufficient. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, never would be at home to him; Phillips, the bookseller, sent him away without reading his letter; and the literary magnates of the metropolis were generally inaccessible or obdurate. He returned humbled and disappointed.

While thus desponding, an opportunity occurred, the first he had ever enjoyed, for showing his attachment to those Whig principles he had learned to believe in as true. Jeffrey had joined the "Speculative Society" of Edinburgh, a society in which, perhaps, more great men have flapped their young wings, and essayed their first flight, than in any other society in the kingdom, except the Union of Oxford, and in the Cognate Society at Cambridge. Here he met Brougham, Murray, Horner, Moncrieff, and, before the century closed, Lord Webb Seymour, Sydney Smith and Mr. Hamilton were probably often present as strangers or as members. Here Jeffrey's essay-writing power, so drudgingly acquired, found its theatre of display, and obtained its applause—for the course of proceeding was a paper read, and a subsequent discussion. Here, at least, Whig principles were in the ascendant, and here the desponding lawyer found, for the first time, sympathy and happy companionship. The "questions" do not seem to have varied greatly from the highly speculative topics that engage the British youth at every similar club, from the "United Law," or the "Forensic," at Lyon's Inn, to the "British Forum" on Clerkenwell-green. But there was, just at this time, a great fight to be fought. Henry Erskine, dean of the Faculty, and the best man at the Scotch bar, had committed the atrocity of presiding at a political

* It is true that he did not find Edinburgh upon his return much more to his taste than Oxford had been. He writes:—"I am almost alone in the midst of its swarms, and am disturbed with its filth and debauchery, and restraint, without having access to much of the virtue or genius it may contain."

meeting to petition against the war. The members of the Faculty of Advocates resolved to punish the crime, and to make their own faces white before the eyes of Dundas, by expelling him from his post. Every member of the Faculty had a vote. One hundred and sixty-one voted — one hundred and twenty-three for his removal, thirty-eight against it. The minority consisted of the Whigs of the body, Jeffrey's friends, fellow-patriots, and intimates at the Speculative Society. *Jeffrey did not vote.* This happened, it is true, before Brougham and Horner had become his intimates, and before he could fear the sarcasm of Sydney Smith, but it shows that the young lawyer was not made of the materials of a martyr.

We have now brought our hero to the point at which we commenced. He had manifested no genius, he had shown no mighty power: he was twenty-nine years old and he had done nothing. He was sedulous, industrious, studious, persevering, and ambitious; but his poems were trash, his essays were of little esteem, and with many opportunities for display, his progress at the bar was slow and painful. Talent, talent of good sterling nature, we may not deny him, great as was the labour required to make it shine. He would have succeeded at the bar had he steadfastly persevered, but without Brougham and Sydney Smith, whose genius was the powder to his lead, he would never have been any more than a clever talker and a mediocre lawyer. It was the *camaradarie* that did it all.

In a letter printed ten years ago by Mr. Leonard Horner, we see the diligence with which Jeffrey immediately applied himself to work out the idea Sydney Smith had originated. He was more experienced than his friends—he had already contributed to the *Monthly Review*, and had written articles in provincial newspapers; he therefore naturally fell into the position of the working editor. Sydney Smith may be correct in his impression that he, as the originator of the idea, was nominally the first editor, but it is evident from this letter to Horner that Jeffrey was the man who did the work. He went to Glasgow on a recruiting expedition, and enrolled Dr. Birkbeck, Lockhart, Muirhead, and Dr. Brown; he set Murray to work on the prospectus, hoisted signals of distress for a German reviewer—"for without that language it would be ridiculous to pretend that we are to give a passable account of continental literature"—thus näively admitting that there was not a man upon the staff who could read, in the original, those little modicums of "Faust" which were appearing about this time—he inspected the progress of his allies, and found that Smith had already gone through more than half his task, and so had Alexander Hamilton (afterwards the Hayleybury professor of Sanscrit)—Allen had only made *some* progress—Jeffrey himself had only set to work upon Mounier that very morning—worse still, Brougham, who had at first so cheerfully approved the plan, and agreed for an article or two without hesitation, now answered with perfect good humour that he had changed his views a little, and rather thought he should decline to have any connection with it. Jeffrey says he proposed to Brougham two or three books that he thought would suit him, and perhaps Brougham may have thought the process of suggestion too *editorial*. The sulky Achilles was, however, coaxed from his ships before the fight began.

In November, 1802, the first number appeared. "At that period," wrote Sydney Smith, thirty-seven years later, "the Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the Game Laws were horribly oppressive—steel traps and spring guns were set all over the country—prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind—libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of political economy were but little understood—the laws of debt and of conspiracy were on the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the slave trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed."

The boldness and talent of the first number of the new review produced an explosion in Edinburgh that attracted the curiosity of London. It consisted of twenty-nine articles, averaging not quite nine pages each, or about in quantity of matter five pages of the periodical now before the reader. These articles were not elaborate essays, but real reviews of books, yet the conductors thought it necessary to apologise in their advertisement for their length, and to claim indulgence for the fault on the score of their inexperience. Jeffrey opened with a review of Mounier's Treatise upon the Influence attributed to Philosophers, Freemasons, and Secret Societies, in producing the French Revolution. He also commenced his long-sustained attack upon the poets—cuts up "Thalaba" with right good will, and insists that Mr. Southey's besetting sin and constant inspiration is "a splenetic and idle discontent with the existing institutions of society." It is amusing to the present generation to see Mr. Jeffrey rebuking Mr. Southey for his dangerous radicalism. Sydney Smith follows Jeffrey's first article with a review of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon, and characteristically commences with a description of Dr. Parr's wig. Hamilton contributes a paper in his own line of study upon Asiatic Researches. Horner has four articles—on Emigration, the Diffusion of Knowledge, the Utility of Country Banks, and on Paper Credit. Brougham contributes a slashing analysis of Acerbi's Travels in Sweden, a

short notice of Wood's Optics, and an elaborate review of a pamphlet called "The Crisis of the Sugar Colonies," wherein he temperately opens up that question which he has since brought to so glorious a conclusion, and holds the thesis that "the only effectual security to our West Indian possessions must be looked for in the effectual amelioration of the condition of the negroes." Looking back upon this number, through the dim vista of half a century, and judging it even by the light which the long concentration of first-rate intellect has thrown upon the art of reviewing, we can still admire the range of subjects treated, and the ability with which they are handled, and we can well conceive the effect that such an unwonted display of epigrammatic terseness, pointed sarcasm, fierce flagellation, curious research, happy illustration, and multifarious reading, must have produced upon the mind of a public, sated and palled with the vapid eulogistic trash that was supplied by the "Monthly Review" and its kindred periodicals.

The first three numbers were *given* to the publisher. It was to be a "gentleman's" miscellany. Mere matters of pounds, shillings, and pence were not to mingle with its motives. The shrewd common-sense of Sydney Smith soon discerned that this would never do. Excellent as had been its reception, its permanent success was doubted. The writer who contributes, and the editor who prints a gratis article, are, with rare exceptions, exactly correct in their appreciation of the value of the contribution. Mr. Constable asked Sydney Smith's opinion on this subject, and received in answer the following very sensible letter :—

Sir,—You ask me for my opinion about the continuation of the *Edinburgh Review*. I have the greatest confidence in giving it you, as I find everybody here (who is capable of forming an opinion upon the subject) unanimous in the idea of its success, and in the hope of its continuation. It is notorious that all the reviewers are the organs either of party or of booksellers. I have no manner of doubt that an able, intrepid, and independent review would be as useful to the public as it would be profitable to those who are engaged in it. If you will give £200 per annum to your editor, and ten guineas a sheet, you will soon have the best review in Europe. This town, I am convinced, is preferable to all others for such an undertaking, from the abundance of literary men it contains, and from the freedom which at this distance they can exercise towards the wits of the south. The gentlemen who first engaged in this review will find it too laborious for pleasure; as labour, I am sure they will not meddle with it for a less valuable offer.—I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant, &c.

P.S.—I do not, by the expressions I have used above, mean to throw any censure on the trade for undertaking reviews. Every one for himself; God for all. It is fair enough that a bookseller should guide the public to his own shop. And fair enough that a critic should tell the public they are going astray.

The advice was taken, and the enterprise throve apace. The *Edinburgh* has now reached its 98th volume, and although it is not for us, who are seeking to occupy a portion of its original ground now long since abandoned and long left vacant, to speak of its present condition of vigour or decadence, yet we cannot look back to the long line of illustrious names that adorn those volumes, without bearing our testimony to the soundness of the counsel which produced such results.

Jeffrey retained the editorship of this great organ for twenty-seven years. He gave it up in 1829, when he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and four papers were all that he ever after contributed to its pages.

In 1830 the Whigs came into office, and Jeffrey was appointed Lord Advocate. He fought two contested elections within one year, and was ultimately unfortunate in each. He then sat for Lord Fitzwilliam's borough of Malton, and conducted the Scotch Reform Bill through the House of Commons. He was now fifty-seven years old, and it is not much to be wondered at that he signally failed in that assembly. He could scarcely have thought it a compliment when he received a written order from his Parliamentary leader to move for leave to bring in the Reform Bill for Scotland "without saying a single word." In 1834 a vacancy occurred upon the bench, and he gladly accepted the opportunity of retirement from politics. In 1850 he died.

We have dwelt long upon the history of the origin and rise of the *Edinburgh Review*, because it is in reality the only fact of any note in the life of our hero—the only foundation for a fame which, although now very rife, is not likely to be very permanent—the only theatre in which he enacted any part worthy of memory—the only instrument of his advancement to social and professional distinction. While he guided a chariot whirled forward by such steeds as Smith, Brougham, Scott, Macintosh, Hallam, Macaulay, Stephens, and Senior, the world of literature looked up to him with awe, and the world of politics marked his course with interest. He was fêted, caressed, cringed to, entreated, dreaded, not for fear or for admiration of his own intrinsic force, but for that of the engine he governed. Had he been a weak man or a foolish man, his position would have made him a great man—a monkey on a rooftop may clear a street of passengers. Jeffrey was neither weak nor foolish, but the time is come when he must be judged by his own intrinsic power, and not by that he represented. Those who knew him and loved him may think of him as a companion all scintiliating with pleasant wit, inexhaustible in happy illustration, affluent in universal learning, ready, copious, captivating, and loveable. But the deadliest duellists are often patient butts and good boon companions in their own immediate circles. Strangers, and men of an after generation, will judge a literary candidate for fame, not by what he said, but by what he printed. That he was Lord Advocate of Scotland under the Reform Ministry, and that he afterwards rose in his course to be a Scotch judge, few will

hereafter care to be told; that he was twice married, and endured a passage to America in search of his second wife, few will be much interested to know; but every one will ask of the man who advances a claim to be remembered, what original works he wrote, or what great acts he did. There is a popular and not an unwise sympathy with the canon of Pope

> Let those teach others, who themselves excel,
> And censure freely who have written well.

—with the exception of an Essay on Beauty, and some long-forgotten political articles, Jeffrey has not dared to print a line which is not a criticism upon the productions of others. 'Tis true that he long held a position where he may be judged by acts almost as well as by writings. He held a wand wherewith he could call forth shadowy genius to the light of day, or repel it back to Tartarus—

> Hâc animas ille evocat Orco
> Pallentes, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit—

How did he use his power? Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, were poetical stars that rose above his horizon while he was sweeping the heavens with his glass. Did he understand them? Did he recognise genius in their first ray, or did he swear that each new luminary was but a paper lanthorn, until he looked around and discovered that the rest of mankind were conscious that the light was light from heaven? We can only touch this topic lightly, but while we grant to him some taste, more smartness, great reading, and a ready pen, we cannot believe that the man who failed to recognise in his early efforts, every one great poet of his age was a very discerning, although he might be, and was, a very potent critic.

Jeffrey, who was fortunate beyond his deserts in life, has been unlucky beyond his faults after death. His great talent is said to have been conversation.* Such a man might have lived in the pages of Boswell—were he thrice the size of life he would have shrunk blushing into oblivion when disfigured by Lord Cockburn. Not that the worthy biographer is not afflicted to the true orthodox biographical degree with the disease which Macaulay designates the *Lues Boswelliana*—for he has it in such a pronounced and advanced stage that he commences his work with the words "Francis Jeffrey, *the greatest of British critics*," and the shade of poor little Jeffrey sits sad and ashamed, with its hand upon those volumes of selected contributions which not one boy yet unborn shall ever open, while Lord Cockburn's readers are thinking of Addison, Warburton, Kaimes, Samuel Johnson, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and a host of others, whom but to think of, is to create a strong impulse to laughter at the comparison. As we pursue the issue of this sounding prelude, we find no chronicle of one witty thing the great conversationist ever said, nor one wise thing the great essayist ever wrote. Instead of anecdotes of the literary society of Edinburgh, and racy sketches of the men of letters among whom he lived, the little hero is suffocated among a crowd of Scotch lawyers, Lords of Session, and Deans of Faculty, whereof no one south, or even north of the Tweed cares to be informed, whether they existed or wherefore they died. We turn over the pages in quest of something of what passed in Buccleugh-place, when Brougham, Sydney Smith, and Horner were the guests, and we find a ponderous biography of one John Clerk, whose vulgar oddities would seem to have made him the Saunders of the Scotch bar; or we become entangled in the history and virtues of one Lord Glenlee (a judge); or a James Grahame, author of "the Sabbath," and a great friend to beggars; or John Macfarlan, whose principal point of interest is that he died at the age of eighty; or George Bell, who had a claim upon Jeffrey because he recommended him to a brief, but whose right to a continuous claim to bore the readers of Jeffrey's life we do not admit. These are only a few of the occupants of horsehair wigs that hide our critic, and make us peep for him in vain round their obtrusive obesities. On the other hand the work is clumsy in its arrangement, twaddling in its style, and destitute even of a table of contents, to say nothing of an index. It is, moreover, so shamefully deficient in the common facts of a biography of this kind, that we search in vain for a list of the contributors to the first number of the *Review*, and the chief mention of his relations with his early friends in after life, is that he could not find time to arrange the papers of poor Horner for publication, or to write a short memoir of him in the supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. If the present generation derive from his intimates an idea of Jeffrey somewhat above his actual worth, the next will certainly receive from his biographer an idea quite as much below it. It is lucky for Lord Cockburn that a man cannot review his own posthumous biography.

* The best published description of Jeffrey's conversational powers occurs in a letter cited in Lockhart's Life of Scott. "There were," the writer says, "only a few persons besides the two lions (Scott and Jeffrey), and assuredly I have seldom passed a more agreeable day. A thousand subjects of literature, antiquities, and manners were started, and much was I struck, as you may well suppose, by the extent, correctness, discrimination and accuracy of Jeffrey's information; equally so with his taste, acuteness, and wit in dissecting every book, author, and story that came in our way. Nothing could surpass the variety of his knowledge, but the easy rapidity of his manner of producing it. He was then in his meridian. Scott, delighted to draw him out, delighted also to talk himself, and displayed, I think, even a larger range of anecdote and illustration—remembering everything, whether true or false, that was characteristic or impressive; everything that was good, or lovely, or lively. It struck me that there was this great difference—Jeffrey for the most part entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities or plagiarisms; Scott took up the matter where he left it, recalled some compensating beauty or excellence for which no credit had been allowed, and by the recitation, perhaps, of one fine stanza, set the poor victim on his legs again."

BROWN BESS AND HER RIVALS.*

ALTHOUGH during the last century little has been ascertained relative to the theory of projectiles, which had not already been discovered by the careful and laborious experiments of Robins and of Hutton, still it may safely be affirmed that, since 1830, great improvements have been effected in the artillery practice of our own and of every European nation, and, more recently still, most important results have been achieved in the construction of small arms.

Nothing, indeed, could well have been worse than the weapons supplied to every branch of the service during the last war, unless it were the want of skill displayed in their use. To give an idea of the miserable deficiencies in both particulars, we may mention, upon the authority of Colonel Schlimmbach of the Prussian artillery, an officer of great experience, that from a number of accurate statistical calculations, extending over a long series of engagements, it has been ascertained that, on the average, a man's own weight in lead, and ten times his weight in iron, were consumed for each individual placed *hors de combat!*

At Vittoria, on the 21st June, 1813, each British infantry soldier had in his cartouch-box 60 ball-cartridges, altogether three million rounds; besides which, one million three hundred and fifty thousand rounds more were issued by the field-train to the troops. We will assume that only 3,675,000 were altogether consumed. Now it is known that, on the side of the enemy, 8,000 out of 90,000 men were killed and wounded, consequently only one musket-shot in 459 took effect; and this excludes the injury inflicted by 90 pieces of artillery, each firing 73 shot or shell, or a total of 6,570 rounds. Taking this into consideration, we may readily believe that there was not on that occasion above one musket-ball in 800 which was not utterly thrown away. To show that our infantry of the line have made as yet no great progress in the use of "Brown Bess," we may add that a patrolling party at the Cape last August, expended 80,000 ball-cartridges in killing or disabling 25 naked savages! just 3,200 rounds to each Kaffir.

Rapid firing, erroneous estimation of distances, long ranges and insufficient target-practice, are the chief causes of the enormous expenditure of ammunition in battle-fields, compared with the number put *hors de combat*.

General Gassendi estimates that 3,000 cartridges are expended to every man disabled. Decker fixes the *lowest limit* at 10,000 for each man. In the military operations of the French against Algiers, in 1830, which closed in 15 days, 3,000,000 cartridges were consumed.

The operations of the American forces in the late war with Mexico show a better result. At the battle of Churubusco, it is estimated that the American forces expended 125, and the Mexican army 800 rounds of cartridge to each soldier of the enemy disabled.

Surely no one can reflect upon facts like these, without admitting that, however well such work as we have above alluded to, may have answered against troops still worse equipped and less experienced than our own, it can no longer be tolerated when we observe every nation around us actively engaged in elaborate and costly experiments upon the subject, and anxiously endeavouring to equip their men with the most efficient and serviceable arm.

If we have not yet attained perfection, there is now no doubt but that a weapon will shortly be produced uniting every quality which it is possible for a firelock to comprise.

The greatest requisite range has been fully reached, and it is more in minute matters of detail that further improvement is desirable than in the principles of construction.

The weight, the bore, the length of barrel, the form of stock, and, above all, the arrangement of the sights, demand the next consideration.

The movement having for its object the amelioration of the musket, the rifle, and the pistol, originated in France—a country certainly at one time far behind our own in the quality of her small arms and the skill with which they were wielded. But this was not always the case; in the wars waged between England and France during the reign of Louis XIV., the Regency, and of Louis XV., victory as frequently declared herself on one side as the other, but most usually in favour of the one commanded by the most skilful strategist.

Under Louis XVI. however, during the Revolution, and under the Empire, the French uniformly experienced a series of repeated reverses on every occasion upon which they fought a pitched battle with the English. To prove this position, it is only necessary to cast a rapid glance over the engagements of the former and of the latter epoch.

During the earlier period, there were seventeen battles, eight of which were contested at sea, with the following results:—Steinkerk in 1692, and Neerwinde in 1693, gained by the French; Hoch-

---

* "Projectile Weapons of War and Explosive Compounds." By John Scoffern, M.B. 1852.

"Observations on Muskets, Rifles, and Projectiles." By Henry Wilkinson, M.R.A.S. 1852.

"Uses and Advantages of the Rifle." London: 1852.

"Extrait du Cours sur les Armes à feu Portatives." Du Capitaine L. Panot. Paris: 1852.

stedt in 1704, Ramilies in 1706, and Malplaquet in 1709, won by Marlborough; and Dettingen, in 1743, by George II. Then Fontenoy in 1745, Laffeldt in 1747, and Hastembeke in 1757, showed a contrary result: thus five out of the nine engagements terminated favourably for the French. Of the eight sea-fights, the French, with equal forces, gained three; they lost four, where they were numerically weaker, and the eighth was a drawn battle.

During the second period above adverted to, there were no less than thirteen land, and sixteen naval engagements, which it is scarcely necessary to particularise. Under the Empire, the English manifested a decided superiority over their enemies in every campaign. Vimeira, Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Albuera, Fuentes de Honoro, Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthez, Toulouse, and Waterloo, afford irrefragable proof of this fact. Here, in eleven hard-fought fields, Napoleon's veterans, hitherto accustomed to conquer wherever they appeared, led by his ablest and most experienced generals, and finally by himself, were signally and utterly defeated. In the sixteen sea-fights, too, which occurred during this period, the French, always with equal, and frequently with superior forces, were completely vanquished.

It is difficult to understand how France, competent up to the reign of Louis XVI. of carrying on a successful struggle with England, should so frequently since have been compelled to yield to the fate of arms, and to acknowledge the supremacy of her rival, unless this recent superiority be accounted for by the supposition that, bad as they intrinsically were, the cannon and small arms used by the English were better served and superior still, to the more faulty implements of destruction in use among their adversaries. It is impossible to ascribe these events to chance, because chance would not occasion the loss of a long series of battles in succession; nor can it be seriously maintained that the English generals who encountered the French in the Peninsula possessed such immeasurable superiority over Napoleon's best and bravest marshals. During the last thirty years, however, vast improvements have been made by the French, not only in their artillery, but more especially in their small arms; and it is no longer to be presumed, merely upon the faith of what has already been done, that the result of future wars will infallibly resemble the past. French artillerymen of 1852 are no longer what they were in 1815; in truth and accuracy of aim they are but little inferior to our own; while, as marksmen, their troops of the line, and more especially their riflemen, are infinitely our superiors. There is no difficulty in assigning the cause for this. In the first place, the lighter and more efficient weapon in the hands of the French infantry-man, together with the incessant practice to which he is subjected, sufficiently account for the fact.

If the present regulation land-service musket be compared by a competent and unprejudiced judge with the fire-locks of other European nations, it will soon be perceived that our own is unquestionably the heaviest, most cumbersome, and, in all important respects, the very worst. In the first place, the weight (11 lbs. 2½ oz.) is much more than is needed; the new French percussion musket is nearly one pound lighter, besides being shorter, better made, and more compact, and the windage is also considerably less.

Much misapprehension exists as to the real requirements of the musket, its proper qualities, and real use in the field. However desirable it may be to arm with the rifle all light troops, including the light companies of regiments, we do not pretend to maintain that any essential advantage would be gained by placing generally in the hands of the troops of the line, a weapon, whose chief advantage consists in its length of range. Strength, lightness, durability, are among the primary essentials of the infantry musket; precision and accuracy of fire are the next considerations.

Troops on active service do not halt for the purpose of firing at each other at the greatest possible range. The tactics of war present a series of movements for the purpose of closing in upon an adversary, or of out-flanking him, and of delivering at a distance of from 200 to 250 yards an effective fire into his ranks. It is the province of artillery to pour destruction into the adverse host at greater ranges than this.

File-firing is the customary fire of lines of troops drawn up in action, and is always the fire employed by skirmishers. While the more accurate fire, it has, on the other hand, the objection of begetting a careless and slovenly habit in the soldier of handling his musket. Volley-practice is recommended as a corrective.

At close quarters, volley firing is highly effective. Cavalry are very apt to wince under a volley from the front of an infantry square, delivered at thirty or forty yards.

As to rapidity of firing, the word rapid, in that connection, ought to be expunged from the soldier's vocabulary. With proper aim and deliberation, four to five rounds may be fired in two minutes. So far from urging soldiers to fire rapidly, they ought to be cautioned against it. We would compel deliberation and a cool, steady aim, by fixing the minimum time for each motion of the loading and firing exercise at the 90th part of a minute.

For infantry fire to be delivered under ordinary circumstances at anything like the distance of six to eight hundred yards would be a mere waste of time,

and would only tend to produce unsteadiness amongst the men. In battle, after the first few rounds, the field speedily becomes obscured, and it is scarcely possible for a marksman, however expert, whether stationed in line or in square, to single out any distant object. To the rifleman and the skirmisher this observation of course does not apply, as they can in a great measure select their own position, and for them, consequently, a superior arm should be provided. As at present constructed, distant range is only attainable by a somewhat complex arrangement of sights, of such delicate workmanship, that with ordinary troops they would speedily become utterly useless; besides, they require careful and deliberate adjustment before use, and considerable expertness on the part of the soldier.

When it is considered that, at the distance of 000 yards, a man of ordinary stature presents a mark little more than the twelfth of an inch in height, and even at 800 yards he only covers a space of the tenth of an inch in altitude, the difficulty of striking such an object without taking very steady aim will be readily understood by all who have ever practised with the rifle.*

Two separate and distinct classes of weapons are consequently needed: one light, powerful, and effective at 300, or, at the utmost, 400 yards, without any complication of sights, for regiments of the line;† the other more carefully finished, with sights ranging from 700 to 800 yards, suitable for light companies and rifle brigades. With regard to the first of these, no improvement will be worth consideration which does not commence with a better system of "stocking." No greater absurdity was ever perpetrated, even by the Board of Ordnance, than that of determining that the length of stock for every musket should be the same, under all circumstances, whether for tall or for short men. For the former the stocks as at present turned out, are at least three inches, and for the latter two inches, too short. Any one, except our prejudiced and ignorant officials, knows that the efficiency of a firearm depends as much upon the length of stock being suitable to the arm an shoulder of the man who wields it, as upon the straightness of the barrel. The shorter the stock the more awkward and unserviceable is the weapon. The charge of powder, too, for the musket cartridge is at present unnecessarily great, and the allowance of ammunition for practice is ridiculously small. If we wish really to instruct men in the proper use of their firearms and to make them good marksmen, the supply of practice ammunition should, under certain regulations, be unlimited, and small prizes should be occasionally given to the most expert shots.

The true value and force of infantry consists in its fire; it is by its fire alone that it is enabled to repel an impetuous charge of cavalry, and a body, however brave and well disciplined, whether formed in line or in square, could not, supposing their ammunition exhausted, effectually resist for a moment the shock of a body of heavy cavalry in line. The real use of the bayonet is altogether secondary; it consists in the confidence it imparts to the soldier, and a great mistake has been made, in exaggerating the importance of the firelock as a weapon for hand-to-hand encounter, thereby sacrificing many of its principal advantages in distant conflict. For this reason the practice which subsists in our own and in foreign services of using the firelock when in actual warfare, only with the bayonet fixed, is a palpable blunder; not only does the bayonet in that position interfere with the line of sight, but its weight, acting upon the leverage of the whole length of the barrel, causes a depression at the muzzle, and, besides wearying the arm, occasions the loss of a large proportion of shots from their striking the ground long before they reach the target.

Another frequently reiterated complaint against the modern English regulation musket is the recoil, which is sometimes intolerable, and induces the men to throw away frequently a third of the powder before loading. By a very simple arrangement, and without adding materially to the weight of the mus-

---

* The French have adopted the following rules for firing, for ranges varying from 100 to 215 yards:—

To hit the middle of the body—at 200 yards, aim at the breast; from 100 to 150 yards, at the shoulders; from 150 to 190 yards, at the head; from 190 to 215 yards, aim at the top of the cap.

We deduce from the foregoing rules that a musket ball falls six inches in the first 100 yards, and six inches for each of the succeeding distances laid down, until at a range of 215 yards the fall becomes twenty-four inches.

Men under instruction should be frequently practised at estimating distances. This may be done by causing them to observe what parts of the dress, arms, or person of a soldier, or body of soldiers, cease to be *distinctly* visible at distances ascertained by previous measurement.

† Muskets were first employed at the siege of Arras (France), in 1414. In 1521 they were used at the siege of Rhegen, and in the same year introduced into the English army, to the exclusion of bows and arrows.

Though the flint-lock was invented in 1630, *fifty* years elapsed before the match-lock was abandoned, and the flint-lock universally adopted.

In 1670 the bayonet was perfected, making, as it were, with the musket, a single weapon, possessing the two-fold properties of a projectile arm and lance. Previously the bayonet consisted of a steel blade and wooden handle, which fitted into the muzzle of the gun, so that the musket could neither be fired nor loaded while the bayonet was fixed.

Until this defective combination was reformed, by replacing the wooden handle of the bayonet with an elbow and socket, lances continued to be used by infantry for defence against charges of cavalry; for this object, the formation of foot-troops was in six ranks, four of which were armed with muskets, and the remaining two with lances.

In 1703—thirty years after the improvement in the bayonet—the formation of foot-soldiers was reduced to four ranks, and the lance rejected as a portion of the armament of infantry.

ket, this might be entirely obviated. By reducing the metal in the barrel forward, and increasing that in the breech, the recoil may be so diminished as to be barely perceptible. Were this principle adopted, the additional advantage would be gained, of increased range, in proportion to the diminution of the recoil. A valuable hint may be taken from the construction of the lock of the Austrian musket. The detonating powder or priming being connected to the cartridge, is caught under a spring and detached by the action of a simple piece of mechanism, leaving the cartridge ready for insertion into the barrel without the inconvenience and annoyance of having constantly to bite off the end, a necessity which is severely felt during a long day's practice.

In the construction of the barrels of ordinary muskets the principal defects are the large allowance for windage,* and the faulty position of the sights. When these, as is constantly the case, are so fixed that the line between them is not in the same vertical plane as the axis of the barrel, the aim will not correspond with the line of fire, but will incline to one side or the other; this is a matter which requires the most careful adjustment.

The reason why at long ranges such varying results are obtained from practice with the same musket is attributable to the windage. This, in our service, is unnecessarily great. A moment's consideration will suffice to show its pernicious effect. Supposing the gun loaded and held horizontally, it is obvious that the ball will rest on the lower side of the barrel, leaving the whole space of windage between it and the upper side. The moment the powder is fired, the force of the explosion drives the ball alternately against the upper and lower sides of the barrel until it leaves the muzzle; the direction of its flight, consequently, depends in a great measure upon which part of the muzzle the ball last impinged before its departure. So great, indeed, is the error arising from this cause, that with a musket barrel firmly fixed in a vice, we have frequently observed a discrepancy of between three and four feet in different successive shots at a distance of only 200 yards. The answer usually made to this is, that were the windage reduced, the ball could not be forced down when the barrel became foul; this, however, where due precautions are used, is not practically correct.

We now come to the consideration of rifles, and of a superior class of arms. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the object of rifling barrels is to communicate to the projectile an uniform spinning motion upon its axis, thereby sensibly diminishing the aberration arising from causes already explained. Much attention has recently been drawn to this subject, and various ingenious expedients have been devised for attaining greater precision, and for diminishing, if not annihilating altogether, the windage. The first important results in the above respects were gained by M. Délvigne, an infantry officer in the French service, to whom the merit is due, of having devised a mode of rendering the loading of a rifle, almost as simple and as quick as of an ordinary smooth-bore. It is hardly requisite to describe minutely his invention here, inasmuch as it has been considerably modified, if not altogether superseded, by more recent applications of his system. The first of these to which we shall advert is the *carabine à tige*, or pillar rifle of Col. Thouvenin, with a cylindro-conical ball. In this rifle a small perpendicular pillar of steel is inserted in the interior, at the breech. The ball was purposely cast with deep horizontal indentations in its surface, and received, when dropped into the barrel, several sharp blows from the ramrod, the effect of which was to cause the expansion of the bullet by the obliteration of the grooves or indentations. The ball resting during the operation upon the pillar above described, the powder did not become "mealed" nor caked, and the windage being got rid of, a surprising range was by this means attained. In practice, however, many objections presented themselves, and the pillar rifle has yielded to the one introduced by Captain Minié. In this barrel the grooves are extremely slight, and the ball, furrowed externally with very faint horizontal indentations, is cast with a slightly conical cavity, into which an iron cup is fitted. The force of the explosion drives the iron cup to the centre of the ball, causing in its progress an expansion of the lead, which is thus made completely to fill all the grooves of the rifle. Owing to the increased weight of the ball and the absence of all windage, the range of these projectiles is extremely great, and the force with which they strike an object, even after a flight of 1,000 yards, is truly astounding. They will at that distance, with a charge of 1¼ drachm of powder, penetrate from six to eight inches into heart of oak, and will occasionally do considerable execution even at 1,500 yards. The use of this projectile is, however, open to a grave objection. When the barrel, after some rounds, gets somewhat foul, the ball frequently becomes firmly wedged in, and the iron cup, driven through the ball, carries a portion of the lead before it, leaving the rest behind in the form of a hollow cylinder, which it requires considerable trouble to remove. A variety of expedients have been devised for obviating this difficulty, and one at least of these, has unquestionably been attended with complete success. For this purpose a conical plug, composed of a metal considerably harder than the ball, is introduced into the cavity of the bullet before loading; this answers all the purpose of the metal

* The velocity lost by windage is nearly directly proportional to the windage.

cup, and is attended with no practical inconvenience: the additional weight imparted to the ball increasing its velocity, and consequently its execution, for the momentum of a moving body being the product of the mass multiplied by the velocity, it necessarily follows that this result must ensue, and, indeed, if due precaution be taken in preparing these projectiles, they will be found to combine every desired essential. All, however, depends upon the correctness of the form given to the anterior portion of the missile, to the position of the centre of gravity, no less than to the metal of which the plug is made; neither lead nor iron will answer, and care must be had that the metal of which the plug is made be neither too brittle nor too tough.

In addition to the objection already stated to the Minié rifle, Mr. Wilkinson enumerates the following disadvantages:—

1st.—"Increased difficulty in the manufacture of the balls and cartridges, so that in foreign countries we must wait for a supply from home." As, however, we always do and have done this, the objection is not material.

2nd.—"The ball weighing one-half more than the present musket-ball, only forty or fifty cartridges can be carried in the place of sixty." But what—if those forty cartridges be found more effective than 200 of the old kind?

3rd.—"The arm itself, which is rifled with four grooves, is not lighter." In that case no new difficulty appears.

4th.—"The charge of powder (2½ drachms) is barely sufficient for the weight of the projectile. Greater elevation also must be given, which is objectionable." From a variety of careful experiments which we instituted for the purpose, we were satisfied that one and a half drachms of powder was sufficient to project one of the conical balls above described (of twenty-three to the lb.) with sufficient force and precision for any purpose to a distance of a thousand yards. As for the increased elevation, that must always be proportioned to the length of range desired.

Mr. Wilkinson, in the publication before us, proceeds to enquire whether "long range and accuracy cannot be obtained by simpler means, with a much lighter arm of equal strength, as great a facility of making the balls as for the old muskets, and instead of reducing the number of rounds, to give more, if required, without adding weight to the soldier."

After some remarks explanatory of the rudimentary principles which influence the movement of all projectiles, he assures us that he has discovered an entirely new system, by which he can combine all the advantages of the *carabine à tige*, the *Minié*, and the Swiss methods, and avoid their defects; and at the same time reduce the weight of the musket and bayonet from 11 lbs. to 8 lbs., while he retains the same length of barrel and the same weight of bullet as that of the old musket, with greater thickness of metal, and increased strength, in consequence of the elongation of the projectile, and the reduction of the bore to thirty-two instead of eleven, thus effecting a saving of 3 lbs. in the weight of the fire-arm and bayonet, and about 2 lbs. in the weight of the accoutrements, from the reduction, in the space requisite to contain sixty rounds of the new ammunition.

One of these bullets we have before us. It is nearly of the form and about the size of a small acorn, with two very oblate spheroids attached to the base, the whole of course formed at one casting. He calls it the "cylindro-ogivale, easy-loading, self-expanding, solid bullet." At the moment of explosion, the expansive fluid, thereby generated, striking the bullet with a force of 500 lbs. (supposing the area of the base to be half an inch), causes it simultaneously to collapse and expand, rifling the cylindrical portion of the projectile as well as the after part.

Now, admitting the perfect accuracy of Mr. Wilkinson's statements, we are not disposed to concede to him the merit of having "discovered an entirely *new system*," since this is evidently but a modification of the French arrangements. The recent French inventions which we have already described, together with the hundred and odd registered imitations of them recently brought before the British public, all depend for their effect upon the production, by some means or other, of the expansion of the ball by the explosion, obviating the loss of power from windage, and the difficulty of loading with a tightly-fitting ball. Mr. Wilkinson professes to do no more; the only marked distinction between his projectile and the plug bullet is that the former is cast in one, the latter in two pieces. Better results cannot be attained than have been achieved by the plug-bullet it remains for Mr. Wilkinson to show that his can successfully compete with it. He requests that the public judgment may be suspended until the issue of the experiments now being tried on the Government ground at Enfield be known; we shall accordingly not express any opinion at present upon the subject, further than to observe that we entertain certain doubts as to the accuracy of range of this cylindro-ogivale bullet. From our experience on these matters, and that has not been limited, we are inclined to believe that the explosion will not utterly obliterate the deep furrows in this bullet. They will consequently, in our opinion, be found to occasion so much friction in passing through the air, as to retard the flight and to cause very material deflection. In support of this view, we may mention that we have known this to happen with bullets of a similar form.

In order that our readers may appreciate the extent to which this friction, combined with the re-

sistance of the atmosphere, operates, we may here state that it has been satisfactorily ascertained that, with the same charge of powder, a ball would travel in vacuo thirty-four times the distance that it actually does in air. Should Mr. Wilkinson's projectile be found to warrant all that its inventor affirms of it, it is not improbable that its simplicity may induce its adoption in the army; for rifle clubs, however, and other purposes, any other of the numerous projectiles now in vogue are equally eligible, provided that, when fired from a rest at the distance of 600 yards, they are found capable of striking the centre of a target ten feet square ten times in succession. Any projectile that will stand *that* test, be its name or form what it may, can be safely adopted: we will answer for its competing successfully with any rival at greater distances.

It has become very much the fashion now-a-days for gun-makers and others to talk somewhat flippantly of what wonders their rifles will achieve at 1000 and 1100 yards. We strongly recommend those who are so fond of dealing in these high numbers to erect a target on some convenient spot, and then deliberately to measure 1000 yards therefrom. They will be better than average shots if they can then and there make sure of a barn-door half a dozen times consecutively.

If a certain witness before the select committee of the House, on the subject of army and ordnance expenditure (whose report, by the way, filled an 8lb. blue-book), had tried this experiment, he would not have uttered such an absurdity as that "a common Government musket, with an elevation of 6 deg., would carry from 1700 to 1800 yards!" This individual evidently did not know that, to ensure striking a man at 600 yards with the regulation musket, it is necessary to aim 130 feet above him!

Any of the most approved kinds of elongated missiles, or

> "Leaden messengers
> That ride upon the violent speed of fire,"

possess amongst others, this great advantage over their spherical rivals, that their line of flight ranges lower, and approximates altogether more nearly to the line of sight.* For instance, one of the plug-bullets which we fired at a target from a distance of 500 yards was found to rise, at the highest point of its parabolic flight, to 9 ft. 2 in.; a spherical ball, discharged from the same barrel and the same rest, rose 19 ft. 5 in., and though aimed with equal care, did not strike within 3 ft. 4 in. of the former mark, which was just on the border of the "bull's eye."

Of the Prussian Zündnadelgewehr, or needle gun, we need say but little; we have tried it carefully, and have found it to possess in its present form many palpable defects, and, although in skilful hands, it is undoubtedly a curious and effective instrument—it is nevertheless not at all adapted for general military purposes. The works require to be continually cleaned after use; besides which there are objections which it is not necessary to specify in detail. The ammunition requisite for this musket, too, is necessarily of a most dangerous character, for as each cartridge contains the detonating material interposed between the powder and the bullet, it is obvious that a projectile of any description passing through a cartouch-box, or an ammunition waggon, must infallibly cause it to explode with disastrous effects.

Mr. Scoffern, speaking of these weapons, truly enough observes, "The only point to be determined in practice is, whether they fulfil their theoretical indications. Now, the testimony on this subject may be shortly stated as this. In England, authorities say that if made they would not answer; in Prussia, however, being made and largely employed, they are found to answer."

Not quite so fast, Mr. Scoffern. True it is, that these needle-guns have been made and largely employed in Prussia (60,000 having been issued to the troops since their first manufacture), but all experienced military men are now satisfied that they do not fulfil the expectations originally entertained respecting them, and that they must ere long be superseded.

We understand that Mr. Needham is now engaged in perfecting a very improved modification of the needle-gun, and has overcome many of the objections which existed in the original. We have not yet, however, had an opportunity of testing its merits.

It had been our intention to have given in the present article the result of a long series of careful trials, which we had instituted purposely with a view to determine the relative value of the numerous inventions in firearms that have been lately introduced to our notice. We found, however, in the first place, that the discussion would have occupied too much space; and secondly, we were requested by several celebrated makers to withhold our judgment until the conclusion of the trials now in progress at Enfield.

In the meantime, we cannot refrain from observing that, of all the improvements of recent introduction, the system of elliptic boring will, in our estimation, be found the most important. It unites all the desiderata of rifling, and is open to none of the objections arising from increased friction and uncertainty of flight. Mr. Lancaster has devoted much attention to the perfection of this invention, and to the adaptation of the best form of missile for projection from guns of this description. The variation of a section of the barrel from a perfect circle is very slight, and the internal "twist" from the breech to the muzzle does not amount to much more than three-quarters of a turn. The projectiles used are the "plug bullets," made of soft lead, and they have certainly yielded the most surprising results.

Mr. Thomas Mortimer, one of the most eminent gunmakers at Edinburgh, has bestowed much care and scientific research of late years to the improvement of firearms, and he not long since, at a meeting of the Scottish Society of Arts, read a paper upon the subject, which elicited the marked approbation of his auditory; he also exhibited on the occasion, a variety of bullets of various shapes, and an improved mould of his own for casting bullets with the hollow at the base, similar in some respects to the mould lately brought out by Beckwith, of Snow-hill, the great and decided advantage of which is, that the point of the bullet is perfected by the casting, and that the mould may be composed of two parts only. Hitherto, in casting the Minie ball a separate instrument is used

* If a stone be thrown *horizontally* from the hand, it is observed to fall gradually as it moves forward. This course, or path, of the stone is called its *trajectory*. So, when a ball is fired from a musket, it falls gradually towards the earth, and the *point* farthest from the muzzle, in which the line of sight along the musket intersects this path or *trajectory*, is called the *point*-blank.

to form the core, troublesome to hold and soon out of order; the lead, moreover, being poured at the point renders that part, which ought to be most perfect, very irregular, impeding the flight of the ball, and preventing that accurate shooting which might be obtained by this improved method of casting.

Mr. Mortimer was the first experimentalist who practically proved the inutility and pernicious consequences of the iron capsules, for he demonstrated that better results were attainable with balls made upon his plan, with a simple conical cavity at the base. To him, also, we believe, must be conceded the merit of having imported the first oval smooth-bored rifle; he purchased it at Paris in 1841, in which year's Exposition it gained the prize. This circumstance is curious, since it shows, as other similar events have also done, that discoveries almost identical, may be made by those who have no connection in any way with each other, but are merely seeking the same object by different means. It would seem, that England and France thus respectively claim the merit of having originated oval rifling. In the latter country, however, it appears to have made no progress during the past eleven years; whereas here, in Mr. Lancaster's hands, it has advanced rapidly towards perfection. Mr. Lancaster, soon after making the discovery, bethought him of applying the elliptic bore to cannon; from a course of experiments instituted at Woolwich we may, without being too sanguine, anticipate that the day is not far distant when field-pieces thus rifled will, in spite of the prejudices entertained against them, come into general use.

Much less difference than might be anticipated will be found in the performance of similar barrels from really good makers, provided they are selected of the same calibre, tried at the same range, and fired under similar circumstances. It may be as well to observe here, that no trial for the purpose of testing fire-arms is of the slightest value unless the barrel be immoveably fixed, and be moreover loaded with the same charge of powder for all distances. Small arms differ in this essential particular from artillery, as the variation for different ranges with the former should only be produced by greater or less elevation of the piece, whereas in great guns, mortars, howitzers, &c., larger or smaller cartridges are allowable, according to circumstances.

We must now advert to the "repeating principle," as applied to fire-arms in general, but more especially to pistols and carbines. It is to our trans-Atlantic friends that we are indebted for the perfection of these weapons, for though, more than two centuries ago, various attempts were made to produce a series of successive discharges from one arm, without the necessity for re-loading, it is to Colonel Colt's perseverance, energy, and mechanical skill, that the merit is due of having successfully vanquished all the difficulties that presented themselves in their construction.

Innumerable were the objections he had to contend with at the outset. Military men sneered at the idea as preposterous. "They would always be liable to get out of order"—"They would take too long to re-load"—"They would besides always be missing fire," &c. &c. The gallant colonel did not, as many under the circumstances would have done, sit down and wage an idle paper war with his opponents. He did better—he set to work and demonstrated that they none of them knew anything whatever of the subject on which they were all so confident. It was, however, natural that prejudice should be roused against an innovation of the kind—no invention of any value was ever yet otherwise received.

As regards the liability of the revolving pistol to get out of order, this was satisfactorily disproved by a severe trial instituted by order of the Board of Ordnance of the United States, who directed a holster pistol to be discharged *twelve hundred*, and a belt pistol *fifteen hundred times*, cleaning them but once a day; after which ordeal neither of the pistols appeared to be in the slightest degree injured.

With respect to the cost of production, as almost every part is formed by machinery, hand-labour being only required in the finishing department, Colonel Colt seems likely permanently to retain in his own hands the business which his ingenuity has created, for he will of course always be in a position to undersell any imitators that may appear. Greater security is also obtained from the same cause, for we find that, upon "proof," only one barrel and one cylinder burst out of 2,082 manufactured in the year 1850. The most perfect uniformity of detail is attained from the mechanism employed, for the several parts of each class of weapon are precisely similar, so that if any become damaged on service, a great number of available arms can be immediately compounded of those which have been partially injured.

The ramrod attached to these pistols consists of a very clever but simple compound lever, which, forcing the ball effectually home, hermetically seals the chamber containing the powder, and by the application of a small quantity of wax to the nipple before capping, the pistol may be immersed for hours in water without the chance of a miss-fire.

The movements of the revolving chamber and hammer are admirably provided for. The breech containing six cylindrical cells for holding the powder and ball moves one-sixth of a revolution at a time; it can only be fired when the chamber and the barrel are in a direct line. The base of the cylindrical breech being cut externally into a circular ratchet of six teeth (the lever which moves the ratchet being attached to the hammer), as the hammer is raised in the act of cocking, the cylinder is made to revolve, and to revolve in one direction only. While the hammer is falling, the chamber is firmly held in its position by a lever fitted for the purpose; when the hammer is raised, the lever is removed and the chamber released.

So long as the hammer remains at half-cock the chamber is free, and can be loaded at pleasure. The rapidity with which these arms can be loaded is one of their great recommendations, the powder being merely poured into each receptacle in succession, and the balls being then dropped in upon it without any wadding and driven home by the ramrod, which of course is never required to enter the barrel.

While carried in the pocket or belt there is no possibility of an accidental discharge of these pistols. Whenever it is required to clean the barrel and chamber, they can be taken to pieces in a moment, wiped out, oiled, and replaced.

The hammer at full cock forms the sight by which aim is taken. The pistol is readily cocked by the thumb of the right hand, a plan in every way far superior to the arrangement whereby the hammer is raised by a pull on the trigger; this is in every respect most objectionable, the pull materially interfering with the correctness of aim, and the sear-

spring having the duty of the main-spring to perform as well, is apt constantly to be getting out of order. Not so Col. Colt's; as regards the purposes for which they are intended they may be pronounced in every respect perfect.*

The gallant colonel has applied the same principle to a carbine, which, from the facility it offers for loading, is admirably adapted for cavalry.

"Modern firearms," observes an able contemporary, "as used for purposes of war, are just now in a transition state. Since the invention of the percussion lock, but little attention has been paid in this country to their improvement. The ill-concealed contempt with which purely scientific attempts are received by those who make their only boast of being 'practical men' is nowhere so prevalent as in England, and accordingly we find that while we have remained stationary, the great continental military powers and the United States have not only availed themselves of each improvement as it appeared, but have stimulated invention by liberal patronage. The result of this obstinate adherence to an antiquated system has fortunately not yet been tested by an European war. Can we doubt what would be the result of an engagement between two bodies of troops, one armed with the English musket and the other with the needle-gun, which, taking the number of shots only into account, is 3½ times as effective? Or, in the case of a frigate engagement, what would be the fate of any boarding party having to face a body of men armed with Colt's 'six-shooters?' What an eager rush would there be to wipe off the burning disgrace! What sums would be squandered in trying to do that in a few months which had occupied other nations years! The 'practical men,' no doubt, would attempt to console us by calculating how many needle-guns and revolvers had got out of order during the campaign, and how bravely English soldiers stood up to be shot at by an almost invisible enemy."

As might be imagined, Col. Colt's invention has called forth a host of imitations. We have examined and carefully tested these successively, and, with the exception of two or three, found them to be all decidedly inferior to the American original, which of course, being protected by patent, cannot be copied in its main essentials. Consequently, the English revolvers have none of them either the lever ramrod nor the separation between the nipples, which Col. Colt regards as most essential. Of the English six-shooters, unquestionably the best is one now commonly vended by all gunmakers, although originally the contrivance of a Birmingham lock-filer; it is mainly distinguished from the rest by a very admirable but simple piece of mechanism, which causes the actual insertion of a portion of the barrel into the chamber at the instant of firing, by which means all possibility of escape of powder is obviated; the hammer, too, being placed a little on one side, admits of an uninterrupted line of aim being taken along the barrel. One of these pistols, charged with a quarter of a drachm of powder, will, at 100 yards, send a bullet (of fifty to the pound) through a fir plank one inch and a half in thickness. We believe that Messrs. Witton and Daw justly claim the merit of having first brought out pistols on this construction, and we may add that those we have seen of their manufacture are in every respect beautifully finished.

Mr. Baker, of Fleet-street, has also lately registered a revolver deserving favourable notice. He gives to the hammer an elongated lever or tail, which, upon being lightly pressed with the thumb, causes the chamber to revolve. He thus obviates the necessity of altering the position of the hand to raise the hammer, or of dragging at the trigger for the same purpose. No other revolving pistol of English make has yet appeared deserving of favourable comment excepting those in which the barrels are formed of one piece of metal and revolve togegether. These are *not* of recent date, but for close quarters are as efficacious as any.

Having thus given a brief sketch of the improvements lately effected in firearms, it will readily be perceived that an useful and entertaining volume might have been produced upon this subject which Professor Scoffern has selected for his dissertation. Although, as a popular treatise, it is good as far as it goes, it contains scarcely anything of value to the scientific inquirer. Of his 213 pages, some sixty or seventy are taken up with matter which might as readily be found in any encyclopedia published within the last sixty years, and his remaining observations are not remarkable for their novelty. We should have been better satisfied to have met with minuter details and further evidence than we have before us, that the writer has tested by actual experiment the various weapons he describes. A mere compilation of such intelligence as he has been able from time to time to procure from various makers, or amateurs, is of very little purpose. There is still ample room for a standard work upon projectiles; upon such subjects both France and Germany are far in advance of us, in the value and variety of their publications.

Before taking leave of this gentleman, we must record our disapprobation, at the bad taste and ignorance of historic fact which characterise the very flippant and absurd censure he has thought proper to pass upon the ancient knighthood of England.

We have, alas! but too convincing evidence in everything around us, that "the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never—never more—shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone—that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself, lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

Still it behoves every man, however lowly his calling—however humble his position—to uphold, instead of deriding, those sentiments of honour, of true nobility of soul, that even in the dark days of our country's history once elevated and dignified our nature. If they shone with greater brilliancy then—if they lent a charm to a profession no longer known amongst us—but, nevertheless, a profession

* Since this article was in type, we have been informed that Colonel Colt has just established here a manufactory for his revolvers. The building he has fitted up for the purpose is the one at Thames-bank, near Vauxhall Bridge, lately in the occupation of the workmen engaged in making the mouldings, &c., for the New Palace at Westminster.

inculcating the purest principles and the most refined Christian feeling that has ever been known and practised upon earth—it is not for a sordid, a selfish, a grovelling age to point with scorn at what it dare not emulate, or to venture to deride what its narrow intellect is unable to comprehend.

Let it learn, if it knew not the fact before, that the principles enjoined for the observance of the "true knight" were these:—"To be ever obeysaunt to God's behestes. To know his owne byrth, in bearing himselfe towarde all men. Ever to dread offending his Soveraine. To bear a lordly countenance. To be affable in his language, wise in his answere, perfect in his governance, and cherefull to faithfulness."

Pure, holy, and simple was their code, from the Gospel itself was it drawn; and are we now to be told that men, whose education adopted the highest standard of morality, and strictly enjoined the practice of the sublimest virtues, whose lives were distinguished by valour now almost unknown, and by that habitual absence of all selfishness which may indeed be looked for in these days in vain—shall we be told, that these are fit objects to excite our mirth?

Ye gallant shades of Bayard, of Percy, and of Sydney, forgive this Aldersgate professor, and pitifully regard his attempts to asperse your imperishable fame. And thou, flower of all chivalry, "who wert never matched of none earthly knights, the courteousest knight that ever bare shield, the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, the truest lover of sinful man that ever loved woman, the kindest man that ever struck with sword—thou who wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights, and the meekest and the gentlest that ever eat in hall among ladies—thou who wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest"—say where shall we look, in these degenerate times, for one to compare with thee? Will Mr. Scoffern point us out such an one among the medical students of the nineteenth century? We rather opine not.

But we must not be over severe upon one whose knowledge of knighthood is probably confined to such modern civic specimens as he may have occasionally beheld at Guildhall, and whose ideas of a tournament can only have been based upon the exhibitions at Astley's!

So long as he confines himself to the realms of chemistry, and details the component ingredients of gunpowder and of percussion caps, we express no dissent—*cuilibet professori in arte suâ credendum.* There is, however, another maxim which this M.B. will do well to bear in mind—*sutor ne ultrà crepidam.*

Since the above article was written, we have been enabled to make trial of some bullets formed upon a more correct principle than any which have yet been produced. They are the invention of Mr. Mortimer, of Edinburgh, and we must say that they convey a high opinion of that gentleman's scientific acquirements.

The mould in which these projectiles are cast affords a beautiful instance of mechanical skill, being both simple and self-acting. It contains a cone attached to a slide, which falls into its proper position by the mere act of shutting the mould. The bullet is thus formed with the required cavity, and the mould being filled from the base, the apex of the bullet is infallibly formed of the proper density, a matter of no small importance. The sliding cutter, too, is neatly contrived, and is far preferable to any hitherto devised.

As previously stated, Mr. Mortimer dispenses altogether with the iron capsule, and the cavity in the projectile being judiciously contrived, it allows of the expansion of the lead, and obviates all possibility of any portion being left in the barrel after the discharge.

Having carefully tried the cylindro-conical balls, constructed on Mr. Mortimer's principle, without capsules, we are enabled to give them a very decided preference over any others of that description that have yet been produced.

Out of thirty-six rounds fired from the same barrel, and off the same rest, at a distance of 500 yards, the target, ten feet square, gave the following result:—

Of eight *solid* cylindro-conical bullets, three struck the target severally 3 ft., 4 ft. 6 in., and 3 ft. 10 in. below the bull's-eye.

Of eight *Minié* bullets, six struck the target, two a little above, and four rather under the bull's-eye; but all *below* the former shots.

Of eight of *Mr. Mortimer's*, SIX STRUCK THE BULL'S-EYE itself, and the other two were within a few inches of the outer edge of the bull's-eye. Two perforations, indeed, were within one inch of the centre, and penetrated an oak post beyond to the depth of nearly seven inches!

We may therefore well congratulate Mr. Mortimer upon the success which has thus triumphantly crowned his scientific researches.

LIFE ASSURANCE.*

THE "History of a Guinea" was a very successful book: a charming satire upon men and manners, sprinkled with many an historical anecdote, and giving a little immortality to its author. We can promise, however, greater profit and more enduring fame to any writer who, with one half the talent, shall produce "The History of a Life Assurance." We could sketch a plot *currente stilo*, and in two or three tableaux. Let the "POLICY," like the "*peau de chagrin*" of the French novelist, be always the chief figure.

Tableau No. 1. What have we here? A snug little boudoir, with a portly old gentleman in spectacles unpacking some voluminous parchments. The door is open, and through the space you see,

* "Life Assurance; its Schemes, its Difficulties, and its Abuses." London: 1852.
"Defects in the Practice of Life Assurance." By Alexander Robertson, W.S. Fourth Edition.

by bright sunlight, into the drawing-room—drawing-room disorganised. A huge horse-shoe table runs all round it; chickens in white ribbons, and cakes in sugary orange blossoms, cumber that temporary, intrusive board. Amid a bordering crowd of silks and laces, brass buttons, white waistcoats, and dove-coloured continuities you may—just peep a little further round the corner, good reader—see damsels, chosen for their power of doing so, looking lovely with all their might. The male occupants of the brass-buttoned coats are quaffing that loveliness in huge heartfuls, and find it more intoxicating than their champagne; the monotonous sounds of silver, clattering against crockery, are subsiding; the poppings of the long-necked bottles are varied by the crack of those smart detonators that explode a French sentiment, or are charged with a declaration in rhyme; the chickens have lost their bands of whiteness and are fallen into fowl confusion; the last third cousin of ancient days has eaten her fill and has pushed back her plate; chatter grows loud and laughter ringing—but only for a little space. Suddenly, and as by general consent, the effervescence subsides. All eyes are turned upon an old gentleman who has just given two loud hems. Mercy upon us, that old gentleman contemplates a speech! Slowly rises that plenitude of white waistcoat, and heavily does he lean upon his knuckles. He is the old friend of the family. Ha! we see somebody has been married. Stand upon tip-toes and peer at the white veil and warm blushes hid behind that large bride cake. Now you know the history. The affair grows serious and somewhat sad. The bridegroom stammers out his happiness. Papa is pathetic, and mamma uses her kerchief; sisters sob. The smartest of the bachelors tries to galvanise the party into liveliness by saying sweet things about the bridesmaids, and the bridegroom's man assures the company in their name that they are all anxious to imitate the bold leap just taken by the lady in the white veil and rosy blushes. Then the ceremony of hilarity, so tedious to the chief actors, is done. The fair ones flock away like a squadron of white-sail'd yachts—the travelling dress is donned—the crowd is in the streets—the carriages are at the door—the friends are at the balcony, and on the stairs, and in the hall—the old shoe is ready—but stay one moment. 'Ere yet you start, you jocund bridegroom, you must step into our boudoir. Scrawl your name at the bottom of these sheepskins. You had forgotten it in the turmoil of your fluttering hopes, but that staid man of law forgets it not. There is a piece of folded paper in your pocket, it is the key-stone of this fairy-built arch of felicity, the one material thing that is to give substance and duration to sighs and vows and hopes and tenderness—it is the homage of the happy present to the uncertain future, the sacrifice to the absent goddess who loves not to be found at feasts, whose name is in ill favour with lovers, but who is dear to fathers, and whom men call Prudence. Impatient husband, tarry to produce her passport and let the curtain fall upon our first tableau, as with calm eye the family solicitor unfolds THE POLICY OF ASSURANCE.

What shall our next tableau be? There are scenes enough to choose from. That well lit gambling-house in St. James's-street, that Jew's den in Clement's Inn, that crowded ball-room where music and revelry go gaily on while the lord of the mansion is alone struck speechless by the whispered admonition that John Doe and Richard Roe have entered among the guests; that dim building in the City where judges, unknown to Westminster Hall, sit and decide, and where the talk is of schedules and assignees, and sometimes, but more rarely, of dividends; or again, that wall-encompassed structure where wan despair and reckless flaunting vice live side by side—every, or any scene of human action where fault or carelessness or vice may be committed, or where misfortune may happen, might furnish forth our tableau of THE POLICY LOST!

A third. Death knocks; his foot is on the threshold of the husband's chamber. Why looks the dying man so haggard? Why does he shudder and turn away as the wife puts her hand upon his moist brow and as his children kneel around him? He, too, that wretched man, has a tableau before his eyes. He is picturing the moment when busy men shall delve among his papers in search for that unpretending looking document which is to shield the widow from mere material misery, and to discharge towards his children some of the duties of a father. "Alas!" wrote Burns upon his death bed, "I begin to feel the worst. Burns' poor widow and half-a-dozen of his dear little ones, helpless orphans; 'tis half my disease." The dying man is thinking what scenes will follow upon the discovery that THE POLICY HAS BEEN FORFEITED OR SOLD.

We might pursue the theme through many a page; it is seductive, and we can scarce stay our pen. To our imagination, that prosaic piece of paper, with its half-yearly satellite in the shape of a printed circular with a corresponding number, appears as the test of all domestic virtue and of all domestic happiness. No doubt a man may be a very bad man and a very disagreeable fellow, and yet may have a box full of these documents; but he who has not one must be a cruel, selfish biped, who has no true affection for any one but himself, and who, whatever he himself may say, or even think, to the contrary, cares not if his wife and children

starve if he is certain not to be by to see their sufferings.

We had certainly no intention of being led away by this subject when we sat down to write a few lines upon the contents of the two pamphlets before us; but we remember that this is perhaps the only subject in the world upon which an affectionate wife cannot speak with frankness to her husband. We let what we have written stand, partly because it may perchance meet the eye of some male reader who fancies that he is an affectionate father when all the while he is acting towards his children just as a selfish scoundrel would act, and quite as badly as a scoundrel *could* act; partly, also, because the writer upon the difficulties and abuses of life assurance has omitted to set forth its necessity as well as its abuses.

Frightful swindles have no doubt been committed by sharpers banded together under the name of assurance companies, and swindles will be committed under every name that can be adopted, and under every pretence that can be invented; but, considering that two hundred and forty-one new offices have been established within the last eight years, which is more than one a fortnight, and considering, also, how very few have been the failures, we do not really see that the business of life assurance is more dangerous to a creditor than that of a banker. Of course, caution is required in both cases. It happened to us not very long ago, in our early passsage om a western suburb to the city, to remark a wretched-looking druggist's shop, so miserable, so scanty, and so new, that we walked muttering onwards:—

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

&c., &c., &c., and wondering what had induced any man, although named ———, to open so wretched a little shop, wherein there seemed nothing to sell, in so wretched a little street, where there seemed nobody to buy. It was in the course of the very same morning that a hot-pressed prospectus was put into our hand at a coffee house behind the Bank, containing luring accounts of advantages to be derived from insuring with the well established company whose directors' names were set forth thereupon, and the advantageous terms upon which those capitalists would grant annuities for moneys paid down. In running the eye down the list, the first name that struck our attention was that of the druggist whose sudden advent in ——— street we had been wondering at in the morning. There, however, was the man, and there was his shop, and if any one was so confiding as to buy an annuity of him without going to see what sort of a position Richard Tudor Plantagenet, Esquire, of Carlton-street, Brompton (we will suppose this to have been his name and description), did actually occupy, why the man who did so must be a born idiot, and, if he did not lose his money in that way, would have certainly lost it in some other to the first knave he met.

The anonymous author of the pamphlet whose title stands first at the head of this article seems to wish to spread a conviction that there are already far too many companies, and that very few of the new ones can pay when called upon. The author of the second-named work is equally anxious to prove that none of the old ones will pay if they can help it. We believe that the statements of both these writers are greatly exaggerated—that the new companies, with a few exceptions easily to be distinguished by a man of common prudence, are either well able to meet all their engagements, or else conducted by men who have character and substance sufficient to provide for their engagements by incorporation with a more prosperous concern; and we believe, also, that the old companies are much more anxious to pay policies than to dispute them whenever they can pay with any tolerable justice to their *bonâ fide* customers. We believe, moreover, that if the system of life assurance were properly developed, there would be business enough, and more than enough, for all the offices now in being. There are six millions of grown men in this nation, every one of whom has others more or less dependent upon his labour, and every one of whom, unless he have substantial property elsewhere, is doing a cruel and dishonest thing if he do not insure his life.

Such is not the opinion of our pamphleteer. He says—

> Go into any of the respectable assurance offices, and request an opinion on *this* promise or on *that* existing project. The managers of the elder offices will hold up their hands in undisguised horror, while even the younger and less prejudiced amongst them will laugh outright, at the mighty but unstable, promises made by their less scrupulous contemporaries. The abuses which have grown into the scheme, and which it is the object of this pamphlet in some degree to expose, are nearly all consequent on the unchecked extravagance with which societies for life assurance have lately sprung into existence, for no other object, it would seem, than private commercial adventure, uncalled for and unrequired by the necessities of the public. This formidable increase in the number of competing institutions, has a direct tendency to subvert the ordinary healthful effects of competition, and to produce instead thereof rivalry of a most alarming character; each new institution for life assurance builds its claim to public estimation by endeavouring to outvie its predecessors in the cheapness of its terms, and to outvaunt them in the liberality of its promises. They out-Herod Herod! If there be found one society which is willing to trade with the public on cheap terms, the next is certain to repeat the offer at still cheaper rates. If one be foolish enough to promise a handsome bonus! at the end of five years!! another immediately offers the same advantage at the end of three!!! If one promise to remit on loan, one *half* of each year's subscription for the first five years! another is found absurd enough to release *two-thirds* and to extend the term. The effects of ordinary commercial competition have been found productive of advantage to the public, by destroying monopoly, and by adjusting, with some degree of fairness, the price of the necessaries and luxuries of life to the means of the consumer. No general nor considerable evil has arisen, or indeed can by any chance result from such a state of things; reduction in the price to the

consumer cannot possibly proceed below the price of production, which is a known, although perhaps a fluctuating Zero; commerce and the interchange of goods for money must be supported by a profit, however small, as the dealer cannot afford to dispose of his commodities, to any extent, either at or under cost price without involving himself in ruin; or should he be so incautious, or so unprincipled as to do so, *it is the seller and not the purchaser who will ultimately suffer.*

We take the following sketch of the history of the "Equitable" (which is the only company named) from the same pamphlet:—

In the year 1762, when the "Equitable Society" was first established, it was considered prudent by the projectors of that institution (so limited was their knowledge on the subject) to graduate its rates of premium on a very expensive scale. The "Equitable Society" was in truth the first institution for life assurance which attempted (what was then considered) the dangerous novelty of graduating its premiums according to the age of the insured. It was, therefore, desirable that those who were trying a new experiment for the first time should guard against the danger which might arise to the infant institution from too great a degree of liberality in its charges; and we cannot, even at the present time, sufficiently admire the prudence and sobriety of that determination. It was a good example, but one which we regret to say has been but indifferently followed by its many successors. The table of mortality, from which the early premiums of the "Equitable Society" were deduced, was one formed from the mortality returns of the city of London, during a period when that mortality was nearly equal to what it had been during the continuance of the plague. In consequence of these very high premiums, and of other circumstances hereafter to be adverted to, the society prospered so greatly in its pecuniary affairs, that in the year 1781, on the advice of the celebrated financier, Dr. Price, it was thought advisable to reduce its rates. On this occasion the now well-known table of mortality, called the Northampton Table, was adopted; but even then with a safety charge, in addition thereto, of £15 per cent. In the year 1785 this latter charge was finally removed; and the Northampton Table with a computation of interest at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum, has since that time been the standard table of the "Equitable Society."

The brilliant success met with by this society, and the immense wealth which it has realised, has led many to suppose that its prosperity was *mainly to be attributed* to the excess of its premium charges. This is a most mistaken and narrow view of the subject. The causes which have principally contributed to the success of the "Equitable Society" may be found in a combination of other and less prominent circumstances—circumstances which, in the present altered condition of these societies, it is extremely improbable will ever occur again. Two of these causes may be briefly adverted to. One of the most important circumstances with which we are acquainted in the history of the "Equitable Society," is the immense increase which has taken place in the value of its funded property, by the alteration which has been for some years past gradually taking place in the circumstances of the country. The great advance which some years ago took place in the price of the public funds went a considerable way towards doubling the value of the capital of the society. Much of that capital was realised and invested at a time when the price of £100 of Consolidated Stock was under £60; while the price of the same amount of stock, for some years past, has equalled and exceeded £90. If, however, the nation should hereafter become embroiled in a long and expensive war—if new debts should be created, or if the circumstances of the country should become materially changed, it is certain, or nearly certain, that the price of funds would fall proportionably low, sweeping away at once two or three tenths of the society's existing capital, and diminishing its property to such a sum as would very little more than enable it to fulfil its present engagements.

We must add, however, to this statement of the author that the old policies of the "Equitable" have five and six hundred per cent. added to their original value.

The objection to the stability of a company, that possibly a war may come and the price of stocks may go down, appears to us to be too far fetched for serious argument.

The fifth consideration which we have stated as necessary to the existence of the scheme of life assurance is, that the funds of the society shall be invested in such securities as will not fail to reproduce them undiminished in value when required for the necessities of the institution. This last consideration is a very important one, although, perhaps, it is the least regarded by the public, and we have reason to suspect but little attended to by the societies themselves. As an example:—The assurance of a life is a contract to pay £1,000 at some indefinite period of time, and to provide funds for future demands a society prudently invests, from time to time, in public or Government stocks. During the lapse of time between entering into and fulfilling its various contracts, the confidence of the public is perhaps shaken in the security or advantage of that particular fund, or funds, which the society has selected, and stock formerly worth £1,000 is now diminished in value to £600 or £700. The strict performance of its contracts in sterling money is, however required, and the society is injured to a corresponding extent. This example is, of course, an extremely rough, but, nevertheless, a very probable representation of the effects of a fall in the price of the public funds. It is true that several objections may be urged in answer to these remarks—1st. That the sums assured are not at once invested to meet future demands, but are, in general, gradually taken from insurers in yearly sums, and placed, time by time, into the funds. So that, as the price of the fund falls, the society will be enabled to purchase portions of it at a cheaper rate with the later premiums. This, to a certain extent, is a sound argument, but we are inclined to suspect (although the discussion of the point in this place would occupy too large a portion of our space) that its operation as a protection is over-rated.

Upon the whole we think that, with every disposition to do so, the pamphleteer makes but a very bad case against the insurance companies—and very glad we are to think so.

Mr. Robertson is the managing director of the Indisputable Company, and his book consists chiefly of cases wherein insurance companies have unfairly taken advantage of facilities given them by the law to avoid the payment of sums in justice due.

This is a serious charge, and we will allow him to propound it himself:—

By the policy, the assured undertakes to pay the premium regularly, and the company to pay the stipulated sum three months after the death of the assured; provided, that "every statement, declaration, and all testimonials and documents addressed to or deposited with the company in relation to the assurance, shall be found to be in all respects true." It is further declared that these statements shall be held as *warranted*, and taken as the basis of the contract, and that the policy shall be void, if any "important information" has been omitted.

The effect of these clauses, and the important consequences resulting from them, have been determined by decisions of the courts of law; and it is now settled, as we shall show by references to decided cases, institutional writers, and authors of repute; that if in the statements referred to, and which are declared to be the basis of the contract and to form matters of warranty, any fact, whether material or immaterial, has been erroneously stated, whether intentionally or not—or if any information considered important, has been omitted to be communicated, although the party applied to for information did not consider the omitted fact to be of the slightest importance, *the policy is void; and all premiums paid become forfeited to the company.* We shall find that it is not enough, that the written proposal and declaration made by the assured are unobjectionable. The friend's report and that of the medical referee, and all statements made by the person whose life is the subject of assurance, are regarded in the eye of the law as statements of the assured party, although he neither wrote them, nor had an opportunity of seeing them. The policy is so prepared,

that the assured enters into a positive engagement that all these statements are in point of fact strictly and literally true; whether he was aware of them or not. Such an engagement being in legal language a *warranty*, and the effect of a warranty being to render the facts alleged in it a condition precedent of the assurer's responsibility, it follows that the obligation undertaken by the office is only effectual, "if," and "in the event that," each of the many statements, whether material or of no importance, is *literally* as it has been represented.

Many of the questions contained in the several documents issued by the company are trifling and seemingly unimportant; and, as Mr. Doweswell remarks, "since it is competent for parties to make their contracts dependent upon any conditions which even caprice may suggest, whether the portion of a warranty eventually discovered to be incorrect or not complied with be material, or wholly immaterial with respect to the nature of the risk, the result will be the same, and where the truth of the facts are positively alleged, and not limited to the knowledge of the assured, *although a mis-statement may have arisen from the most innocent mistake, or from false information afforded by others, or mere inadvertence, the assured will be in the same position as to legal remedies in the contract, as if he made the most wilfully fraudulent averment.*"

We are much inclined to think that there is a wrong here which requires a remedy, but that the remedy is to be sought, not from "indisputability," which is a general invitation to all sharpers, but by a proper alteration in the law. We propose, however, to recur to this point upon a future occasion. Meanwhile, we recommend both these works to perusal, but with special advice to our readers never to read one book upon life assurance and one only. They are all written with a bias and for a purpose—read several or read none.

Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone. By ANGUS B. REACH.

"CLARET and OLIVES!"—words of the sunny South, where no east winds breathe influenza, where spring blossoms perish not beneath ungenial blight, where rich, warm, soothing zephyrs fill with healing influences the suffering lungs—scorn them, ye hardy tartan-clad imbibers of usquebagh—despise them, ye fearless mountaineers, ye strong youth who sob not as you press up the hill-side, and tremble not as wet garments cling about you—but *we* are sedentary and much book-worn; *we* are greatly compelled to hot-air-filled, and unventilated libraries; *we* cough shortly as the irritating east wind enters the sore chest like powdered glass—three months had the pestilence endured when these symbol words of soft air and cloudless skies excited our yearnings towards an atmosphere which lungs that are not of leather or of brass may breathe without sharp pain.

Tell us, thou phthisical fellow-sufferer, be thy soul fat with knowledge, thy memory clear among the facts and fictions of generations past, thine own thoughts busily working in the minds of men, thy fame achieved, thy zest of intellectual pleasure strong—how much of all this wouldst thou barter for a sense of enjoyment of mere animal being?

But let us be up and away, our author calls us to lands where grapes are purpling to the sun, to where delicious warmth has mellowed the sour juice of the green globule into luscious glorious wine. Forget we our catarrhs, and "Hey to the Vintage Home." Swift is our flight through our cold skies. France, Bordeaux, the vineyards of Medoc are beneath us. Let us come to earth again at the little village of Margaux—blessed by many a smack of lips of epicure—there, at the door of the auberge, the "Rising Sun," stands Mère Cadillac, the "mother of mighty wine," and the respectable proprietess of the hostelrie. There is an Englishman just descended from the little omnibus that stands near; he is now in somewhat animated conversation with the worthy hostess, and you can hear the words "vieux et du meilleur;" tarry just a moment and we shall see Mère Cardillac, who has for a moment disappeared, return, and in her hand a long-necked cob-webby flask, whence even as we look gurgles forth a liquor lustrous as a stream of molten rubies. That Englishman, whose eye sparkles so lightly as the flask decreases its angle, is our guide, philosopher, and friend. It is he who shall take us to the neighbouring vintage. Hark, he addresses us:—

THE VINEYARDS.

You have now finished the bottle of Vieux. Up, and let us out among the vineyards. A few paces clears us of the little hamlet of Margaux, with its constant rattle of busy coopers, and we are fairly in the country. Try to catch the general *coup d'œil*. We are in an unpretending pleasant-looking region, neither flat nor hilly—the vines stretching away around in gentle undulations, broken here and there by intervening jungles of coppice-wood, by strips of black firs, or by the stately avenues and ornamental woods of a first-class chateau. Gazing from the bottoms of the shallow valleys you seem standing amid a perfect sea of vines, which form a monotonous horizon of unvaried green. Attaining the height beyond, distant village spires rise into the air—the flattened roofs and white walls of scattered hamlets gleam cheerfully forth from embowering woods of walnut trees—and the expanse of the vineyards is broken by hedged patches of meadow land, affording the crops of coarse natural hay, upon which are fed the slowly-moving, raw-boned oxen which you see dragging lumbering wains along the winding dusty way.

And now look particularly at the vines. Nothing romantic in their appearance, no trellis work, none of the embowering, or the clustering, which the poets are so fond of. Here, in two words, is the aspect of some of the most famous vineyards in the world.

Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low, fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers or lathes are cuttings of the walnut trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are attached to the horizontally running stakes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every twig has been supported without being strained, and how things are arranged so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping, and straggling, and sprawling, and intertwisting their branches like beds of snakes; and again, you come into the

district of a new species of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake. But the low, two-feet dwarfs are invariably the great wine givers. If ever you want to see a homily, not read, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearances, go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weazened, scrubby, dwarfish, expanse of snobbish bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers like a man on the rack—these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of grey shingle through the straggling branches—these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralysed and withered raspberries, it is which produce the most priceless and the most inimitably flavoured wines. Such are the vines which grow Chateau Margaux at half a sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Covent Garden you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer with over-ripe black currants. Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his nymphs, his bacchantes, or his fauns. Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks. Meantime, let us continue our survey of the country. No fences or ditches you see—the ground is too precious to be lost in such vanities—only, you observe from time to time a rudely carved stake stuck in the ground, and indicating the limits of properties. Along either side of the road the vines extend, utterly unprotected. No raspers, no ha-ha's, no fierce denunciations of trespassers, no polite notices of spring guns and steel traps constantly in a state of high go-offism—only, when the grapes are ripening, the people lay prickly branches along the way-side to keep the dogs, foraging for partridges among the espaliers, from taking a refreshing mouthful from the clusters as they pass; for it seems to be a fact that everybody, every beast, and every bird, whatever may be his, her, or its nature in other parts of the world, when brought among grapes, eats grapes. As for the peasants, their appetite for grapes is perfectly preposterous. Unlike the surfeit-sickened grocer's boys, who, after the first week loathe figs, and turn poorly when sugar-candy is hinted at, the love of grapes appears literally to grow by what it feeds on. Every garden is full of table vines. The people eat grapes with breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper, and between breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper. The labourer plods along the road munching a cluster. The child in its mother's arms is tugging away with its toothless gums at a bleeding bunch; while as for the vintagers, male and female, in the less important plantations, Heaven only knows where the masses of grapes go to, which they devour, labouring incessantly at the *metier*, as they do, from dawn till sunset.

Our guide is a chatty and a lively guide, and, withal, well informed, and not wanting in enthusiasm. As we journey along the high road from Bordeaux to Panillac, he points out a dozen sugar-loaf turrets among the trees—that is the Chateau St. Jullien. We care not to stop, but behold on the right that new old, or old new, building on a little hill. Shall we halt? It is the Chateau Latour. Good wine is the Latour, but the wine of Leoville is better, and here is a little arch—an arch that may well rise in triumph commemorative of a thousand victories over care, and perhaps of still more victories over reason—which tells us that that undulating field of vines is the birth-place of the fragrant Leoville. A little walk onward and Chateau Lafitte, the very queen of winedom, with slated towers and rounded roofs, wide-spreading wings and whited front, gleams through its circling groves of walnut trees, and we hail it as the birth-place of a hundred sweet insanities. Turn down this sandy lane, see you yon whited wan and spectre looking, trim, comfortless, and unsocial edifice—like the picture of the Temple of Jerusalem, as represented on the stained glass of the Temple Church, if that had been chalked all over and put into a flat landscape of dwarfed gooseberry bushes—see you that unpromising spot? Chapeau bas, sir! You stand in the vineyard of the Chateau Margaux.

We are disappointed, no doubt. The vineyards of most renown have the least of poetry in their appearance. If you wish to see the vine in all its luxuriant beauty, Lombardy is the spot. There, festooned from tree to tree, climbing the cottages trellissed over the roads, the huge clusters of purple ripeness dangle from the yielding stalks; and if you travel by diligence, and on the top thereof, and are moreover committed to a vegetarian diet, you may gather your meals as you ride. But you can't have your wine and eat it too; the wines of Lombardy are an abomination to the discriminating palate. So let us back to Bordeaux and take part in the vintage gathering :—

THE PROFESSIONAL VINE STRIPPERS.

In Medoc there are two classes of vintagers—the fixed and the floating population; and the latter, which makes an annual inroad into the district just as the Irish harvesters do into England and Scotland, comprising a goodly proportion of very dubious and suspicious-looking characters. The *gen-d'armerie* have a busy time of it when these gentry are collected in numbers in the district. Poultry disappear with the most miraculous promptitude; small linen articles hung out to dry have no more chance than if Falstaff's regiment were marching by; and garden-fruit and vegetables, of course, share the results produced by a rigid application of the maxim that *la propriété c'est le vol*. Where these people come from is a puzzle. There will be vagrants and strollers among them from all parts of France—from the Pyrenees and the Alps—from the pine-woods of the Landes and the moors of Brittany. They unite in bands of a dozen or a score men and women, appointing a chief, who bargains with the vine-proprietor for the services of the company and keeps up some degree of order and subordination, principally by means of the unconstitutional application of a good thick stick. I frequently encountered these bands, making their way from one district to another, and better samples of "the dangerous classes" were never collected. They looked vicious and abandoned, as well as miserably poor. The women, in particular, were as brazen-faced a set of slatterns as could be conceived; and the majority of the men—tattered, strapping-looking fellows, with torn slouched hats, and tremendous cudgels—were exactly the sort of persons a nervous gentleman would have scruples about meeting at dusk in a long lane.

These harvesters are treated in a more primitive and patriarchal style than our mere Irish. Here is a description of

HOW THEY EAT AND SLEEP.

The dinner party formed every day, when the process of stripping the vines is going on, is, particularly in the cases in which the people are treated well by the proprietor, frequently a very pretty and very picturesque spectacle. It always takes place in the open air, amongst the bushes, or under some neighbouring walnut-trees. Sometimes long tables are spread upon tressles; but in general no such formality is deemed requisite. The guests fling themselves in groups upon the ground—men and women picturesquely huddled together—the former bloused and bearded personages—the latter showy, in their bright short petticoats

of home-spun and dyed cloth, with glaring handkerchiefs twisted like turbans round their heads—each man and woman with a deep plate in his or her lap. Then the people of the house bustle about, distributing huge brown loaves, which are torn asunder, and the fragments chucked from hand to hand. Next a vast cauldron of soup, smoking like a volcano, is painfully lifted out from the kitchen, and dealt about in mighty ladlefuls; while the founder of the feast takes care that the tough, thready *bouilli*—like lumps of boiled-down hemp—shall be fairly apportioned among his guests. *Piquette* is the general beverage. A barrel is set abroach, and every species of mug, glass, cup, and jug about the establishment is called in to aid in its consumption. A short rest, devoted to chatting, or very often sleeping in the shade, over, the signal is given, and the work recommences.

"You have seen our *salle à manger*," said one of my courteous entertainers—he of the broad-brimmed straw hat; "and now you shall see our *chambre à coucher*." Accordingly, he led me to a barn close to his wine-cellars. The place was littered deep with clean, fresh straw. Here and there rolled-up blankets were laid against the wall; while all round, from nails stuck in between the bare bricks, hung by straps and strings the little bundles, knapsacks, and other baggage of the labourers. On one side, two or three swarthy young women were playfully pushing each other aside, so as to get at a morsel of cracked mirror stuck against the wall—their long hair hanging down in black elf-locks, in the preliminary stage of its arrangement.

"That is the ladies' side," said my *cicerone*, pointing to the girls; "and that"—extending his other hand—"is the gentlemen's side."

"And so they all sleep here together?"

"Every night. I find shelter and straw; any other accommodation they must procure for themselves."

"Rather unruly, I should suppose?"

"Not a bit. They are too tired to do anything but sleep. They go off, sir, like dormice."

"*Oh! s'il plaît à Mossieu!*" put in one of the damsels "The chief of the band does the police." (*Fait la gend'armerie.*)

"Certainly—certainly," said the proprietor; "the gentlemen lie here, with their heads to the wall; the ladies there; and the *chef de la bande* stretches himself all along between them."

"A sort of living frontier?"

"Truly; and he allows no nonsense."

"*Il est même excessivement sévere*," interpolated the same young lady.

"He need be," replied her employer. "He allows no loud speaking—no joking; and as there are no candles, no light, why they can do nothing better than go quietly to sleep, if it were only in self-defence."

One word more about

THE VINTAGE.

It is on the smaller properties where the wine is intended, not so much for commerce as for household use, that the vintage partakes most of the festival nature. In the large and first-class vineyards the process goes on under rigid superintendence, and is as much as possible made a cold matter of business. He who wishes to see the vintages of books and poems—the laughing, joking, singing festivals amid the vines, which we are accustomed to consider the harvests of the grape—must betake him to the multitudinous patches of peasant property, in which neighbour helps neighbour to gather in the crop, and upon which whole families labour merrily together, as much for the amusement of the thing, and from good neighbourly feeling, as in consideration of francs and sous. Here, of course, there is no tight discipline observed, nor is there any absolute necessity for that continuous, close scrutiny into the state of the grapes—all of them hard or rotten, going slap-dash into the *cuvier*—which, in the case of the more precious vintages, forms no small check upon a general state of careless jollity. Every one eats as much fruit as he pleases, and rests when he is tired. On such occasions it is that you hear to the best advantage the joyous songs and choruses of the vintage—many of these last being very pretty bits of melody, generally sung by the women and girls, in shrill treble unison, and caught up and continued from one part of the field to another.

Yet, discipline and control it as you will, the vintage will ever be beautiful, picturesque, and full of association. The rude wains, creaking beneath the reeking tubs—the patient faces of the yoked oxen—the half-naked, stalwart men, who toil to help the cart along the ruts and furrows of the way—the handkerchief-turbaned women, their gay, red-and-blue dresses peeping from out the greenery of the leaves—the children dashing about as if the whole thing were a frolic, and the grey-headed old men tottering cheerfully adown the lines of vines, with baskets and pails of gathered grapes to fill the yawning tubs—the whole picture is at once classic, venerable, and picturesque, not more by association than actuality.

Our guide passes rapidly from the land of the vine to the land of the olive, but we have less sympathy with his olive-gathering descriptions. The oil of the fruit is, doubtless, a grand necessity of life; but, touching the yellow globule in its pickled state, we are inclined to agree with the unsophisticated Irish priest, who interrupted a conversation at the Lord Lieutenant's table by much spitting and spluttering, and by exclaiming, with great indignation, that somebody has been playing tricks with the gooseberries. Olives are very good, no doubt, as a preparatory state of torture to drive men to potations of that alcoholic atrocity, full-bodied port—bottled gout and apoplexy—but they are fatal to the bouquet of the delicate wines of France.

Our guide, however, is a gay companion, full of anecdote, and industrious in collecting good store of legends—filching somewhat largely from old chroniclers, and telling us much that we had read before. As this—

A glittering mob of courtiers surround a plain ferryman, who, in answer to the laughing questions of the monarch, whom the boatman does not know, admits that the "king is a good sort of fellow enough, but that he has a jade of a mistress, who is continually wanting fine gowns and trumpery trinkets, which the people have to pay for; not, indeed, that it would signify so much if she were but constant to her lover; but they did say that——." Here a lady, with burning cheeks, and flashing eyes, exclaims: "Sire, that fellow must be hanged forthwith!" "Sire!"—the boatman gazes in astonishment on his questioner. "Tut, tut," is the reply; "the poor fellow shall no longer pay *corvée* or *gabelle*, and so will he sing for the rest of his days, Vive Henri—Vive Gabrielle!"

In the Pyrenees we hear of course of bears and wolves. Here is

A STORY OF A BEAR.

One old bear, of great size, and of the species in question, had taken up his head-quarters upon a range of hills forming the side of a ravine opening up from the valley of Ossau. He was called Dominique—probably after his fellow Bruin, who long went by the same appellation in the Jardin des Plantes, and was known by it to every Parisian. The Pyrenean Dominique was a wily monster, who had long baffled all the address of his numerous pursuers; and as his depredations were ordinarily confined to the occasional abstraction of a sheep or a goat, and as he never actually committed murder, he long escaped the institution of a regular battue—the ordinary ending of a bear or wolf who manages to make himself particularly conspicuous. At length the people of the district got absolutely proud of Dominique. Like the eagle in Professor Wilson's fine tale, he was "the pride and the pest of the parish," and might have been so yet, were it not that on one unlucky day he was casually espied by the *garde forestière*. This is a functionary whose duty it is to patrol the hills, taking note that the sheep are confined to their proper bounds on the pastures. The man had sat down to his dinner on a ledge of rock, when, looking over it, whom should he see but the famous Dominique sunning himself upon the bank below. The *garde* had a gun, and it was not in the heart of man to resist the temptation. He fired, Dominique got up on his hind legs, roaring grimly, when the contents of

the second barrel stretched him on the earth. So great, however, was the *garde's* opinion of the prowess of his victim, that he kept loading and firing long after poor Dominique had quitted this mortal scene. The carcase was too heavy to be moved by a single man, but next day it was carried to the nearest village by a funeral party of peasants, not exactly certain as to whether they ought to be glad or sorry at the catastrophe.

And here another of

A WOLF.

"But do the Pyrenean wolves ever attack men?"

"*Sacré! Monsieur; tenez.* There was Jacques Blitz—an honest man, a farmer in the hills; he came down to Pau, when the snow was deep, and the winter hard. I saw him in Pau. Well, in the afternoon he started to go home again. It looked threatening, and people advised him to stay; but no; and off he went. Monsieur, that night in his cottage they heard, hour by hour, the howling of the wolves, and often went out, but could see nothing. Poor Jacques did not return, and at sunrise they were all off in search; and sure enough they found a skeleton, clean picked, and the bones all shining in the snow. Only, monsieur, the feet were still whole in the sabots: the wolves had gnawed the wood, but could not break it. 'Take off the sabots!' screamed the wife. And they did so; and she gave a shuddering gasp, and said, 'They are Jacques' feet!' and tumbled down into the snow. *Sacré peste*, the cannibals! Curse the wolves—here's to their extirpation!"

It is a volume of pleasant, light, and, withal, instructive reading, is this little tome of 264 pages—suited to lie in the sun and dream over.

The Wanderer in Syria. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Author of "Nile Notes." London: 1852.

MR. CURTIS is an American and a poet, and his second book is a book of "Moonings." Reader, dost thou know what "mooning" means? If thou art cognizant of the High-street of Oxford, or hast capped a Don in Trumpington-street, or if, being of the fair sex, thou hast a brother at either of the "seats of learning and piety," thou wilt know or easily learn what *mooning* is; if not, thou mayest perchance imagine it.

Cairo and the Great Desert, and Jerusalem and Damascus, have been described and re-described, pictured and re-pictured, until we weary even to sickening of the eternally revolving panorama. Mr. Curtis jogs not a jot from the beaten track, but he tracks it in an opium dream. Here he who will may read not what Mr. Curtis saw, but what Mr. Curtis felt, or fancies that he might have felt. It is a small book—had it been greater it had been undurable; but it is a book of day dreams, a flitting succession of thoughts, comments upon undescribed scenes, illustrations of untold facts, meditations upon half-remembered histories. See London from Hampstead Hill when a dense fog covers the dear city, but let sun-rays shine upon the tops of the cathedrals, the vanes of the churches, and the summits of monumental pillars—then dream lazily of what may lie beneath, and you will know of London what this book gives you to know of Syria.

Would you have a taste of these opium dreams? Come, then, and dream with the great American Mogul; he has a vast

DREAM OF THE EAST.

"O, great American Mogul," interrupted the Pacha, "are *you* awake?"

"Most certainly I am, and that strip of palm land which begins to glimmer through the dying night is Egypt, of which a Turkish Pacha said, Egypt is the most beautiful farm, but Syria is a charming country house."

"Moreover," I continued, "Arab signifies in the original solitude or desert. And this is the oldest and most estimable of lands"—

"This sand?" inquired the Pacha.

"No; but this East which has mothered us all, sending out of its apparently sterile womb race after race whose wildness has been tamed into wisdom, and whose genius, early fed with grandeur and simplicity on the luxuriant shores of this river, and in the solitude of the wilderness, has ripened into the art, and literature, and religion which has made us, and which we cherish."

"Well!"

"Well, Pacha, eschewing the leathery tea which the commander is getting ready, you shall breakfast upon the styles and titles of the Prince of this renowned land. You will agree that they become the dignity and character of the realm. They will not seem absurd to you in this tent, although they would seem so in the club and counting-house; and they will impart a fine flavour to your desert reveries. Pacha, perpend, 'I, by the infinite grace of the great, just, and omnipotent Creator, and by the innumerable miracles of the chief of prophets, Emperor of powerful Emperors, the Refuge of Sovereigns, Distributor of Crowns to the Kings of the Earth, servant of the thrice sacred cities (Mecca and Medina), Governor of the holy city of Jerusalem, master of Europe, Asia, and Africa, conquered by our victorious sword and by our terrific lance, Lord of three seas (White, Black, and Red), of Damascus the odour of Paradise, of Bagdad the seat of the Caliphs, of the fortresses of Belgrade, Agria, and a multitude of countries, islands, straits, nations, generations, and of so many victorious armies which repose beneath the shadow of our sublime Porte, I—the shadow of God on earth?'"

That is the name of the king of this country, the style of the Sultan; and it is as sensible and sonorous as the "Defender of the Faith," applied to the English King, George the Fourth, or "Most Christian King" to the last sovereigns of France.

I like these glittering shreds and patches, and remnants of magnificence. Despite the gentle Juliet, the melody of the name should accord with the sweetness of the odour, and the name of the Sultan ungarnished with these thundering tail-pieces would be as little agreeable as the prefix of "puissant" to our own President. The Sultan *is* the Lord of three seas, and of the odour of Paradise, and of the seat of the Caliphs; but what faith did George the Fourth ever defend, except that extraordinary creed of his being the first gentleman in Europe? And what were the shining "Christian" virtues of the Bourbon Kings of France?

While we sat, pleasing fancy with this pompous prelude of the Sultan's laws, the sun rose through the morning vapours like the full red moon. Khadra, the Armenian's beautiful daughter, stepped into her palanquin. The Germans who had paid specified piastres for the vision of the East, were already sea-sick upon their camels, and were disappearing toward the horizon with their one-eyed keeper; and the venerable-bearded Armenian paced up on his white mare to offer the morning salute to El Shiraz and MacWhirter.

* * * * * *

THE DESERT.

So, as you mount MacWhirter and follow the boy Hamed into the desert, its breath blows you a welcome, and the same breath disperses the fancies you bring with you. You breathe inspiration and exhilaration. That latent germ of the Asian and Bedoueen which inheres in you responds to the cool, vast silence, to the Arabian horizon. You are nomadic, you are a wanderer, and you must needs dream of a life under the coarse, shapeless, black tents of the Arabs which we are passing, and wonder if Khadra yonder, the large-eyed, olive-skinned Armenian girl, would follow you for ever, and willingly share with you in those sandy solitudes the rice, lentils, butter, and dates which are the staple food of the Bedoueen.

But as we coast along the green sand, while the warm southerly gale freshens, and we enter upon a tract of pure

Sahara, over which the dead white light glares and burns, the imagination grows more voluptuous, and you remember that the desert is not all ascetic, but has a strain of splendour in its history, and has seen other sights than solitary trains of camels and a white-bearded old Shiekh cantering upon a donkey.

Turning your back upon the West and the palms, and looking eastward, you recall that Arabian historians relate the pious pilgrimage of Haroun El Rashid and Zobeide over the eastern region of this same desert, from Bagdad to Mecca. They performed the journey upon foot, those pious pilgrims, but they were royally attended, and a carpet was unrolled before them as they went, so that the way was but one long pavillion, a gorgeous gallery, cloud-frescoed, sun-goldened, moon-mellowed, and for wall the shining infinitude of the horizon, painted by imagination and peopled by religious faith, at will. At every stage of the progress a castle was erected, magnificently furnished, and a million and fifty thousand dynars were disbursed in gifts.

This story has the true flavour of the "Arabian Nights." But El Fasy, most romantic of historians, strings a rosary of such pearls.

He relates that when the mother of the last of the Abassides made the Mecca pilgrimage, in the year 631 of the Hegira, about 1243 of our era, her caravan numbered not less than one hundred and twenty thousand camels. In the year 97 of the same epoch a Sultan took with him nine hundred camels for his wardrobe alône. Another, long before Haroun El Rashid, spent thirty million dirhems upon the journey, building fine houses at every station, and furnishing them splendidly, erecting mile-stones the whole way; and, exquisite Epicurean, freighted hundreds of camels with snow to cool his sherbet. Haroun El Rashid might no longer reign in imagination as the oriental Epicurus, although he did perform the pilgrimage nine times, should the name of this Sybarite transpire. And his chance is farther threatened by the Sultan, who, in 719, carried with him five hundred camels for sweetmeats and confectionary, and two hundred and eighty for pomegranates, almonds, and other fruits. In his travelling larder, also, there were a thousand geese and three thousand fowls.

Indeed, as we stop to lunch, and the commander hands us the bread, cheese, and dates, which are our morning refreshment, we seriously consider whether the romances of the Arabian Nights are not veritable history.

And away we went again, the little Hamed, with his quick, short steps, pulling us over the desert.

Away we went again, lost in silence and in dreams.

You are there in Arabia, though they call it the Syrian desert. You shall see Jerusalem, and, dimly along the horizon, the crescented minarets of Damascus quiver in the tremulous air of Hope. Your dreams of boyhood, your elder hopes, were worth the trusting, for this eastern sun daily proves their truth.

And you, friend of mine, while you turn my pages,—even now dreaming and hoping as I dreamed and hoped, turning with feverish fingers the pages of others,—scorn the scoffer, and believe in the beauty and mystery of the East. The picturesque and nameless charms that haunt your fancy of the Orient shall be experienced. Here you shall be thrilled with that sense of lofty and primeval freedom which shall throb ever after through the limited life that we must lead.

For the Orson in you, the savage man, the spirit that loves the rock, and the waste, and the boundless horizon, with what we call mere human, sensuous love; the spirit that dwindles cities and their extremest possibility before the grandeur and repose of a wilderness lying in the twilight of tradition,—which seizes the manly and noble among young men, and drags them to the mountains and the prairies—that is the spirit, which, like the camel, on the first morning, will raise its head and scent the wild fascination of the desert; which will shout aloud and rejoice in the morning and in the stars—crying, "Ha! ha!" to the desert, as the horse cries to the trumpets.

Hast thou dreamed long and well, thou lotus-loving reader? then take one more pull at the opium-drugged chibook and doze yet again:—

THE MID-DESERT.

The horizon is no longer limitless, and of an ocean grandeur. The sluggish path trails through a defile of glaring sand, whose sides just contemptuously obstruct your view, and exasperate you because they are low and of no fine outline. Switzerland has vanished to-day, and the Arabia that chokes your eye is Arabia Felix no longer. Your brow flushes and your tongue is parched; and, leering over the rim of the monotonous defile, Fever points at you, mockingly, its long, lank finger, and scornfully, as to a victim not worth the wooing. Suffocated in the thick, hot air, the sun smites you, and its keen arrows dart upwards, keener, from the ground. The drear silence, like a voice in nightmare, whispers, "You dared to tempt me;" and with fresh fury of shining, and a more stifling heat, the horrors of the mid-desert encompass you.

But in the midst of your weariness and despair, more alluring than the mirage of cool lakes and green valleys to the eye of the dying Bedouneen, a voice of running water sings through your memory,—the sound of streams gurgling under the village bridge at evening, and the laughter of boys bathing there,—yourself a boy, yourself plunging in the deep, dark coolness,—and so, wearied and fevered in the desert of Arabia, you are overflowed by the memory of your youth, and to you, as to Khadra, the sun has been mandragora, and you are sleeping.

Surely our author has gathered poppies ever as he wandered, and has distilled them into ink.

But even an American poet cannot dream soundly through 350 pages. As Homer sometimes nods, so Curtis sometimes turns him in his sleep and half awakens into coherency. This meditation upon the Mamelukes might almost have happened after breakfast:—

MOHAMMED ALEE.

I do not wonder that Mohammed Alee burned to be master of Syria, and struck so bravely for it.

His career was necessarily but a brilliant bubble, and his success purely personal. That career was passed before the West fairly understood it. It was easier for the Jews to believe good from Nazareth than for us to credit genius in Egypt, and we should as soon have dreamed of old mummied Cheops throned upon the great pyramid and ruling the Pharaohs' realm anew, as of a modern king there, of kingliness unsurpassed in the century, except by Napoleon, working at every disadvantage, yet achieving incredible results.

He was the son of a fisherman,—made his way by military skill,—recognised the inherent instability of the Mameluke government, then absolute in Egypt, and which was only a witless tyranny, sure to fall before ambitious sense and skill. He propitiated the Sublime Porte, whose Viceroy in Egypt was only a puppet of state, practically imprisoned by the Mamelukes in the citadel—and he gained brilliant victories in the Hedjaz, over the Wahabys, infidel and schismatic Muslim.

In 1811 he accomplished the famous massacre of the Mamelukes in the court of the citadel, of which Horace Vernet has painted so characteristic a picture, and for which Mohammed Alee has been so much execrated.

But in Turkish politics humanity is only a question of degree. With Mohammed Alee and the Mamelukes it was diamond cut diamond. They were a congregation of pestilent vapours, a nest of hoary-headed tyrants, whom it was a satisfaction to humanity and decency to smoke out and suffocate in any way. Mohammed Alee had doubtless little enough rose-water in his policy to satisfy the grimmest Carlyle. The leader of sanguinary Albanians and imbruited Egyptians against wild Arab hordes is not likely to be of a delicate stomach.

But he was clear-eyed and large-minded. He had the genius of a statesman rather than the shrewdness of a general, although as a soldier he was singularly brave and successful. Of all his acts the massacre of the Mamelukes was perhaps the least bloody, because by crushing the few heads he had won the victory. A sudden and well-advised bloodshed is often sure to issue in a peace which saves greater misery. It was Cromwell's rule, and it was Napoleon's—it was also Mohammed Alee's, and the results usually proved its wisdom.

Moreover, in the matter of this massacre, the balance of sympathy is restored by the fact that only a short time previous to the Mameluke's Banquet of Death in the citadel, they had arranged Mohammed Alee's assassination upon his leaving Suez. By superior cunning he ascertained the details of this pleasant plan, and publicly ordered his depar-

ture for the following morning, but privately departed upon a swift-trotting dromedary in the evening. There was great consequent frustration of plan and confusion of soul among the Mamelukes, who had thought, in this ingenious manner, to cut the knot of difficulty, and they were only too glad to hurry with smooth faces to the Pacha's festival—too much in a hurry, indeed, to reflect upon his superior cunning and to be afraid of it. They lost the game. They were the diamond cut, and evidently deserve no melodious tear.

Mohammed Alee thus sat as securely in his seat as a Turkish Pacha can ever hope to sit. He assisted the Porte in the Greek troubles, perpetrating other massacres there; and afterward, when Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, rebelled against "the Shadow," Mohammed Alee was sent to subdue him. He did so, and then interceded with the Porte for Abdallah's safety.

Meanwhile, Mohammed Alee had ascertained his force, and was already sure of the genius to direct it. He had turned the streams of French and English skill into the agriculture, manufactures, and military discipline of Egypt. His great aim for years had been to make Egypt independent,—to revive the ancient richness of the Nile valley, and to take a place for Egypt among the markets of the world. He accomplished this so far that, restoring to the plain of Thebes the indigo which was once famous there, he poured into the European market so much and so good indigo that the market was sensibly affected. His internal policy was wrong, but we cannot here consider it.

Watching and waiting, in the midst of this internal prosperity and foreign success and amazement, while Egyptian youth were thronging to the Parisian universities, and the Parisian youth looked to Egypt as the career of fame and fortune—as the young Spaniards of a certain period looked to the diamond-dusted Americas—in the midst of all the web Mohammed Alee sat nursing his ambition and biding his time.

Across the intervening desert, Syria wooed him to take her for his slave. Who was there to make him afraid? Leaning on Lebanon, and laving her beautiful feet in the sea, she fascinated him with love. He should taste boundless sway. Eastward lay Bagdad and Persia, thrones of Caliphs who once sat in his seat—why should not he sit in theirs? Then with softer whispers she pointed to the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, and looked what she dared not speak.

I do not wonder that he was enchanted. I do not wonder that he burned to be master of the superb slave that lay so lovely and fair in the sun, dreaming, as now we see her dream, under the vines and olives. His peer, Napoleon Bonaparte, against whom, in Egypt, his maiden sword was fleshed, whom he loved to name and to hear that they were born in the same year, had thus seen from Elba the gorgeous Fata-Morgana of European empire. How could Mohammad Alee reflect that sallying forth to grasp it, that peer had bitten the dust? That fate deterred the Pacha, as the experience of others always deters ourselves—as a blade of grass stays the wind. Shall not you and I, my reader, swim to our Heros, though a thousand Leanders never came to shore?

It was this Syria through which we plod, this brilliant morning, that seduced Mohammad Alee.

While we read, and nodded, and slept, and started, and read, we fancied we had never met with an American so little wide awake. We believe, however, we were mistaken. The daylight of the East had been worked up into photographs: Englishmen, and Frenchmen, and Germans had walked about with their eyes open, and had used up every visible fact—it was not a very sleepy idea to take the East in a somnambulist point of view, and when others had built up the facts into libraries, to glean a volume out of the neglected dreams.

There is a smartness and a mistiness about this book which may perhaps make it popular. There are so few people who will understand it—that is, there are so few who will find out that there is nothing to understand in it.

Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein in 1851. By S. LAING, Esq. London: 1852.

THERE has long existed a strong sympathy between England and Denmark. From time immemorial a marked similarity has been observable in the leading characteristics of the two nations. The same indomitable resolution, the same persevering energy, like tastes, occupations and pursuits, sufficiently attest the fact, and it is universally admitted, by all who have taken the pains to investigate the matter from personal observation, that the modern Dane more nearly resembles the Englishman than the inhabitant of any other continental nation. Their common origin is sufficient in a great measure to account for the circumstance. Then, again, the Angli, the Frisi, the Juti, like the denizens of our own loved isle, have, from the earliest times, been essentially a maritime people—far in advance of their neighbours in civilisation, and in the cultivation of the arts on which civilisation depends. They had long abandoned the bucolic habits and the ruder indications of an abnormal state, at a time when the nations around them were occupied solely in the unintellectual pursuits of mere shepherds and husbandmen, or, after the manner of savages, precariously supported their existence by the products of the chase. Commerce, navigation, and the arts of peace, had early exercised their humanising influence upon the Danes, and to this cause their advanced social condition is doubtless mainly attributable.

Yet was their condition in a great measure isolated, and their independence inviolably maintained. The devastating armies of pagan Rome, and the Christian hordes occasionally led by Charlemagne across the Elbe, to the far banks of the Eyder, made no permanent impression upon these dauntless Northmen.

For 500 years after the conversion to Christianity of the rest of northern Europe, they scrupulously maintained inviolate their heathen creed, and fought and bled with the devout energy of martyrs in the cause of the divinities to whose idols they reverently bowed, and in whose temples they assembled with a piety that would have done honour to a sublimer creed. After the lapse of some eight or ten centuries, the same daring spirit, the same invincible energy, distinguishes the people of Denmark, of England, and of that portion of the United States which has been peopled by our countrymen.

In order more thoroughly to acquaint himself with the mind and the social institutions of this remarkable people, whose ancestors under Swein and Canute were the conquerors of Britain, Mr. Laing visited Denmark and the Duchies of Holstein and Sleswick almost immediately after the successful struggle of this gallant nation, not exceeding in numbers a million and a half, against the united power of the whole empire of Germany, comprising a population of forty millions.

The result of his observations is a very readable and entertaining book, and although much of the interest that at one time attached to the above contest has passed away, the volume before us is one that none can peruse without satisfaction, nor lay down without having acquired a considerable amount of useful information.

At the present moment, when so much is being said and done, in the way of agricultural improvement, Mr. Laing's remarks upon the condition of the agricultural class in Holstein will be received with attention, as they afford useful hints for our own worthy farmers.

For this reason we make no apology for quoting the following account of

A FARM IN SLESWICK.

It is the property of a wealthy nobleman, of a large estate of fully 6,000 acres, and this farm of about 1,300 acres adjoins the mansion-house, and has been the "mains" or manorial farm, but is let. The verpachter, or tenant, showed me all his establishment. He keeps 240 cows, summer and winter, thirty farm horses, and a multitude of pigs and geese. He has twenty dairy-maids always at work, a cooper, grieves, a clerk, and about eighteen farm servants, besides occasional labourers. All the large farms in Sleswick, Holstein, Hanover, Mecklenburgh, and other countries in this part of Europe, are dairy farms depending for rent, and profits, on butter, cheese, pigs, not on corn crops only. Dairy products are the basis of the husbandry, even of the smallest farms. This verpachter keeps no sheep. He thinks cows more profitable. Mutton is not so generally used on the continent as in England. Veal, pork, beef, poultry, are more usually the meat consumed in families; and the mutton, as the sheep have generally some cross of the merino breed in them, is of inferior quality. The cows on this farm are almost all of the Ayrshire breed, or a cross of that breed with the native Angeln cattle, and descendants from Ayrshire stock imported from time to time by the noble proprietor who resides on his estate, and takes an interest in its improvement. When I expressed my surprise to the verpachter at the magnitude of his concerns, he assured me that his farm was not at all of an unusual size. He named several keeping from 200 to 250 cows, and two or three with from 300 to 400; and a farm with 100 cows is considered rather a small than a large concern. The dairy-maids, clean, healthy, buxom girls, were busy in the evening, under a head dairy woman, scalding and scrubbing the wooden pails and dishes, of which there were hundreds. They get up regularly at one o'clock in the morning to their work, and have a sleep at noon; this division of time suiting best their business. The regularity, arrangement, cleanliness, and the vast scale of all the operations, give the impression rather of a great manufactory of butter and cheese, than of a farm. The ordinary operations of a common arable farm are lost sight of in the operations of bringing the raw material to its highest and last state in a dairy farm. The butter, salted and packed on the farm in kegs made on the premises, is all sent to England, and the pigs are sent to the English market. The cheese, skimmed milk-cheese, is sold for home consumption at Hamburgh and Copenhagen. The size of the cow houses, and the barns which hold all the winter provender for 240 cows (for the corn and hay crops are under roof, and nothing is stacked out of doors) is prodigious. The buildings are of brick, with very high peaked roofs of tiles; but, on other farms, and more commonly, of thatch of rye-straw and reeds, laid on very thick, and very neatly finished. The milk, butter, cheese, cream, &c., had, of course, their distinct apartments —roomy, light, sweet, and admirably clean. The churn was worked by horse-power and machinery; and the whey and butter-milk were conveyed by pumps and pipes to a piggery at some distance from the dairy rooms, and properly divided for the pigs of different ages. I missed that necessary appendage to all Scotch farms, the threshing mill. The verpachter's grieve, a very intelligent, sensible man, told me they had formerly been used, but had been given up, because, although the machines threshed cleaner and cheaper than the flail, they broke the straw, and rendered it less palatable as fodder for the cattle: a heap of broken straw delivered at once from the machine, becoming dry from the air penetrating through it, and, after a day or two, cattle will not eat it. All the dairy farmers have returned, on this account, to the old practice of threshing out every day or two by the flail what is required for the fodder of a day or two. The threshing is done, on the old plan, by contract, for the fifteenth bushel. I missed also the finely pulverised turnip-field, with its long clean drills, the pride and ornament of every Scotch farm at this season. A Scotch farmer would certainly go mad if he had 240 head of cattle to keep all winter and not an acre of turnips to give them. Turnips, mangel-worsel, swedes, rutabaga, and all field root-crops, are unknown here, although the soil is a light barley soil, and is in general very foul, and only cleaned by naked summer fallowing. The only winter food for the cattle on these large dairy farms is pease, vetches, hay, clover, straw, corn in the straw, and mashes of oats, barley, bran, oilcake, &c. The cattle are kept in milking condition, and fed very highly all winter, and the corn crop is not spared, but considered altogether subservient to the dairy, and is bestowed, unthreshed or crushed, on the milking stock plentifully, perhaps wastefully. The alteration in our corn-laws will soon adjust the balance between grain and dairy products on these large farms. Where towns are small, and far apart, the farmer has no manure but what the farm-yard produces; and where sheep, or even fattened cattle, are not easily brought to market, his means of raising manure on his farm are more limited than those of our farmers, and the dairy husbandry may be not only preferable, but unavoidable. It is probable that the climate, from its severe frost in ordinary winters, may prevent turnips, or other root-crops, being so useful, or available for cattle, as with us. Turnips cannot be taken up and preserved in heaps, indoors or out, for several months, without heating, fermenting, and rotting, and the flavour of the butter of turnip-fed cows is disagreeable. The frost and snow, in general, last too long to allow of drawing the turnips and carting them home as they are wanted. The verpachters are too enlightened and enterprising a class of farmers not to have tried turnip crops. They attend our English cattle shows and agricultural meetings, are educated men, acquainted with every agricultural improvement, have agricultural meetings and cattle shows of their own, and publish the transactions and essays of its members. They use guano, and all the animal or chemical manures, have introduced tile draining, machinery for making pipes and tiles, and are no strangers to irrigation on their old grass meadows. I could not with propriety ask about the rent of this fine farm, but the verpachter said that if he did not make 12,000 dollars yearly out of his concern, he would have to touch his capital to make up rent and expenses. This would be about £1,330 sterling a year, and allowing rent and charges to be about equal, as in our farming, the rent would be ten shillings an acre, which I believe to be about the average rent of good arable land here. I obtained, afterwards, more precise information respecting other farms of the same class, and will give here what I collected respecting rent and management.

The verpachter of one, considered a small dairy farm, holds 300 tonne arable land, thirty-six tonne meadow land, and seven tonne in garden, court yards, roads, &c.—in all, 343 tonne. The tonne is a variable measure. In this district it is 240 Holstein ruthe, or perches, and reducing the perch to our square measure, the 343 tonne of land is equal to about 435 imperial acres. This farm keeps on an average eighty cows all the year round; in summer seventy cows are kept, and in autumn twenty cows are bought in, of cows expected to calve early. Half the cow stock are expected

to calve about Candlemas, and the other half about Midsummer, so as to have, as far as possible, an equal quantity of milk to work up throughout the year. In winter there are often 100 cows, or more, in the cow-houses, those which are out of milk being fed off for the butchers. The cows old in milk have in winter a feed daily of three kans, or rather more than three-fourths of a gallon, of crushed peas and pea-shells, and the cows fresh in milk one half more. The peas, and pea-shells, and straw, are crushed in a mill, and steeped in warm water, and the remains of the hay left by the cattle chopped up, and the chaff, and light corn from the barn floor, are all mixed together in a warm mash. The allowance of hay is 15lbs. per cow, those old in milk somewhat less, and those fresh in milk somewhat more. The cattle have straw at discretion. The cows are fed in the following routine, which shows the regularity, and discipline of labour, in the management necessary on these dairy farms.

At five o'clock in the morning, mash; at six o'clock, hay; at seven o'clock, water; at eight o'clock, mash; at half-past eight, hay, and then straw, on which they are left to lie down undisturbed. After the middle of the day, at half-past one o'clock, hay; at two o'clock, water; at half-past two o'clock, mash; at three o'clock hay, and then straw, and they are left to lie down; and at six o'clock they get straw for the night.

The rotation of crops on this farm is, 1st, oats for threshing, not for feeding while in the straw; 2nd, fallow; 3rd, wheat, with 12lbs. red clover, 4lbs. rye-grass, and 4lbs. timothy grass; 4th, hay, once mown, and then pastured; 6th, oats; 6th, dunged barley and mixed corn, viz, pease, oats, and tares; 7th, oats, with 8lbs. red, 4lbs. white clover, 4lbs. timothy grass, and 4lbs. rye-grass; 8th, hay; and, after it is mown, a compost of house-dung and peat earth, or a coat of marle, is spread over the land, and it is left in pasture for three years, and then broken up.

The working stock on this farm consists of fourteen horses, as good, or perhaps better, than on ordinary farms in Kent. The farmer pays of yearly rent for this farm 2,000 dollars, which is about £222 sterling, or about 10s. 2d. per imperial acre.

The peasantry are a fine, manly race, cheerful and contented, toiling hard and subsisting upon simple fare, and

THE DANISH SOLDIER

Is a quiet hardworking man, who goes about the peasant's farm-yard like one of his own farm servants, puts up with the same fare and lodging, looks after the cattle, feeds the pigs, and makes himself useful. He is a husbandman under arms, and in all his tastes and habits he is agricultural as well as military. An interesting anecdote is told of this mixture of character. At the siege of Frederickstadt, while thirty-two pieces of heavy artillery were pouring shots and shells into the little country town, which was deserted by the inhabitants and on fire on all sides, the great subject of conversation and sympathy among the Danish soldiers of the little garrison was not their own killed or wounded, but the cattle, the poor cattle left in the burning houses. One soldier was observed to steal across the street while it was swept by the enemy's fire, and was found by his officer coolly dealing out provender to the deserted and hungry cattle of his landlord. He could not withstand their bellowing for food.

Of his conduct under arms, his coolness, self-possession, and courage, we give the following characteristic trait:—

THE SIEGE OF FREDERICKSTADT.

The town of Frederickstadt is not fortified; but it is surrounded by ditches, or rather canals, being situated at the junction of the Treene and the Eyder, both navigable and with canals between them; and it can only be approached by the dykes raised above the level of the water, and on which the roads are laid. The garrison consisted of seven weak companies of infantry, increased to nine when the siege began; and the artillery consisted of seven light field pieces. The commandant was Colonel Helgesen, an old retired officer of the Danish army, a Norwegian by birth, who had lived many years in the place, and was called the otter-hunter, from his fondness for that sport. It made him acquainted with every pool and bank in all the country round; and he had the eye and the observation of the old soldier about him in his daily occupation and amusement. The attacking corps, under the command of a very distinguished, dashing officer, Colonel von der Tann, consisted of two brigades of infantry, some calvary, and thirty-two pieces of ordnance, and mortars of the heaviest used in sieges; and twelve of these were afloat in gun boats on the Eyder. The details of this siege furnish many curious traits of the steady, enduring, imperturbable character of the Danish soldier. When the besieged found that their light field pieces could not reach the enemy, while shot and shells were pouring in upon the town, they quietly ceased firing altogether, in order to save their amunition, and applied themselves to repairing in the night the damage done to their works during the day. Their works consisted in mounds of earth, and ditches across the dykes by which the enemy must advance; and the earth being wet and tenacious, the balls stuck in it, and did less damage than might have been expected from twenty pieces of heavy artillery battering in breach. Every morning the besiegers found the breaches repaired; and they had to begin anew to fire upon the breast-works they had been battering all the day before. On one occasion they had made a lodgement of men in one of the breast-works, and had scooped out a hole through it. The sentry on duty behind the breast-work stuffed his knapsack into the opening, called the guard; and with their knapsacks they made a barricade, supported by their backs against the breach, until troops came to repel the assailants, and to repair the breast-work. In the night between the 29th and 30th of September, the commandant allowed the municipality of the town to send a letter to the commander of the besieging forces, entreating him to spare the quarters of the town nowise connected with its defences, and on which the firing had been indiscriminately directed. "More citizens than soldiers," said the letter, "had been killed by the shot; and they would ask the General if it was allowable, in civilised warfare, to lay waste a peaceable city without any military result." The application was returned with the answer "Refused." No circumstance during the war turned the feeling of the people so much against the German party as this unnecessary bombardment and burning of Frederickstadt, a town known to be devoted to their cause. The people could understand that Colonel von der Tann, a brave and reckless free-corps chief, successful, enterprising, and regardless of any considerations not professional, might refuse this application to spare the streets and houses not connected with the defence of the town; but Henry von Gagern, the ex-president of the Frankfort Parliament, was riding by his side as chief of his staff. He was the officer responsible for the bombardment being directed suitably for the success of the expedition, and not wasted on the useless destruction of the inhabitants and their dwellings. He is responsible for the outrage on the established law of humanity in warfare between civilised nations. One hundred and thirty-seven houses were destroyed by the shot; and the greater part of the town was reduced to ashes by the fire from artillery directed, or which ought, by his official duty to have been directed, by him, the chief of the staff, as to the points upon which it was to play. When men are taken out of their proper places, and raised, by a revolution, to stations beyond their abilities or experience, and made presidents or military officers, they either play the fool or the oppressor. The warfare adopted by the ex-president staff-chief threw the inhabitants entirely on the side of the Danish soldiery; and they helped much, by the food and refreshments they supplied, to sustain the siege. The besiegers grew impatient. They supposed, from the Danes not returning their fire, that they were going to capitulate; but the old Dannebrog, as the Danes call their flag, continued flying. Two desperate attempts was made to carry the place by storm. The little garrison reserved their fire, until the advancing columns of the enemy were thronged upon the dykes and close to their breast-works, and then opened with their little field-pieces upon the mass with murderous effect. Both attempts were repulsed. The besieging force lost about 1,200 men in this unsuccessful attempt with six battalions, and thirty-two pieces of heavy ordnance, to take a little country-town defended by a few companies of infantry, being detachments from three weak battalions, and by some small field-pieces—and their brave old commandant, the otter-hunter. The siege was raised on the 5th of October; and the "Schleswig-Holstein" troops returned, beaten and disorganised, to Rendsburg. A continued bombardment, without intermission for 144 hours,

had produced no result but the destruction of a town which the "Schleswig-Holstein" party called their own, and the dispersion of its wretched inhabitants to beg, at the beginning of winter, for shelter and food, through the Ditmarsh villages, cursing the instigators and agents of this unnecessary war.

We have little doubt but that "Denmark and the Duchies" will operate as an inducement to many of our summer tourists to explore an interesting but almost untrodden field, and we are satisfied that they will find ample materials to repay them for the excursion.

Sixteen Months in the Danish Isles. By ANDREW HAMILTON. Two vols. London: 1852.

WE are afraid we cannot say much in recommendation of these two volumes. Mr. Hamilton appears to think that the only point of interest to the British public is what he, Mr. Hamilton, did in Denmark, how he fared and how he slept, what companions he met, and how the Danes treated him. Now for all this we do not care one rush, and seeing that Mr. Hamilton has nothing else to say—nothing about the people or the country, nothing of their statistics, industry, commerce, manners, and very little of their antiquities—seeing that his powers of description are almost nil, and that we cannot find one page in the work worth reprinting—we think we shall save our readers some disappointment by telling them at once that the book is not worth looking into.

Five Years at Nepaul. By Captain THOMAS SMITH, Assistant Political Resident at Nepaul from 1841 to 1845. Two vols. London: 1852.

A Journey to Nepaul. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq. London: 1852.

THE gaping crowds of London and Paris can still remember the diamonds of the Nepaulese princes. Fashion, more critical and fastidious, but of still shorter memory, may perhaps be able to recal the face and form of Jung Bahadoor (the Mighty in War). It was a face especially to strike the attention of woman. Pensive in repose, yet a pensiveness that seemed only to soften into unison the instincts of the warrior and the high intelligence of the ruler—strength, vigour, quickness, fierceness, audacity, savage impulses of mind and body, were seen to quiver gently beneath, like springs unpressed; yet were these velveted by a courtliness that seemed untaught, for it was not of our school of learning; a politeness that seemed prompted by nature, for it was not cut to our drawing-room pattern. There was also in that expression a slight pervading influence of intellectual sensualism, which, to the quick-discerning eye of high-cultured beauty, told that this strong animal and active soul might perhaps be guided by a silken thread. There was, moreover, a mysteriously-whispered history of dark crimes, dared for lofty aims; and he was, altogether, just such an individual as Goethe, Byron, and Alexandre Dumas have taught us to look upon as a most loveable hero of romance.

What country breeds such heroes Captain Smith and Mr. Oliphant have undertaken to tell.

Captain Smith's book is all we could wish—and a great deal more. He describes the country so well that we see it before us. Its hot valleys, its cool uplands, and its icy mountain peaks; its lofty forests and all the woods that form them, the birds that shelter in their branches and the beasts that make their lair in their leaves; its towns with their wooden temples, painted roofs, and huge quadrangular reservoirs; and its people, with their oddly-assorted races. All this we are told fully, yet succinctly, and in the style of a man who was well able to discern, and has brought us the best fruits of his discernment.

What, however, we are not quite so grateful for, is the full description of the little differences that occurred between John Company and the Court of Khatmandoo, some forty years ago. We are satisfied to read the history of Indian wars in the pages of the ordinary historians, and we find in Mr. Mill's book at least as much about Sir David Ochterlony as we at all require to know, and a great deal more than we have the least desire to remember. We opine that that is the general public view of this subject, and that it will be considered an imperfection in a work of two volumes that one volume and a half should be occupied by an account of one of our smallest achievements in the East, which is very stale, and not much more important if new, than the contents of the last Indian mail.

Moreover, we would have believed Captain Smith to be a brave officer, and ready to do and to endure all things, even had he not, *àpropos de bottes*, printed all the pretty things his superiors have ever written to him or of him. This, however, we can pardon more easily than the Ochterlony monopoly. When a man has ridden his face into blisters across a desert, made his way alone through an army of barbarians, and returned and cut them up at the head of a troop of irregular horse, he has a right to tell us of the exploit—but, with all due submission to him and his publisher, he has *not* a right to tack us a volume and a half of second-hand history, on to an account of a country about which we have a curiosity.

Mr. Oliphant's book has the merit of having no waste matter, but then it lacks somewhat of the solid information which Captain Smith affords. The Captain has resided for years in the country in a position of political importance, the son of the Ceylon judge has only made a journey to Khatmandoo. But then, per contra, the companion of Mr. Oliphant was the very Jung Bahadoor himself, the Lara of our London drawing-rooms. We must allow the reader an opportunity of judging between these rival claims.

Captain Smith having described himself and his exploits, and Nepaul and its position and its products, comes to its inhabitants, reasonable and unreasonable. The former consist of Newars, Dherwars, Mhargies, Bhootias, and Bhamas; the latter are distinguished by the, to us, more civilised names of elephants, tigers, and rhinoceroses.

NEPAULESE TRIBES.

The inhabitants of Nepaul consist chiefly of Brahmins and Ketries, with their various sub-divisions of Newars, Dherwars, Mhargies, Bhootias, and Bhamas. The former of these compose the army, engross all situations of trust, whether civil or military, and are dispersed promiscuously throughout the country. The Newars are confined almost to the valley of Nepaul. The Dherwars and Mhargies are the husbandmen and fishers of the western districts; and the Bhootias, though some families of them are planted in the lower lands, occupy, generally speaking, such parts of the Kachâr as are included in the Nepaul territories. The Bhamas are a sort of separatists from the Newars, supposed to amount to five thousand; they shave their heads like the Bhootias, observe many of the religious rites, as well as civil costume of their idolaters, in a dialect of whose language they are said to preserve their sacred writings. To the eastward of Nepaul some districts are inhabited by Limboos, Naggunkotes, and others.

The Newars are divided into several castes or orders, most of which derive their origin, like those among the more ancient Hindoos, from a primitive classification, according to trades and occupations.

We are sorry to hear this scandal of Jung Bahadoor's countrywomen, and also of the Brahmin priests:—

THE MILITARY ORDER OF NEPAUL.

The great aboriginal stock of the inhabitants of the mountains, east of the river Kâli, as in Nepaul, is Mongol. The fact is inscribed, in characters so plain, upon their faces, forms, and languages, that we may well dispense with the superfluous and vain attempt to trace it historically in the meagre chronicles of barbarians.

But, from the twelfth century downwards, the tide of Mussulman conquest and bigotry continued to sweep multitudes of the Brahmins of the plains from Hindostan into the proximate hills, which now compose the western territories of the kingdom of Nepaul. There the Brahmins soon located themselves; they found the natives illiterate, and without faith, but fierce and proud.

Their object was to make them converts to Hindooism, and so to confirm the fleeting influence derived from their learning and politeness. They saw that the barbarians had vacant minds, ready to receive their doctrines, but spirits not apt to stoop to degradation; and they acted accordingly. To the earliest and most distinguished of their converts they communicated, in defiance of the creed they taught, the lofty rank and honours of the Kshatriya order. But the Brahmins had sensual passions to gratify, as well as ambition. They found the native females, even the most distinguished, nothing loth—but still of a temper, like that of the males, prompt to repel indignities.

These females would, indeed, welcome the polished Brahmins to their embraces; but their offspring must not be stigmatised as the infamous progeny of a Brahmin, and a Mlechha must, on the contrary, be raised to eminence in the new order of things introduced by their fathers. To this progeny also, then, the Brahmins, in still greater defiance of their creed, communicated the rank of the second order of Hindooism; and from these two roots, mainly, sprang the now numerous, predominant, and extensively ramified tribe of the Khâs, originally the name of a small clan of creedless barbarians, now the proud title of the Kshatriya, or military order of the kingdom of Nepaul. The offspring of original Khâs females and of Brahmins, with the honours and rank of the second order of Hindooism, obtained the patronymic titles of the first order; and hence the key to the anomalous nomenclature of so many stripes of the military tribes of Nepaul is to be sought in the nomenclature of the sacred order.

It may be added, as remarkably illustrative of the lofty spirit of the Parbattiahs, that in spite of the yearly increasing sway of Hindooism in Nepaul, and of the various attempts of Brahmins in high places to procure the abolition of a custom so radically opposed to the creed both parties now profess, the Khâs still insist that the fruit of commerce (marriage is out of the question), between their females and males of the sacred order shall be ranked as Kshatriyas, wear the thread, and assume the patronymic title.

The following hint may be useful to our Indian recruiting officers, who appear to be not very successful in filling up the ranks of the Bengal Cavalry:—

THE NEPAULESE HIGHLANDERS.

These highland soldiers, who despatch their meal in half an hour, and satisfy the ceremonial law by merely washing their hands and face, and taking off their turbans before cooking, laugh at the pharisaical rigour of our Sepoys, who must bathe from head to foot, and make Pooja (or worship) ere they begin to dress their dinner, must eat nearly naked in the coldest weather, and cannot be in marching time again in less than three hours. In war, the former readily carry several days' provisions on their backs; the latter would deem such an act intolerably degrading. The former see in foreign service nothing but the prospect of glory and spoil; the latter can discover in it nothing but pollution and peril from unclean men, and terrible wizards, goblins, and evil spirits. In masses, the former have all that indomitable confidence, each and all, which grows out of national integrity and success: the latter can have no idea of sentiment, which maintains the union and resolution of multitudes in peril, better than all other human bonds whatever.

It has been calculated that there are at this time in Nepaul no less than thirty thousand Dakhriahs, or soldiers off the roll by rotation, belonging to the above three tribes. There does not exist any insuperable obstacle to our obtaining, in one form or other, the services of a large body of these men; and such are their energy of character, love of enterprise, and freedom from the shackles of caste, that their services, if once obtained, would soon come to be most highly prized.

In the opinion of competent judges, they are by far the best soldiers in India; and if they were made participators of our own renown in arms, their gallant spirit and unadulterated military habits might be relied on for fidelity; and our good and regular pay, and noble pension-establishment would serve to counterpoise the influence of nationality especially in the Magars and Gurûngs.

But now we must search for something more amusing. Here is an elephant hunt worthy of Gordon Cumming himself. We must premise that the elephant was as much the terror of the country as was Guy of Warwick's dun cow. For fifty years he had eaten up plantations and trampled their cultivators into red dust. Captain Smith had been entreated by the King in full council to purge his land of the monster, and our young Hercules, nothing loth, set forth in good spirits to do the bidding of this barbarous Eurystheus. The many proofs of the monster's prowess that met him on his way we may not stay to tell; but the fight was in this wise:—

A BATTLE WITH SHIKAR BASSA.

A eight o'clock in the morning of the 7th of March, 1844, we started from the tents, and at the expiration of an hour, we arrived at the place where this monster was to be found. Never shall I forget the scene! Upon our coming within a few yards of his position, Motee Persaud was leading, when out rushed the wild elephant with a terrific whistle, and immediately commenced a furious attack upon Motee. The meeting of these two mountains of flesh was really grand. Motee stood the shock well, but in ten minutes it was quite evident the wild one was master; they crossed their tusks, and pushed at each other like infuriated rams. Upon Motee giving way a general shout was raised by some three hundred voices. I immediately got off my elephant, followed by my five gun carriers, and fired a three ounce ball into the wild one's flank; he gave a hideous roar, eased his purchase on Motee Persaud, and retired to his quarters. A general scamper now took place. Away went the chiefs and Tarcos (the former had never dismounted) with Motee Persaud at their heels, and after going about two miles at a rattling pace, Motee was secured with some difficulty and fastened to a tree.

I now determined upon attacking the brute on foot, Jack and my other attendants standing by me, though much disappointed that I had not joined in the general flight. The enemy soon showed symptons of the humour he was in by tearing down branches of the trees, and dashing them in all directions; many of them were thicker than my body. Shortly afterwards about twenty tame buffaloes which were grazing in the neighbourhood, and probably disturbed by the Tarcos' elephants, came galloping across the plain near the monster's position. I saw him issuing from the forest, and in an instant he trampled one of the buffaloes to death, crushing every bone in his body; he then lifted another off the ground with the greatest ease, driving his tusks through and through him, and throwing the carcase to some distance, quite dead. He once more retreated to his cover, and in a few minutes I advanced to the attack: when within a hundred yards of him, out he came with that peculiary shrill whistle, which must be heard from a wild elephant to be appreciated. He made his appearance with an enormous branch of a tree in his trunk, holding it well up over his head. His rush was splendid, and stopping at about sixty yards from me, he hesitated what to do; whisking the branch about, and kicking up the ground with his fore and hind feet with astonishing force, I certainly did not like his appearance, but it was now too late, so hostilities commenced. I first gave him the benefit of my old well-tried double rifle, and discharged the right barrel as true as the branch which he was holding to the centre of his forehead would allow me to direct it. The ball stung him sharply; he dropt the branch as if it had been a red hot poker; shook his enormous head, and roared violently. I now had a clear look at him; the hole made in his forehead by the ball annoyed him exceedingly; he turned up his trunk to examine the wound, sucked out the blood, and throwing it over his head and shoulders, appeared to experience considerable astonishment. I was not at all disposed to allow him much time for reflection, for fear he might prove too troublesome, and as he was standing still, I favoured him with the left barrel, this time well planted just into the bump of his trunk, where it rises out of the head. As there was nothing to intercept my sight, this shot brought him upon his knees, in which position he remained just long enough to enable me to reload. On getting up he turned wildly about, looking for me, and upon discovering my position, came down towards me at an awful pace. Anticipating this movement, I had my three ounce rifle prepared for his reception, and allowed him to come within twenty yards, when I sent the ball again into his forehead, which stopped him short; he began to stagger and roll about as if drunk, turned round three or four times, again felt over his bleeding forehead, sucking out pints of blood with his trunk, and showering it over his head and body which, originally black, had now been changed to a deep scarlet.

The fight up to this time had been carried on in the dry bed of the Raptee river, without a bush between us, but with a dense jungle on either side, so finding him a much thicker-headed and more disagreeable antagonist than I had inwardly bargained for, I considered it prudent to retreat into the jungle on my right, taking up my position behind a large tree. Not many minutes had elapsed ere he missed me, and rushing down to the spot where he had last seen me, he began to hunt me out. Elephants possess a very keen sense of smell through the proboscis, but the blood was now streaming through the interior of that organ, which sadly perplexed his endeavours to sniff me out. By hard blowing he partially cleared the trunk, and discovering a clue to his opponent, came straight to the tree behind which I was concealed. I had no time to lose, I therefore treated him to a salute from the right and left barrels in rapid succession; the last shot, from his shaking his head at the first, glanced off the bone and scooped out his right eye, the pain of which drove him nearly mad. He spun himself round in intense agony; his roars were appalling, and he ploughed up the ground with his feet to an extent that, if described, would appear an exaggeration to those who have not seen an elephant, particularly an enraged one, in the act of performing that operation. His small eye hung from the socket, I therefore determined to manœuvre on his blind side, and ply him well with lead.

I had fought him for an hour and a half. Now, a scorching sun and a fast, under such circumstances, are *rather* trying; indeed, I had almost had enough of it, and began devoutly to wish that the beast would either take to his heels, or allow me to take to mine. The brute, unfortunately, was in no such humour. It is a notorious fact, that when two wild elephants meet in a musth state, they never separate till one of them is destroyed. Their fight sometimes lasts a week, when the one which physically possesses the greatest capacity for fasting will destroy the other. Large male carcasses are thus frequently discovered by the elephant catchers, and their tusks are turned to a profitable account.

I was now greatly exhausted and blown, retreating after every shot to a fresh tree, the elephant invariably following me up. In a hurry I took up a position behind a tree which I should not have selected had I not been so fatigued. My opponent being from his wounds slow in pursuit enabled me to recover my wind, and while doing so it struck me I had occupied a bad position, the tree not being much thicker than my body. I immediately retreated to another tree a few yards off, affording much better cover, and fortunate it was I did so, for I had barely taken up my new ground when the elephant again commenced hunting me up, and when within four yards of the tree I had just quitted, he stopped, and putting his trunk out, after clearing it and scenting for some minutes made a terrific rush. But this was fortunately nearly his last. On coming up to the tree he made sure I was behind it, and encircling it with his trunk he endeavoured to break it down. Failing in this he half leaned, but in a very exhausted state, against the tree, and after two more efforts tore it up by the roots and cast it down. Evidently making sure that I was under it, he now knelt down and commenced driving his tusks into both sides of the tree, flattering himself that he was probing my carcass. I was only a few yards from him during this operation. Having considerably revived, I determined upon acknowledging his good intentions. Stepping from behind the tree I had occupied whilst he was employed in his humane undertaking, I fired four shots successively into his forehead, which, however, stunned him. On reviving, he stuck his tusks heavily into the ground, and remained motionless for some minutes. I began to hope he was dead, and retreated to another position to reload.

My mouth was in a fearful state from thirst, my lips and tongue so cracked and parched, that they were bleeding profusely. The monster, to my disgust, again got up, but now very weak, and rolling about as if he had been indulging, *ad libitum*, in gin and leaden bitters. He staggered back with some difficulty, reached a tree, which he leant against. Jack now, for the first time during the encounter, spoke, or rather shouted, "By gar, Captain, him going." I began to think so, and stepped out to within three yards of him. He made two very drunken attempts to come at me, and I plied him well with lead, so that he again reeled up against the tree. I retreated to re-load and had barely done so, when to my great annoyance, I saw him moving again towards me, but now very feebly. He could hardly walk. I fired another shot at him, when he stopped, staggered, quietly drew his hind legs under him, then his fore, dropped his head heavily, and drove his tusks up to the roots in the ground, and then remained motionless. After waiting a quarter of an hour at least, during which time he never moved, we all agreed he was dead, and I proposed that Jack should go and ascertain the fact. To this Jack strongly

objected. I then moved up and fired at the monster. The shot did not disturb him.

Our next extract shall be a domestic scene of a bereaved husband, and the interesting manifestations of his royal grief. We recommend the story to the attentive perusal of the College of Physicians :—

RUN BAHADUR AND THE DOCTORS.

Run Bahadur's first object after his reinstation, was, if possible, to obtain *caste* for the future sovereigns of Nepaul which had been denied him, and his mode of carrying out his purpose was in perfect harmony with his many previous insane and cruel proceedings. He determined upon obtaining a Brahmin wife from the plains of India, and knowing that all hopes of doing so except by force was useless, he employed the latter. His sacrilegious conduct was loudly denounced, and the sequel showed that the gods were not favourable to his wishes.

His beautiful, now Brahmin, Queen gave birth to three children and immediately after her last confinement was attacked with small pox. Run Bahadur now became almost frantic; all the hakeems (native doctors) were consulted and large rewards were offered for a perfect recovery.

The doctors at Nepaul were propitiated and consulted. Sacrifices and daily offerings were made to them. The Ranee getting worse, all became alarmed and the King furious. His ministers and doctors then advised, that, as the holy city of Benares contained many celebrated men, a deputation should immediately be sent there to fetch as many as could be induced to come to Nepaul under promises of large rewards for a cure. These arrived in due time, but all their art was in vain. The small-pox had done its work most effectually, and on the Queen's recovery (she having stipulated the King should neither see nor visit her until she was well), she requested her attendants to furnish her with a looking-glass. When she beheld for the first time the dreadful ravages made on her once beautiful face, she became disconsolate, and dismissing her attendants poisoned herself. The vegetable poisons of Nepaul are quick and deadly, and to this day no antidote has been found for them. Upon hearing of her death, Run Bahadur rushed into her apartment, and beholding his once lovely Queen a corpse, and dreadfully spotted with the small-pox, he became frantic. He cursed his kingdom, her doctors, and the gods of Nepaul, vowing vengeance on all. He first sent for the unfortunate Benares doctors, denounced them as liars and impostors, and ordered them to be soundly flogged, and each to have his right ear and nose cut off in his presence. This was duly performed, and they were afterwards started to the British dominions as a warning to all future impostors.

He then wreaked his vengeance on the gods of Nepaul (not even excepting the famous temple at Pas Pat Nath) and after abusing them in the most gross way, he accused them of having obtained from him twelve thousand goats, some hundred weight of sweetmeats, two thousand gallons of milk, &c., under false pretences, and that he would take summary vengeance for having wilfully disfigured his Queen.

He then ordered all the artillery, varying from three to twelve-pounders, to be brought in front of the palace, with all the made up ammunition at Khatmandoo. All the guns were then loaded to the muzzle, and down he marched to the head-quarters of the Nepaul deities. On arriving at Pas Pat Nath all the guns were drawn up in front of the several deities, honouring the most sacred with the heaviest metal. When the order to fire was given, many of the chiefs and soldiers ran away panic stricken and others hesitated to obey the sacrilegious order; and not until several gunners had been cut down, were the guns opened. Down came the gods and goddesses from their hitherto sacred position; and after six hours heavy cannonading not a vestige of the deities remained.

Their temples sharing the same fate the priests ran away confounded, many escaping to the British territory, but those who were not so fortunate were seized and each deprived of his holy head. The Goorkha King now became satisfied, vowing, however, no god should ever again be elevated in his dominions until his departed Queen was restored to him. His life after this, as may be supposed, was a short one. The principal chiefs of his court therefore, who found themselves the objects of his cruel and revengeful persecutions, again formed a conspiracy against the Rajah, which was brought to a desperate issue rather prematurely.

The conspirators having some reason to apprehend that they were betrayed, suddenly resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and one of them, Run Bahadur's half-brother, rushed forward in open Durbar and cut down Run Bahadur, cutting him nearly to the middle by a blow from his korah (a short but heavy weapon of a half-moon shape, the edge of which is on the inner side like that of a scythe), as he sat in full Durbar in 1805. A barbarous affray followed, in which the fratricide himself was slain with most of the chiefs, and the royal family was nearly exterminated.

Here is a picture of

ROYALTY A PIC-A-BACK.

A few days after this—the court being then in mourning for the senior Queen, neither the King nor chiefs were allowed, for a certain period, to ride either in carriages or on horseback—the King and heir apparent having had a quarrel, and a serious disturbance taking place in the palace, determined upon coming down to the Residency; the heir apparent insisting that the Rajah should accompany him. It had been raining heavily in the morning, and about twelve o'clock we were informed that the Rajah and heir apparent were outside the Residency gates. We went out to meet them, and there found the Rajah and his son mounted on the backs of two very decrepit old chiefs. The heir apparent requested the Rajah at once to give us the order to pack up, and take our departure for the plains. The Rajah refused, whereupon the heir apparent abused him most grossly, and urging his old chief close up to the Rajah, assaulted him. A fight ensued, and after scratching and pulling each other's hair for some time, the son got hold of his father, pulled him over, and down they went, chiefs and all, into a very dirty puddle. The two old nags extricating themselves, hobbled away as fast as they could, as did the other followers from fear. After rolling in the muddy water, up got the now two dirty Kings, and after some little delay, fresh nags were obtained, and the Rajah and his son were taken home.

As to Jung Bahadoor, Captain Smith tells us but little upon his own authority, but as he vouches for the correctness of certain anecdotes "which appeared lately in a popular magazine," we may probably conjecture that he is the author of them. We take, therefore, the following as Captain Smith's account of the early history of our friend of the diamonds :—

A NEPAULESE CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

Jung Bahadoor was (is?) one of the most remarkable men of the day. His vault into the saddle of commander-in-chief and prime minister of Nepaul, though not unmarked by bloodshed, was strong evidence of his daring and resolute spirit. He had risen to a sufficiently distinguished position in the Nepaulese army to become an object of apprehension to the feeble and treacherous court. His death by violence was resolved upon, and orders given to the executioner. A slave-girl who had, at one time, enjoyed the love of the hardy mountaineer heard of their intentions. Her affection and solicitude revived. She flew to him immediately, communicated all she knew, and bade him be on his guard. Swearing her to the truth of her allegations and enjoining her silence, Jung Bahadoor at once summoned his brothers (the men who accompanied him to England), revealed to them the state of affairs, and being assured of their sympathy and their determination to fall in his defence, he commanded them to load their rifles, gird on their swords, and accompany him to the palace. They obeyed. In a few minutes they were on their way to the royal residence. The king was in durbar (council), and the prime minister, the instigator of Jung Bahadoor's destruction, sat upon his right hand. Arrived at the palace stairs, Jung Bahadoor and his brothers were challenged by the sentinel. One flourish of the sabre, and the sentinel's head rolled on the floor. Higher up the steps they were again challenged—the second party shared the fate of the first. Entering the hall of audience, the enraged youth advanced to the foot of the throne, and holding out the order for execution, of which he had obtained possession, asked the minister if that was not his handwriting and the King's sign manual? Before a reply could be given, Jung Bahadoor levelled his rifle at the minister and shot him dead. He then seized the body and flung it out of the window. A tumult arose. "What!" exclaimed Jung Bahadoor; "is it worth while making all this noise for a

dead body?" Seeing the panic-stricken state of the King, Jung Bahadoor presented a warrant for his own appointment to the office of prime minister and commander-in-chief which the King was but too ready to sign.

This *coup d'état*, alarming, as it did, the rest of the court, insured for the new minister a tranquil existence and possession of office; but at length the adherents of the previous minister and his own partisans began to murmur: the former taking courage from the discontent of the latter, who had not reaped the full extent of the reward they anticipated. This rendered the minister's life irksome to him, and he cast about for some excuse to leave the kingdom temporarily. A visit to England as ambassador was suggested to him. He caught at the idea with avidity. The King gladly adopted it, for the presence of a minister who had thrust himself into service, was anything but agreeable.

Mr. Oliphant tells the story somewhat differently. His account is as follows:—

ANOTHER VERSION.

One night, about eleven o'clock, a messenger came from the palace to inform him (Matabar Sing) that his services were required by their Majesties—for the Queen had always kept up a semblance of friendship with him. Without the slightest suspicion he repaired to the palace, but scarcely had he ascended the great staircase, and was entering the room in which their Majesties were seated, when the report of a pistol rang through the room: the fatal bullet pierced the heart of the gallant old man, who staggered forward and fell at the feet of the wretched woman who had been the instigator of the cruel murder.

It is difficult to say what were the motives that prompted Jung Bahadoor to the perpetration of this detestable act, of which he always speaks now in terms of the deepest regret, but asserts that it was an act of necessity, from which there was no escaping. The plea which he invariably uses when referring to the catastrophe is, that either his life or his uncle's must have been sacrificed, and he naturally preferred that it should be the latter. However that may be, the immediate effect was, the formation of a new ministry, in which Jung held office in the capacity of commander-in-chief. The premier, Guggun Singh, was associated with two colleagues. A year had hardly elasped before Guggun Singh was shot while sitting in his own room. This occurred in the year 1846; a sirdar was taken up on suspicion of having committed this murder, and Abiman Singh, one of the premier's colleagues, was ordered by the Queen to put him to death; as, however, the Rajah would not sanction the execution, Abiman Singh refused to obey the command—a proceeding on his part which seems to have raised a suspicion in the mind of Jung that he had been concerned in the assassination. This suspicion he communicated to Futteh Jung, the other colleague of the late prime minister, suggesting that Abiman Singh and the sirdar already in custody should be forthwith executed, and Futteh Jung installed as prime minister. Futteh Jung, however, refused, to accede to so strong a measure; and Jung, who was not of a nature to be thwarted in his plans, determined upon temporarily depriving him of his liberty, in order to enable him to put the design into execution himself.

He had no sooner decided upon his line of conduct than he displayed the utmost resolution in carrying it out. On the some night, and while at the palace, the suspicions which Jung already entertained were confirmed by his observing that Abiman Singh ordered his men to load. It was no time for hesitation. The two colleagues, with many of their adherents, were assembled in the large hall, where the Queen, in a highly excited state, was insisting upon an immediate disclosure of the murderer of Guggun Singh, who was supposed to have been her paramour. At this moment Jung gave the signal for the seizure of Futteh Jung. The attempt was no sooner made than his son, Karak Bikram Sah, imagining that his father's life was at stake, rushed forward to save him, and seizing a kukri, had already dealt Bum Bahadoor a severe blow, when he was cut down by Dore Shum Shere Bahadoor, then a youth of sixteen or seventeen.

Futteh Jung, vowing vengeance on the murderers of his son, sprang forward to avenge his death, and in another moment Bum Bahadoor, already seriously wounded, would have fallen at his feet, when the report of a rifle rang through the hall, and the timely bullet, sped by the hand of Jung Bahadoor, laid the gallant father by the side of his no less gallant son.

Thus Jung's *coup d' etat* had taken rather a different turn from what he had intended; the die, however, was cast, and everything depended upon his coolness and decision in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. Though he may have felt that his life was in most imminent peril, it is difficult to conceive how any man could attain to such a pitch of cool desperation as to enact the scene which closed this frightful tragedy. There still confronted him fourteen of the nobles whose leader had been slain before their eyes, and who thirsted for vengeance; but the appearance at his side of that faithful body-guard, on whose fidelity the safety of the minister has more than once depended, precluded them from seizing the murderer of their chief. It was but too clear to those unhappy men what was to be the last act of this tragedy. Jung received the rifle from the hand of the man next him, and levelled it at the foremost of the little band. Fourteen times did that fatal report ring through the hall as one by one the rifles were handed to one who would trust to no eye but his own, and at each shot another noble lay stretched on the ground. Abiman Singh alone escaped the deadly aim; he managed to reach the door, but there he was cut almost in two by the sword of Krishn Bahadoor.

When we read Captain Smith's account we fancy Lord John Russell sending the fiery cross through the clan Elliott, and cleaving Mr. Disraeli to the chine—if a man of his descent has so porcine a piece of anatomy—while a bullet from the rifle of a Grey lays Lord Derby low, and Lord Minto waves his hat out of a window of Buckingham Palace, and proclaims that the ministerial crisis is past.

There is some discordance in the two accounts of the Nepaulese change of administration; but all history, as Sir Robert Walpole says, *must* be false, and contemporary history is likely to be the falsest of all. Our fair readers will incline to Captain Smith's account, and we recommend the subject—the fond fair one, forgetting the *spretæ injuria formæ*, and speeding to save the life of the faithless Jung Bahadoor—to some popular dramatist or libretto-writer. Meanwhile, we can promise any leisure-possessing male or female who may have recollections of the face, the diamonds, or the fame of this handsome, determined, and unscrupulous—we forgot to add, this rich—mountaineer, a pleasant half-hour by judicious gleaning from either of these books.

Letters from Italy and Vienna. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1852.

THIS is a lively, entertaining volume, and though published anonymously, the writer had no need to veil himself under an incognito. He is evidently an individual gifted with considerable powers of observation; his remarks are apposite and his style is pleasing. We have in general no predilection for the epistolary form of conveying information, and indeed consider it liable to a variety of objections, but our author has here conveyed his remarks relative to the various objects and scenes he witnessed

in his travels, that the interest perhaps would not have been increased had they been given in the form of an unbroken narrative.

Those who have visited Italy and Austria will be pleased with the perusal of these letters; and those who have not, may form a very accurate idea of many of the celebrated sights and ceremonies to be witnessed in those memorable cities.

No inconsiderable portion of our readers will heartily concur with the sentiments that pervade the book, and will look with pleasing anticipations for the next production of this graceful pen.

We subjoin one or two descriptive passages as the best evidence of the ability of the writer.

EASTER AT ROME.

On Easter Monday we had a grand display of fireworks. The tower of St. Angelo is the usual site of operations, but the French having replenished that fortress with gunpowder held the makers of squibs to be as dangerous as Red Republicans. They removed, therefore, their "explosibles" to the Pincian Hill, which looks down abruptly on the Piazza del Popolo." Though the French soldiers and every disposable man in Rome were in the piazza there was room enough for at least half as many more. The exhibition was on the grandest scale, the explosions stunning, the castles in the air brilliant and fantastic, rockets, wheels, serpents, crackers, and I know not what, promoted the general uproar; cascades of fire tumbled down the precipice in dazzling torrents—and then all went out in smoke and darkness. No fireworks will compensate for the melancholy gloom that follows them. The blaze is for a moment, the melancholy we carry home with us. It is so like the light of joy that goes out in darkness—the bubble bursting of the "vanity of vanities"—the tale full of sound and fury signifying nothing!

We drove out on Easter Tuesday to the English burial-ground, where Keats and Shelley lie beneath the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius. It is a fine place for tombs, in a land where all that was once great upon earth lies buried. It is impossible to wander among the fragments of temples, and palaces, and aqueducts, and tombs, without forming a very different conception of the ancient Romans from that which we brought with us: without feeling little in our own eyes: without becoming sensible that the moderns, with their ever-marching intellect and vaunted superiority, are not precisely the great men we had taken them for. With all the increased appliances of modern times, and with the additional experience and practice of centuries, our great cities will now and then produce a work that will stand comparison with Roman greatness, and, in some three or four cases, they have accomplished an undertaking that has exceeded any single work of antiquity. But it is the immense *number* of gigantic works in the Roman empire that overpowers the imagination; it is the profusion of grandeur in the wrecks of Rome that leave modern cities behind it. Where are our Colosseums? our golden palaces of Nero? our baths of Dioclesian and Caracalla? our temples and triumphal arches built to withstand all onset for 2,000 years? our dome supported on colossal pillars of granite (three score feet high and sixteen in circumference) cut out of the mountains in single blocks and set up where they shall never be cast down except by the convulsions of an earthquake? I do not ask where one or other of such works is to be found; but where are they crowded together as within the walls of ancient Rome? Turn where you will it is but a variety of the same scene. From the broken columns that have lain in the streets for ages, to the towering arches of aqueducts or the craggy shoulders of buried palaces that peer about the soil, the whole land is strewn with memorials of unparalleled might and magnificence. When you take into account the means at their disposal, and compare them with our steam-engines and machinery, you will not be disposed to speak vainGloriously of "the indomitable energy of Britons." Since I have been in Italy, I have felt a more profound admiration of the greatness of the ancient Romans than I ever felt for that of any other nation. The ruins of the mighty works around one bear witness that Rome was worthy to be the city of the conquerors of the world.

From the pyramid of Cestius we passed on to the yet unfinished basilica of St. Paul's. It is more than four hundred feet long, with four rows of Corinthian columns up the nave, separating off its four aisles. It ranks next to St. Peter's in size, and will, when finished, scarcely yield in architectural beauty to any basilica in Rome. The work is going on vigorously in spite of evil times, and some of the mosaic portraits of the Popes (of which there is to be a complete series from the beginning) are already mounted. It is constructed on a scale of large liberality, greatly aided by the contributions of foreign sovereigns. No expense is spared that is necessary to its perfection, and it will doubtless be a church of prime magnificence, such as is possessed by few cities of Christendom. But one's practical English nature will sometimes break out, even at Rome, and prosaically demand—*Cui bono?* When there are already in the city about two hundred churches more than are required, or than can find a due supply of either priests or worshippers, and when the pecuniary embarrassments of Rome (to say nothing of its coadjutors Austria and Spain) are such as demand every *paul* for fiscal necessities, is it desirable to sink the revenues of a province in rebuilding a superb basilica, in a wilderness beyond the walls, where there are no inhabitants, and where the very priests that serve at the altar must make haste to escape from the life-blighting breath of the malaria?

At nine o'clock on Easter day high mass was celebrated by the Pope at St. Peter's, but having obtained last Sunday the information that I desired, I was otherwise engaged. I understood, however, that the service was grand, the Pope officiating in person between the Patriarch of Jerusalem on one hand, and the Bishop of the Greek Church on the other, to signify the union of the three churches. But in the middle of the day, happening to be in the piazza of St. Peter's, I found myself just in time to see the Pope carried up the Vatican staircase in his golden chair, preceded by the golden cross, and attended by two enormous fans that, expanding on either side, pointed him out in the distance to the people. He was lost for a while among the winding passages that led to the front of St. Peter's, but at last he emerged in stately pomp on the balcony over the principal entrances. I was near enough now to observe his motions, and within earshot of his blessing. While the book was held before him, between the two peacock's tail fans, he *chanted* manfully the appointed form of words, in a voice that was strained to its utmost power, and heard, I suppose, by tens of thousands that filled the place. Towards the conclusion he folded his hands and looked up to heaven with the expression of one who was earnestly imploring a blessing, and then stretched his arms across the multitude, as one who would distribute it to them. They knelt or inclined to receive it as far as eye could reach. The benevolent old man did his part feelingly and well, and the effect was solemn and imposing—nay, it was more, it was touching and sublime! It was the first Bishop of Christendom bestowing his benediction upon the Christian world! And I did not reject it because I was a Protestant. We can have no quarrel with the Pope, if he usurp nothing more than the privilege to bless.

In the evening St. Peter's was illuminated with a display of art and magnificence to be found, they say, only in Rome. In the deepening of twilight a beading of small lamps traced out externally all the architecture of the temple, running up the flutings of the columns, hanging in the Corinthian acanthus leaves, delineating the windows, spanning the dome with lines of longitude, climbing up the small pillars of the lantern, and studding the stem and spars of the cross. This, from its feebler light, is called the silver illumination. But a thousand unseen hands are preparing the "goldsn," which waits till the sun has dipped farther below the horizon. The arrangements are so perfect that, with the first stroke of eight, the whole basilica, from the steps to the cross, flashes out into instantaneous flame, which, before the clock has done striking, has run all round the colonnades and lighted up the broad piazza with a circle of fire. From this spot, indeed, the distinct centres of light could be distinguished, but when we retired to the distance of the Pincian Hill, we saw nothing before us but a perfect cathedral of flame.

Five Years' Residence in the West Indies. By CHARLES WILLIAM DAY, Esq., Author of "Hints on Etiquette." Two vols. London: 1852.

THIS is the very millinery of literature. It conveys an idea somewhat between that of a linendraper's shopman blandly smiling across his counter, and that of a negro dandy with a glass stuck in his eye strutting down Regent-street. Instead of the mosaic ornaments of the shopman we have bad French and worse Latin,* and instead of the grotesque strut of the negro, we have the no less laughable pretensions of a person who insists in every page that he is a gentleman—has the greatest contempt for Yankees and negroes, in whom for lying, narrow-mindedness, and vulgarity he sees a great similarity, except that "negresses have infinitely better taste in dress than any American lady he ever saw" (vol. i., p. 56), who "suspects that the labouring classes in England rarely, if ever, clean their teeth," and who numbers it among the woes of his travel's history that, at Carriacou, there was no one to shave him, and that he was obliged to get a policeman to—*cut his hair*. Cutting this gentleman's hair, by the way, appears to have been an awful ceremony. At Dominica he was greatly scandalised at a negro who whistled while performing the rite.

It would be too absurd to review such stuff as this as a picture of manners, facts, or statistics, in the West India islands, and we are not sure that we do right in calling any public attention whatever to such a production. Some readers, however, may derive amusement from the exhibition of that most odious of all vulgarity, the assumption of a supercilious "gentility," and such we will indulge with a few extracts. We confess, however, that in viewing these things, disgust in us becomes too strong for laughter.

At Bridgetown our author seems to have been better appreciated by the people than they were by him:—

> The white population of Bridgetown is a curious mixture of low Irish and many Scotch, with a very few English. There are also several Bermudians settled here. None of these people rise above the third-class in England, *all being shopkeepers, shopmen, and clerks to the various merchants, and, as might be imagined from such a set, the general tone of society is very low.* These persons are extremely fond of hoaxing strangers, and of taking unheard-of liberties with such as submit to it. At first I felt extremely grateful for what I believed to be useful local information, until a gentleman, whom events proved to be kinder than the rest, whispered me that my informants had boasted of the way in which they had been hoaxing me. Once on my guard, I was not easily imposed upon.

We can imagine the jolly tradesmen enjoying the fun of hoaxing the supercilious Cockney. It was from them, we suspect, that he obtained most of his information, especially the fact of the public baths being placed in a position open to the incursions of sharks, and where congers and other fish do take considerable snaps "out of a gentleman's carcass."

If Lord Carlisle, or the Duke of Newcastle, or a young guardsman, or any other English gentleman, secure as to his position, had found himself in the United States or in the West India islands, we apprehend he would have taken up his quarters in the best place he could find, and would have accommodated himself to circumstances and rather enjoyed the small inconveniences that gave him opportunity of observing the peculiarities of the people. How far more delicate are the tastes and antipathies of the worthy whose miseries are here recorded. Listen to his wailings:—

> I left the boarding house of Mrs. Roach on the 26th of December, and went to the house of a coloured family, nearly as white as whites, but here, in colonial society, belonging to the proscribed race. However, as it was strictly a private family, and could not possibly be worse than the one I had left, but might be better, I thought it worth the chance, since *nothing could exceed, in lowness of feeling and vulgarity, the visitors of Mrs. Roach's establishment.*

Again:—

> Mrs. Roach, a white, immediately opposite to Lee's, charges a dollar a day for transient visitors. She always asks more, and no dependence is to be placed on what she says. The boarders are usually shopmen (here called clerks in stores), tradesmen, *and generally of the most inferior classes.* The females are not very reputable, and the low Irish visitors, the *habitués* of the house, are very offensive in their habits and conduct. *Altogether, it is a very unfit place for any gentleman.*
>
> The "Sand House," kept by Incledon, a white, formerly a ship captain, is in Bay-street, close to the sea, and overlooks the bay. For his largest room he charges twenty-seven dollars a month. *The visitors are second rate.*
>
> Miss M'Alpine, a mulatto, resides in Trafalgar-street. She asks twenty-six dollars a month. The rooms are bad, and *the visitors are second class.*
>
> At the Ice House, kept by one Cotton, an American, board may be had at twenty dollars a month, but not lodging. There is great choice at table, and this mode of living is perhaps the most desirable for a gentleman, as *he will be exempt from the nuisance of mixing with the vulgar, ill-bred people* usually to be found in Barbadoes boarding houses.

We are rather surprised at the following. It certainly is a strong instance of bad taste that any West Indian should have wished to fasten an acquaintance upon Mr. Day: such a thing could never happen in London:—

> I know of no place, not even Paris, in which it behoves a man to be so careful *who* (?) he allows to get acquainted with him as at Barbadoes.
>
> It would seem that the colonies are full of soamps, British and native, who have either made Great Britain "too hot to hold them," or have done something to make the people of the place shy of them; and these adventurers are always on the look-out to fasten on strangers. Such people being

* "*Beau garcons, jolie filles* (vol. ii., p. 171), "*sine nominis turba*" (p. 97), "these *crapeau* British Creoles" (p. 75), "ad nauseam," "descensus Elysium," "in nudibus"—not a misprint for "in nubibus," but intended as Latin for an unclothed state. The book is full of such recondite Latih, as—per se, in extremis, animus, all duly italicized to show what classical quotations they are—an honour which, by the way, is (p. 111) extended to "*per force*"—but if the author ever ventures beyond such little goes of Latinity, astounding is the manifestation of ignorance. He reminds us rather of the fine gentleman in the comedy, who, after remarking that an event happened Anno Domini 1745, turns round to the company and begs pardon for quoting Latin in the presence of ladies.

apparently free and frank in their manner, through only unblushing impudence, are calculated to throw a new-comer off his guard, as it is so natural to be free and frank to those who seem to be so to us. True that their real character soon shows itself; but an acquaintance once made is extremely difficult to shake off, and if you make a vigorous effort and succeed, you are sure to get more or less ill-will, as of necessity they are extremely low-minded, and also furious at finding themselves exposed.

Once more :—

There is nothing systematic in West Indian domestic life—no order; things seem to be all at "sixes and sevens," and entirely through the idleness and want of arrangement of servants. Breakfast will be one morning at nine o'clock, and the next at ten; dinner at five o'clock one day, and at seven the day after; or perhaps your cook does not come at all, and at the eleventh hour you must put up with a make-shift dinner. *When these people were slaves things were very different.*

Of course our fine gentleman sighs after slavery.

He does not, however, seem to have seen much of West Indian society, even such as it is. There is a charming innocence in the following complaint :—

I do not think the Trinidadians an unkind people, though they are overwhelmingly selfish, and neglect to proffer to a stranger those attentions usual in civilised communities.

Out of four letters of introduction to civilians—considered here persons perfectly respectable—only one of them invited me to his house, or introduced me to its mistress, with whom I sat an hour, and there it ended.

We do not wonder at this. Although no invitation to dinner came, we doubt not that it was long before the lady forgot "the hour and the man."

The negresses appear to have been studying "Hints upon Etiquette :"—

Under preceding governors, the negroes were all "ladies and gentlemen," and addressed each other as "Sir" and "Miss." If anything was required from a negro or a negress vending a commodity in the streets, no notice would be taken of the call unless it was couched in the most courteous terms; in fact, nothing short of "Lady with the fish," "Lady with the yams," "Lady with the guavas," would be responded to. If one negro call another for a white person, it will be "Lady with the flying fish, a white woman wants you," "Lady with the yams, a buckra wants you" You will hear the dirtiest negro drab, clad in the veriest rags hardly hanging together, addressed by another negro as "Miss Johnson," or "Miss Emily."

Oh, Mr. Day! how could so genteel a person as yourself condescend to filch from so vulgar a person as Mr. Joseph Miller? How could Charles William Day, *Esquire*, think of appropriating the following "Joe?"—

When negro ladies do wear shoes and stockings, they are extremely particular about them. One dark beauty went into a shop in Bridgetown to purchase a pair of flesh coloured silk stockings, on which the waggish shopkeeper handed her a pair of black ones, a personality at which she was exceedingly indignant.

Charles William Day, Esquire, actually descends to the description of a negro ball! By the way, we hope that C. W. Day, *Esquire*, holds her Majesty's commission, or at least is a barrister-at-law, or a D.C.L., for if this should unhappily not be so, such a master of etiquette as himself must know that he has no more right to dub himself esquire than any one of the dingy darkies who annoyed him so much by following him about the streets and making impertinent remarks upon his person and his dress. But let us go to the ball :—

Hearing that a "Joe and Jonny" was to be held at a place called Cullummore Rock, a short distance from Bridgetown, I resolved to attend it. I found the locality, however, with some difficulty, having been directed to the Roebuck, a place where dancing *à la mode* was to be carried on in a house; whereas a "Joe and Jonny," being a real negro dance, is always held in the open air.

The "Tum tum" was an old familiar sound, and guided by its spirit-stirring thump, I found a numerous assemblage of ladies of colour, forming a ring in the unenclosed "back yard" of a negro hut, being in fact a plot of ground behind the house. The ladies were provided with seats, though the negro gentlemen present were permitted to stand; but as it is an understood thing that a buckra gentleman will pay twice the usual charge, I was quickly accommodated on a sofa, when I was jammed in with two very dark chocolate ladies, highly scented with *eau de Cologne* and musk, a very desirable precaution.

Our music consisted of fiddles, with a rude African-looking tambourine, savouring very much of the savage; a "tum tum," or "tump," a piece of parchment stretched over what seemed to be a small iron-hooped pail, a utensil which I religiously believe it to have been; and "de shot," a small gourd, as large as an orange, filled I understand with shot, and having a handle. This was the property of the "funny man," who rattled it against his hand, and screamed a sort of song, which gave the initiated much delight, but was quite unintelligible to me. The tum-tum was played by an alternate thump of the open-handed knuckles on the parchment, and then a slap of the palm on the wood. The object of the dance was to show the paces of the ladies to the admiring beaux, and a couple of dark beauties paid their "quaar-ter dollah" each and commenced. The first movement was an *en evant* by both, the feet close together toeing and heeling it very gently, the retiring the same; then the feet were straddled in a somewhat indecorous manner for ladies, moving along and round *à la fandango* with a motion similar to that exceedingly droll one used by tragic actors in a booth, "bent on deeds of blood," who sidle up to their victims by an alternate action of the heels and ball of the foot, without lifting their pedal extremities off the ground. Here, however, the ladies turned down the outer ankles as near the earth as possible, meanwhile advancing and retiring together, and then "slueing round" each other, holding up their frocks *à la minuet de la cour*, with their heads looking down at their feet. These were the grand postures of the dance; an indispensable requisite which also seemed to be a solemn cast of countenance, occasionally varied by a sentimental inclination of the head, as doleful in face, however, as if the parties were to be hanged the next minute.

The dance was short enough for the money, the music stopped abruptly, and in a minute or two another pair of aspirants for public approbation went through the same evolutions. I must not omit to remark that the feet did not take the most active part in the dance, as that was executed by a prominent part of the person, commonly understood to be that peculiarly African development on which "Honour holds her seat." That wriggle transcends description: none but itself could be its parallel.

After the opinion of so unexceptionable a judge, we fear we must admit that the negroes do not dance quite so gracefully as the people at Almack's do. But, on the other hand, they probably enjoy themselves a great deal more.

We need not, we think, apologise to our brethren across the Atlantic for quoting the following little puppy dog bow-wow :—

I had a long conversation about the "Bimms," with a gentleman who has been twelve years in Barbadoes! By his account the best of the Bimms are as mean and unprincipled as the Yankees, and, like them, have the most overwhelming opinion of themselves and of their importance in the world. Indeed, I was several times struck with the many points of resemblance between their characters which I had noticed myself.

Sink into ocean, thou vulgar continent, Charles William Day, Esquire, despises you!

This, we imagine, is enough—to use Mr. Day's

latinity, enough *ad nauseum*. We are happy to find that our country has not lost this ornament of polished society. He tells us in the last sentence of his book that he came back in time to be present at the Crystal Palace—of course he was only present on a five-shilling Saturday, although even there he might find that, as he bitterly complains, "bankers' clerks usurped the place of gentlemen, and peddling merchants assumed the airs of an aristocracy." He was brought home "in a large lumbering bark, commanded by a captain who was one of the greatest ruffians he ever had the misfortune to encounter." He is now, we hope, happy as a master of the ceremonies at some irreproachable watering place, or absolute in white rosette at the genteelest of subscription balls. He has told us what he thinks of West India society: we own that we should like to know what West India society thought of him.

The Fortress of Komárom. By Col. SIGISMUND THALY. Translated by WILLIAM RUSHTON, M.A. Madden.

THE above title will perplex most of our readers, till they learn that "Komárom" is the orthodox orthography of Comorn, the town and fortress on the Danube rendered famous in the Hungarian war of 1848—9. Whatever differences of opinion may prevail as to the respective merits of the belligerents politically considered, there can be none as to the gallantry displayed throughout by the Hungarians, and the noble stand made at the last against overwhelming numbers. This indomitable fearlessness was in no instance more remarkable than in the defence of Comorn, and we therefore welcome the spirited details here presented of the two sieges it underwent, deriving, as they do, additional interest and authority from the circumstance that the writer may fairly say of his own share in them, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" He was engaged in various encounters with the Austrians previously to the sieges, and during their progress held the office of director of the fortifications, quitting the fortress only a day before the final capitulation, which he would not sanction by his presence. Enthusiastic as he evidently is, we can readily excuse his assumption, apparent throughout the narrative, that had he been allowed to take a more leading part in the defensive and offensive operations, had his advice and remonstrances met with more attention, the result, not of the siege only, but of the war itself, would have been widely different. Thus is it ever where the feelings are strongly excited. It may be confidently averred that, after the irrevocable decision of any contest, whether on the mimic field of chess, or where an empire hangs on the issue, the vanquished will regretfully look back on various opportunities which, had due advantage been taken of them, he persuades himself would have secured to him the victory. The first great error denounced by Col. Thaly is the culpable neglect of Görgey to avail himself of an occasion that offered in April, 1849, to terminate the war by a decisive blow. Having obtained a series of victories over the Austrians, he towards the end of that month entered Comorn, then closely invested. The garrison thus reinforced made an attack on the besiegers, who were compelled to retire in so disorganised a state that, had a vigorous pursuit been made, they must have been wholly dispersed, and no impediments would have remained to the attack and capture of Vienna. Görgey, however, continuing inactive, Col. Thaly made a complaint to the Governor of Hungary, and demanded a court-martial on the general. An ill feeling thus sprung up between the two officers, which our author, on his part, does not hesitate to manifest, going so far as to denounce Görgey as a traitor. He would further deny him the credit of some of his principal victories, ascribing the successful storming of Braniz in January, 1849, and the subsequent victory of Nagy-Sarlo to General Guyon, whom he describes as "that gallant and heroic Englishman." The unconditional surrender of his army at the close of the war to the combined Austrian and Russian forces is adduced as another proof of treachery; but though there were undoubtedly Austrian agents holding offices of trust both civil and military under the Hungarian Government, we require better evidence than that brought forward by Col. Thaly to reckon Görgey among them. A warm-hearted patriot, however, as is our author, may be excused for being prone to suspicion where unexpected reverses occurred, examples of the basest treachery having been patent to all; and notably that of General Marz, Governor of Comorn before the first siege, who, on one occasion, turned the guns of the fortress upon the tower, and shortly afterwards attempted the introduction of a hostile Austrian force. Baffled in both attempts, he was fortunately expelled from his post before the commencement of the siege. Another fatal neglect of duty is attributed to Görgey on the advance of the Russian auxiliary force from Gallicia to the Theiss. The siege of Comorn having been raised, and the Austrians for a time reduced to comparative inaction, the concentration of the entire Hungarian army (leaving only a small garrison in Comorn) would have brought about a signal defeat of the Russians, and their expulsion from the country. Orders to

this effect were issued by Kossuth, but Görgey's jealousy, as is alleged, of Klapka, governor of the fortress, rendered this plan of operations abortive.

Hence the defeat at Temesvar—the surrender of Vilagos—the fall of Hungary! How different must have been the fate of the nation had Klapka appeared upon the scene of action with twenty-eight or thirty thousand tried warriors. Had he done so, I am convinced that Hungary would not now be wearing the Austrian yoke.

The failure of the concentrated movement, from which so much was expected, is traced by our author to the extraordinary influence acquired by Görgey over his officers, and the moral weakness of Klapka in face of that influence:—

Klapka was himself fully impressed with the urgent importance of this high summons, and without Görgey's knowledge gave orders for marching, for, as he was now Commander-in-Chief, why had he any need to give account to a predecessor who had been set aside by the Government? Therefore, at four o'clock in the morning of the 7th July the first army-corps was in marching order, and the rest were shortly to follow.

No sooner had Görgey, who was laying wounded, received intelligence that the troops were setting off, than he sent in his resignation, and informed his partisans of that step. Immediately Leiningen, Pöltenberg, and other staff officers, ran to General Klapka to persuade him that he ought to recall the order that he had given. Now was the time for opposing a firm unbending will to unlawful suggestions.

But Klapka possessed, only in a small degree, that sturdy mood which men call moral courage, and in face of Görgey's confederates, he did not show a spark of it. Instead of enforcing strict obedience to the order which had come down from the Government, as his responsibility should have obliged him, and as his position empowered him to do, he consented to recall the troops, although they had already begun their march; he allowed the officers to hold a meeting for the purpose of choosing a deputation, which should wait upon Görgey, begging him to remain at the head of the army; was himself present at the meeting, and to crown all, actually accompanied that deputation to Görgey's quarters. *Inde derivata clades!*

Klapka, in his turn, comes under the censure of our author on the occasion of the second investment of Comorn. The beleaguering force being inferior to the garrison, an attack was made upon it, and a victory gained, but an incomplete one, in consequence of the plan urged upon Klapka by him not having been fully acted upon. Had it been, our author expresses his conviction that the garrison would have had to boast of the unexampled feat of capturing the besieging force and bringing them prisoners into the fortress. Shortly after this, in August, 1849, the surrender of Görgey, and the march of the Russian army of 50,000 men upon Comorn, rendered the ultimate maintenance of the fortress hopeless, but there was no thought of capitulation till the truth of the former fact was ascertained. For this purpose Col. Thaly (our author) and two others had passports granted them to Haynau's camp and to Arad. Of his interview with the celebrated Austrian general he gives the following account, which we are only disposed to accept *cum grano salis*:—

When we arrived at Arad, we found that the fortress had been surrendered, and we received full confirmation that Görgey had laid down his arms.

But Haynau most decidedly refused to allow us to continue our journey to Peterárad, the Banat, and Erdély. From this refusal, and from the reports of many well-intentioned, though, as it afterwards appeared, misinformed patriots, we naturally inferred that the war was still going on in those parts of the country.

Upon the occasion of our visit, the Commander-in-chief Haynau, gave full play to the brutal feelings of his low-minded nature. When we were first presented to him, he began to browbeat my colleague, who was not a military man, because he presumed to appear before such a presence in civil costume; and then went on to scoff at the misfortunes of an enemy, once feared, but now laid low.

I asked permission to see the exact condition of the army which had laid down its arms, of the fortress Arad, and to confer with General Damjanics. "Eh, eh! what general?" cried the brute; "he is no general; he is my prisoner, you cannot see him." When we had seen the fortress and the army, we paid him a second visit; and he asked if we were now convinced that the Hungarian army was annihilated. We replied, that we were convinced of nothing but that Görgey had surrendered, and that Arad had been given up, and we hoped that he would allow us to continue our journey.

"That I will not," said he; "Go back to Komárom, and say that the garrison ought to surrender, for no longer does a Hungarian army exist." We said that we could not make such a report with a clear conscience. "Then I will put you all to the edge of the sword," he replied; "I will massacre every one of you!" When we took leave, he gave us a summons of surrender, addressed to Klapka, as well as a second paper, containing a free pardon for us both, in case the gates of the fortress were opened within forty-eight hours after our return, or failing in that, on condition that we left the fortress. At the first moment, I was inclined to tear the base document in pieces; but reflecting that it was better to retain a proof of the perfidious arts made use of by our enemies, I took it with me.

In the villages and towns where we stopped on our return, the poor despairing people crowded around our carriage; for the national uniform which we wore everywhere attracted a large concourse, and particularly in Pesth. A thousand questions were addressed to me, the most common being, "Is there any hope?" "Komárom yet stands," was my constant reply; for which I was thanked by a silent, but hearty pressure of the hand, while tears rolled down many a manly cheek. At my hotel, I was visited by hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, eager to make inquiries about their friends; one had a brother, another a husband in the fortress, concerning whose fate they were naturally anxious. But all bade us be stedfast, and hold out to the end. Some officers of Görgey's late army, who were already enrolled in Austrian regiments, gave me letters for their old comrades in Komárom, wherein they conjured the latter, for God's sake, never to trust the Austrians, upon any pretence or consideration whatsoever.

We returned to Komárom about the end of August, and found the minds of the troops depressed, but not utterly cast down. During our absence the bearer of a flag of truce had come to the fortress, and brought to Klapka the well-known shameful letter of Görgey, in which the traitor indirectly encouraged his former colleague to follow his base example.

We made a faithful report of all we had seen in the south; we detailed the conduct of Görgey, and the surrender of Arad. But the disarming of *all* the troops, and the flight of Kossuth with the *last* band of warriors to Turkey, were circumstances of which we had no knowledge, and we even had reasons to believe that the case stood otherwise.

A capitulation being now unavoidable, the only question was as to the terms. Those proposed by the besieged (Sept. 1) were that the garrison should march out with the honours of war, that a full amnesty should be granted to all Hungarians and others engaged in the contest, and that the Hungarian paper-money should be declared valid. These terms were rejected by General Haynau, who would grant nothing but permission to the soldiers of the garrison to return to their homes in safety. Klapka, upon this, having given his opinion that there was no course left but to submit, and preparing to act

latinity, enough *ad nauseum*. We are happy to find that our country has not lost this ornament of polished society. He tells us in the last sentence of his book that he came back in time to be present at the Crystal Palace—of course he was only present on a five-shilling Saturday, although even there he might find that, as he bitterly complains, "bankers' clerks usurped the place of gentlemen, and peddling merchants assumed the airs of an aristocracy." He was brought home "in a large lumbering bark, commanded by a captain who was one of the greatest ruffians he ever had the misfortune to encounter." He is now, we hope, happy as a master of the ceremonies at some irreproachable watering place, or absolute in white rosette at the genteelest of subscription balls. He has told us what he thinks of West India society: we own that we should like to know what West India society thought of him.

The Fortress of Komárom. By Col. SIGISMUND THALY. Translated by WILLIAM RUSHTON, M.A. Madden.

THE above title will perplex most of our readers, till they learn that "Komárom" is the orthodox orthography of Comorn, the town and fortress on the Danube rendered famous in the Hungarian war of 1848—9. Whatever differences of opinion may prevail as to the respective merits of the belligerents politically considered, there can be none as to the gallantry displayed throughout by the Hungarians, and the noble stand made at the last against overwhelming numbers. This indomitable fearlessness was in no instance more remarkable than in the defence of Comorn, and we therefore welcome the spirited details here presented of the two sieges it underwent, deriving, as they do, additional interest and authority from the circumstance that the writer may fairly say of his own share in them, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" He was engaged in various encounters with the Austrians previously to the sieges, and during their progress held the office of director of the fortifications, quitting the fortress only a day before the final capitulation, which he would not sanction by his presence. Enthusiastic as he evidently is, we can readily excuse his assumption, apparent throughout the narrative, that had he been allowed to take a more leading part in the defensive and offensive operations, had his advice and remonstrances met with more attention, the result, not of the siege only, but of the war itself, would have been widely different. Thus is it ever where the feelings are strongly excited. It may be confidently averred that, after the irrevocable decision of any contest, whether on the mimic field of chess, or where an empire hangs on the issue, the vanquished will regretfully look back on various opportunities which, had due advantage been taken of them, he persuades himself would have secured to him the victory. The first great error denounced by Col. Thaly is the culpable neglect of Görgey to avail himself of an occasion that offered in April, 1849, to terminate the war by a decisive blow. Having obtained a series of victories over the Austrians, he towards the end of that month entered Comorn, then closely invested. The garrison thus reinforced made an attack on the besiegers, who were compelled to retire in so disorganised a state that, had a vigorous pursuit been made, they must have been wholly dispersed, and no impediments would have remained to the attack and capture of Vienna. Görgey, however, continuing inactive, Col. Thaly made a complaint to the Governor of Hungary, and demanded a court-martial on the general. An ill feeling thus sprung up between the two officers, which our author, on his part, does not hesitate to manifest, going so far as to denounce Görgey as a traitor. He would further deny him the credit of some of his principal victories, ascribing the successful storming of Braniz in January, 1849, and the subsequent victory of Nagy-Sarlo to General Guyon, whom he describes as "that gallant and heroic Englishman." The unconditional surrender of his army at the close of the war to the combined Austrian and Russian forces is adduced as another proof of treachery; but though there were undoubtedly Austrian agents holding offices of trust both civil and military under the Hungarian Government, we require better evidence than that brought forward by Col. Thaly to reckon Görgey among them. A warm-hearted patriot, however, as is our author, may be excused for being prone to suspicion where unexpected reverses occurred, examples of the basest treachery having been patent to all; and notably that of General Marz, Governor of Comorn before the first siege, who, on one occasion, turned the guns of the fortress upon the tower, and shortly afterwards attempted the introduction of a hostile Austrian force. Baffled in both attempts, he was fortunately expelled from his post before the commencement of the siege. Another fatal neglect of duty is attributed to Görgey on the advance of the Russian auxiliary force from Gallicia to the Theiss. The siege of Comorn having been raised, and the Austrians for a time reduced to comparative inaction, the concentration of the entire Hungarian army (leaving only a small garrison in Comorn) would have brought about a signal defeat of the Russians, and their expulsion from the country. Orders to

this effect were issued by Kossuth, but Görgey's jealousy, as is alleged, of Klapka, governor of the fortress, rendered this plan of operations abortive.

Hence the defeat at Temesvar—the surrender of Vilagos—the fall of Hungary! How different must have been the fate of the nation had Klapka appeared upon the scene of action with twenty-eight or thirty thousand tried warriors. Had he done so, I am convinced that Hungary would not now be wearing the Austrian yoke.

The failure of the concentrated movement, from which so much was expected, is traced by our author to the extraordinary influence acquired by Görgey over his officers, and the moral weakness of Klapka in face of that influence:—

Klapka was himself fully impressed with the urgent importance of this high summons, and without Görgey's knowledge gave orders for marching, for, as he was now Commander-in-Chief, why had he any need to give account to a predecessor who had been set aside by the Government? Therefore, at four o'clock in the morning of the 7th July the first army-corps was in marching order, and the rest were shortly to follow.

No sooner had Görgey, who was laying wounded, received intelligence that the troops were setting off, than he sent in his resignation, and informed his partisans of that step. Immediately Leiningen, Pöltenberg, and other staff officers, ran to General Klapka to persuade him that he ought to recall the order that he had given. Now was the time for opposing a firm unbending will to unlawful suggestions.

But Klapka possessed, only in a small degree, that sturdy mood which men call moral courage, and in face of Görgey's confederates, he did not show a spark of it. Instead of enforcing strict obedience to the order which had come down from the Government, as his responsibility should have obliged him, and as his position empowered him to do, he consented to recall the troops, although they had already begun their march; he allowed the officers to hold a meeting for the purpose of choosing a deputation, which should wait upon Görgey, begging him to remain at the head of the army; was himself present at the meeting, and to crown all, actually accompanied that deputation to Görgey's quarters. *Inde derivata clades!*

Klapka, in his turn, comes under the censure of our author on the occasion of the second investment of Comorn. The beleaguering force being inferior to the garrison, an attack was made upon it, and a victory gained, but an incomplete one, in consequence of the plan urged upon Klapka by him not having been fully acted upon. Had it been, our author expresses his conviction that the garrison would have had to boast of the unexampled feat of capturing the besieging force and bringing them prisoners into the fortress. Shortly after this, in August, 1849, the surrender of Görgey, and the march of the Russian army of 50,000 men upon Comorn, rendered the ultimate maintenance of the fortress hopeless, but there was no thought of capitulation till the truth of the former fact was ascertained. For this purpose Col. Thaly (our author) and two others had passports granted them to Haynau's camp and to Arad. Of his interview with the celebrated Austrian general he gives the following account, which we are only disposed to accept *cum grano salis*:—

When we arrived at Arad, we found that the fortress had been surrendered, and we received full confirmation that Görgey had laid down his arms.

But Haynau most decidedly refused to allow us to continue our journey to Peterárad, the Banat, and Erdély. From this refusal, and from the reports of many well-intentioned, though, as it afterwards appeared, misinformed patriots, we naturally inferred that the war was still going on in those parts of the country.

Upon the occasion of our visit, the Commander-in-chief Haynau, gave full play to the brutal feelings of his low-minded nature. When we were first presented to him, he began to browbeat my colleague, who was not a military man, because he presumed to appear before such a presence in civil costume; and then went on to scoff at the misfortunes of an enemy, once feared, but now laid low.

I asked permission to see the exact condition of the army which had laid down its arms, of the fortress Arad, and to confer with General Damjanics. "Eh, eh! what general?" cried the brute; "he is no general; he is my prisoner, you cannot see him." When we had seen the fortress and the army, we paid him a second visit; and he asked if we were now convinced that the Hungarian army was annihilated. We replied, that we were convinced of nothing but that Görgey had surrendered, and that Arad had been given up, and we hoped that he would allow us to continue our journey.

"That I will not," said he; "Go back to Komárom, and say that the garrison ought to surrender, for no longer does a Hungarian army exist." We said that we could not make such a report with a clear conscience. "Then I will put you all to the edge of the sword," he replied; "I will massacre every one of you!" When we took leave, he gave us a summons of surrender, addressed to Klapka, as well as a second paper, containing a free pardon for us both, in case the gates of the fortress were opened within forty-eight hours after our return, or failing in that, on condition that we left the fortress. At the first moment, I was inclined to tear the base document in pieces; but reflecting that it was better to retain a proof of the perfidious arts made use of by our enemies, I took it with me.

In the villages and towns where we stopped on our return, the poor despairing people crowded around our carriage; for the national uniform which we wore everywhere attracted a large concourse, and particularly in Pesth. A thousand questions were addressed to me, the most common being, "Is there any hope?" "Komárom yet stands," was my constant reply; for which I was thanked by a silent, but hearty pressure of the hand, while tears rolled down many a manly cheek. At my hotel, I was visited by hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, eager to make inquiries about their friends; one had a brother, another a husband in the fortress, concerning whose fate they were naturally anxious. But all bade us be stedfast, and hold out to the end. Some officers of Görgey's late army, who were already enrolled in Austrian regiments, gave me letters for their old comrades in Komárom, wherein they conjured the latter, for God's sake, never to trust the Austrians, upon any pretence or consideration whatsoever.

We returned to Komárom about the end of August, and found the minds of the troops depressed, but not utterly cast down. During our absence the bearer of a flag of truce had come to the fortress, and brought to Klapka the well-known shameful letter of Görgey, in which the traitor indirectly encouraged his former colleague to follow his base example.

We made a faithful report of all we had seen in the south; we detailed the conduct of Görgey, and the surrender of Arad. But the disarming of *all* the troops, and the flight of Kossuth with the *last* band of warriors to Turkey, were circumstances of which we had no knowledge, and we even had reasons to believe that the case stood otherwise.

A capitulation being now unavoidable, the only question was as to the terms. Those proposed by the besieged (Sept. 1) were that the garrison should march out with the honours of war, that a full amnesty should be granted to all Hungarians and others engaged in the contest, and that the Hungarian paper-money should be declared valid. These terms were rejected by General Haynau, who would grant nothing but permission to the soldiers of the garrison to return to their homes in safety. Klapka, upon this, having given his opinion that there was no course left but to submit, and preparing to act

accordingly, our author, who had strenuously opposed the capitulation even on the more favourable terms, set about taking measures with his friends for deposing the governor. Klapka, however, having detected the project, caused him to be arrested and imprisoned, releasing him only after the capitulation, as dictated by Haynau, had been signed, Sept. 29. The latter, we may observe, to carry matters with a high hand, struck out the word "capitulation," and substituted "submission of the fortress of Komárom." Our author, in the present narrative, vents his indignation against Klapka for his pusillanimous conduct, and labours hard to refute in succession each of the reasons subsequently alleged by him as necessitating the surrender—insufficiency of provisions, deficiency of ammunition, want of clothing, want of money, spirit of desertion among the troops, &c. These matters we are not competent to decide, but we are bound to notice one flaw at least in the indictment. He denies Klapka's representations that the fortress was completely invested by the 5th of September, rendering all resistance hopeless; asserting that at that time the combined forces did not exceed 45,000 men, sufficient only to invest the fortress on the right bank of the Danube, so that an attack might have been made on the besiegers to great advantage. A few pages before, however, after relating the rupture of the negotiations on September 2, he says, "about this time old General Nugent took the command of the siege, and, with the numerous troops under his orders, completely surrounded the fortress." Surely this is in accordance with Klapka's statement, which he impugns. In regard to this and similar features in Colonel Thaly's writing, we reflect that a man of earnest and ardent temperament, as he evidently is, will sometimes overstep the strict bounds of justice in advocating the cause he has at heart. We therefore pass an honourable condemnation on him on these points. The spirit with which he narrates the events in which he was engaged, must interest not military readers only but the general public. The plan of the fortress, and of its position on the confluent streams of the Danube and the Woag, enable the reader fully to comprehend and appreciate the details of the operations he describes.

Our Antipodes. By Lieutenant-Colonel Godfrey Charles Mundy. 3 vols. London: 1852.

The gallant author prefaces his three volumes by observing that the work is intended to be light, and he trusts that it may prove so. We can assure our readers that it is more than this, it is eminently readable, and contains besides a considerable amount of original information. Strange, indeed, would it be were it not so, for we have here condensed the notes and observations of one who has been passing five years of an active life through the land of gold-dust, convicts and kangaroos, and the various surrounding settlements. During the whole period of his residence in Australia he was actively engaged in the discharge of important official duties, so that the records of what he saw and did were hastily penned during his few leisure hours. His remarks upon the late Anglo-Maori war and on New Zealand, we owe to his having been despatched thither upon special service; and his rambles into the interior of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land were effected at various intervals during the above period.

There is no denying the daily increasing importance of our antipodal colonies, and the interest which the recent marvellous discoveries of the precious ore have awakened, although proving

> How quickly nature
> Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object!

tend to render that portion of the southern hemisphere which enjoys the gentle sway of England's Queen one of the most attractive of her distant possessions.

Those whose lives are past among all the refinements of civilisation, can scarcely be expected to form a correct idea of the difficulties, the annoyances, and the privations of those whose lot is cast in a remote corner of the globe, amid a population composed for the most part of the refuse of our own.

"Yet," as an intelligent writer once quaintly observed, "the time may come when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valour with which he has led his New Hollanders into the heart of China." At that period, when the Grand Lahma is sending to supplicate alliance—when the Spice Islands are purchasing peace with nutmegs—when enormous tributes of green tea and nankeen are wafted into Port Jackson—who will ever remember that most of the wealthy landowners, members of council, and other magnates, when travelling by the mail at one era of their country's history, made a point of carrying neither money nor firearms, lest they should excite the cupidity or the revengeful animosity of bushrangers? That encounters with those gentry are not of unfrequent occurrence, we have pretty convincing evidence. We select the following from a variety of similar and characteristic anecdotes:—

A TRAVELLING INCIDENT.

Two brothers, with an old gentleman, a friend of theirs, were riding together unarmed, but accompanied by some dogs, when the elder brother saw two men, one carrying a musket the other a bundle, dive into the bush on the road

side. He told his companions, but they thought he was mistaken. However, on reaching the spot, he threw the dogs into covert, and they soon "unkennelled the varmint."

The old gentleman, who, it appears, was, like many old gentlemen, of choleric temper, called on them to yield, at the same time pouring upon them a torrent of abusive epithets, and closing upon them with his horse. "Stand back! and keep a civil tongue in your head, or I'll blow out your brains!" exclaimed the man with the musket; "I don't want to hurt you if you let me alone, but I'll have some of your lives if you meddle with me!" Mr. ———, then addressing them mildly but firmly, advised them to surrender, as the gentlemen were determined to capture them. He pointed to two stockkeepers who were near at hand to assist, if necessary, and reminded the musketeer that his shot could only kill one of their party, and that the murder would make his case worse.

"Have you any fire-arms about you?" demanded the sturdy footpad; "if you have not, I can't and won't surrender. I'm an old soldier; fought through the Peninsula, and I'm d——d if I strike to an inferior force!"

Mr. ——— replied that they had no fire-arms, but could get them in a few minutes.

"Produce them and I will give in," was the rejoinder; "that will be an honourable capitulation."

Meanwhile the man with the bundle had been secured and placed in charge of a shepherd who came up, and a mounted stockman rode off for the stipulated fire-arms, the old soldier robber remaining doggedly at bay.

Unfortunately, during this interval the peppery old gentleman re-commenced his vituperation, upon which the other, swearing a terrible oath, cocked his piece and pointed it at his head, when Mr. ——— spurred his horse upon the robber and threw him to the ground. He recovered himself actively, however, placed his back against a tree, and coming down to the "prepare for cavalry," showed an impracticable front; then suddenly rising, he was in the act of falling back into the woods to escape, when the accession of force, necessary to dignify the act of laying down his arms, arriving, this stickler for the honour of the army permitted himself to be made a prisoner of war without further resistance.

Yet has this startling picture sometimes a pleasing reverse, for we find, after long and fatiguing toil, our traveller and his party on one occasion arrive at an

AUSTRALIAN COUNTRY SEAT,

where, 120 miles from Sydney, European supplies arrive, after four or five months' voyage, enhanced nearly double in price and with the superadded risk, difficulty, and expense, consequent on a dray journey of another half month across almost impassable mountains, we found a well-damasked table for thirty-five or forty persons, handsome china and plate, excellent cookery, a profusion of hock, claret, and champagne, a beautiful dessert of European fruits—in short, a really capital English dinner. Now I assert that this repast afforded as strong and undeniable proof of British energy, in the abstract, as did the battle of the Nile, the storming of Badajoz, the wonderful conflict of Meanee, or any other exploit accomplished by the obstinate resolution, as well as dashing valour, of John Bull. Wonderful people! plodding, adventurous; risking all; ruined, yet rising again; oak-hearted, hard-bitten Britons! You and your descendants shall reclaim, and occupy, and replenish all those portions of the globe habited by the savage. A few more turns of the weather-glass, and the English language—who can doubt it?—will be universal, except in a few of the old-established and time mouldy nations of little Europe, to whom, by some inscrutable dispensation, it is denied to re-produce themselves beyond their own original limits of empire. We have accepted the glorious commission; may we prove worthy instruments of the great work!

We do not quite agree with Colonel Mundy in his strictures upon the conduct pursued by the settlers and their shepherds towards the blacks. It is worse than ridiculous to adopt the conduct of civilised life and to observe punctilious formalities in dealing with these savages—savages more debased in intellect than any animals in human form that we have elsewhere encountered. This maudlin sentimentality has led to all the losses and disgraces we have sustained at the Cape and elsewhere. Had the Boers been allowed to deal in their own rude and summary way with the hordes of Caffre cattle-stealers, we should not now be squandering three thousand pounds a day on a miserable African campaign, and, what is far worse, harassing brave troops and wasting the blood of gallant hearts in a struggle for which their previous education and habits have wholly unfitted them.

That our readers may form some idea what kind of rascals these aboriginal New Zealanders are, we beg to inform them that

"TAME" BLACKS

have been known, even when unconnected with the constabulary, to capture single-handed, English bush-rangers, for the sake of the reward. However superior in bodily strength, however desperate his courage, the robber has no chance against the black scout unless possessed of fire arms. The latter attacks him with a running fire of stones, thrown with such vigour and accuracy, that a few minutes would suffice to cut to pieces or disable the former. The superior agility of the savage effectually prevents close quarters; and, as for resisting with the same weapons, the poor, clumsy Saxon might as well pelt a shadow. An instance was related to me of a native following for days, unsuspectedly, the steps of a runaway prisoner armed with a musket. Having exhausted the little food he had brought with him, the white man was at length compelled by hunger to fire at a bird, and, ere he could reload, he was felled by a stone, followed by a sustained volley—something like that of Perkin's steam-gun—which soon placed both man and musket in the power of the wily savage.

In his purely natural state the New Hollander is little better than a wild beast. Indeed, he may be said to be *the* beast of prey of his native land. Strong, agile, fierce, voracious, crafty, his hand and eye are always ready for a victim. His reason, such as it is, serves the purpose of the tiger's instinct, and has scarcely a higher office to fulfil. Compared, moreover, with the innocent denizens of the Australian bush, he possesses the superior bodily strength of that tyrant of the Indian jungle.

With respect to what we presume we must, for distinction's sake, term the "inferior" animals and other productions of these far-distant regions, we cannot convey a better notion than the following graphic description affords, though written some thirty years ago:—

Nature (having made horses, oxen, ducks, geese, oaks, elms, and all regular and useful productions for the rest of the world) seems determined to have a bit of play, and to amuse herself as she pleases. Accordingly, she makes cherries with the stone on the outside, and a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus to see what is passing. Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, colour, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck—puzzling Dr. Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or a beast. Add to this a parrot with the legs of a seagull, a skate with the head of a shark, and a bird of such monstrous dimensions that a side-bone of it will dine three real carnivorous Englishmen, together with many other productions that agitate Sir Joseph, and fill him with mingled emotions of distress and delight.

We might indefinitely protract our review of these entertaining rambles had we unlimited space at our disposal. As it is, having given the above brief indication of their merits, we strongly recommend them to all who entertain any interest upon the subject.

We hope that every one will buy this book, and that every one will read it. It is an opportunity for a cheap benevolence, and it is the vehicle of a sad but instructive moral. Moreover, despite the wordiness and prosiness of an old man's garrulous style, it is a book that will interest and amuse. We have here a fragment of the long career of a literary craftsman who had most of the vices of his order and some virtues of his own; who has been for fifty years thoughtless, thriftless, careless of the morrow, plunging ever from one difficulty to another, but who was clever and yet kind-hearted, a critic and yet not cruel, the occupant of a position of some power, and yet, as we believe, courteous and tolerably honest.

We have remarked in another article how often it happens that a whole circle of young men rise together in the world. We have here a minor instance of the same fact. Mr. Jerdan tells us how, in Mr. Pollock's shop at Charing-cross, were congregated his Majesty's saddler, himself the father of a Lord Chief Baron an Indian judge and a general officer, the three youths who have since achieved such distinction for their old age, and Mr. Jerdan, whose chief distinction is that he rubbed shoulders with all this greatness. Near the desk sat Mr. John Pirie, the clerk to Mr. Robertson, at whose counting-house, with day-book before him, he had passed the long day in invoicing West Indian produce, and had dropped in with his fellow clerk to chat with the Pollocks. Mr. John Pirie now has a right to wear gold spurs and plate armour, and to wield a lance upon the very saddle whereon heretofore perchance he saw the Pollock myrmidons wielding needle, for he is Sir John Pirie, and has been Lord Mayor of London. The man in the leathern apron, who comes now and then into the counting-house from the workshop, and who is the foreman of the journeyman stitchers, may, if so him it should please, ride beside Sir John, or ride against him in the tilt-yard. That foreman is Sir Peter Laurie, who (being a native of *Stitchall*, near Kelso) has lived to put down suicide, and to do other funny things as a magistrate of London's city. We forgot Thomas Wilde, "whose birth," says Mr. Jerdan, "was not so respectable as the Pollocks" (!): he also was doubtless often in the counting-house of the shop at Charing-cross.

Now among all these men there is not one who has, or ever had, anything more than a tradesman-like mediocrity of intellect; some of them have risen to conspicuous positions only to make their incapacity manifest or to render their office ridiculous—yet all except poor Jerdan have been successful. He says it was because *they* chose professions and trades, and *he* chose literature. No such thing: it was because they minded the shop, and he did not. Laurie made good saddles, Pollock was early and late in Westminster Hall, and rubbed in as much law as his capacity would take, Wilde stuck like a bull dog to every scrap of business, Pirie (perhaps the most sensible man of them all, for he has always been equal to his position) steadfastly put one foot before the other up the hill of life. They all took care of the main chance, got into a groove and stuck to it. If Jerdan had written good books with steady industry he would have been quite as well considered, and perhaps quite as rich, as any of them.

Jerdan was born in 1782, at Kelso, was intended for a Scotch attorney, but sighed for London, and became a merchant's clerk at a guinea a week; got introduced through the Pollocks to a little literary club in the Temple, made blunders in the counting-house and bad verses in his own bed-room, spoiled his employer's hogsheads of Madeira by his ignorance of his duties, and obtained the applause of the Templars by his ready wit—all common incidents in a career, but seldom incidents in a career that terminates in high station.

It is natural that the old man should dwell with fond regrets upon these early days. We will let him talk of his unfledged birds of flight:—

LORD CHANCELLOR TRURO.

But the striking curiosity of the business is that the first personal acquaintance of the future Lord Chancellor of England with any official personage connected with the Government should have arisen out of a sportive juvenile bet, and the suggestion of the writer of this biography. How far it was, if ever further, cultivated, I have no means of knowing, but it was an introduction to a superior class, and might have been turned to advantage by a young and able man entering upon the busy scene of professional life.

I have noticed that he had much greater difficulties to contend against than his schoolfellow, F. Pollock; because, in the first place, his father did not move in so respectable a circle; in the second place, he had not the advantage of a university education; in the third place, he began with a lower branch of legal practice; and in the last place, he was affected by an impediment in his speech. Wilde, senior, was an attorney in a limited sphere, with a still inferior partner, and resided in one of the small houses in Warwick-square, Newgate Market, and had a rural retreat in one still smaller at Holloway, at the foot of Highgate-hill. There was one window in the parlour and two in the first floor, which by courtesy we will call the drawing-room. Yet thither have the Lord Chancellor Truro, the Lord Chief Baron, and I been well pleased to repair for recreation on a summer Sunday, and regale ourselves on the be-knighted joint of prime roast beef, which was a Sir long, long before any of those who ate of it could dream that similar and greater honours awaited their onward triumph in the grand competition of English society. From among the people to the judge's ermine and the coronet of the peer is a glorious stride. Who could have imagined it possible, at the humble little cottage at Holloway! but talent, persistance, and energy are engines to accomplish any and everything in this land of equal freedom, in which the course is clear and open to the high and low, and the goal is within the reach of all who are gifted with superior powers for the winning of the race.

Of Wilde's energy there were many striking proofs even in his younger days; and the character bore him through

every obstacle. His dogged resolution to overcome the impediment in his speech, and his success in doing so, afforded a remarkable instance of this quality. He would stand silent till he had composed the organs of sound for the distinct articulation of what he desired to say, and by the skilful and constant application of this inviolable resolution he, by his own unaided and untaught efforts, conquered the annoying affection. I remember his taking me to some dark office in the Inner Temple-lane, to show me Bloomfield, the author of "The Farmer's Boy," who, through the interest of Capel Lofft, had been appointed to a situation for some distribution of law forms administered there. The excitement caused a fit of stammering to come on, and there he stood, dumb as a statue, for several minutes, till he had forced his organisation, by the effort of will over physical defect, to perform the duty he demanded, and give utterance to well-delivered and well-rounded periods. Such a self-cure is extremely rare, and in this case was nearly perfect, for the only remains that ever appeared in after years was a slight occasional and hardly observable hesitation when pleading at the bar.

It is grateful to look back on the critical epoch to which the last two chapters have referred, and to feel that they can well bear the reflection of riper years. Most of the party mentioned were recently released from immediate control, and, as it may be said, freely bracing themselves to enter upon the grand arena of self-dependent and public struggle. In the midst of exuberant animal spirits and the natural appetite for juvenile enjoyment there was no debasing vice, nor low habit, nor unworthy inclination, nor desire for excess among us. The readings and discussions, a certain unison of two and three in studies and pursuits, and general intercourse with only the well-informed and better orders of society, were all safety-valves amid the temptations and opportunities of London.

The Temple still contains little societies not unlike the Temple Club of those days:—

THE TEMPLE CLUB.

On the talent displayed at our club assemblages in Mr. D. Pollock's chambers it does not become me to deliver an opinion, for I was not a laggard in the race. I recently entertained the hope of recovering some of the MSS. to afford a selection for my appendix, but am afraid they are irretrievably gone, and I condole with the public on the loss! David and Frederick Pollock and Thomas Wilde were the most active and distinguished contributors, and when I reflect on the circumstance, and that the first died Sir David and Chief Justice of Bombay, the second is Sir Frederick and Lord Chief Baron of her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, and the third Lord Truro, the other day Lord High Chancellor of England, the foremost civil subject of the realm, I cannot but marvel at the fate of their fourth and their not very unequal competitor. My prospects were apparently as bright as theirs, my cleverness (not to use a vainer phrase) was only too much acknowledged, and my career has not been altogether fruitless in the service of my country and fellow-creatures. I laboured, too, as constantly and severely, and produced effects which have had beneficial contemporary influence, and may, I trust, secure for my name a remembrance in times to come; yet look I, with my aspirations crushed, from the clouded bottom of the hill, rejoicing in and admiring, not envying, my early comrades, who, having bravely climbed the summit, range along the height, and in happiness enjoy the brilliant region, on which, humanly speaking, warm and eternal sunshine settles.

We are not told whether it was an ex Lord Chancellor, a Chief Baron, or an Indian judge who was the chief performer in the following watch-house pleading. The asterisks stand for five-and-twenty lines of Homer and as many of Virgil, the reproduction of which is scarcely necessary to the anecdote:—

A WATCH-HOUSE ADVENTURE.

How harmless were our most extravagant frolics, may be gathered from my remembrance of one of the most pregnant and entertaining of them, which may also serve as a sketch of bygone customs, when Charlies were and police were not, and show what potent, grave, and reverend seniors might witness and promote in the days of their youth, on the plea of observing the manners and customs of the people. On breaking up from a sederunt in Elm-court, at a much later hour than usual at night, it so happened that my companion and myself saw a poor creature grossly maltreated in the street by Temple-bar. We interfered in vain to prevent a continuance of the injury, and finding our arguments less persuasive than some we had employed in the previous evening's debate, we called the watch to seize the offender. Having seen the outrage, we were requested to step into the watch-house, at the entrance gate of the new church in the Strand, as we passed, and state the case to the dignitary of the *locale*, the worshipful constable of the night, an officer elected from among the *élite* of the parish. On entering we discovered a laughable Dogberry and Verges scene, and listened for a while, till our turn came, to proceedings almost as amusing as Shakspeare himself could have represented. The whim, I suppose, was infectious, for on being invited by the Rhadamanthus to state the particulars of the assault, my friend began to address him in a set speech. He insisted on the sanctity which ought to shield a woman's person, on the duty of every man to protect her from harm, and on the brutality of the wretch who could dare to violate every principle of humanity by insulting female weakness, and abusing female trust. "You, Mr. Constable, he exclaimed, "must be too well versed in the classics not to know what Homer has so nobly put into the mouth of his gallant hero."

* * * * * * *

The bewildered constable looked, in his amazement and distress, towards the place where I was seated at the table, and, having pulled the night book of charges to me, was proceeding to fill it with entries of all sorts of transgressions, and their results in acquittals or punishments. The detection of this unparalleled transaction created great dismay, and made confusion worse confounded. The constable declared that he did not understand Homer at all, and called me from my mischievous employment to tell him plainly what had taken place. I, of course, followed in the track of my leader, and addressed the court in a grandiloquent style, lamenting the degeneracy of the age when such things could happen, and dwelling on the disgrace to the city of London or Westminster (dependent on which side of Temple Bar the main offence was committed), should the culprit escape retribution. I regretted that the constable was not sufficiently conversant with the Iliad to comprehend the masterly and touching appeal quoted from the illustrious Grecian bard; but as he must be familiar with what Virgil had expressed under similar circumstances (it would have been hard to find out where the similarity lay), I would merely repeat the Roman sentiments on the occasion.

* * * * * * *

The patience of Job could have stood no more, and it was a relief to all concerned or present, when the good humoured constable, evidently too dull or too bemused with beer for a joke, in a deprecatory tone interrupted me to beg that I would say no more. It was quite unnecessary, he was perfectly satisfied, and as we had witnessed the offence, he wished to be informed what we thought should be the nature and extent of the punishment. We forthwith intimated an opinion that the culprit, who had been sobered and frightened by the orations, ought to beg the lady's pardon and disburse five shillings for the watchmen to drink; a sentence, I rejoice to add, so evidently tempering politeness and justice with generosity and mercy that it gave universal satisfaction, and we departed amid the plaudits and bows of the audience. So innocuous and extempore a freak can derogate from no character, however grave and high, and I may as well make an end on't.

Still "unstable as water," our adventurer goes back to Edinburgh, and although by marvellous luck articled to an Elliott, fails to fall into the track of promotion. After much pleasant dissipation, masonic revels, and volunteer drillings, he returns again to London, finds himself in difficulties and in debt, becomes a surgeon's clerk on board the Gladiator guard ship, and, soon tired of this, finds an engagement as a reporter upon the *Aurora* newspaper. Here is a sketch:—

THE EDITOR.

But to return to my *Aurora* companions, they were nearly all characters, and to show how capable they were of the "dodge" practice to which I have alluded, I need only state that to save themselves the trouble, they contrived to throw the Chancellor's speech in bringing in the budget on me, whose experience did not extend to even easy debates, and a pretty budget I made of it! But the fourth estate was not then so enormously potential as now, and my budget passed wonderfully, without much opposition or censure. Our editor was originally intended for the Kirk, and was a well-informed person; but to see him at or after midnight in his official chair, a writing his "leader," was a treat for a philosopher. With the slips of paper before him, a pot of porter close at hand, and a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, or casually laid down, he proceeded secundum artem. The head hung with the chin on his collar bone, as in deep thought—a whiff—another—a tug at the beer—and a line and a half, or two lines, committed to the blotted paper.

The periodical career once begun, Mr. Jerdan became insensibly immersed in editorial and theatrical society. He has a terrible memory: here is an instance:—

A REMINISCENCE.

I have already mentioned my accession to the staff of the *Morning Post*, and I subsequently reported nearly three sessions for the *British Press*, so that my apprenticeship in this line filled, with a few vacations, almost the customary term of seven years. Within that period I had migrated from furnished residences in Craven-street, Strand, and Curzon-street, May-fair, to a roomy, old, and old-fashioned house in Old Brompton, called Cromwell Cottage, a short distance from Gloucester Lodge, the last abode of Mr. Canning, in which domicile I lived for several years.

Cromwell House, close by, and said to derive its name from being one of the secret sleeping-places of the Protector in the vicinity of London, was inhabited by an amiable family of the name of Dakin, nearly related to the Prebendary of Westminster, and several of my other neighbours were "noticeable" people. Blanshard, the comic performer, had a cottage at hand, and a larger house was occupied by Mrs. Hedgeland, now the wife of a tea-grocer, better known as Isabella Kelly, the authoress of some popular novels, and the mother of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the present Solicitor-General. The eminent lawyer was then a very pretty, smart boy, with a younger brother equally attractive in his smaller way, and a sister. Mrs. Hedgeland, as well as the latter, is still, I believe, alive, and better provided for than in not very distant bygone years, though enjoying an annuity from the Lonsdale family, in which she was a governess. The second son became enamoured of the stage, and whilst his legal brother rose to wealth and distinction, afforded another melancholy example of the folly of reliance upon desultory pursuits, instead of learning a profession or a business. Under the assumed name of Keppell he tried his fortune in Romeo, and I think also essayed his powers in America, but without success, and, after suffering great mortifications, he died prematurely, with an almost broken heart.

An almost incredible anecdote relating to an English criminal judge:—a banker's clerk named Hammon had been found guilty of embezzlement, and sentenced to death:—

COL. KIRK ON THE BENCH.

Another and a disgraceful incident preceded my final success, and though I have publicly alluded to it years ago, and was only dissuaded by prudential friends from making it a matter of serious charge against a high legal functionary, and yet relate with reluctance, in the firm belief that such a thing would be utterly impossible in the present day. In the course of our beseeching of interests in every quarter, to aid us in our salvatory endeavours, I accompanied Mrs. Hammon and another lady to the chambers of the then Recorder of London, familiarly, and to my judgment rightly, called "Black Jack," who (I think) had tried the cause, and had therefore paramount influence in directing the result, in order to obtain his merciful representation to the Secretary of State. We went to his house or chambers in Chancery-lane, and made our errand known to an attendant, who communicated its purport to his master. At his desire Mrs. Hammon was shown up stairs, whilst her friend and I waited in the room below. What was our astonishment, in a short while, to see her rush in, aghast and panting with terror—the Angelo of that infamous hour had proposed to her to go with him to Richmond from the Saturday to Monday, as the condition of his recommending the remission of her husband's life!!! This fact may appear incredible: it is literally true.

In 1813 Mr. Jerdan became the editor of the *Sun* newspaper, with a salary of £500 a year, and one-tenth of the property. With the first year of his editorial labours this volume ends. We do not think that his autobiography will raise him greatly in men's estimation as a writer or increase a literary reputation never very great. But we have been anxious to show, by a few extracts, that there is some amusement to be obtained from turning over its pages, and we would rather persuade the public to buy the book than apply ourselves to criticise it. We have been, in truth, not a little moved to take his part by a furious onslaught made upon him by a periodical upon which delicacy and good taste should have imposed silence if they could not dictate applause. Mr. Jerdan is not quite an eagle, but we do not like to see him wounded by a shaft feathered by his own goose-quill. Such ungenerous assaults remind one of those prudent savages who, when their fathers grow old and unfit for work, make them contribute to the family economy by roasting and eating them.

Ruth Garnett. London: 1852.

Is a very feeble attempt at the historical style, and the period of history is that altogether unworked time of Charles the Second. The heroine is a Puritan of the family of Oliver Cromwell, who dresses herself in boy's clothes and becomes page to the king, with whom she is deeply enamoured. She is shot by the wicked man of the book, who is aiming at the Merry Monarch, when the girl-page rushes between. We have Rochesters, Killigrews, and Charleses with all the wit out of them, court beauties as like the originals as Madame Tussaud's waxwork is to Rush—the clothes and the name but not the life. Any reader who knows anything of the history of the time, will quickly throw down the book disgusted; while people who are at all nice upon the point of grammar, will probably weary of the recurrence of such glaring blunders as (vol. iii, p. 215) "the true affection that was between Ruth and I," (next page) "after persuasions which, had *it* been the person she seemed," &c. &c. Priscian's head is broken in every page. It is lucky for authors of this class that the printer takes care of the spelling; but we think there should be some arrangement whereby the printing-office reader should correct the grammar; the publisher's reader might perhaps stand the friend of history. Here the printer only has done his work.

The School for Fathers. An old English Story. By T. GWYNNE. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1852.

THE tale is admirably told, the moral excellent, and the characters are truthfully yet spiritedly drawn. The events recorded are supposed to have transpired some century or so ago, in the days of powder and swords, and the plot is simple, and may be conveyed in a few words.

Sir Thomas Warren, a man of pleasure and a courtier, having been employed for ten years in a diplomatic capacity abroad, returns unexpectedly to England, and, finding himself, from a variety of causes, incapable of pursuing the course of life in which he has been hitherto indulging, determines to occupy himself in the education of his son, whom he has hitherto sadly neglected.

Now, his son Jack has been residing from his infancy in the remote corner of a midland county with his uncle, Squire Warren, a fine specimen of the fox-hunter of that period. In character, habits, and conversation he reminds us forcibly of old Sir Roger de Coverley, and, consequently, presents a striking contrast to his foppish and effeminate brother.

Living under his roof, partaking in all his amusements and pursuits, Jack had become the precise counterpart of his worthy relative. At the epoch when he is introduced to us, he is "rising" nineteen, over six feet in height, hale, hearty, and robust, a keen sportsman, shy and ungainly in his manners, generous and warm-hearted, but somewhat inclined to obstinacy, and in intellect not over bright.

At the time when his father arrives with the intention of carrying him off to London to educate him "*more suorum*," Jack finds himself most unpleasantly circumstanced, in consequence of an attachment he had long since formed with the fair daughter of the vicar, Lydia Freeman, a young belle, whose bright eyes have inflamed the hearts of more than one admirer. Fearing an angry refusal, in case he should seek his father's consent to their union, he determines to brusque matters, and accordingly, first obtains the young lady's consent and then informs his parent.

To his astonishment, Sir Thomas offers no opposition to the match, provided the wedding-day is postponed for a couple of years, as he fully anticipates that long ere then, an introduction to London life, with all its concomitants, will have eradicated this "boyish fancy."

Poor Jack arrives in London, and finds himself suddenly immersed in gaieties for which he has no taste, dissipations that he abhors, compelled as he is, at the same time, to forego all his wonted pursuits and to submit to the severest discipline, while he is forced to acquire accomplishments that only render him still more awkward in his demeanour and more ludicrous in his appearance. Sir Thomas having resolved that Jack should marry a lady of fortune, takes much pains to effect his introduction to an eligible individual of that denomination. This excites the jealousy of a host of rivals, for though Jack remains undeviatingly true to his "little Lydia," he is compelled by his unreasonable father to make some show of "attention" to the captivating Widow Fairfax. Now it so happens that one Colonel Penruddock has already determined to win and wear her. Like many others of her sex under similar circumstances, out of caprice, the lady pretends to admire Jack greatly, though she has secretly pre-determined to give her hand to the colonel. They meet at an evening party:—

THE INSULT.

Colonel Penruddock's malignant glance was on him; hatred, contempt, and jealousy gleamed in his eye. That very morning Mistress Fairfax had *carelessly* said—*on purpose*, of course—that she never beheld so fine a man as Mr. Warren—that he possessed so artless yet so fascinating a mode of paying his addresses, she was sure no heart could resist him; then she leant her cheek on her hand, looked absent, sighed, and allowed the colonel to address her twice before she appeared to know that he had done so at all. The colonel threw himself into one of his most violent tornadoes, and rushed out of the house. The widow tapped her chin approvingly with her fan, surveyed her charming face in the glass, laughed, hummed an opera tune, and went to the auction.

The colonel had not condescended so much as to bow to her on the evening in question. When he saw Jack proceeding towards her the muscles of his thin face worked nervously. He placed himself in the way, and as Jack approached leaned his hand on the back of a chair, and advanced his right foot directly in Jack's path. Jack, hurrying "*to get it over*," perceived not the Guardsman's movement. He drew near; the colonel, contracting every muscle, held his foot firmly planted; Jack tripped, the colonel smiled a ghastly smile. Had Jack been lighter or more active he would have tripped and recovered himself; but the poor fellow was neither: he tripped, stumbled, ran two or three paces forward, and fell prostrate at the widow's feet. Good manners were totally forgotten, and a titter, which grew to a laugh, saluted Jack's misfortune. Sir Thomas swore and fumed. Jack arose; anger and indignation chased shyness and *mauvaise honte* from his soul. Everything around him seemed to whirl and totter; he heard the laughter, he felt the insult. He strode up to Colonel Penruddock like a young Hercules, and in a loud, clear voice he shouted—

"Was that on purpose or by accident?"

"On purpose," replied the colonel, bowing and then drawing himself up to his utmost height.

"Then take that!" roared Jack, and, doubling his fist, he drew it back to his shoulder, then, straitening his arm with the iron strength of a gladiator, he struck the colonel on the face with the whole might of his thick, muscular arm. The colonel reeled and fell, crushing a chair in his fall. All the men present rushed towards him; the laughter was hushed. Penruddock arose with an oath, the blood streaming from his face. Several ladies fell into "*hysteric affections*" and faintings, but the gentlemen being all occupied round Jack and the colonel they soon recovered their senses. Sir Thomas drew his son away from Penruddock, anger and disgust stamped upon his features.

This unpleasant incident of course gives rise to a duel, which is so admirably described that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

THE DUEL.

There had been a slight fall of snow during the night,

which only partially covered the ground: the shrill, thin voice of the sweep and the rolling of a few heavy dust carts were the predominating sounds. The air was damp and penetrating, the atmosphere murky and dull, and beginning to be charged with the smoke of early fires. The shops were unopened—few passengers abroad—here and there a workman proceeding to his work, pipe in mouth.

"It's very cold," said Lord Langley, as they walked quickly to the back of Montagu House. "I wonder if the colonel's on the ground."

"I see him drawing near," said Jack; "there's the captain with him, and another fellow—the surgeon, I take it."

Lord Langley forced a smile and said—"To make our party equal to theirs I begged our family surgeon to be on the ground, and there he is."

"Thank'ee, it was very thoughtful of you. My love to my father, and I hope he'll accept the watch I brought from the country in remembrance of me. Hang it! I forgot his message—hopes you'll come home to breakfast with us if I come off all right."

"I shall be delighted."

Preliminaries were soon settled, and the combatants, stripping off coat, waistcoat, and stock, crossed their well-tempered, glittering, taper swords.

"What a fine young fellow your friend is, my lord," whispered Lord Langley's surgeon to him. "I never saw a finer man, dead or alive; pity if he falls."

Lord Langley sighed and looked sorrowfully at poor Jack. The regimental surgeon who attended the colonel was equally struck with him.

"Egad, Sir, what a grenadier he'd make!" he said to Captain Richmond.

"I should ask nothing better than to command a battalion of the same sort," was the reply.

Jack and the colonel began their duel under very different feelings. Jack was determined not to hurt the colonel, but merely to parry his thrusts; he had no ill will towards him, and no feeling for duels. The colonel, on the other hand, felt that he was opposed to a rival and a man who had insulted him, and put him in a ridiculous position beneath the very eyes of his mistress. His soul was bitter with hatred and revenge, and he swore that either Jack or himself must die that day.

After a short "bout," seeing Jack's play, he dropped the point of his sword and cried, with flashing eyes and angry voice—

"I will not be treated like a child, Sir. Fight fairly and attack *me* as well as defend *yourself*."

Jack obeyed; and presently his bright sword entered Penruddock's right breast. Fortunately for him the point slipped along one of the ribs, instead of penetrating between them, and anon the fight was renewed. The swords wound about each other like lightning—the clear, light, clashing peculiar to the "small sword" (only to be rightly explained by the word "*cliquetis*") was the only sound heard. Jack received a wound in the thick of the arm, but acquitted himself very well; never lost his coolness or temper, and gave the colonel a great deal to do.

Still the swords clashed and glittered; seconds and surgeons, breathless with interest, knew not on which of the combatants to pronounce. At last Penruddock, with the expression of a demon, parried one of Jack's thrusts—advanced—lunged—the guard of his sharp sword struck his adversary's ribs in a line with his breast, the reddened blade coming out beneath the left arm pit.

"Thank the Gods," muttered the colonel as he drew out his sword; and Lord Langley, Captain Richmond, and both surgeons rushed towards poor Jack.

"I don't think it's much," he said, putting his hand to his side. "Is the colonel satisfied?"

Lord Langley put his arm around him; Jack's face grew pale, his knees gave way beneath his weight, and he sank to the earth, supporting himself on his hands. The surgeons tore away his shirt, the sooner to arrive at his wound. They saw at once the course the sword had taken, and shook their heads at Lord Langley.

"You'd better not move him or disturb him, my lord—it will soon be over," whispered the regimental surgeon.

Lord Langley, kneeling down, supported his dying friend, and took his hand in his. Poor Jack feebly pressed it, and with an effort said—

"Will you break it to my uncle and Lyddie? God bless you!"

"I will, on my honour," replied Lord Langley, his eyes filled with tears.

There was solemn silence—a silence that could be felt. The surgeons knelt on each side of Jack. The colonel and his friend were gone.

The *dénouement* of this touching history we leave our readers to peruse from the book itself; and, as we cannot improve upon our author's eloquent language, we subjoin the important moral he is desirous of inculcating:—

THE MORAL.

Fathers, before you put your sons in any particular path in life, study, if you can, their various dispositions, characters, talents, and capabilities. How often do we see men in the army or navy who, had they been allowed to follow their true bent, would have made excellent churchmen or lawyers, and who, *on their father's death*, quit the profession of arms for more genial pursuits. Again, how often do we see a languishing *nonchalant* clergyman, without feeling for his calling, perishing with *ennui*, who would have been a distinguished soldier, but for the paternal will, which said, "That boy must go into the Church." Then, again, we behold a barrister detesting pen-and-ink, and close, hot courts, and law study and practice—a being whose aspirations and talents all pointed to the sea; but his father's taste pointed to an *intellectual* profession, and the boy, without the least love of study or much aptitude for it, is dragooned, *bon gré mal gré*, to the bar. You will see such an one, during his vacation, living in salt water—yachting, steaming, rowing, voyaging in merchantmen, and returning to his gown and wig with a weary heart. I do not mean that because a boy has read "Robser Crusoe" (as young gentlemen are wont to pronounce the name) that his enthusiasm is to be gratified by being sent in quest of shipwreck and "Man Friday," any more than that he should be allowed to be a highwayman—a character for which some boys have a great *penchant*—because his enthusiasm has been awakened by the life of Robin Hood or Dick Turpin; but it is a cruel sight to see a man's life passing by, in the daily avocations of a profession for which he has no feeling—perhaps a positive dislike—and to which a father's will condemned him even before he could walk or talk!

Young gentlemen's caprices should not be studied; but their characters and aptitudes are worthy of some little consideration.

We know not whether this is Mr. Gwynne's first essay at authorship; if, however, such it be, we congratulate the reading public upon the pleasure they may reasonably anticipate from the future productions of his graceful pen and lively fancy.

He displays not only a cultivated but an observant mind—a keen appreciation of humour; and his descriptive powers are fully upon a par with those of any living writer.

We hope that the momentous lesson he seeks to impress upon the generation of "fathers" will not have been preached in vain, and the volume before us will indeed be a valuable one if it prove the means of averting from a single youth, the sad doom of being forced to embrace a profession opposed to all his tastes, habits, and inclinations.

Fortune. A Romance. By D. T. COULTON, Esq. Three Vols. Parry and Co., Leadenhall-street, 1852.

IT has been remarked by a shrewd observer of modern times that no man can reflect without wonder upon the strange vicissitudes of human life arising from the most trivial and accidental causes. Many

of us may, indeed, trace back the concatenation of events, until we find that so simple and trivial an act as that of passing along a particular street at a particular hour has tinged with happiness or misery the whole of his subsequent career.

In the entertaining pages before us, an ordinary incident is made to influence, very materially, the fate of the hero of the tale.

He is an usher at an obscure suburban school, who, taking advantage of a holiday, passes it aristocratically at a horticultural *fête* at Chiswick.

As he is taking his leave of the gay scene,—bewildered by the brilliant throng around him—he is jostled alternately by pedestrians and horsemen, and at last narrowly escapes being driven over. An altercation ensues, and the coachman lashes him with his whip. In a frenzy of rage and excitement he seizes hold of the horses' heads, and shouts to the driver to come down. A young lady, however, in the vehicle, sharply expostulates with her ill-mannered servant, the usher is simultaneously appeased, and smitten with admiration for the fair being who has thus interfered in his behalf. Sensible, however, of the absurdity of yielding to the influence of his emotions —

"This is mere folly," he said; "her world is not mine. I do not even know her name; and what if I did? My tasks and my drudgery must be resumed to-morrow. I have only the choice between that and a baser servitude still."

As he spoke he removed his hat from his brow, that the cool air might sweep over his face, for between fatigue and excitement his blood was fevered. Then he continued the broken utterance of his thought.

"Is there no hope, no chance, of a better destiny? Why, then, was I cursed with desires and feelings which can never be gratified. Why was I not made fit to receive the lashes of that rascal's whip? What does it matter that the world is before me, when I am chained to tasks I hate? I must drudge or starve. Oh, how willingly would I exchange all my dreary prospect of existence for one single year of joyous life!"

A keen observer of mankind listened to this raving. He had kept the scholar in sight from the moment of his danger, and had rendered him some slight service, though it was unperceived and unacknowledged. He advanced, and faced the excited youth. With a smile, half sarcastic, half good-humoured, he said—

"That wish should have been uttered in the days of necromancy. Come, be thankful that no evil spirits are at hand to take advantage of your rashness; your mood would be favourable to their power."

The scholar, offended by the tone of badinage in which this was uttered, said coldly—

"I did not address you, Sir."

"You are rash to say so," returned the stranger. "For aught you know, I may be one of the ministers of fortune specially commissioned to bring worshippers to her shrine. Why may I not have power to grant your wish?"

The strangeness of the speaker's words induced the scholar to regard him closely. He stood with his face in full relief against the glowing sky, so that it could be easily scrutinised.

The result of the conversation is an appointment, at which, upon certain conditions, the stranger (Cavendish by name), whose acquaintance has been thus quaintly made, undertakes to gratify the usher's longing for one year of freedom and affluence. We are next introduced to a Mr. Laneton, who had formerly been the head of a great manufacturing firm and had afterwards figured as a principal in a large banking establishment; but his name was now withdrawn from both those concerns, and ostensibly he had no business to conduct, though it was generally thought that his retirement had been only nominal, and that each year added to the magnitude of his transactions.

Within the last few years the highest circles of English life had been freely opened to Mr. Laneton. His boundless resources were found useful to his aristocratic acquaintance. His cheque-book was ready on the instant he was satisfied with the nature of the security offered. On his part there was neither hesitation nor haggling. The amount required was a matter of perfect indifference to him. "Business transacted with Mr. Laneton was a perfect pleasure," said heirs apparent; and there were a few persons of high station who had repented, and had redeemed the errors of their earlier days, who recognised in the prompt assistance he had afforded them the immediate means of their salvation. But whether it was, that his facility in lending proved at last ruinous to his debtors, as he was accustomed to deplore, or that there was something in the nature of his dealings which, like the "retion" of the net-bearer in the Roman circus, fatally entangled his opponent, whether he presented an armed front or a flying back, it is certain that not many persons were ever able to restore their affairs after availing themselves of Mr. Laneton's assistance. His terms advanced in exact proportion to their wants, though he was never guilty of the vice of usury. He recommended the *sacrifice* of an estate or two when he saw that circumstances were getting desperate; and when, as he declared, he perceived with sorrow that his assistance could be of no further service, he quietly parted with his securities, and left to others the ungracious office of executions and sales. The profits found their way to his account, but his name was never stained with the odium of assisting in the work of ruin.

Laneton has a daughter, Una, whom he is desirous that Cavendish should wed. He calls upon him and endeavours to impress him with the belief that Una is deeply smitten with him, a communication which Cavendish receives after the following fashion :—

"I have been to blame. I was attracted by the originality of your daughter's mind; and, to speak frankly, the intercourse which began on my side in curiosity, has ended in admiration and regard. She is a superior being, worthy all happiness, higher happiness than she will find in this world.

"In endeavouring to guide her tastes, and find employment for that active intellect, which, without exercise, would have preyed on itself, I did but comply with her own request, and with yours. Yet, if I had thought my motives liable to misconstruction, or if I had imagined it possible she could have regarded me with any sentiment of tenderness, I would have avoided her society. I will now make her all the reparation I can. I will leave England. She shall not see me again until her sentiments are changed."

Mr. Laneton was equally astonished and mortified.

"It may be generous," he said, "in you to take this reso-

lution. But, surely, you cannot say that you thus make all the reparation in your power to my daughter for the pain she suffers."

"Yes," answered Cavendish firmly, "*all*; if, indeed, she really suffers pain on my account. It is impossible that I can ever be more to Miss Laneton than a friend. I thought it was well-known that I am vowed to single life."

"Yet, surely, you have some wish to preserve your name?"

"Oh! do not fear, my *fortune* will not want heirs. I have made provision for that. Excuse me; minutes more than worthless to me half an hour back, are precious now. When you hear of me next, it will be that I have quitted England."

With a moody air Mr. Laneton quitted the mansion. But he did not the less resolve that the purpose on which he had set his mind should be accomplished.

"He is half mad—or more!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself into his brougham; "and a very impracticable fellow. Who the devil is to be his heir, I wonder? I must find that out."

Cavendish adheres to his resolution—proceeds upon a journey to Persepolis, and leaves Florian Tremore, the penniless usher, his *locum tenens*, in possession of several princely mansions, and credit at Drummond's for thirty thousand pounds!

No sooner is he installed in his novel position, than he is waited upon by the Honourable Frederick Freeborn, one of those intermediate links in the social chain, which connect the extremes of society together. Report said he was not unknown among the lumber-troopers, nor innocent of the taste of porter. He admitted himself, that his talent for fun led him into queer positions at times; but then he was a privileged person, and not a whit the less welcome at the table of his Grace of Queensberry, on account of the comical stories he had to tell of his company the previous night at the Finish or at the Shades. To do him justice, he was rather convivial than vicious, and more fond of good company and good liquor than of dissipation. He had universally the character of being one of the best-natured creatures in the world. He would do anything for anybody; but, as his purse was always low, he would sometimes convert into a loan to himself, the money with which he was entrusted to execute commissions for his friends. No one, however, thought anything of these slight mistakes. Every one knew Freeborn could not help them; and then he was so sincerely sorry if he put you to the slightest inconvenience, and had such a dexterous manner of smiling you out of your chagrin, that, whatever your loss might be, you soon agreed with the rest of the world, that it was folly to be angry with Freeborn. Sometimes a man with a natural turn for scampishness, shows more policy in suffering his real character to be known than in making any attempt to conceal it. Whenever any one of Freeborn's new acquaintance complained that he had been trapped by his friend, people only laughed at his simple indignation, and considering it a capital joke that Freeborn should *do* any one, caressed the offender more, and conceived a higher opinion of his cleverness. There is something of this feeling in other states of life. The political party, for instance, which takes up with a notorious apostate for a leader, gets no more commiseration when duped, than a man does who suffers from choosing a wife out of the Magdalen.

Acting under the instructions of Cavendish, he assumes the office of guide to Tremore, regarding him much as a jewel-merchant regards a diamond of extraordinary lustre, which he has picked up for a song; and the more he glanced at his handsome face and figure, and the more he reflected on the magnificent fortune which, in the full belief of his being the heir of Cavendish, he calculated that he must one day inherit, the more he felt convinced it was impossible to set a sufficient price on him in the bazaar of fashion. He was quite undecided where he should first exhibit his captive; and long and anxiously deliberated from what set in the gay world he should be likely to gain the most, by selecting it for the *debût* of his handsome and wealthy novice.

Expectation had already been excited by the announcement of Cavendish's abrupt departure, and the sudden appearance in his place of Mr. Tremore, a name never heard before. Many were the exclamations of "How very strange!" "'Tis just like him!" "He never does anything like other people!" But there were some present whose very existence in society depended on their character for early information. Some of these, when appealed to, merely shook their heads, and put on a sage "I could an' if I would" look; but others played a bolder game. The placarders of Fleet-street have their parallèls in the *salons* of the great. If there be no news, it is the part of these lying gazettes to make it.

It may readily be supposed that a brilliant career is now open to Florian Tremore, and that, under the tutelage of Freeborn, he is not likely to put down the goblet of pleasure thus unexpectedly presented to his lips, till he has drained it to the dregs. He became royally—and more than royally—profuse in his expenditure. When he discovered that no demand would be made on his purse for household expenses, the revenue for such purposes having been carefully provided, he considered how he should be able to spend the wealth at his disposal. Conceiving, in a laudable spirit, that charitable institutions had the first claim on him, he had spent an hour in writing out cheques for those which had been most dexterously brought to his notice. In a single day, the most liberal of the liberal saw their good deeds eclipsed by the beneficence of this young stranger. Prudent men reckoned up the sums which, from published lists, it was certain that he had given in donations, and marvelled what must be the amount of that wealth which could thus throw abroad superfluous thousands as ordinary men give away their loose change. There was something of childish delight in the feeling with which Florian marked this wonder. He had no notion before how easy it was to get rid of immense sums of money. The whole art he found, consisted in being good-natured, and

complying with every request made to him. All those ingenious people who, in a great metropolis, minister to art and luxury, clustered round him as thickly as flies round a sugar-pot, and none of them (for he was not made of the stuff which can resist importunate flattery) went away unsatisfied.

He was amazed at the extent of his patronage. Cavendish had left a power of attorney, which gave him authority to fill up all vacancies in his gift; and till this time he little guessed "how extremely obliged" those polite and noble beggars would be, who go about soliciting charity for their friends and relatives by nomination to a public school, or an appointment to any of those offices which, in our happy country, are always at the disposal of wealth and influence, though rigorously closed to the application of unpatronised merit. Then he had invitations out of number on his hands, from persons of distinction whom he hardly recollected to have seen.

How much of the admiration he excited was due to those qualities with which nature had gifted him—to his youth and beauty—I pretend not to say. Had he come in the shape of a huge, fat, clumsy brute, with the manners of a bully and the ideas of a huckster, he might have been equally courted by that crowd—ranging from a prime minister downwards—who have everything to gain by subserviency to Mammon. But in that case the flattery paid him would have been less refined. He would not have seen fair faces kindle at his approach, nor sweet lips smile at his words, nor beautiful eyes sparkle with pleasure at his glance. He was the beau-ideal of eligibility to all prudent mammas, and a very Apollo to all young ladies emerging from the alphabet of sentiment.

After a brilliant season in London, our hero proceeds, in company with Laneton and Una, to Italy, where his lavish expenditure and the variety of his achievements soon form the universal theme of conversation. Mr. Laneton, since Cavendish's absence, has manifested much anxiety to interest Tremore in his daughter. He had thrown Florian and Una much together, and he chuckled with delight as he noted day by day how the youth became more sensible of her attractions, till his capture was complete. Though of too solid a turn to be mischievous, he yet had a sense of humour, and he could not resist a few experiments to test the strength of his fascination. Suddenly he recollected how necessary it was to be very particular with Una, and then poor Florian found himself excluded from her presence as mysteriously as before he had been admitted to it. The change made him very miserable; and, when he thought himself unobserved, he would stand at a distance and watch her until the tears came into his eyes. Mr. Laneton could not but enjoy this. He thought what fools boys were, and what nonsense love was. Then, for the satisfaction of laughing at his victim's infatuation, and enjoying the change in his countenance, he would contrive that, by the merest accident in the world, Florian should find himself at Una's side again, with no one near them. And the best of the fun was, that his puppet never suspected it was he who moved the wires which made him grave or gay—never imagined even that his passion was suspected by a single creature. There were moments when Florian thought of explaining his real position to Mr. Laneton; but his affected warmth and friendship could not blind him to his cold, hard character. He recollected his worldliness, his pride, his settled rule that men were to be respected according as they were successful; and he shrank from the idea of the scorn and contempt with which he knew his avowal would be met Could it be wrong to deceive such a man? He ridiculed conscientious scruples, and was sceptical even as to the existence of honourable feeling. The law was his standard of morality, and that conduct was fair which the law did not condemn. His confidence in his own sharpness seemed almost to invite deceit. He entered society armed at all points, and challenged all comers to the encounter. When this idea came across the mind of Florian, it pained him, but he could not altogether banish it. Unconsciously he was approaching nearer that Rubicon which, once at least in his life, every man must cross or flee from. The end of his deliberations was nearly always the same. He would be guided by events still, and take the course which accident or fate marked out for him.

His reign of pleasure is, however, drawing to a close. Mr. Laneton, for a variety of reasons, thinks it advisable to accelerate matters. A day is accordingly fixed for the union of Miss Laneton and Florian Tremore.

On the wedding morning, to the astonishment of the assembled guests, Cavendish suddenly reappears:

Una rose, prepared to encounter Tremore. She was by herself, having requested her attendants to withdraw. Cavendish advanced alone, and stood directly opposite her before she looked up. When she raised her eyes, and beheld him, she gave a faint cry, and, tremblingly clasping his hand within her own, cried in a tone of entreaty,

"You are come to save me!"

"Yes, Una; to save you, if you require salvation—to fulfil your desires, at all events, as I best may. Do you love this Florian?"

She bent her head, as a tremor crept over her frame. "Love him! Oh, no; not love him! He is kind and amiable, but I could not—I will not be his wife!"

"Then why this preparation?—why this dress?"

"I have been weak and foolish," she said, while a flush of colour suffused her face, "but I would not have been wicked. I waited his coming to tell him I could never wed him."

A faint light, almost resembling a smile, crossed the sad face of Cavendish.

"I came," he returned, "prepared to give him to you, had it been your wish; but it is better as it is."

We leave our readers to discover the sequel from the volumes themselves, and also, at the same time, to unravel a pleasing episode, to which we have not even cursorily alluded, lest we should mar the pleasure they might otherwise receive.

As this is, we believe, Mr. Coulton's first production, we shall not exercise towards his maiden effort the same severity of criticism that we might bestow upon the production of a more experienced writer. He has produced an amusing tale—one that will, or at any rate ought to, be welcomed by the entire generation of novel-readers. Still, its faults must be acknowledged. The utter improbability of

lution. But, surely, you cannot say that you thus make all the reparation in your power to my daughter for the pain she suffers."

"Yes," answered Cavendish firmly, "*all*; if, indeed, she really suffers pain on my account. It is impossible that I can ever be more to Miss Laneton than a friend. I thought it was well-known that I am vowed to single life."

"Yet, surely, you have some wish to preserve your name?"

"Oh! do not fear, my *fortune* will not want heirs. I have made provision for that. Excuse me; minutes more than worthless to me half an hour back, are precious now. When you hear of me next, it will be that I have quitted England."

With a moody air Mr. Laneton quitted the mansion. But he did not the less resolve that the purpose on which he had set his mind should be accomplished.

"He is half mad—or more!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself into his brougham; "and a very impracticable fellow. Who the devil is to be his heir, I wonder? I must find that out."

Cavendish adheres to his resolution— proceeds upon a journey to Persepolis, and leaves Florian Tremore, the penniless usher, his *locum tenens*, in possession of several princely mansions, and credit at Drummond's for thirty thousand pounds!

No sooner is he installed in his novel position, than he is waited upon by the Honourable Frederick Freeborn, one of those intermediate links in the social chain, which connect the extremes of society together. Report said he was not unknown among the lumber-troopers, nor innocent of the taste of porter. He admitted himself, that his talent for fun led him into queer positions at times; but then he was a privileged person, and not a whit the less welcome at the table of his Grace of Queensberry, on account of the comical stories he had to tell of his company the previous night at the Finish or at the Shades. To do him justice, he was rather convivial than vicious, and more fond of good company and good liquor than of dissipation. He had universally the character of being one of the best-natured creatures in the world. He would do anything for anybody; but, as his purse was always low, he would sometimes convert into a loan to himself, the money with which he was entrusted to execute commissions for his friends. No one, however, thought anything of these slight mistakes. Every one knew Freeborn could not help them; and then he was so sincerely sorry if he put you to the slightest inconvenience, and had such a dexterous manner of smiling you out of your chagrin, that, whatever your loss might be, you soon agreed with the rest of the world, that it was folly to be angry with Freeborn. Sometimes a man with a natural turn for scampishness, shows more policy in suffering his real character to be known than in making any attempt to conceal it. Whenever any one of Freeborn's new acquaintance complained that he had been trapped by his friend, people only laughed at his simple indignation, and considering it a capital joke that Freeborn should *do* any one, caressed the offender more, and conceived a higher opinion of his cleverness. There is something of this feeling in other states of life. The political party, for instance, which takes up with a notorious apostate for a leader, gets no more commiseration when duped, than a man does who suffers from choosing a wife out of the Magdalen.

Acting under the instructions of Cavendish, he assumes the office of guide to Tremore, regarding him much as a jewel-merchant regards a diamond of extraordinary lustre, which he has picked up for a song; and the more he glanced at his handsome face and figure, and the more he reflected on the magnificent fortune which, in the full belief of his being the heir of Cavendish, he calculated that he must one day inherit, the more he felt convinced it was impossible to set a sufficient price on him in the bazaar of fashion. He was quite undecided where he should first exhibit his captive; and long and anxiously deliberated from what set in the gay world he should be likely to gain the most, by selecting it for the *début* of his handsome and wealthy novice.

Expectation had already been excited by the announcement of Cavendish's abrupt departure, and the sudden appearance in his place of Mr. Tremore, a name never heard before. Many were the exclamations of "How very strange!" "'Tis just like him!" "He never does anything like other people!" But there were some present whose very existence in society depended on their character for early information. Some of these, when appealed to, merely shook their heads, and put on a sage "I could an' if I would" look; but others played a bolder game. The placarders of Fleet-street have their parallels in the *salons* of the great. If there be no news, it is the part of these lying gazettes to make it.

It may readily be supposed that a brilliant career is now open to Florian Tremore, and that, under the tutelage of Freeborn, he is not likely to put down the goblet of pleasure thus unexpectedly presented to his lips, till he has drained it to the dregs. He became royally—and more than royally—profuse in his expenditure. When he discovered that no demand would be made on his purse for household expenses, the revenue for such purposes having been carefully provided, he considered how he should be able to spend the wealth at his disposal. Conceiving, in a laudable spirit, that charitable institutions had the first claim on him, he had spent an hour in writing out cheques for those which had been most dexterously brought to his notice. In a single day, the most liberal of the liberal saw their good deeds eclipsed by the beneficence of this young stranger. Prudent men reckoned up the sums which, from published lists, it was certain that he had given in donations, and marvelled what must be the amount of that wealth which could thus throw abroad superfluous thousands as ordinary men give away their loose change. There was something of childish delight in the feeling with which Florian marked this wonder. He had no notion before how easy it was to get rid of immense sums of money. The whole art he found, consisted in being good-natured, and

complying with every request made to him. All those ingenious people who, in a great metropolis, minister to art and luxury, clustered round him as thickly as flies round a sugar-pot, and none of them (for he was not made of the stuff which can resist importunate flattery) went away unsatisfied.

He was amazed at the extent of his patronage. Cavendish had left a power of attorney, which gave him authority to fill up all vacancies in his gift; and till this time he little guessed "how extremely obliged" those polite and noble beggars would be, who go about soliciting charity for their friends and relatives by nomination to a public school, or an appointment to any of those offices which, in our happy country, are always at the disposal of wealth and influence, though rigorously closed to the application of unpatronised merit. Then he had invitations out of number on his hands, from persons of distinction whom he hardly recollected to have seen.

How much of the admiration he excited was due to those qualities with which nature had gifted him—to his youth and beauty—I pretend not to say. Had he come in the shape of a huge, fat, clumsy brute, with the manners of a bully and the ideas of a huckster, he might have been equally courted by that crowd—ranging from a prime minister downwards—who have everything to gain by subserviency to Mammon. But in that case the flattery paid him would have been less refined. He would not have seen fair faces kindle at his approach, nor sweet lips smile at his words, nor beautiful eyes sparkle with pleasure at his glance. He was the beau-ideal of eligibility to all prudent mammas, and a very Apollo to all young ladies emerging from the alphabet of sentiment.

After a brilliant season in London, our hero proceeds, in company with Laneton and Una, to Italy, where his lavish expenditure and the variety of his achievements soon form the universal theme of conversation. Mr. Laneton, since Cavendish's absence, has manifested much anxiety to interest Tremore in his daughter. He had thrown Florian and Una much together, and he chuckled with delight as he noted day by day how the youth became more sensible of her attractions, till his capture was complete. Though of too solid a turn to be mischievous, he yet had a sense of humour, and he could not resist a few experiments to test the strength of his fascination. Suddenly he recollected how necessary it was to be very particular with Una, and then poor Florian found himself excluded from her presence as mysteriously as before he had been admitted to it. The change made him very miserable; and, when he thought himself unobserved, he would stand at a distance and watch her until the tears came into his eyes. Mr. Laneton could not but enjoy this. He thought what fools boys were, and what nonsense love was. Then, for the satisfaction of laughing at his victim's infatuation, and enjoying the change in his countenance, he would contrive that, by the merest accident in the world, Florian should find himself at Una's side again, with no one near them. And the best of the fun was, that his puppet never suspected it was he who moved the wires which made him grave or gay—never imagined even that his passion was suspected by a single creature. There were moments when Florian thought of explaining his real position to Mr. Laneton; but his affected warmth and friendship could not blind him to his cold, hard character. He recollected his worldliness, his pride, his settled rule that men were to be respected according as they were successful; and he shrank from the idea of the scorn and contempt with which he knew his avowal would be met Could it be wrong to deceive such a man? He ridiculed conscientious scruples, and was sceptical even as to the existence of honourable feeling. The law was his standard of morality, and that conduct was fair which the law did not condemn. His confidence in his own sharpness seemed almost to invite deceit. He entered society armed at all points, and challenged all comers to the encounter. When this idea came across the mind of Florian, it pained him, but he could not altogether banish it. Unconsciously he was approaching nearer that Rubicon which, once at least in his life, every man must cross or flee from. The end of his deliberations was nearly always the same. He would be guided by events still, and take the course which accident or fate marked out for him.

His reign of pleasure is, however, drawing to a close. Mr. Laneton, for a variety of reasons, thinks it advisable to accelerate matters. A day is accordingly fixed for the union of Miss Laneton and Florian Tremore.

On the wedding morning, to the astonishment of the assembled guests, Cavendish suddenly reappears:

Una rose, prepared to encounter Tremore. She was by herself, having requested her attendants to withdraw. Cavendish advanced alone, and stood directly opposite her before she looked up. When she raised her eyes, and beheld him, she gave a faint cry, and, tremblingly clasping his hand within her own, cried in a tone of entreaty,

"You are come to save me!"

"Yes, Una; to save you, if you require salvation—to fulfil your desires, at all events, as I best may. Do you love this Florian?"

She bent her head, as a tremor crept over her frame. "Love him! Oh, no; not love him! He is kind and amiable, but I could not—I will not be his wife!"

"Then why this preparation?—why this dress?"

"I have been weak and foolish," she said, while a flush of colour suffused her face, "but I would not have been wicked. I waited his coming to tell him I could never wed him."

A faint light, almost resembling a smile, crossed the sad face of Cavendish.

"I came," he returned, "prepared to give him to you, had it been your wish; but it is better as it is."

We leave our readers to discover the sequel from the volumes themselves, and also, at the same time, to unravel a pleasing episode, to which we have not even cursorily alluded, lest we should mar the pleasure they might otherwise receive.

As this is, we believe, Mr. Coulton's first production, we shall not exercise towards his maiden effort the same severity of criticism that we might bestow upon the production of a more experienced writer. He has produced an amusing tale—one that will, or at any rate ought to, be welcomed by the entire generation of novel-readers. Still, its faults must be acknowledged. The utter improbability of

the main incident—the absence of any exalted or ennobling sentiment in the hero—the unhappy close of his career, marked, as it had been, by egregious selfishness and reckless extravagance—are each and all blemishes which we cannot but regret. They are, however, counterbalanced by brilliant passages here and there, that clearly prove what Mr. Coulton's powers may become when somewhat further cultivated.

Adrian; or, the Clouds of the Mind. A Romance. By G. P. R. James and M. B. Field. Two Vols. 1852.

We are informed in the preface to this novel that the authors were induced to make this joint attempt, in consequence of a casual conversation upon the curious literary copartnery between Beaumont and Fletcher. Each has, it seems, contributed as nearly as possible an equal portion, and "there is not a chapter, nor a page, on which each hand and each mind has not laboured." It cannot, nevertheless, be affirmed that the product is satisfactory, or that it is a work of any high pretensions.

The moral is simply, "Try your opinions," and the plot, through the instrumentality of which this precept is sought to be inculcated, is certainly one of no very complicated character. The interest it evokes is not great, though there are here and there unquestionably scenes of some power, artistically wrought and ably described, and the concluding chapters in some respects atone for the heaviness of the rest. The romance has at least the merit of brevity, and this will perhaps by a large class of readers be esteemed its highest recommendation.

Of the tale itself some idea may be formed from the following brief outline:—

The scene is laid in America, some half century ago. The hero is one Adrian Brewerton, a strangely compounded character, a riddle to the world—a mystery to himself. He is described as full of seeming inconsistencies, yet concealing under a cast iron exterior the gentlest of natures and the kindest of hearts. He is the only son of a Major Brewerton, the younger son of a younger son of a noble race. Adrian's predominant characteristic appears to be the tenacity with which he clings to aristocratical associations. He is sent young to college—while there; the sudden death of a companion (Roger Ashmore) affects him powerfully. Ashmore is lost on a boating excursion, and his body is not immediately found. Anxious to recover the corpse of his friend, Adrian enters the hut of a fisherman, by name Israel Keelson, and forms the acquaintance of his daughter Ella, a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, who talks metaphysics fluently, and reads Italian like a Tuscan.

It happens that at the college to which Adrian has been sent, one Charles Selden is the exhibitor of anatomy: between the two young men a lasting intimacy is speedily matured, and though Selden upon one occasion plays Brewerton a trick which we opine would have been by most men seriously resented, it does not mar the harmony of their intercourse.

The next character brought upon the stage is Captain Sparhawk, a gentleman whose questionable pursuits and mode of life may be inferred from the kind of vessel he commands. "He is eager for gain, and will have it, cost what it will—his own blood, his fellow creatures"—his wretchedness, or theirs.

Upon the death of his father, Adrian Brewerton buys an ancient mansion reputed to be haunted, but proving, as he afterwards discovers, to have been used for many years as a place of resort for a nest of pirates, of whom Sparhawk is chief.

It appears that at the instigation of an old villain, his uncle, Sparhawk is determined to possess himself of certain important papers known to be in the possession of Keeling. One night, when Selden is staying on a visit with Brewerton at the old house aforesaid, strange noises are heard and lights are seen in an unoccupied wing of the domicile. They resolve to investigate the cause: two flying figures are noticed and pursued; after a long chase they are observed to enter Keeling's hut; they prove to be Sparhawk and a companion, and together they make a desperate effort to gain possession of the papers. A struggle takes place—Adrian and Selden enter:—

A SKIRMISH.

A scene of which we can give no description ensued. The face of Sparhawk became distorted with fury. "Take to your tools, and down with them, lads," he cried aloud.

Each man grappled with another. One of the candles was knocked off the table, while the other remained burning calmly and quietly in the midst of all the strife. Kitty was seized and dragged towards the door, Ella crouched trembling in a corner. Pistols and cutlasses appeared in the hands of the sailors, and every thing was trouble, and confusion, and disarray.

Adrian endeavoured to make his way forward towards Keelson, but the poor foolish man, Davie, had fallen across the floor, and the young gentleman stumbled over him in his advance. No time was to be lost, indeed, for Sparhawk had got his right hand free, and with the rage of a demon in his face, was pressing the muzzle of his pistol to Keelson's head.

Recovering himself Adrian rapidly aimed the gun he carried at his friend's assailant and pulled the trigger, but it flashed in the pan, and the young man rushed forward again seizing the gun by the barrel to use the butt-end. The next instant there was the report of a pistol; Keelson relaxed his hold, staggered back and fell, striking his head against a chair. Ella sprang forward and knelt beside her father; but as she gazed in his face with a look of agony indescribable, Sparhawk seized her arm. A blow upon her head, however, from Adrian's gun, made him stagger back, glaring round him for an instant like a wild beast disappointed of its prey.

"Damn it, you have done for him, captain," cried a voice. "We shall soon have more people upon us."

"Back—back to the boat," Sparhawk shouted, "cut your way through! One more or less makes no difference. Down with them."

Then came the struggle of Sparhawk and his men to escape from the dreadful scene in which they had been acting. Charles Selden and the rest opposed them vigorously, but Adrian Brewerton was holding Ella's hand, by the side of her dead father; and he saw but little of what followed.

When for an instant he looked round again the cottage was clear. The sounds of rushing and struggling, and curses, and exclamations and one more pistol shot were heard from the beach, but all the fierce faces had disappeared from the room, and Adrian and Ella were left alone with the dead.

The pirates escape, carrying off with them an old negress (Kitty) who happened to have, concealed about her person, the coveted papers.

Ella being thus left unprotected, Adrian marries her; but she soon perceives, or imagines she perceives, on his part, some feeling of regret at the step he has taken on account of the difference of their rank. To relieve him from the embarrassment she takes flight, leaving a letter stating her reasons. Adrian reads the letter and swoons; a long illness supervenes. Ella meanwhile betakes herself to the locality where she is informed that Kitty is to be found. By a happy concatenation of events occurring so frequently in novels, Ella's true parentage and history are discovered from the papers in the possession of the negress. She is proved to be descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors co-equal in every respect with her husband's predecessors. She returns to him, and the only impediment to their happiness being now removed, his affection and their felicity are of course unbounded.

To satisfy poetical justice, the villain Sparhawk is made to bite the dust, and with the following extract descriptive of his fate we close our comments on this work:—

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

Suddenly Adrian thought he heard a slight noise coming from the eastern side of the house, but not within it; a noise as if quick but cautious footfalls were passing into the garden. Then, again, all was still near the house; but from a considerable distance on the other side, towards the high road, and in the direction of the byeway, which afforded the only means of communication for a cart or waggon with the town, came a sound as if of rolling wheels, to which Adrian, with his attention now roused, listened for a moment or two.

"It must be on the high-road," he thought. "In stilly nights like this one hears an immense distance."

He was turning to other thoughts again, when the nearer noises were renewed. They seemed now actually in the house—footsteps, and even a murmur, as if of voices.

Adrian started up. "I will put an end to this," he said, and striking a light he partly dressed himself, listening from time to time. For a few moments he heard the footsteps distinctly, apparently walking directly overhead. But the murmur of voices had ceased. In a moment more all was quiet again; but Adrian approached a bureau, and took out a brace of pistols which he had lately bought: loaded them carefully, and tying a silk handkerchief round his waist, thrust them into it as a sort of belt.

"Those who have gone up must come down," he said to himself, "and this time they shall not escape." He then took up the light, issued forth from his room, and descended the great staircase.

Not far from the bottom were the doors of the two large rooms, which we have often mentioned, and at the side of the stairs, the passage leading away towards the kitchen, Adrian hesitated at the foot of the steps which way he should turn, but saying to himself "We will have lights enough," he entered the panelled room where he had been sitting before he went to bed, and was lighting the two extinguished candles upon the table, when suddenly there was a louder and more distinct noise than before, coming from the back part of the premises.

"They have escaped me," he thought, but then came the noise of footfalls, mounting some steps apparently so near, that Adrian fancied they must be upon the great staircase, and looked out. All was vacant and still there, however, but the sound of steps ascending continued for a moment or two longer, and was then heard above. There seemed to be no great desire of concealment either. The tread was heavy, and there were evidently several persons walking deliberately along.

"A fresh party," said Adrian. "Their numbers make them impudent. They have the odds, but never mind."

He paused for an instant in thought. But nothing had yet been heard of Ella; there was that sort of despairing feeling about his heart, which long uncertainty and the daily decay of hopes always generate. Life seemed to have lost its value. He cared not what became of him, and, taking a light in one hand, with a pistol in the other, he walked straight on towards the kitchen.

As he approached all was still, and he laid out his little scheme in his mind to attack the men as they came down the narrow staircase, thinking that his pistols would do for two, and that he should find some weapon, a cleaver or a large knife, with which he might deal with the remainder.

Nevertheless, not to be without some precaution, he approached the kitchen door very quietly, and, as it was ajar, saw that there was a light within. He pushed it gently open; but it creaked vilely, and Adrian had just time to perceive a man standing in the kitchen close to the foot of the stairs in a listening attitude, when the stranger turned round and he beheld the features of Sparhawk.

Without a moment's hesitation—without consideration, doubt, or pity—but as instinctively as if he had seen a tiger in his path—Adrian levelled his pistol and fired. But the ball did not take full effect. It cut the pirate's cheek to the bone, and ran along the temple, but did no farther injury; and in an instant Sparhawk sprang upon his adversary with the leap of a tiger.

Adrian dropped the candle, and strove to reach the other pistol; but the powerful grasp of the pirate upon his throat and right arm frustrated all his efforts, and he, too, clutched his antagonist in a fierce and deathly struggle. At the same time there were loud sounds above, shouting voices, and pistol shots, and Sparhawk, with a fearful oath, muttered, even while he tugged with his opponent, "I am betrayed; but I'll sell life dearly."

Adrian was powerful, far taller than his adversary, and in boyhood practised in wrestling, but Sparhawk's compact strength was tremendous, and nearly matched in advantages—the conflict was very equal. For several minutes they reeled, they struggled, they swayed to and fro with their fierce and ghastly faces glaring into each other by the dim light of the lantern still burning on the table. Now they tried to reach their pistols, now each strove to throw the other down, now the fingers pressed tighter on the throat in their grasp, and all the while Adrian felt the warm blood flowing from his enemy's face, and trickling on his hand.

There was a sound of running feet above—there was a rush of carriage wheels without—there was a loud knocking at the front door; but neither Adrian nor Sparhawk paid any heed. Life and death, vengeance and hate, were upon the cast of that moment, and they still struggled on direfully, each frustrating the other's efforts, and each nearly a match for his enemy, though Adrian thought, with a feeling of fierce triumph, that he felt Sparhawk's vigour somewhat failing.

It was so—the blood from the artery in the temple was pouring out too copiously to be without effect. Instead of driving Adrian back, he was driven back in turn—struck violently against a fixed dresser—his head dashed against the wall.

Suddenly the scene changed. There was bustle and confusion on all sides. Neither withdrew his eager eyes from the other's face; but both became conscious that there were witnesses present, and a woman's piercing shriek ran through the room.

Now, cried Adrian, now, as he found a momentary advantage, and, loosing his grasp from his enemy's throat, he flung his arms round him, in an instant lifted him from the floor, and, with a tremendous effort, cast him headlong into the wide open fireplace.

A tremulous scream, like that of a wounded vulture—a deep groan, and Sparhawk lay motionless where he had fallen.

And so ends Mr. G. P. R. James's and Mr. B. Field's partnership romance. Surely it did not require two sets of brains to invent a story about a heroine of undiscovered parentage and a fight for a bundle of papers. Such events are the stock plots of bad novels—they are the very willow-pattern of novel writing.

Pequinillo. A Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Three vols. London: 1852.

We regret that we can pronounce no high encomium on this last production of Mr. James. Had it emanated from a tyro we might have regarded it with a more lenient eye, but coming as it does from one who has been so long and so frequently before the public, we have no hesitation in saying that "Pequinillo" is calculated only to produce feelings of disappointment in those who may chance to peruse it.

The story itself is feeble and uninteresting; the hero is a nondescript, such as no one could ever have met with in real life, and his whole career, proceedings, and vagaries of all kinds, are nothing more than a tissue of absurd improbabilities.

Having premised thus much, we have no inclination to inflict upon our readers even an abstract of the plot. Suffice it to say that Dr. Pequinillo, who begins life as a carpenter's apprentice with the cognomen of "Kit Markus," suddenly becomes, without any assignable reason, a strolling philanthropic juggler, taking a marvellous interest in one Julian Ludlow, the foster-son of his master, constituting himself, as it were, the young man's guardian in after life.

For a length of time the benevolent services of the amiable conjuror are unknown to their object, although their effect is to rescue him oftentimes in the strangest manner from a variety of most unpleasant situations, though the operation frequently entails upon the magician himself an incredible amount of exertion.

It may possibly be intended that Dr. Pequinillo should be assumed as a type of the genus conjuror—a race, it must be confessed, of which we know but little. We can only say, however, that if the Robins, the Phillippes, the Jacobs', and the various Wizards of the North and of the East, who occasionally flash across our orbit, in any way resemble in private life this creation of Mr. James's fertile brain, we shall in future entertain a most exalted opinion of those incomprehensible beings whose days are passed in astounding and benefiting alternately their fellow-men.

Our author seems to have been smitten with the absurdity he has perpetrated towards the close of the third volume, for he there observes with some *naïveté*:—

> Now it may be asked by that great class of readers who live within a wall of selfishness, and whose feelings, like those of a class of fishes which bear nearly the same epithet which may be applied to themselves—*id. est*, shell-fish—can only be aroused by boiling-water—it may be asked by these persons, I say, What could be the latent cause of all this fuss, bustle, anxiety, care, grief, thought, consideration—call it by what name you like—in the mind of Dr. Pequinillo? What had he to do with the Westwood family, or the Ludlow family, or Julian Ludlow, or Julian Westwood? What signified to him whether the one Julian was the other Julian's legitimate son or not?—whether he had twopence a year or ten thousand? How were Dr. Pequinillo's interests affected thereby?
>
> There is a class of men, dear reader—rare, and becoming rarer—who have the power (and power with the inclination to use it generally go together) of throwing themselves as it were into the situation of others, becoming imbued with their sensations, feeling their feelings, thinking their thoughts, and identifying themselves, for a time at least, with their pleasures, or their sorrows, their miseries, or their happiness. Sad that such a generation should be passing way.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Out upon the base, sordid, lying caricatures of human nature, in which men, painting from their own foul hearts, represent mankind as all degraded, selfish, and mechanical! It is a crime, as well as a libel, to draw such pictures, for by so doing we justify to the base their own baseness, by teaching them to believe that all are as base as themselves.

Nevertheless, unhappily for human nature, the unfavourable pictures which Mr. James so emphatically denounces are in the main, after all, much nearer the truth. A young lady just entering upon life, may perchance behold, or imagine she beholds, the world in the favourable aspect in which Mr. James would wish to present it; but alas! a few years' experience is usually sufficient to dispel the pleasing illusion, even from the most benevolent mind. It is gratifying, in some respects, to reflect that our author, in his intercourse with his fellow-men, has had so little reason to complain of their vanity, their treachery, or their selfishness.

But enough of "Pequinillo;" we have expressed our candid opinion of it, and upon mature reflection we see no reason to change. Our criticism may savour of severity, but the lesson we have inculcated will not be lost, if it act as a warning to the rising generation of novelists.

We shall not pause to dwell upon minor defects, such as grammatical errors and faults of style, because the whole work bears evidence of having been "knocked off" in haste. We will only point to one or two which we select at random; for instance: "Every one would take you for a stronger man than *me*." "Everything is *sauntered* in Italy," &c., &c. Such errors, of which there are many interspersed throughout the three volumes, belong rather to the province of the "reader" in the printing office, than of the author.

Aurelia; or, a Beauty's Life in Italy. 3 vols. London: 1852.

QUITE ready are we to concede that the fair writer has produced three entertaining volumes, faithfully descriptive of life in modern Italy.

In her preface, she states that however much may have been said of Italy and the Italians, there is still far more relating to them yet unknown. We admit the fact at the same time that we are far from acknowledging the necessity or the expediency of introducing into this country any more intimate acquaintance with the men, the manners, or the morals of that unfortunate country. We may indeed already trace in certain phases of society the baneful influence of trans-Alpine fashions and customs. Who is there, gifted though he may be, with but limited powers of apprehension, who has not noticed the pernicious effects of a protracted sojourn in any of the southern cities of Italy, upon some members of his acquaintance. The soft climate, the effeminate inhabitants, their frivolous and unworthy pursuits, all tend to enervate and emasculate the English character, and to lower it insensibly to the standard of those around. No other European country perhaps operates in a similar manner, probably because no other nation presents so strong a contrast to our own. Men are always apt to pursue that which holds out, in addition to more attractive allurements, the charm of novelty, and in their eagerness they lose sight of other qualities, which, if dispassionately viewed, would undoubtedly excite their abhorrence.

It may seem harsh to pass so sweeping a censure upon any denomination of men; still we do so advisedly and conscientiously when we affirm that, in no European country are the members of what are conventionally termed the higher circles, more universally addicted to the most degrading vices and the most unprincipled licentiousness. Forsyth, the traveller, many years ago, aptly observed that an Italian woman remaining faithful to an Italian husband, in the midst of Italian manners, is more virtuous than an English woman can possibly be;—the observation applies equally to our own time.

Our authoress, educated and resident, as she informs us, during half a life, "amidst the most brilliant scenes of Italian society," strongly corroborates our position. The whole career of Aurelia is beset with incidents calculated to startle some of our gentle readers who have not yet been initiated into the mysteries of continental proceedings. Should they, from motives of curiosity, take up this novel, they will find, as they would, were they themselves at Naples, Florence, Venice, or at Rome, that intrigue is almost the sole occupation of the wealthier of both sexes, and that deliberate and systematic adultery is the habitual practice of those who are accounted the *élite* of society. This being admitted by the authoress of "Aurelia" *in limine*, it is scarcely necessary for us to pursue our argument further. We may, however, observe *en passant*, that those who, through the instrumentality of the writer, make their first acquaintance with Italy and the Italians, will feel less surprised at the frequency of the occurrence among our travelled aristocracy, of those unpleasant circumstances, the consideration of which occasionally occupies the House of Lords.

The history of Aurelia is the career of a beautiful and accomplished English girl, unhappily wedded to a worthless Marchese, to whom, however, she remains undeviatingly true, under incessant temptation to swerve from the path of virtue, and to imitate the conduct of the Italian nobility amongst whom her lot is cast.

Amid the host of admirers attracted by her surpassing charms is one—a demon in character and a Crœsus in fortune. Scornfully rejected, he spares no cost, and hesitates at no crime, in order to effect a conquest. All his arts, however, are plied in vain—Aurelia haughtily but firmly maintains her English purity notwithstanding the corruption by which she is surrounded.

The villain at length watches his opportunity, and after six years of persecution, he carries off the object of his passion by violence to a remote fortress in the Appenines. All hope seems lost—no escape appears practicable—and the monster is actually about to proceed to consummate by violence what he has been unable to accomplish by milder means. An unexpected deliverer, however, appears;—slays the ravisher and saves the lady's honour, but not—her life.

Many of the scenes delineated are sketched with a bold and vigorous hand, though in the vivid description of some of the orgies that occur in the course of the narrative, the lax sentiments of the revellers are perhaps somewhat too freely rendered to be acceptable to English readers. With the exception of these and some few occasional defects in style, arising probably from the writer's foreign education and peculiar prejudices, the book as a production, is decidedly above mediocrity.

Lena; or, The Silent Woman. Three vols. Smith and Elder. London: 1852.

HERE is, indeed, an attractive title, suggesting, as it does, to our excited imagination, the most wondrous discovery of ancient or modern times. Diogenes, assuredly, would not so long have per-

severed in his search after an honest man had he regarded it as altogether hopeless; but he was far too shrewd a philosopher to think of wasting his oil or wearying his legs in seeking after a silent woman. In like manner, in these our days, so notable a discovery would cause a greater commotion in the public mind than that of the north-west passage, and would indeed throw it completely into the shade. The hopes held out by our author prove, as might have been anticipated, wholly illusory. They point to something too bold and extravagant for the utmost license of fiction. Accordingly Miss Lena Fleming, his would-be impersonation of the social phenomenon in question, is comparatively only, not positively, a silent woman. She does no discredit to the well-earned reputation of her sex in the matter of talking, though her tongue is far from competing in activity with those of the rest of the sisterhood to whom we are introduced. Were the case otherwise, we should not know whither to fly for refuge, for, even as it is, rarely, if ever, have our ears been assailed by so pertinacious a clatter. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster" the ladies are thus addressed—

> Come, ladies, shall we talk around? As men
> Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour,
> After supper—'tis their exercise.

How poor an idea had our old dramatists of the privileges of the fair sex, as vindicated by our present author. An hour after supper? forsooth; rather every hour and every minute from breakfast to dinner, from dinner to supper, and from supper to the end of the chapter. Nothing less than this allowance of talking appears to satisfy the ladies of the piece, and the men are not far behind-hand. All parties seem equally to ignore the maxim of Zeno and other sages of antiquity, that we are supplied with two ears and one tongue, to instruct us that listening should be to speaking in the same ratio. Amidst the incessant din it is difficult to ascertain what is really going forward; and, truth to say, as far as we can make it out, it is not worth the trouble of investigating. We hear much about "the Dawbeney girls," and "the Morland girls;" we can discern scheming mammas hesitating at no underhand tricks to secure favourable matrimonial alliances for their daughters, and endless bickerings among the said daughters for the possession of the coveted gentlemen, most of which latter are unquestionably of the genus slip-slop, but little or no progress can be detected. Talk, chatter, endless clatter, is the author's summum bonum, and a considerable amount of credit is due to him for linking together so extraordinary a series of complicated inanities. As an exception to the general vapidness of the story may be noticed a smartly-drawn satirical portraiture of a character but too frequently met with. Lady Morland has texts of scripture ready at hand on every occasion, and is particularly scrupulous in all outward religious observances, but is, withal, heartless and unfeeling, and wholly given up to self-interest and worldly vanities. This amiable lady is very desirous of hooking the Rev. Mr. Vesey for one of her daughters, Loo or Hen (such being the graceful diminutives whereby Louisa and Henrietta are known), but is sorely at a loss how most effectually to entrap him. Fortunately, while she is thus deliberating, her husband is taken seriously ill, and she is forthwith exceedingly anxious that he should not remain without the consolations of religion. The Rev. Mr. Vesey, therefore, becomes, through her pious solicitude, a constant visitor to the house, but by some accident or other finds himself much more frequently in the society of Loo and Hen than in that of the invalid. Lady Morland is a staunch Protestant, and her designs upon Mr. Vesey furnish her with an additional reason for her attachment to Protestantism and horror of Romanism, inasmuch as the former is distinguished from the latter in imposing no obligation of celibacy on the clergy. In these days, when Romanism is said to be making such fearful strides, it is consolatory to know that the large and influential class of scheming mammas have so potent an argument against it, furnished to them, of which they will doubtless duly avail themselves. That Lady Morland's angling for Mr. Vesey is unsuccessful can excite but little surprise, at all events, as regards Hen, of whom we are favoured with the following

DELICATE SKETCH.

Whenever Lord Morland went to town he would bring Hen a box of sugar-plums, to encourage her, he said, to speak the truth. Hen would hide it under her apron till she could glide behind the window-curtain, where she would sit crunching in a state of perfect ecstasy. Directly Laura (her cousin) heard the sound she would creep in after her, and then the noise would be doubled. Uncle Ned would then suddenly withdraw the curtain and disclose the two nestled together on the carpet, dipping their fingers into the box of comfits. But, because Laura had delicate features and ate like a little mouse, nobody called her greedy; while Hen was abused because she hung her sallow face over her treasures and smeared her mouth with barley-sugar. A very good and rather small boy had now succeeded Mr. Vesey as curate of Thornley."

Strange to say, Miss Hen and her barley-sugar produce an effect on the heart of the "good and rather small boy," Harris hight, to which the callous heart of Mr. Vesey was impervious, and we are assured that after her marriage she was considered "quite as nice as most people."

Spencer's Cross Manor House. A Tale for Young People. Westerton, St. George's-place, Hyde Park-corner. 1852.

Since the days of Jean Jaques Rousseau a book on education, be it in the form of letters or lectures, dialogues or dramas, scenes or stories, presents us with nothing new; indeed, to such an extent do works having this tendency abound, that one wonders there can be anything yet left to be said upon this *diù vexata questio.*

The volume before us, however, comes evidently with much good-will and zeal, and, moreover, advocates principles we highly respect, and would fain see more universally in action. We therefore commend it with more hopefulness than common to the perusal of the young, albeit we think it somewhat questionable, how far this description of reading is desirable in a general way. There can be no doubt but that *la morale en action* is more attractive, and therefore more impressive, than a dull lesson by means of which a proverb or a maxim is taught, as it were, by rote; but, at the same time, we think it probable that the great majority of children resemble the boy who always skipped the "bits at the end of the fables," and when they arrive at the conclusion of an "instructive tale," remember the tale, but not its instructiveness, the bare story *et preterea nihil.*

They cannot, we think, by the indiscriminate perusal of story-books but acquire a permanent taste for light reading, which will in some cases inevitably grow with their growth, and in time convert them into inveterate novel readers, devouring with eagerness every species of unreal and profitless gossip which can amuse the mind, to the exclusion of all sober, serious reading calculated to invigorate the intellectual powers and to elevate their tone.

There are, we know, many arguments against the probability of so fatal a result, and we must admit that if self-discipline and self-training are likely to suggest themselves from the perusal of stories illustrating their effects, they are undoubtedly represented in the chapters before us as principles essential to the right development of moral character. The authoress promises a sequel to her tale, in which, as her *dramatis personæ* will be "growing up," we hope to find her taking a yet higher tone, and not contenting herself with telling them *what* is right, but *why* it is so. "Little children should never ask questions" is a nursery, and even a school-room, regulation. Perhaps they never would, if we were to meet them half-way, and satisfy them upon such matters as may excite a legitimate inquiry.

The story, as far as it at present reaches, is by no means intricate in its plot. It relates the very meritorious efforts of a widow lady who, though blessed with a progeny sufficiently numerous to satisfy most matrons, is obliging enough to take charge of all the nieces and nephews with which her brothers and sisters have provided her; and then attempts the herculean task of bringing them all up under her wing. In this difficulty she increases her establishment and her troubles by the addition of a tutor and a couple of governesses, who certainly cannot be said to have accepted sinecures, or to lead by any means an idle life, and who somehow contrive to execute their arduous task with very creditable success.

We must not forget another inmate of Spencer's Cross in the person of a widowed invalid aunt of the mother of the family, who, with her young daughter, has also taken up her abode within its capacious walls, and appears to be of considerable use in keeping things together, since it is always by her advice and counsel that peace is restored when the harmony of the community is disturbed. We must admit there is a very pleasant feeling about all that she says and does, and we give our readers a little insight into her admirable character in the following scene between herself and her daughter, who labours under the affliction of deafness:—

THE DEAF GIRL.

One day Mrs. Arden, feeling a little better than usual, was lying on the sofa in her dressing-room after their early dinner; Miss Woolls was reading by the school-room fire, and Freddy was writing a letter there, for both of them had already learnt that the less they intruded their presence upon Nina and her mother, the better for the happiness of the former — and Nina herself was hanging listlessly over the fire, her countenance more than usually indicative of melancholy abstraction.

Her mother had been watching her for some time in silence. She was beginning to think that this might prove a good opportunity for a conversation, which she had long contemplated as necessary.

"My love, you look very wretched! Is anything more than usual the matter?"

"No, mamma"—

And Nina actually winced under the question.

"You feel the loss of your cousins, Nina—I am sure you do—a proof that though their presence may bring trials, it brings some pleasure—some amusement also. I am but a dull companion for you, I feel."

"Dulness suits me best. It is worse to see people merry, and not to know what makes them so."

"That is trying, certainly; but yet your mind must have more to occupy it when the whole party are here, than without them. I like to think so, since you are to be generally together."

Nina made no answer. She had not heard the last part of the sentence, and she never liked to make her mother repeat what she said. Mrs. Arden thought the ice of her reserve was harder and thicker than usual to break through; but whilst she was considering how she should set about breaking it, Nina suddenly inquired in an abrupt manner, "Mamma! do you think I am more deaf than I was this time last year."

Only for an instant did Mrs. Arden pause, before she replied—

"Yes, my love, I do. I never disguise the truth from you, as you know. I grieve to think you *are* somewhat more deaf!—not much, however!"

Nina shivered as she stood over the fire, and for a few

moments she was silent! She was struggling with the old horrible feeling of despair! the doubt of her own powers of endurance!

"Somewhat worse!—*very much* worse!"—she said, in a cold, hard voice.

"No, my love! not very much worse. As you stand there, you can hear me now, and I have not moved this sofa more than from that mark you see on the carpet, since last year."

"Is that how you know I am more deaf?"

"By that, and other things. Much and constantly as you think of your infirmity, my love, perhaps, I think of it even more."

Nina's eyes filled with tears. One of her bitter thoughts, ever recurring, was, that not a living being entered entirely into her feelings, nor realised what her sufferings were.

"Perhaps some day you may know," continued Mrs. Arden, "what are the love and pity of a mother!" I do not often express mine, for I think it better that for the present, at least, you should struggle on with your infirmity alone. When you seek me, I am there—ready to hear—to sympathise with what I only know too well you suffer, my poor child! If I could take your deafness for you, how willingly would I do so. . . . . "

"Don't talk so, mamma."—

"Let me finish, my love——not only because so much shorter a period of suffering would probably remain to me, but that I think I could bear it better. What makes me feel so bitterly for you, is, not only your infirmity, but the way in which you bear it."

"Do I complain?"

"Not in words, often—except to Freddy; but your whole life, countenance, and conduct are one continual and bitter complaint. Your mental as well as your bodily ears are deaf. You cannot hear the message of love and correction which this infirmity conveys—you cannot take it in the right spirit. Some day I trust—I pray that you may."

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Nina, suddenly bursting forth from the bonds of her reserve, and her whole soul speaking through her eloquent countenance,—"Even you do not know what it is—at my age—to be shut out from all intercourse—all hope! to look forward to years, and years, and years of struggling and privation! to *try* to join in conversation, and to excite nothing but laughter at my blunders! . . . . to force myself with anguish to tell a story, and find it has been told only the moment before! . . . . to see my cousins—every one—shrink away from me when I approach them! . . . . to hear fun, and merriment, and joking, going on near me, around me—even beside me—and to be excluded from all! . . . to ask a single question rarely, with fear and trembling,—and get no answer! . . . . To spend my intellect—my strength—my life—in one intense, unceasing effort to listen—and——*not to hear!* . . . To see myself an object of pity and scorn, and sometimes of aversion;—and to know, that as every year *has* found me worse, so every year will continue to find me worse—till at last I shall hear nothing whatever—*nothing in this world!* . . . . Oh! mother! mother!—you do not know what this is! . . No one can, who has not felt it . . . ."

For calm, innocent, and not too exciting reading, we can recommend "Spencer's Cross Manor House."

The Lily of St. Paul's. 3 Vols. Smith and Elder. London: 1852.

Here is a novel which must be classed under the genus disappointing. The opening led us to anticipate one of stirring historical interest, the era selected being that of Edward III. and Richard II., rife in deeds of gentleness and of daring, and opening a noble field to the romancist. The three first chapters present us with the famous arraignment of Wickliff at St. Paul's, for heresy; the goodly array of the retainers of Lord Percy and John of Gaunt, who, thus formidably accompanied, escorted him through the streets and into the cathedral, proclaiming their resolve to protect him against the animosity of his persecutors: the slight offered by the duke to Bishop Courteney, in insisting that the accused should remain sitting during the examination, in presence of his judge; the "furnish chafe," to use the expression of Fox, of the haughty prelate; the threat of the fiery John to "pluck the bishop by the hair of his head out of the church;" the indignation of the citizens on learning this insult; their increasing fury; the invasion and sack of the hotel of the Percys, and the ferocious attack on the Savoy. These several exciting incidents are depicted with much vigour and graphic power, after the display of which the author sinks all at once into comparative inaptitude, and the promise held out is unaccountably falsified:—

Amphora cepit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?

We are treated to a few of Wickliff's well-known denunciations of the confessional, and the intimation of his intention to give the Bible to his countrymen in their native tongue; but beyond this, we hear nothing more, excepting in an occasional parenthesis of the sturdy reformer, whose John Bullish good sense cast the first rays of light into the prevailing darkness, and who gained for England the glory of effecting the preliminary breach in that huge fabric of superstition and imposture which then weighed so disastrously upon the nations of Europe. The redoubtable Lancaster, instead of exhibiting any of that chivalrous spirit which carried him to Spain, there to do battle for its crown, degenerates into a mere civil magistrate, hearing evidence in a case of abduction. The many other notable characters of the time are almost or altogether forgotten; and the story is confined to interminable details of the forcible carrying off of the Lily of St. Paul's (so called from her name Lilian, and her residence near the great cathedral); her concealment in a sort of labyrinth; the devices of the profligate Fitzhugh and his ruffian agents to baffle the researches of her friends; and the ultimate success of the persevering efforts of the latter, with the due punishment of the evil-doers. The history of Raymond, the favoured lover of the Lily, is invested with a sort of mystery, but not of the most interesting character, nor is it highly wrought. The redeeming features of the volumes are the sketches of old London localities, and the modes of thought and action characteristic of our countrymen in olden time, with the illustrative citations from the old chroniclers which will be new to the majority of readers. Stow's Chronicle, for instance, is quoted as the authority for the following spirited description of a violation of sanctuary. Sir Reynold Fitzhugh,

condemned for the abduction of the Lily, escapes from his guard, and takes refuge in Westminster Abbey, whence the Duke of Lancaster peremptorily enjoins his Lieutenant to re-capture him at all hazards:—

THE VIOLATED SANCTUARY.

Sir Alan marched with his squadron through the quiet village of Charing, and finally drew it up in front of the western doors of the abbey church. A watch had been kept from the tower, and everything was prepared for his reception. The abbot himself awaited his summons, and when the lieutenant of the Tower advanced and knocked loudly at the portal, he answered the appeal.

"Who knocks so rudely," he demanded, "at the gates of St. Peter?"

"I, Alan Boxhull," was the reply. "I, under warrant from the Duke of Lancaster, lieutenant of the kingdom, require thee, lord abbot, to render the body of Sir Reynold Fitzhugh, knight, now lying under charge of treason and felony, and having fled from justice."

"Of treason or felony, I wot nothing," Litlington answered. "The knight is under the safe-guard of our blessed Lady and of St. Peter. I may not render him."

"Bethink thee, lord abbot," urged Sir Alan, "of the authority with which I come: bethink thee of the force wherewith I am backed: nor persist in a vain resistance."

"The abbot of St. Peter's," said Litlington, "disowns the authority, and defies the force. Back! rash man, back! while yet there is time, and supplicate forgiveness for the wrong thou hast already done. Forty days hath the knight to make his peace, and pay his amercement, or to flee beyond seas: if then he be found contumacious, the church will render him. Back, then, to thy lord, and bear my message."

"Not four minutes are thine, lord abbot," Sir Alan answered, "to determine whether thou wilt obey the behest of thy lawful governor, or enforce me to use the means that are in my hand."

"I have spoken," the abbot replied. "I have warned thee. Be the sacrilege on thine own head."

After a pause of some moments, during which the lieutenant still hoped that Litlington would yield, he reluctantly summoned forward his pioneers, and bade them break open the abbey doors. Their blows rained upon the massive, iron-bound, oaken portals, and the sound rolled like thunder along the vaulted roof of the nave, and carried horror to the hearts of the monks, who knelt in front of the high altar, having the fugitive in the midst of them. He, crouching there more in fear than in devotion, with his sword firmly clenched in his right hand, listened to the peal with the ears of one who counts his death-knell.

It could not toll for long. A louder reverberation than usual gave notice that the doors had given way, and soon afterwards the measured tread of the archers was heard advancing up the nave. The monks, still kneeling, chanted *De Profundis*. On approaching the choir, Sir Alan divided his men into two parties; which defiled respectively by the north and south aisles, and formed in compact array on either hand of the kneeling Benedictines. Fitzhugh, crouching in the midst of them, felt that the hour he had braved in many a battlefield was at last come, and nerved himself to die. Meanwhile, the chant of the monks continued uninterrupted, until it was stopped by the demand of the lieutenant.

"For the last time, lord abbot," he said, "wilt thou render yon foul traitor?"

"*Maledicatur*—" Litlington began to declaim in a voice like a trumpet.

"Then do your duty," Boxhull shouted to his archers.

At the same moment the monks sprang up from their knees like one man, and whirled in concentric circles, but in opposite directions, around the fugitive. So rapid was their motion, that their gowns flying behind them formed a complete ring of defence, and no soldier dared to advance hand or foot in the fear of committing the unpardonable sin of harming a monk.

For a time Sir Alan Boxhull remained motionless, awaiting the close of this singular measure. Mere fatigue, he thought, would before long bring it to a close. But the zeal of the Benedictines seemed to give them more than mortal strength.

Five minutes had elapsed, and they whirled round and round, with apparently the same vigour as at first. Losing all patience, the lieutenant at length stretched out his hand, seized a robe as it flew past him, and flung the wearer to the ground. A host of followers fell in confusion over their prostrate brother, and Fitzhugh was undefended.

But he had risen to his feet, and opposed his sword to the soldiers who rushed upon him, fighting with the desperation of one determined not to be taken alive. Such, it would seem, was the knight's resolution. Better he thought it to die there, than to sustain the lingering agony of a trial, and to find a more ignominious end. The lieutenant had been anxious for a different result, but it might not be. In the fury of the struggle, Sir Reynold received a mortal wound, and reddened with his heart-blood the very steps of the high altar.

Nor was this the full extent of the sacrilege. It was soon discovered that, by some misadventure, a Benedictine had also been grievously hurt, and then lay dying on the pavement. Slowly and sadly the soldiers made a litter to bear away the knight, while the monks performed the like office for their fallen brother. And as the tramp of the archers sounded along the nave, and passed out through the western doors; so, too, did the chant of the monks, who resumed their *De Profundis*, swell solemnly through the church, and die away in the recesses of the abbey.

Thus, then, Sir Alan executed the Duke of Lancaster's behest. Gaunt regretted the event, but acknowledged the zeal of his lieutenant.

Castle-Deloraine; or, the Ruined Peer. By MARIA PRISCILLA SMITH. Three vols. Bentley. 1852.

THOUGH the main incident of this narrative cannot strictly claim the merit of originality, it is worked out with a degree of power, poetical diction, and pictorial and dramatic effect, far superior to what we find in the ordinary run of novels of the present day, which appear for the most part to be written rather to increase the business of the paper manufacturer than for any other purpose; truly these things—

——Multo crescunt damnosa papyro.

No such reflection can be made on the pages now before us, few of which can be pronounced superfluous, since there breathes through them a tone of unaffected feeling with which the reader cannot but sympathise. Even when our authoress, in her social and political views, goes strangely out of bounds, we are almost persuaded to forgive the excess, in consideration of the vigour with which she propounds them. Of this, more anon. The story is simple, and soon told. Lord Deloraine, an Irish landlord, is affected with the complaint but too common to that genus, being over head and ears in debt, and his estates inextricably mortgaged. Under these circumstances the only resource that suggests itself is that his son, Harry Thornton, should marry a wealthy heiress; and Miss Annie Marsden, daughter of an East India Director, is soon selected as fully answering that description. "The simple Annie, with her purse-proud father, appeared to him like a rich argosy which had sailed from the East expressly to recruit the Deloraine exchequer." Harry ac-

cordingly, urged on by his father, pays her a listless sort of courtship, till the appearance on the scene of the beautiful Ellen Maynard, whose bright eyes and winning demeanour quickly draw him off from poor Annie, and render his father's embarrassments, and the project for relieving them, quite a secondary consideration. Ellen is the daughter of Count Verdun, a ruined French noble, on whose death she assumes the maiden name of her mother (whom the Count had taken to wife while an exile in England), and comes to London under the chaperonage of one Madame Leclerq, who undertakes this charge to suit certain purposes of her own, and sets up in great style in a fashionable quarter of the town. The said Madame Leclerq is as astounding a specimen of womankind as it has ever been our misfortune to meet with. Had the portraiture been drawn by a man, we should have dismissed him at once as a libellous misogynist, worthy rather of contempt than of punishment; but since it is the work of a lady's pencil, we are reluctantly induced to accept it as just within the extremest bounds of possibility. Gambling and the vilest intrigues are the vocation of Madame in London; while, as to her previous history in France, robbery and murder are but a couple of items by the way, in the black catalogue presented to us. Ignorant of these curious antecedents, and otherwise not troubling himself about her, our hero warmly presses his suit, and finally persuades the fair Ellen to elope with him; while his father, having borrowed an odd thousand or so on the credit of the intended alliance with the heiress, is revelling in the dissipations of Paris. A clandestine marriage is effected, and the happy pair realise, during two or three months, all the romance of love, in a picturesque corner of the Isle of Wight. Lord Deloraine, in the mean time, finding himself pecuniarily in extremis, is constrained to quit Parisian frivolities, hurries to London, and, having discovered his son's whereabouts, peremptorily summons him to his presence. The avowal by Harry of his marriage, throws Lord Deloraine for the moment off his equilibrium, but an Irishman is seldom at a loss for an expedient to help him out of a difficulty, though far be it from us to insinuate that the sons of Erin would generally be so unscrupulous in the choice of one. On examining his son as to the particulars, he ascertains that, Ellen being a Roman Catholic, the marriage has been solemnised only by a priest of that church. Seizing at once upon the pretext that such marriage is in law imperfect, not being binding unless confirmed by another, according to the rites of the Church of England, the worthy peer proceeds by a series of sophistries, jeers, and appeals to worldly interests, to impress upon his son the expediency and necessity of availing himself of his legal liberty, disregarding all other considerations, and renewing without delay his matrimonial attack upon the opulent Marsdens. Shrinking at first with horror from the idea, he is ultimately so familiarised with it by his parental guide, that—

> Outside that comfortable room, beyond its crimson draperies, lit up by the glowing fire, he seemed to see only rapacious creditors and life-long discomfort and embarrassment, shared by a wife, perhaps as little able to bear reverses as himself; and, it might be, reproaching him for the misery he had brought upon both.

The exemplary father renews the temptation. Harry retires to his room:—

> Some devil in human shape appeared to haunt his restless couch, and incessantly whisper in his ear—"No, he was not married in the eyes of the law—past imprudence was not irrevocable—he was free to choose, free to exchange embarrassment and disgrace, in the eyes of his associates, for wealth, pleasure, plenty, and prosperity."

Thus does Harry Thornton stifle the upbraidings of his better genius, and persuade himself that he must fling away the romantic visions of his youth, for "when did romance ever provide a stud, or keep a nobleman's establishment?" He re-instals himself in the society of the East Indian millionaire, and his courtship of Annie, if not more sincere, is at least more vigorous than before, while his unsuspecting wife, with whom he is living in apartments, at a convenient distance from the scene of operations, is told that all these visits are to his club, or to his man of business. His conquest of Miss Marsden is not attended with much difficulty—the matrimonial arrangements are speedily completed, and, under pretence of paying a visit to his father in Ireland, he takes leave of Ellen, accompanies the Marsdens to their country seat, where the marriage ceremony is performed, and proceeds with his newly-made wife to Castle-Deloraine in Ireland, which, at the magic touch of her golden wand, throws off all its incumbrances, and re-assumes its ancient honours. The simple tastes and amiable disposition of Mrs. Thornton lead her to turn her thoughts to the amelioration of the condition of the peasantry on the estate. In this she employs her time, and engages her husband in the same benevolent duties, but to his volatile humour they become irksome in the course of a few months, and he resolves to remove with his wife to London, to enjoy the pleasures of the season. In the mean time the diary of the poor deserted one, which is duly chronicled, betrays her increasing anxieties and doubts at the long and unexplained absence of her husband. Reduced almost to destitution, she is again compelled to take up her residence with Madame Leclerq, who, to promote some underhand scheme, induces her to resume her maiden name, and encourages the distasteful addresses of a Colonel Brydon, one of her gambling associates. She also takes care to intercept Ellen's letters to her husband, and on the arrival of the latter in London contrives to prevent the interview he seeks to obtain. His object is to disclose the awkward state of affairs

as tenderly as possible, and make the best arrangements for the future that circumstances will permit. Baffled in his attempts on the house of Madame Leclerq, to which he traces her, fortune at length favours him, and he espies her in a box at the Opera, attended by Colonel Brydon. His feelings at the sight undergo a sudden and violent change, and will be best described in the words of the authoress :—

Many of his old sensations had returned to *him* then in seclusion and separation—but what were they to the storm of conflicting passions—the anger and jealousy which half-maddened him now? And his eye glanced from Ellen to her unconscious rival. "Aye, seen in the same light, under the same roof—how great the contrast? And for the first time he repented his hasty marriage; he cursed the fetters which he had forged for himself, as he contemplated the beauty, and remembered the devotion of her who was now lost to him, by his own act and deed, for ever. The flame of jealousy, consuming meaner cares, revived again the passion of his youth with ten-fold ardour! But no longer now as then a guiltless passion.

"Not there," whispered his evil genius, recalling Ellen's former tenderness for him; "not there was the obstacle,"—here by his side, claiming an odious debt of faith and constancy in the name of their common God—and the hated one of wife.

That wife is at his side, and observes his agitation. Here, again, we cannot do better than transcribe the authoress's words :—

What was the sight that met her eye as it encountered his?

The sight of her husband—of the man she loved with the whole undivided affection of her heart—standing agitated yet motionless—his whole being absorbed in the deep passionate gaze with which he contemplated the beautiful stranger, unconscious the while of the very presence of his ill-starred wife!

It was not anger—nor even jealousy which Annie Thornton felt at that moment—it was the hope of her soul, the bright dream of her girlhood—the happiness of a lifetime crushed—fallen to atoms in one brief minute! It was an icebolt entering a young warm heart—freezing the flowing veins—destroying all vitality within!

Cold, pale, and sick, she sank back in her seat unnoticed by his side; then regarding again her too beautiful rival, a bitter pang rent her heart, as she keenly felt the contrast between them. "He has known and loved her," thought she; "oh Heaven! he loves her still!"

He contrives to make an assignation with her for the following evening. They meet—and the powers of the authoress are equal to the difficulty of the situation. The conflicting emotions agitating the mind of Harry Thornton, and the still confiding love manifested by Ellen, are strikingly and pointedly delineated. He tears himself from her without having been able to reveal the overwhelming truth. To cite the poetical apostrophe of the narrative—

The gate is closed and he is gone. Why turn again, man, frail of purpose? A barrier more formidable than that slight fence exists between her and thee! On, on! to the home whose wealth and splendour thou has bought so dearly,—where, 'mid its costly gauds, thy mind and heart find but a sickening void, an empty vacuum. On, on! darkness surrounds thee; there is a dull melancholy sighing among the leafless trees, and drear November wind; it is the boding death-bell of thy summer dream which has begun its tolling.

This gloomy foreboding is soon realised. While the bewildered Harry Thornton is deeply engaged in debating within himself how to untie the Gordian knot so fatally involved, Madame Leclerq recklessly cuts it. In the design of driving Ellen to look favourably upon Colonel Brydon, by exciting her hatred against him to whom she is still devoted, the evil-minded woman abruptly discharges upon her the damning facts, giving them the worst colouring of which they are susceptible. The unfortunate Ellen is prostrated by the shock, but shortly recovering herself, runs swiftly through the streets to Deloraine House, and forcing herself into the saloon, brilliantly lighted up for the reception of company, confronts the guilty one, who happens to be its only occupant. Her half-frenzied demand for an avowal of the truth or falsehood of what she has heard, is met by the hurried declaration that he never had any affection towards the woman for whom he deserted her—the renewal of his vows of love to herself—and an attempt to explain away his treachery; in the midst of which she rushes wildly from the house, continues her desperate course till she reaches one of the bridges, mounts the parapet, precipitates herself into the river, and is taken out a corpse. Harry Thornton, pursuing her frantic steps, arrives at the fatal spot only to gaze upon the dead body. Delirium seizes him, during the continuance of which he repeatedly proclaims himself a murderer. This thought weighs upon him after his recovery, remorse takes possession of him, he becomes a subdued and altered man, his predominant desire being the expiation of the crimes of which he accuses himself. He resolves not only to relieve his wife and her family from his presence, but to renounce all claim to the property conveyed to him on his marriage, which sacrifice he accomplishes, much to the astonishment, and despite the urgent remonstrances of his father, who is utterly at a loss to comprehend such a proceeding. To close the discussion, his son thus writes :—

"Father, I shrink with abhorrence from everything that reminds me of the hateful past—above all do I loathe the riches for which I have bartered the everlasting peace of my conscience and the life of Ellen Maynard. Yes, they appear to me now as the very price of blood, as the hateful token of my falsehood to the woman who loved me better than life itself; and at once and for ever do I abjure them.

This very decided communication of his son's feelings has the effect, we are told, on Lord Deloraine, of destroying his relish for a lobster-salad upon which he was engaged at the moment of receiving it. Our hero's melancholy is partially relieved by the discourses of one Ferrars Hartwell, whose vehement and bitter denunciations of everything and everybody harmonise in some degree with the morbid state of his mind. Mr. Hartwell is a thorough-going root-and-branch man. Scarcely a political or social institution that does not come under his ban. The Church is no better than priestcraft; the aristocracy a set of heartless oppressors; their laws a series of iniquities, more especially those of entail and primogeniture. His grand panacea is an indefinite subdivision of the land. He is indig-

nant "that honest men should starve, because the worthless descendant of some Norman freebooter holds in his grasp the soil which God made for the benefit of all." Fortunately, extravagances such as these are their own refutation; they are like "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side."

Harry Thornton is not converted to them, but his good sense picks a jewel out of the head of the venomous toad. Realising sufficient capital on the entail of the disencumbered Irish estate, he carries with him to the back woods of America the most destitute and deserving of its peasantry, purchases a tract of land which he allots among them, and having established, in the course of a few years, a happy and flourishing community, dies amidst the lamentations and blessings of the multitude his self-devotion has raised from abject poverty to independence and prosperity. Having accomplished the desire of his heart, his last moments speak peace to his conscience:—

> The moon has risen o'er the forest, and floods with silvery radiance the sick man's chamber. It falls in one broad stream of quivering light opposite to where the sleeper lies. The vision changes; a radiant form, all bright but undefined, seems floating in the rays of moonlight. What angel visitant is come to greet his waking and guide him to a better world? It grows more gloriously distinct upon his sight! yes! 'tis the spirit of his Ellen, murmuring, "Forgiven—come!"

The many beautiful poetical touches such as this interspersed through the narrative, and its other attractive qualities, induce us to regard with indulgence the political and religious vagaries, indulging in which, the authoress unduly oversteps the limits assigned to the sex in such matters. It is difficult, indeed, to believe they can be the genuine sentiments of one, imbued otherwise with so much of feeling and of poetry. Rather would we conclude that she presents them in all their deformity with the design of creating aversion, not approval, as moralists exhibit vice—

> A monster of such hideous mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen.

With this salvo we will not dispute the license claimed by our authoress on behalf of those of her sex who are more than ordinarily gifted with powers of mind:—

> I believe that the woman who would claim on behalf of her sex to be considered equal in an intellectual point of view with man, would be utterly mistaken in thus overrating their feebler powers, while it is no less certain that some of the productions of female genius may vie in talent with those of the most notable authors among our own. But among women as men, genius demands a wider sphere than any which private life can afford. The rule may be good which judges them safer within its pale; but there are exceptional natures among them, who demand freedom from its conventionalities, whose energies, fatally cramped, and withering in the narrow circle of that family life, must seek some broader field in which to perform their allotted task or perish, even of their own *inertie*; and to whom, absorbed in such toils, fame and the homage of the public, whatever may be the shape in which they are offered, form their only just and natural reward. I deny that it is vanity, or any other contemptible desire for display, which causes them to seek it—No! it is a God-implanted instinct in their minds, which will make itself felt at some period or other of their existence—even in spite of themselves! Nor do I believe," pursued Harry, warming with his subject, "that such women, however ambitious of fame, are less susceptible of womanly affection; on the contrary, it it often happens that if their imaginations are more vivid, their affections are more impassioned; and if sometimes in the evils and struggles which beset genius, whether pursuing a literary or artistic career, they may lose on the surface that outward decorum, that regard to the mere conventionalities of life, so scrupulously adhered to by the sex in general, we must recollect the extenuating cause, and that their vocation, spite of its acknowledged drawbacks, is to them life, hope, and happiness!"

Lydia: a Woman's Book. By Mrs. Newton Crosland. Groombridge.

There can be no doubt as to the good intentions of the authoress of "Lydia," but we think she has undertaken a somewhat Herculean, not to say Augæan, task, and seems to expect its fulfilment to follow as a natural result. To attempt to reform the whole race of *man*kind, whatever be their inherent vices, by the instrumentality of such very slender and questionable means as she uses, argues certainly a bold and dauntless spirit; and we, in whose favour (as members of the body corporate) these generous aspirations are elicited, should be the last to check their ardour. Nevertheless, we must observe that we cannot honestly admit we should feel very thankful to any "Nurse Mossy" who took the trouble to make us grow into a second edition of "Master Mark Bowring." It is true, at the end of the book he cuts a somewhat more respectable figure than we should have expected, but throughout there is a want of character about him which leaves us unsatisfied as to the fitness of his education.

On the other hand, Charlton Ridley, who is intended to act as a foil, is too Satanic (even for a novel) to represent one of the class to which he belongs; neither is it consistent to suppose that a man endowed with so much command of himself, penetration into the minds of others, and general *savoir-faire*, would commit himself so irretrievably by attempting to poison his own uncle and the father of his betrothed, who is already at death's door, and whose probably speedy departure would render the crime an act of unnecessary recklessness.

However, our fair readers, for whose entertainment, and maybe instruction, after all, the book is written, may see these things quite in another point of view; and though it is our own private opinion that most of them will be perverse enough to fall in love with the bold and more pregnant character of

Charlton Ridley, in favour of his handsome person, in spite of his villany, we are by no means sure that Mark Bowring will not in the end secure the approbation of a great many.

As this latter gentleman is so much less naughty than his cousin, we of course feel bound to push him as much as we can, and shall, therefore, give the ladies an episode in his life which *ought* to interest them at once in his behalf, in consideration of the rare simplicity and innocence of the young man:—

Ruth laughed as she took back the carefully-arranged bouquet, and, drawing out a brilliant blossom, presented it to her "cousin."

Somehow or other Mark retained the little hand which offered the flower. He had much to say, but he felt choking, and could not utter a word.

"Mark!" murmured Ruth; and as he released her hand she sank back in the large chair in which she was seated. Mark was still standing, and by some instinct he moved to behind her chair. He could see that her cheek was flushed, and, by the heaving of her chest beneath her high morning dress, that she was agitated and confused. This gave him comparative confidence; had she been composed, he must have rushed out of the room.

"Ruth, darling Ruth," he stammered out, "I cannot go back to London without knowing my fate—I should go mad with jealousy. Surely you know that I love you dearly—that I have not a dream of the future without you moving in it!" While he spoke he slid to a low stool on one side of her chair, and managed to make prisoner again of the white little hand.

"There—turn away your face if you like, but don't draw back your hand—let me talk to you thus. Ruth, I never spoke a word of love to any one else in my life—and I don't know what lovers say and should say—and I am sure since you have been here you must have had a great many admirers, and so perhaps I seem cold, and awkward, and stupid, but, darling Ruth, no one loves you as I do;—and I want to know if *you* have ever imagined this hour—if you have ever thought of yourself as my darling wife? No answer!—then you have—you have!" and now, in a paroxysm of half tearful joy, Mark kissed her sleeve, and even the little hand itself. "Tell me," he continued, "tell me that you have pictured all this—you are no coquette, you never were, you never could be—tell me the truth, dearest, tell me that you can love me?"

Ruth slowly turned round her head, and Mark saw that the flushed cheeks were dewed with tears.

"I will tell you the truth," she exclaimed almost calmly; "why should I not? Dear Mark, I love you very dearly, and to know that you love me seems happiness past endurance. But will your father consent that I should be your wife?"

"I will never ask you to marry me until either he consent—or I have won the just right to choose for myself—we can wait," exclaimed Mark, in broken words.

"O, twenty years!"

"Not a quarter so long, I hope."

"But, Mark, I will not even be engaged till that time arrives."

"Proud, yet right-hearted girl!—but what does the form of engagement signify, if we love each other!"

"I mean a non-engagement that shall leave you free," said Ruth, firmly.

"That is a coquette's speech," cried Mark.

"And," continued Ruth, without heeding his last words, "and you must tell Mrs. Greyson what has passed. I would not hide it from her for the world."

"Nor I. I will tell our best friends everything. Ah, there is a ring of the bell, and Mr. Greyson at the gate—he will be here in a minute. Ruth, give me one kiss—darling, but one! and I will never ask for another till I have a right to claim it—a right even according to your coquette's notion—till we are formally betrothed. Dear Ruth, it is something to tell you, and O such a happiness to myself to know, that my kiss is as pure and unprofaned as your own!"

The Student's Wife. A Novel. By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIELS. 3 vols.

WE cannot congratulate either the authoress or the public upon this production. Were we to say much respecting it, our remarks would not be laudatory; therefore, out of consideration for the feelings of the writer, we shall acquit ourselves of our duty as briefly as we can.

Suffice it, then, to observe that the "Student's Wife" belongs to that class of domestic, semi-sentimental novels with which the shelves of most of our provincial circulating libraries are already abundantly stocked. It inculcates no useful lesson, nor does it serve to impress any important moral truth. To young ladies recently eliminated from the trammels of the school-room, it may possibly present fascinations not appreciable by others. There are passages here and there apparently intended to court the especial favour of that amiable but unsophisticated class of the community, to whom we gladly resign the pleasure of poring over these volumes.

The Rebels of Glenfawn: a Romance of the last Century. 3 vols. William Shoberl, Great Marlborough-street. 1852.

THIS stirring tale carries us back in imagination to the close of the last century, a period so threatening in the troubled history of Ireland as to rouse even the obscure and remote village of Glenfawn from its wonted state of torpid tranquillity.

The parliamentary or Tory majority of the day and the popular party, divided public opinion between them at the time. The former, disdaining alike all importunities and menaces, firmly determined to do nothing to conciliate the populace; and the latter, instigated by wily demagogues silently and secretly determining to redress their grievances by an appeal to arms.

The French Revolution had fanned the embers of disaffection; a spirit of innovation and of insurrection was abroad, and the greater part of Ireland appeared momentarily ready to break out into open rebellion.

What was termed the Society of United Irishmen (a body originally and ostensibly constituted for preparing parliamentary petitions, calling attention to complaints, and officiating, in fact, as the public mouth-piece) was rapidly assuming a much more formidable character, aiming at military organisation, and acquiring daily more and more the appearance of a revolutionary association.

Its members assembled in secret conclave, nor did they content themselves with passing resolutions in favour of political reform; it became soon pretty generally whispered abroad that they were aiming at the utter annihilation of all existing authority, and at the subsequent formation of an Irish republic. The ramifications of this *vehm-gericht* extended far and wide; its enrolled members were counted by thousands, and as, for distinction's sake, they wore their hair cut close, after the fashion of modern felons, they were commonly designated "croppies."

Crafty agents were employed to traverse the island, secretly and by night administering the oath of fellowship to the disaffected, promising aid from France, and painting alluringly the brilliant prospect that would, under their auspices, shortly dawn upon Ireland. Vast nocturnal assemblages were held in convenient plains for drilling these rebels, and for teaching them the use of the pike and the firelock.

The houses of the loyal and the well-affected were continually attacked and plundered, and their persons subjected to every operation that ingenious brutality could devise.

On the other hand, the Government was not idle: it conferred upon the magistracy increased authority, and put in force the provisions of the Insurrection Act. All were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to be abroad during the hours of darkness; domiciliary visits for arms were constantly made, yeomanry corps were formed in every county to aid the military to preserve the peace and to maintain the authority of the Crown.

Such was the condition in which the inhabitants of Ireland found themselves at the period when the story before us is supposed to commence.

Having premised thus much, our readers will feel no surprise on learning that among the *dramatis personæ* a considerable number of "candidates for the halter" are introduced; some—the originals of which are taken from real life—we find endowed with motives and attributes that certainly never rightly belonged to them. It can answer no useful purpose, and is only calculated to awaken feelings of morbid sentimentality, to attempt to elevate into heroes such fellows as Brennan the highwayman, Tone, O'Connor, M'Nevin, or Emmett. Whatever their talents or their original position in society may have been, they forfeited all claim to the sympathy of right-minded and honest men. Utterly do we

> Despise these demagogues that fret
> The angry multitude: they are but as
> The froth upon the mountain-wave—the bird
> That shrieks upon the sullen tempest's wing.

Away with them—hand them over to the provost marshal or the hangman.

We do not attribute to our author the bad taste of actually applauding the crimes which these miscreants either committed or instigated, but we fancy we perceive that, having taken an erroneous view, if not of the "wrongs of Ireland" at the era in question, at least of the mode in which it was attempted to redress them, he insensibly, perhaps, gives reason for supposing that his feelings incline somewhat to the side of anarchy.

In an eloquent peroration, however, at the close of the third volume, he does his best to divest his readers of this idea; still it is one, we fear, that a few may entertain.

"The Rebels of Glenfawn" furnishes, in many respects, a carefully-drawn picture of Irish life some half a century ago. Many of the scenes are vivid and striking, and display no inconsiderable power in their conception.

Confessions of an Etonian. By CHARLES ROWCROFT, Esq. 3 vols. London. 1852.

PASSING over the earlier pages of the tale before us, which are chiefly filled with the youthful exploits of the hero some forty years ago, we proceed to introduce him to our readers on the occasion of a vacation visit to the paternal roof:—

> The age of boyhood has passed; the career of incipient manhood has commenced; and with man's estate came man's cares, his passions, and his troubles, with all the chequered adventures of busy life.

Leander Castleton sallies forth one morning on a piscatorial expedition, but is only successful in whisking with his line a bonnet from the head of one "lovely young Lavinia," who chanced to be wandering by the margin of the river. The damsel, half frightened, half amazed, at the incident and at the loss of her head-gear, after listening to a lame apology, disappears. Leander recovers the bonnet, but not till it has floated some distance down the river, and carries it home in triumph in his landing-net. Riding over shortly after, to restore the trophy to its owner, with whom he is of course by this time desperately enamoured, he suddenly perceives her on the opposite side of the stream, in imminent danger from a mad dog pursued by a noisy rabble. In an instant, anxious to render all the aid in his power, he urges his horse into the deep and rapid current, and in vain endeavours to climb the opposing bank. The horse and rider are overwhelmed in the waters, and the latter is rescued in a state of insensibility, the lady having meanwhile escaped the menaced peril. Castleton is carried to the house of Lavinia's father, who happens at the time to be absent, and means are taken for his restoration. They fail, and he is duly laid out as a corpse. While in this condition, Lavinia enters the room:—

"Nurse," said the young girl in a solemn tone, and with a decision which was evident in her whispered accents, "I *will* be sure that there has been no neglect. There is no medical man to protect him; my father is away; my aunt will not see him; it was to save *my* life that he risked his own; and I say I *will* be sure that there is no mistake in supposing him to be dead when help might save him."

* * * * * * *

In the meantime consciousness has returned, but at this interesting crisis the unfortunate youth was lying in a state of nudity on a bed, merely covered with a sheet, which, as he tells us, he had pulled over his face :—

"But as my covering, after all, was more adapted to a dead than a living person, I had already begun to feel cold; besides, my recent immersion was calculated rather to blanch me than otherwise; so that I considered I might pass muster, provided the examination was not too particular, for that which the two old women had so positively pronounced me. Added to this, for I will confess all, despite the solemnity of the occasion, and the feeling of veneration with which the conduct of the courageous and high-minded girl inspired me, I was possessed with a certain feeling of fun, which irresistibly beset me, at the thought of the droll point of view in which the scene might be regarded. In short, I don't very well know what I thought, and, in the meantime, the nurse drawing down the sheet, disclosed to the poor girl the seemingly inanimate features of her hero of the fishhook.

"It is," she exclaimed, in a low and earnest tone of voice; and although my eyes were closed, I *felt* that she clasped her hands and gazed on me sadly. "It is the same! I knew it was! And it was for me that he died! Oh! this is sad indeed! But here I swear, that as his life was sacrificed for mine, so shall my future life be devoted to his memory! No man shall ever call me his: there lies my husband! and all my earthly love shall be buried with him in his grave!"

"La, Miss!" said her nurse, "don't say anything so dreadful! There are plenty more husbands to be had—not but this was a likely youth enough; and Mrs. Fogrum, who has had great experience, says ——"

"No, nurse, you do not know all! This is my only husband, and now I must bid him farewell." Saying this, she bent over my face, and, removing the sheet which her nurse had dropped over my head again during the expression of Lavinia's rash vow of celibacy, she imprinted a mortuary kiss on my cold forehead.

This charm acts like magic on the inanimate one, who rapidly revives, and proceeds to enact a series of strange vagaries, as improbable as they are ludicrous.

The acquaintance commenced under such auspices is followed by a series of incidents, and a variety of *contretemps*, all of which would be amusing enough to peruse, could the reader, by any stretch of the imagination, persuade himself that they could, any of them, have actually occurred. As it is, most of the characters are as unnatural as it is possible to conceive; the whole affair, in short, is a tissue of the wildest extravagances. It may, perchance, serve to provoke the mirth of schoolboys, but even they will not be slow in detecting the salient absurdities of this romance.

Mary Seaham. A Novel. 3 vols. London. 1852.

After several ineffectual efforts to wade through these three dreary volumes, we have at length accomplished the arduous task. Still, whatever moral the authoress may have desired to convey, whatever principles she may have wished to inculcate, it is, even now, no easy matter to declare. Nor do we think that the novel-reading public would care much to be enlightened on those points. There is no great difficulty in forming, from a very slight acquaintance with the book, a tolerably correct idea of the plot, and of the feeble characters by which it is sustained. The dialogue is for the most part dull, tedious, and prolix, the incidents are commonplace, and there is, throughout the entire production, a degree of gloominess which the writer takes no trouble to dispel. This belongs to a class of composition we have no desire to encourage; we therefore do not trouble our readers with an analysis of the tale, resigning it to that limited body who profess to derive gratification from the perusal of similar works. At the same time, we readily admit that Mrs. Grey's powers as an authoress are considerable, that her talents are of no mean order, and that, with careful study from nature, her future labours may lead to more commendable results. As it is, we doubt much, whether many will be found adventurous enough to work their way steadily through the nine hundred and odd pages here presented to them. The one predominant idea which seems to actuate both novelists and publishers in these days is that, *coûte que coûte*, they must fill three octavo volumes of small pica, liberally leaded. And small is the number of those who, like Mr. Gwynne, are sufficiently courageous to break through the trammels of this absurd law. We consequently have a fearful amount of prolixity and repetition in the majority of the books of this description which come beneath our ken. It would have been a task of no great difficulty to have condensed all that is worth consideration in "Mary Seaham" into two of these pages; some notion may therefore be formed of the superfluous verbiage which has been employed to alloy the modicum of genuine ore it comprises.

Brooklands. A Sporting Biography. By Herbert Byng Hall, K.S.F. 2 vols. London. 1852.

In Vol. I., p. 73, of this book, we find a whole page devoted to a description of a lady's riding habit, and the young lady ends a colloquy thereon by the following sentence :—"Nonsense! Aunt Mary gave it me, and you well know how particular she is as regards all I wear; and I believe it was made by the celebrated 'Moses!'" After encountering this, we read no further. Nothing is more humiliating to our mind than being entrapped into reading an advertisement while confidentially entrusting oneself to a paragraph. But if Mr. Moses get into our biographies, how *shall* we escape him?

Passages in the Life of Gilbert Arnold; or, the Tale of the Four Sermons. By SULLIVAN EARLE. London: Bentley. 1852.

THIS is a pious little book, with a sad tale of seduction, and a touching moral. The following extract will tell the story to any reader of ordinary imagination:—

THE FALL OF JESSIE HART.

And so it happened, that when Mr. Arnold's brother—the London lawyer—asked the vicar of Little Millbrook to recommend him a neat, well-conducted maiden, of good person and address, to do the lighter duties of his house, he recommended Jessie Hart; and in the course of a few weeks she was duly installed in Guildford-street.

The old lawyer hated flunkeys. He might have kept half a dozen had he wished—but he detested the whole race of men servants, and a neat active girl like Jessie Hart did all a footman's work for half the money, with half the noise, and looked a hundred times prettier whilst doing it.

This, indeed, was the worst part of the matter. She looked a great deal too *piquante*. Her light figure—her slender waist—her small hands—her elastic step—her graceful carriage—were all so pleasant and attractive, that it was difficult not to follow her with your eyes as she moved about the room, doing her spiriting gently, and with a ready cheerfulness, which made you feel that it was no taskwork to her. There was something, too, very open in her manner. She was not forward or immodest, but there was a dangerous kind of unreserve about her which might have been misunderstood. It was, in reality, nothing but frankness and cordiality—but with people less singleminded than herself, it placed her at a disadvantage; and—it ruined her at last.

How Mr. Arnold may tell. It has been necessary that I should write this much in explanation to render intelligible what fell from the good man's lips. He asked me if I knew that Jessie Hart had returned home? And I answered that I had heard a vague story about her return—but that I hoped what I heard was untrue.

"Untrue! Alas! Sullivan"—and there was a deep and sorrowful solemnity in his voice—"if what you heard was a story of poor Jessie's shame—and if you heard associated with it the name of Gilbert Arnold, my son, it was not untrue."

I could say nothing, and he continued: "Sullivan, I hope I am not uncharitable. I hope I am not intolerant. I do not think that in a harsh or unforgiving spirit I ever viewed the errors of the young—I know what are their temptations—I know that feeling, for the most part, is stronger than principle within them—that passion is headstrong, irresistible—that there are some allurements not to be withstood. It is often permitted to us, Sullivan, righteously to pity whilst we condemn. For those who love over much, there is always some pity to be claimed—we say the sinner was a loving one, and we shed a tear over the sin. If my son had come to me and said, 'Father, I have sinned before Heaven and against her—but the temptation was strong and I was weak, and we love one another,' I would have taken him into my arms and blest him as he lay upon my bosom—but I have no such comfort as this.

There is a wood-cut, representing the unfortunate soubrette, which makes her so very pretty and attractive that it half neutralises the moral.

Life and Times of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan. With a Preliminary Sketch of the History of Italy. By WM. POLLARD URQUHART, Esq. 2 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 1852.

THE family of Sforza derives its name from *sforzare*, to take by force, and its origin from the Condottieri who found occupation for their swords in the contentions of the Church and the wars of the Italian republics.

Giacomuzzo (contracted, according to the custom of the peasantry, to Muzzo) was the first of his race who attained a position higher than that of a sturdy ploughman. He was digging in the fields of Cotignola, when a recruiting party of one of the partizan bands asked him to join their ranks. "If my spade lodge in the tree when I throw it, quoth Muzzo Attendolo, I will list with thee." He threw the spade, it remained quivering in the bark, and Muzzo became a soldier of fortune. How fierce and how politic he was, how he rose to power, married the daughters of Italian nobles, and begot legitimate sons, one of whom became an archbishop, and others were the progenitors of princes—how he lived equally courted and dreaded, and died in battle, we need not stay to tell.

It is more to our present purpose to note that in the troop of Sforza there was a *vivandière* named Lucia Terzana, of whose history Varillas, in his history of Louis XI., speaks lightly. Lucia Terzana bore a son to her general, and the rough captain immediately recognised him as his own.

This son was Francis Sforza, who, to the exclusion of his fifteen legitimate brothers and sisters, inherited the power, the honours, and the wealth of his father. At thirteen he was made a soldier by his father, and was created Count of Tricarico by the King of Naples. Ten years later, on the death of Giacomuzzo, he succeeded to his command, and was confirmed by Queen Joan in all his lands. He also received orders from that princess to make himself ready for the siege of Naples, much contributed to the reduction of that town, and then to the victory obtained near Aquila over the troops of Braccio, on the 2nd of June, 1425. Pope Martin V. sent him against Nicholas Trincio, Lord of Foligno, and he forced him to accept of a peace upon the conditions he proposed to him. Afterwards he served the Duke of Milan, both against the Florentines and the Venetians, and signalised himself on several occasions. He did, also, many services to Queen Joan, and when she died, which she did in 1435, he applied himself to Renatus d'Anjou, whom she had made her heir. That prince was unhappy, and obliged to yield to his ill-fortune. But Sforza, who had no less industry than courage, never wanted means to support himself. He made himself master of several places in the March of Ancona, and even usurped some states belonging to the Church.

This of course drew upon him an excommunication; but Pope Eugenius IV., not satisfied to have struck him with the spiritual thunderbolt, had recourse to temporal arms and confederacies, whereby Francis Sforza lost the March of Ancona in 1444. He, however, recovered himself by a battle, in which

the son of Piccinini and Cardinal de Fermo, the Pope's Legate, were taken prisoners.

In a peace concluded in November, 1441, it was made one of the stipulations that he should marry the natural daughter of the Duke of Milan. This alliance prepared him a great fortune, for he became Duke of Milan after the death of his father-in-law. The succession belonged of right to a prince of the house of France, but Francis Sforza was favoured by Louis XI. and by his own good sword and politic counsels. He possessed this state till he died; governed with moderation, and was accounted one of the greatest princes of Italy. It has been said of him that no usurper was ever a better sovereign. He certainly had some good qualities. He had never studied, yet he promoted learning in others; he spoke with as much eloquence as a professed orator; he argued about political affairs with wit and judgment, and took his part in them with great shrewdness. He died the 8th of March, 1466, aged sixty-five years. He left fifteen children behind him, some lawfully begotten and others not; but his posterity was wholly extinct in 1535.

We may not pause to comment upon that very delicate question that arose upon the betrothal of his son Galeazzo with the daughter of the Duke of Milan—a controversy of learned civilians which we recommend to students curious in matters matrimonial: but for that purpose they must go to Camerarius Tiraquellus or to Bayle, for Mr. Urquhart has entirely ignored what Italian jurists and monkish casuists look upon as a leading case of absorbing interest. Nor would our readers follow us if we engaged with our author in the involutions of Italian politics. Suffice it to say, that such is the hero of Mr. Urquhart's biography. His subject is not of a popular character, and no treatment could make it so, but he treads firmly on the ground he has chosen.

We may remark that Mr. Urquhart's introductory chapter, and especially that portion of it which succinctly describes the succession of barbarian inundations whereby Rome the empire was buried, is the best epitome we have seen of a piece of history whereon memory requires to be refreshed every now and then. We should recommend the student of history to fix it in his mind, and are only sorry that we have not space to extract it.

The Life of Marie de Medicis, Queen of France. By Miss PARDOE. 3 vols. London: 1852.

If our wives and sisters are to be carried through the French memoir-writers, it is quite as well that they should have an experienced lady as their guide. There is so much to hide, so many characters to be veiled, such frequent points whereat modesty must turn away her head, that we must have full confidence in the guide we send on before, and be quite certain that her torch will not illumine too much of the catacomb.

In this work Miss Pardoe has to commence her first chapter with a sketch of the life and character of the most dissolute and licentious woman known in the annals of French gallantry. Brantôme himself, in his "Femmes Galantes," has nothing to equal the immundities (we must coin a word to express the idea in English) of Marguerite de Valois, the first wife of Henry the Fourth. We do humbly protest that it is enough for any ladies (who alone are likely to be very diligent students of Miss Pardoe's historical biographies) to know of this royal dame that she was a very wicked woman and a very bad wife; that she was the sister of the reigning monarch of France, was married to a Huguenot prince by the infamous Catherine de Medicis, her mother, for the one sole purpose of attracting the Huguenot chiefs to court in order that they might be murdered at one swoop; that the plot succeeded and the massacre of Bartholomew took place, but that Marguerite, although dissolute and vicious, would not connive at the murder of her husband. If we may not fully say of her—

> Una de multis face nuptiali
> Digna perjurum fuit in parentem
> Splendide mendax et in omne virgo
> Nobilis ævum,
> Surge, quæ dixit juveni marito,
> Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
> Non times, detur—

we may say at least that she remembered that the preservation of her husband was her own best chance of becoming a Queen; and we may hope that, while she obeyed the dictates of her interest, she may also have been somewhat influenced by friendship, compassion, or any other feeling which does not necessarily include within it a wife's love for her husband. This is quite as much as, in our opinion, any English lady need know of Marguerite de Valois.

Having sketched the life and morals of this woman in decent generalities, Miss Pardoe is next compelled to undertake those of her husband, who, second to his wife, was the most dissolute person in the kingdom. Henry's celebrated mistress, La Belle Gabrielle, is of course an important person in her narrative, and she is compelled to hint at her infidelities to her royal lover, to relate how the Parliament of Paris formally condoled with the king upon the death of his concubine, and to remark that "the Duchess of Beaufort had been dead only three weeks when the sensual monarch had already elected her successor." This successor, Made-

moiselle D'Entragues, becomes necessarily a full-length portrait under Miss Pardoe's pen. We extract the following account of this celebrated beauty, simply remarking, that we are sorry to see a lady struggling with a subject that compels her to cite such authorities as Brantôme's "Dames Illustres" and Saint Edme's "Amours et Galanteries des Rois de France:"—

MADEMOISELLE D'ENTRAGUES AND HER MARKET.

Less regularly handsome than Gabrielle d'Estrées, Mademoiselle d'Entragues was even more attractive from the graceful vivacity of her manner, her brilliant sallies, and her aptitude in availing herself of the resources of an extensive and desultory course of study. She remembered that, in all probability, death alone had prevented Gabrielle d'Estrées from ascending the French throne; and she was aware that though less classically beautiful than the deceased duchess, she was eminently her superior in youth and intellect, and, above all, in that sparkling conversational talent, which is so valuable amid the *ennui* of a court. Well versed in the nature of the monarch with whom she had to deal, Mademoiselle d'Entragues accordingly gave free course to the animation and playfulness by which Henry was so easily enthralled; skilfully turning the sharp and almost imperceptible point of her satire against the younger and handsomer of his courtiers, and thus flattering at once his vanity and his self-love. Still, the passion of the king made no progress save in his own breast. At times, Mademoiselle d'Entragues affected to treat his professions as mere pleasantry, and at others to resent them as an affront to her honour; at one moment confessing that he alone could ever touch her heart, and bewailing that destiny should have placed him upon a throne, and thus beyond the reach of her affection; and at another declaring herself ready to make any sacrifice rather than resign her claim upon his love, save only that by which she could be enabled to return it. This skilful conduct served, as she intended that it should do, merely to irritate the passion of the monarch; who, unconscious of the extent of her ambition, believed her to be simply anxious to secure herself against future disappointment and the anger of her family; and thus finding that his entreaties were unavailing, he resolved to employ another argument of which he had already frequently tested the efficacy, and on his return to Fontainebleau he dispatched the Count de Lude to the lady with what were in that age termed "propositions."

It is, from this circumstance, sufficiently clear that Henry himself was far from feeling any inclination to share his throne with the daughter of Charles IX.'s mistress; and that, despite the infatuation under which he laboured, he already estimated at its true price the value of Henriette's affection. Nevertheless, the wily beauty remained for some short time proof against the representations of the royal envoy; nor was it until the equally wily courtier hinted that Mademoiselle d'Entragues would do well to reflect ere she declined the overtures of which he was the bearer, as there was reason to believe that the king had, on a recent visit to the widowed Queen Louise at Chenonceaux, become enamoured of Mademoiselle la Bourdaisière, one of her maids of honour, that the startled beauty, who had deemed herself secure of her royal conquest, was induced to affix a price to the concession which she was called upon to make; and that M. de Lude returned bearing her *ultimatum* to the king.

This *ultimatum* amounted to no less than a hundred thousand crowns; and, setting aside the voluntary degradation of the lady—a degradation which would appear to have been more than sufficient to disgust any man of delicacy who sought to be loved for his own sake—it was a demand which even startled the inconsiderate monarch himself, although he had not sufficient self-command to meet it with the contempt that it was calculated to excite. Well had it been, alike for himself and for the nation generally, had he suffered his better judgment on this occasion to assume the ascendant; and misdoubted, as he well might, the tears and protestations of so interested a person; particularly, when he could not fail to remember that he had been deceived by Gabrielle d'Estrées, whom he had overwhelmed with riches and honours, and who had voluntarily given herself to him when he was young and handsome; whereas he was now in the decline of life, and was suing for the love of one so much his junior. Unfortunately, however, reason waged a most unequal warfare with passion in the breast of the French sovereign; and voluntarily overlooking alike the enormity of the demand, and the circumstances under which it was made, he at once dispatched an order to the finance-minister to supply the required sum. Sully had no alternative save obedience; he did not even venture upon expostulation; but he did better. When admitted to the royal closet, he alluded in general terms to the extreme difficulty which he anticipated in raising the required amount of four millions for the renewal of the Swiss alliance; and then, approaching the table beside which the king was seated, he proceeded slowly and ostentatiously to count the hundred thousand crowns destined to satisfy the cupidity of Mademoiselle d'Entragues. He had been careful to cause the whole amount to be delivered in silver; and it was not, therefore, without an emotion which he failed to conceal that Henry saw the numerous piles of money which gradually rose before him and overspread the table.

Little accustomed to indulge in a prodigality so reckless, Henry had flattered himself that the affair was concluded; but such was by no means the intention of the young lady and her family. Henriette, indeed, received her royal lover with the most exaggerated assurances of affection and gratitude; but she nevertheless persisted in declaring that she was so closely watched as to be no longer mistress of her own actions, and so intimidated by the threats of her father, that she dared not act in opposition to his will. In vain did the king remonstrate, argue, and upbraid; the lady remained firm, affecting to bewail the state of coercion in which she was kept, and entreating Henry to exert his influence to overcome the repugnance of her family to their mutual happiness. To his anger she opposed her tears; to his resentment her fascinations; and when at length she discovered that the royal patience was rapidly failing, although her power over his feelings remained unshaken, she ventured upon the last bold effort of her ambition, by protesting to the infatuated sovereign that her father had remained deaf to all her entreaties; and that the only concession which she could induce him to make was one which she had not courage to communicate to his Majesty. As she had, of course, anticipated, Henry at once desired her to inform him of the nature of the fresh demand which was to be made upon his tenderness; when, with well-acted reluctance, Mademoiselle d'Entragues repeated a conversation that she held with the marquis, at the close of which he had assured her that he would never consent to see her the mistress of the king until she had received a written promise of marriage under the royal hand, provided she became, within a year, the mother of a son.

"In vain, Sire," she pursued hurriedly, as she perceived a cloud gather on the brow of the monarch, "In vain did I seek to overcome the scruples of my parents, and represent to them the utter inutility of such a document; they declared that they sought only to preserve the honour of their house. And you well know, Sire," she continued with an appealing smile, "that, as I ventured to remind them, your word is of equal value with your signature, as no mere subject could dare to summon a great king like yourself to perform any promise. You, who have fifty thousand men at your command to enforce your will! But all my reasoning was vain. Upon this point they are firm. Thus, then, since there is no other hope, and that they insist upon this empty form, why should you not indulge their whim, when it cannot involve the slightest consequence? If you love as I do, can you hesitate to comply with their desire? Name what conditions you please on your side, and I am ready to accept them—too happy to obey your slightest wish."

Suffice it that the modern Delilah triumphed, and that the king was induced to promise the required document; a weakness rendered the less excusable, if indeed, as Sully broadly asserts: "Henry was not so blind but that he saw clearly how this woman sought to deceive him. I say nothing of the reasons which he also had to believe her to be anything rather than a vestal; nor of the state intrigues of which her father, her mother, her brother, and herself had been convicted, and which had drawn down upon all the family an order to leave Paris, which I had quite recently signified to them in the name of his Majesty."

It is, of course, impossible to decide whether Henry had ever seriously contemplated the fulfilment of so degrading an engagement; but it is certain that only a few months

subsequently he presented to Mademoiselle d'Entragues the estate of Verneuil, and that henceforward she assumed the title of marquise, coupled with the name of her new possession.

It was during this reputable treaty that another negotiation was going on at Rome for the hand of Marie de Medicis. We all know that this marriage took place. Two days after its celebration the king left his young wife and passed three days at Verneuil with his mistress.

The history of such a wife must be one of domestic sorrow or of bold reprisals. To enter fully into it, we must go much fuller into the history of the period than our limits allow, or, as we conceive the importance of this book would justify. We must allow Miss Pardoe to sketch the character of her heroine, and leave our readers their choice either to remain in ignorance of Henry's second *ménage*, or to seek for information in the pages of our authoress:—

MARIE DE MEDICIS.

Without being strictly beautiful, Marie de Medicis possessed a person at once pleasing and dignified. All the pride of her Italian blood flashed from her large dark eye, while the consciousness of her exalted rank lent a majesty to her deportment which occasionally, however, in moments of irritation, degenerated into haughtiness. Her intellect was quick and cultivated, but she was deficient alike in depth of judgment and in strength of character. Amiable, and even submissive in her intercourse with her favourites, she was vindictive and tyrannical towards those who fell under the ban of her displeasure: and with all the unscrupulous love of intrigue common to her race, she was nevertheless unguarded in her confidences, unstable in her purposes, and short-sighted in her policy. In temper, she was hot, impatient, and irrascible; in temperament, jealous and exacting, while her vanity and love of power perpetually made her the tool of those who sought to profit by her defects.

It is probable that throughout the whole of Europe no princess could have been selected less constituted to make the happiness of a sovereign who, like Henry IV., had not scrupled to avow to his minister that he dreaded domestic dissension far more than foreign warfare; but who at the same time did not hesitate, by his own irregularities, to arouse all the worst passions in the bosom of an outraged wife.

We hope that, in objecting to the subject as one fitted for the studies of ladies (who might, as we think, not unwisely be left uninformed that society so depraved as that of the courts of Henry IV. and the Regent Duke of Orleans ever existed), we shall not be understood as in the smallest degree finding fault with the manner in which Miss Pardoe has fulfilled her self-imposed task. As we might have anticipated, she passes over every scandal which is not necessary to her narrative, and states whatever of that nature she cannot avoid, in as vague, general, and uninteresting a manner as she can adopt. She has evidently spent much labour upon her work, and has gathered original materials which she has largely used. Our knowledge of the facility with which memoirs are manufactured in France makes us somewhat suspicious even when unpublished manuscripts have ever so good a pedigree; and we must be excused from pledging ourselves to a full and absolute confidence even in the "Mémoires de M. le Commandeur de Rambure." We must admit, however, that Miss Pardoe appears to have taken all possible pains to investigate their authenticity. *Men* will find the "Memoirs of Sully" and the other original sources of Miss Pardoe's biography more amusing and more fully instructive upon the subject than this compilation from them; but if it be thought fit that English ladies should be well informed upon the court of Henry IV. or upon that of Louis XIV., they cannot, as we have already said, have a more innocuous guide than Miss Pardoe.

Visit to the Tea Districts of China and India. By ROBERT FORTUNE. London: 1852.

MR. ROBERT FORTUNE, about five years ago, published a volume called "Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China." The work recommended him to the sages of Leadenhall-street, and they sent Mr. Fortune out to collect tea plants for the Government tea plantations in the Himalayas. He set out in June, 1848, and brought back twenty thousand tea plants, eight first-rate manufacturers, a large supply of implements, and a shrub called by him the funereal cypress, "which will one day produce a beautiful effect in our English landscape and in our cemeteries." How is it that adventures in China do not excite or lead us on to read? Wang no doubt was a great scoundrel, and Bhudda's tooth was fair to look upon. Sing Hoo keeping ten fellows at bay with a lighted joss-stick was a very fine fellow, but, alas! he was as great a thief as Wang. The beggars of China are as civilised as the beggars of Bethnal-green, and the company with whom Mr. Fortune passed his night on his way to the Bohea Mountains is by no means unlike the description given by Victor Hugo of the beggars of Paris; but these scenes fail to enlist our sympathy: Ya Hoo or Chi Chi is always more like a piece of crockery than a man. In China it seems that the beggars are so prosperous that we question whether Mr. Thomas and the Mendicity Society would be able to cope with them. Whole towns make compacts with their chiefs, and nail the certificate of exemption outside their gates. The beggars of China, also, have the law upon their side: give as little as you like, but give something you must. The flora of china is even more interesting than its beggararchy. Mr. Fortune has actually secured a yellow camellia, and our voyager is not without hope that if our cottagers would sow tea plants "on a warm sloping bank" each might grow his own tea. To those who love natural history well this book will be especially interesting; but to a reader who has no taste for botany we fear it will seem tedious,

Great Britain one Empire. On the Union of the Dominions of Great Britain by Inter-communication with the Pacific and the East, viâ British North America, &c. By Capt. MILLINGTON HENRY SYNGE, Royal Engineers. London: 1852.

Canada, as it Was, Is, and May Be. By Sir R. BONNYCASTLE and Sir I. ALEXANDER. 2 vols. London: 1852.

Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved. By F. A. WILSON and ALFRED B. RICHARDS, Esqs. London: Longman. 1852.

The Employment of the People and the Capital of Great Britain in her own Colonies, &c. By Major ROBERT CARMICHAEL-SMYTH. London: 1852.

SHOULD some bird of powerful wing soar into the air from the last seaward rock at the Land's End, and take a directly westward flight, he would find the first resting-place for his foot three thousand miles off on the island of Newfoundland. If governed by an impulse to pursue his passage still westward, and southing but a very little, he should again rise into air and continue his course, he would pass along the line of boundary that separates the Canadian colonies of Great Britain from the United States, traverse the whole continent of North America, until the Pacific Ocean came in view, beyond whose boundless expanse lie China and the Ind. Just as this bird would fly so do the authors, whose names we have placed at the head of this article, propose that commerce should hold her flight—that a railway should be made from Halifax, opposite to Great Britain, to Fort Langley opposite to the Sea of Japan, and that the whole of the intercourse between the two worlds should pass over the plains and through the valleys of Canada, peopling, fertilising, and reclaiming, as commerce ever is wont to do.

The grandeur of this scheme, which is the staple of the above works, was and is sufficient to condemn it in the eyes of the vulgar. It is, therefore, satisfactory to observe, with reference to the probability, if not of its execution, at least of its due consideration, that various individuals, of diversified talent, temperament, and experience, have successively taken up a subject affording so great a scope for investigation. It requires not one pioneer, but many, to clear the obstructions in the way, before so great an undertaking as the North American Atlantic and Pacific Railway can exist, even in the imagination of the public. People are, generally speaking, no more inclined to believe one man, however eloquently he may recommend and argue upon such a subject, than the Spanish Court would, in all probability, have chosen to credit the relation of Columbus, had he returned alone, by some strange chance, from the discovery of America. It must be gratifying to the living authors, whose works form the heading of this article, to observe any active proselyte to their ideas and opinions joining their ranks. At the same time, the labourers at the eleventh hour are too apt to claim all the credit in an undertaking of this kind. We are happy to state that this is by no means the case in this instance. It is pleasing to read the acknowledgment of Major Carmichael Smyth's services from the authors of "Britain Redeemed," as it is also the mention made of all three by Captain Synge.

We connect the work of Sir R. H. Bonnycastle with the other three, a new edition having given us the opportunity, because this great project was familiar to him years ago, and, probably his powerful intellect was the first which conceived it. It is, however, too well known to the public to require any notice at our hands, save to observe that a fresh interest attaches itself to it at this moment, owing to the fact that the North American provinces just now prominently occupy the attention of this country, or ought so to do. At any rate, they are likely, either for good or for evil, to engage it in the most complete manner. We shall only give one passage from Sir R. H. Bonnycastle's "Canada in 1846":—

> Nay, more; we shall yet place an iron belt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a railroad from Halifax to Nootka Sound, and thus reach China in a pleasure voyage.

Business before pleasure is our rider to this prophetic sentence. Let us first see the traffic of the East reach Great Britain by this route, through her own possessions, and then hey for Pekin, with a return ticket by an excursion train! Pass we now to Captain Synge. It is impossible even for a mere literary review to consider his work, which is a kind of pamphlet in boards with a map at the end, with reference to style. He is apparently a young writer; but his facts are valuable and his arguments sound. It would, perhaps, have been better had he condensed his work still more, and confined himself entirely to statistical, professional, and geographica observations, without treating the subject so much as a whole—we mean as a grand conception and a political redemption. This had been sufficiently done beforehand, and here he repeats merely what has been before written. There are, however, many pertinent remarks, and several points well put. Captain Synge is not an ordinary writer, but we believe him to be an inexperienced one. There is one feature connected with the proper use of our vast North American possessions on which this writer very emphatically dilates. It is the natural water-communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, giving us an immense superiority (were it brought into play) over the United States. If railways did not even exist, this would be worth a shelf

of books to illustrate it alone, with regard to the development of British North America.

"The improvement," says Captain Synge, "of the navigation at the falls of St. Mary, a communication between Lakes Superior and Winnipeg, and a canal to overcome the single rapid of the Saskatchewan river, are the whole amount of labour, or of artificial aid, required to open the vast interior of British America to the influences of civilisation, cultivation, and commerce, and, virtually, to carry the Atlantic seaboard to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. A distance of 300 miles is all that would then remain to separate the opposite oceans, or the unrivalled harbours of Nova Scotia from those of Vancouver's Island, the grand "wharves" of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards respectively. An improvement of the navigation to the extent of a lift of between 800 and 900 feet, would open the grandest feature of the route, to vessels from the ocean, and form the great initiatory measure of the whole, extending for a distance of about 2,700 miles, or seven-eighths of the entire transcontinental length!

The Welland Canal, an accomplished fact, surmounts an altitude of 334 feet within a length of three-and-thirty miles, and practically obliterates the Falls of Niagara!

The Erie Canal is the medium of a vast proportion of the important and exporting trade even of states actually situated upon the Mississippi and its tributaries.

In eighteen years it was the means of very nearly tripling the population and the wealth of New York.

The Welland canal, by substituting thirty-three miles of enlarged navigation for 154 miles of tow-boating, and by other advantages, has so far practically superseded the western portion of the Erie Canal, as to have been the means of transferring a large proportion of the trade from Buffalo upon Lake Erie, to Oswego on Lake Ontario.

Captain Synge also enlarges upon the excellence of the climate of a great portion of the invaluable territory so long abandoned to the tender mercies of that which Mr. Richards delights to call, in expressive language, a "huge cat-skinning monopoly;" viz., the Hudson's Company. He quotes, in common with the writers of "Britain Redeemed," Sir George Simpson, and other authorities, to prove that much of the supposed hyperborean country, through which the line would pass, is in fact a terrestrial Paradise. "Descriptions seem inadequate," says Captain Synge, "to represent it." Truly this appears to be the direction in which British emigration should have wandered. Bees and ants are wiser than men, when they find a change of locality advisable. What have we not lost by aiding to swell the marvellous and rapid growth of population in the United States? Had Canada had but half the numbers who of late years have relinquished their birthright as Britons, to become "free and enlightened" citizens, what would she be now? What *folly was that loan of £8,000,000 to Ireland, grossly* mismanaged and perverted as it was! What folly are our unions, our prisons, and our convict ships, when such a remedy lay within our grasp, and tempted legislation, struggling against patriotism and reluctant to be wise!

Captain Synge very properly points out, with great effect, the designs of America, her interest in the Panama junction, and the immense superiority which the British North American route would have over that junction, whose assumed advantage lies in the delusion of Mercator's projection, while winds and currents both combine against it. But should the Panama route alone be at present completed, it would be entirely in the hands of the Americans, who will engross the chief, if not the whole, trade of China and Japan,—an intention of which they have lately given sufficient evidence, not only by the boasting of Mr. "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw" Squiers, but, in fact and deed, by the recent expedition to Japan, long since recommended by the authors of "Britain Redeemed"—then condemned on our behalf, but now applauded, *quoad* the Yankees, by many of the English, or rather un-English, journals of the day. Before leaving Captain Synge, we are anxious to state on the whole our conviction of the utility of his work, which contains much new detail and many excellent suggestions. It has also value from his being an engineering officer, and therefore a practical man, and from his having been a considerable time in North America, where it is evident his talents were by no means narrowly confined, and were applied to great purposes, which in due time have borne fruit.

"Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved." A comprehensive title, truly! The work of two heads, this Siamese production has all the faults and blemishes incidental to such a joint undertaking. It has, however, also, very great merits, and is at once daring and suggestive in the highest degree. A more comprehensive scheme was, perhaps, never laid before the public. Regardless of opinion as of expense, the authors seem to have rushed at everything, bearing cautery and amputating knives in one hand, and a universal panacea in the other. Whether it were wise to attack, as one of them, at least, has done, with however good motive, the abuses of Church and State, policy and religion, our social condition and fiscal arrangements, is a question we must decline answering. They first, it appears (we shall consider the work as a unity or combined duality), consider it necessary to show that Britain needs redemption, and then they are quite prepared to bestow it on her. They endeavour to show that her labour and industry, as well as the labour and industry of posterity, have been pledged by former generations, and they have no difficulty in paying all off and enabling us to start *afresh.*

They are not content with an Atlantic and Pacific Railway, with the trade of the east, with emigration on a grand remunerative scale, with emptying workhouses and employing convicts, with outvying in transatlantic progress, under British sway, the United States, peopling a splendid waste, preserving Canada, ay, and developing regions far more extensive, now utterly lost, and worse than worthless; but they must needs begin at home, and revise the social and political condition of England. Moreover, they would incorporate the Canadas, if not New Brunswick and

Nova Scotia, give them an imperial representation, create an American territorial aristocracy, and actually develop the resources of this great appanage of the British Crown, instead of misusing, neglecting, offending, and finally separating it from our sway. It is certainly enough to stagger the mind of an ordinary man to think what they would and what they would not do. Yet certainly there is much in this work, and we are by no means sure that, even if it be shelved by the present age, it will not remain as a painful commentary on neglected opportunities on the one hand, or an evidence of how that may come to pass, which was rejected with scornful incredulity by contemporary blindness, by means of other agencies, as if by the very laws of necessity, and the natural course of events in the fulness of time. One of the strongest points insisted on in this work is the employment of convicts in the construction especially of this great railroad, from Halifax to Vancouver's Island. Another, under the head of Ways and Means, is the plan of supplying the capital by mortgaging the poor-rates. This is borrowed from Mr. Hodson's "Extinction of Poor-rates without Increased Taxation." But in it exists a new merit. Our authors suppose, by a rough calculation, that £15,000,000 would construct the railway. If it were £50,000,000 it might be furnished by this method, and such an application would repay this country in every possible manner; but first by transplanting her poor to flourish in a fertile country, which commerce would aid in peopling with a rapidity equal to if not surpassing the peopling of the United States. In the second place the poor-rates themselves would diminish every year at home, whilst in a few years they would be almost entirely extinct, and pauperism would be as rare as it now is in the United States. We should only then have to relieve the aged and the infirm, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, the only legitimate burdens of a nation. While puny legislation shrinks from encountering so vast a subject, all this may be lost to us for ever. It is, indeed, a proposition which affords scope and verge for fifty writers. The style of this book is somewhat varied. The first part is diffuse and abounding in truisms and dissertations on foregone conclusions. It is not necessary to write on colonisation and emigration in the style of a school essay, and the reader is wearied with a great deal of verbosity and twaddle. For instance, chapter II., on emigration, begins thus, like an imitation of Goldsmith's "Natural History:" "All gregarious animals, consorting together by intuitive impulse, maintain that propensity only as long as they are not incommoded in freedom of action and facility of pasture by supernumerary increase," &c., &c. This is beginning at the beginning with a vengeance, and this writer throughout appears to treat his readers on a principle we remember in our early days, of "pudding first and meat after." Indeed, the meat can scarcely be said to follow but rather to be buried in the pudding; so that, perhaps, a more fitting comparison might be instituted by comparing the facts to be elicited to plums in a somewhat homely cake. Then, again, in the second part, Mr. Richards is somewhat too fiery and eloquent. One gentleman is didactically tame and the other declamatory to a fault. However, the objections by no means nullify the value of the book, which offers a bolder plan of emigration, employment, and colonisation than ever yet was conceived or presented to a nation. We cannot help considering the chapter in part II. as an irony, and yet its earnestness is well simulated. It is headed "Voluntary Sacrifice of the Church," and contains arguments why the Church should give up her present revenues for the benefit of the country, subjecting herself to be remodelled. It must be remembered that very popular authors have said quite as much on this subject; but then Carlyle is a fashion, and far too visionary to be dangerous. Besides, he never suggests possibilities or remedies. The idea which seems to have influenced the combination of the railway plan with the reformation of abuses, is the notion that it is necessary to prepare the old country to avail herself of the vast resources of the new. Here let "Britain Redeemed" speak for itself:—

> Let us now revert to our other projects, which, when blended in a wise scheme of legislation, together with a prudent and rigid economy pervading the whole machinery of the state, not shown by disbanding our army, and yielding to the dictates of blind sentimentality our supremacy on the seas, but by putting an end to jobbing and those ancient abuses which time alone has made respectable, will go hand in hand with the development of our grand object in Canada, to make England again free, glorious, and happy; for a country is neither free when she is in debt, nor glorious when she is on the brink of tamely yielding her possessions, nor happy when her people are bound down by taxes, and suffering from crime, over-population, and poverty.

In the Appendix will be found a proposal to make a descent upon Japan. The Americans have anticipated us in this; but, if our high-road be made before theirs, we shall still anticipate them in the benefits to be derived from this piratical scheme, into whose morality we shall not inquire, merely remarking that it has for precedent the colonisation or occupation of nearly all barbarous countries, and that it is condemned by those who never question our right to India, Australia, Hong-Kong, Borneo, or the Cape. In fact, the colonial empire of England is founded upon similar deeds. Besides, *we* should have taught the Gospel to the exclusive Japanese, whereas Jonathan expressly disowns such intention. We say this because a great outcry was raised at the time against the authors for this proposal, which was held worthy of Lopez. Our authors did not mince the matter.

"To be plain, then," they wrote, and caused to be printed in italics, "*we propose a summary seizure*

at once of one of the Japan islands, and the foundation of a military colony in the kingdom of Corea!" The fact is that this shocked, because they dispensed with hypocrisy. So do the Yankees, whose expedition is approved of here; but then they give a purely mercantile character to the affair, affect the necessity of retaliation and reprisals, and say that it is for the good of the Japanese. With the latter notion we certainly do not coincide. However, the world looks upon the same thing at different times, in a very different humour. Let us, in justice, quote a passage, which puts this proposition in a more amiable light:—

> But we do not propose that an English force should wantonly invade these countries in the mere quest of vain triumphs; to clap their provinces and cities under contribution, and draft the population into battalions, destined to extend the work of conquest and aggression, as is customary with our continental armies in war; but only propose the persuasion of gentle force in the absence of any other means of overcoming prejudice and antipathy, and thus directly to promote mutual concord, common interest, and universal good, the whole principally through the medium of cultivated commerce, in which the whole world would participate.

The details in which "Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved" abound, with respect to convict labour and military guards and stations, are valuable, if only for the air of reality given to the scheme. The very houses, dresses, retreats, and equipments of pioneers, labourers, fencibles, and convicts are entered upon and illustrated in a work which an American, in the *Home Journal*, did not scruple at once to attribute to the British Government, on account of the "labour, outlay, and ability" lavished upon it. Probably, its authors would be quite satisfied if they could get that said Government only to consider their plans, with a view to the possibility of their execution.

Major R. Carmichael-Smyth, in a pamphlet distinguished for its enthusiasm, was the first who laid these magnificent details before a British public. It is hardly fair to give Mr. Whitney credit in this country, since he certainly did not suggest the British North American line; but we may rest convinced that the idea has dawned upon the intellects of many since railways were invented. The pamphlet of Major Smyth is by no means unworthy of his subject; it is comprehensive, patriotic, and in the broadest sense practical. Unlike "Britain Redeemed," it sticks to one point, and illustrates one vast idea. It can offend no one, and in this respect is perhaps a more valuable advocate of the railway scheme, whilst it has the advantage of priority in the field. Each of these works, however, will, we have no doubt, fulfil its mission, and will remain, should their ideas not be adopted, to show posterity what Great Britain might have accomplished at one period of her history. We ourselves are by no means inclined to deny the fact that the resources of British North America are destined ere very long to be rapidly developed, and we think it extremely probable that a railway communication will be opened from Atlantic to Pacific before many years have past. Whether that will be done under the imperial sway of Great Britain is quite another question. Were we cosmopolitan theorists we should not trouble our heads about the matter, and we should view without regret the apathetic routine of the Colonial Office, the conventional delays of John Bull, the energy of the Americans "del Norte," of whom Messrs. Squiers and Whitney are both antagonistic types, and the great probability existing of the dismemberment of the British empire, because there is no leading master-mind to direct her present or to shape her future. In common, however, with the writers to whose works we draw attention in this article, we have something in us of instinctive as well as reasoning patriotism; we wish England to be first in the van of nations, and we think her best fitted by her character and antecedents to take the lead. As far as we can see, it will be better even for the United States themselves not to be tempted to extend their territory farther north. Should Great Britain retain her imperial sway over what is now her own, and succeed in peopling and developing it, she will balance the growing power of the United States, and probably prevent their disunion. If the Americans should occupy the whole northern continent, they will probably be divided into as many nations as now exist in Europe. The moral influence of the mother country is wanted to restrain the ardour of her offspring.

Whilst at present so much is thought of the construction of ship canals at Darien and Tehuantepec, of a railroad at Panama and steam communication by Lake Nicaragua, it is forgotten that all or any of these would become the scene of strife, and finally fall into the hands of the Americans. It is also forgotten that they do not present the same advantages of transit, that they open up no fertile country abounding in treasure, and that, finally, they are far less near than the North American route. The United States, on their part, have enormous difficulties to contend with, in the construction of Whitney's lines, which are at present almost impossible. Thus Great Britain has every advantage in her hands. "The title of Mr. Richard's work," says a writer in *Fraser*, "is not altogether erroneous. Between the east and the west she may yet hold the balance, but it must be by opening the communications between them herself, maintaining her colonial relations, and spreading her institutions over the face of the globe." We ourselves have almost unconsciously, as it were, fallen into the enthusiasm of the authors. We began as critics, we end as advocates. Of this we are convinced, that no Englishman deserving the name can rise from the perusal of these works without feeling that there is in them matter to

fill the mind of a statesman with curiosity and interest, and to suggest vast plans and undertakings for the good and glory of his country, as well as of mankind.

Should these great projects be accomplished, it is certain that he who is most conspicuous in their execution will both deserve and acquire an historical name.

Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches Afloat and Ashore. By Capt. MACKINNON, R.N. 2 vols. London: 1852.

THE most interesting and valuable portion of this medley is that, in which the author presents us with the result of his observations on America and the Americans. Many a useful hint may be taken from his remarks on the principles which our Transatlantic friends have adopted, and carried to such perfection in the construction of their vessels. We find, however, that they have no intention of resting satisfied with the thrashing they gave us last summer at Cowes, but are busily engaged in devising the means for another and a still greater triumph.

Of a truth, our builders at Cowes, Poole, Gosport, Ipswich, &c., must look to it, or our yachtsmen will, ere long, be transferring their orders and their patronage to Brother Jonathan.

AMERICAN YACHTS.

Mr. Steers thinks that a shallow vessel, with a sliding keel, can be built to outsail any vessel, even on his improved model. This is likely to be tested next summer in England, as a sloop, the "Silvia," built by Steers on this construction, is preparing to try her speed at Cowes next season. I carefully noted this craft when on the stocks alongside the America, and I believe that no vessel in England has the ghost of a chance against her. Next year will, however, decide the question.

England is not likely to remain long behind Brother Jonathan in yachting, as the following list of vessels, building at the justly-celebrated Messrs. Inman's, of Lymington, will plainly prove:—

First, the "Alarm" is lengthened twenty feet with the American or wave line bow. She will be schooner-rigged, and of the burthen of 240 tons.

Second, two schooners, about seventy-five tons each.

Third, a very beautiful schooner of 150 tons. The Messrs. Inman have taken time by the forelock, and are more open-handed than the builders of this country usually are. I have carefully examined these vessels, and plainly perceive evidence of great genius and artistic skill. They will be formidable rivals to any yachts that Brother Jonathan may in future send over the Atlantic, excepting vessels on the model of the Silvia.

American naval architecture is, without doubt, very admirable, whether we take the sailing qualities of their vessels or their symmetry. I spent some days at Baltimore, carefully examining the different varieties of clippers. On one occasion I observed a group of these fine models surrounding an English coaster. The contrast in proportion was most marked. The hideous English coaster, surrounded thus, was like "a young donkey grazing amidst a herd of gazelles."

Should any of our readers be disposed to try the experiment of building a yacht at Baltimore, Captain Mackinnon informs us that a vessel on the clipper principle can be there turned out for £10 or £12 per ton, complete in all her fittings. "This," he rightly adds, "is much cheaper than in England,* which appears unaccountable, as the wages of artificers, as well as most articles of ship fittings, are much more expensive in America, wood being the only exception.

"Cotton duck" sails are almost exclusively used by American vessels under 300 tons. No doubt can be entertained that for fore-and-aft vessels this material is infinitely better than the canvas generally used. I do not hesitate to assert that it is particularly adapted for yachts, and that it will give a vessel an immense advantage in sailing, particularly in light winds. This "cotton duck" is well worthy the attention of the yachtsmen in England. Indeed, for all pleasure vessels it is far better, being whiter, cleaner-looking, much lighter, and easier handled. Above all, "cotton duck" would cost only two-thirds of the present high charges for yacht canvas. Captain Mackinnon, however, does not appear to know that, in this climate, cotton sails are so apt to mildew, that they would in a short time become useless.

A passage descriptive of American artillery practice will, we think, astonish most of our military readers. The pre-eminence of the artillery of Sweden has long been acknowledged by all other European nations, but we question much whether her most skilful gunners could beat the following

HOWITZER PRACTICE.

"Would you like to see the field howitzer exercised?" was the polite offer made to me.

"Amazingly," I replied; "nothing better."

"Let us then, walk down to the banks of the Potomac," continued my companion. And we leisurely advanced down the two hundred yards that separated us from the river. Before, however, the distance was passed, the twenty-four pound howitzer came racing after us, dragged by six, and pushed by two dockyard matees.

"Quick work," thought I, "quick work for matees."

"Now, Sir, take out your watch and mark time whilst they fire. Mind how you point her," added the Commodore, addressing the men; "see the shot don't hit that sloop in the bend. Now, then, begin."

"These dockyard matees are a pretty smart set of sailor chaps, I guess," said I. "Why, there were four discharges within thirty seconds; two shots were richochetting at the same moment."

The intelligent officer who constructed these admirable field carriages, as well as many other ordnance improvements, was rewarded for his exertions the same day by a vote of Congress, which secured to him one thousand five hundred dollars per annum extra.

It is not, however, in artillery practice and yacht-building only that our rivals are giving us the go-by. We will cite another instance of

YANKEE GO-AHEADISM.

We will depart from the Union-place Hotel, and march down the Seventh-street. Long before we arrived at the East River, we perceive tall and tapering spars, extending far above the houses. Streamers and flags are abundant; but, above all, and eclipsing all, are numerous magnificent "star-spangled banners."

* Our yacht builders charge from £24 to £28 per ton.

A launch is about to take place.

Open your ears, O ye John Bulls! Listen to the truth from a brother Bull. "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

We are in Webb's ship-building yard. Look around—five huge vessels are on the stocks; three are to be launched in high water. Let us examine them.

First, the "Isaac Bell," of 1,708 tons, is intended for a Havre liner. She is built for running, and with a fair wind, will outsail any man-of-war afloat.

Second a steamer, the "Illinois," of 2,500 tons. So sharp is she from the cutwater, that it voluntarily suggests the same painful idea to the mind as on first beholding Langham Church steeple, in Portland-place, London. Her midship section is perfectly flat, which causes an unsightly protuberance amidships, that offends the eye when looking along the bottom. Like most of brother Jonathan's sea-steamers, she does not come up to John Bull's idea of sufficient strength of construction; still every fair and unprejudiced Britisher will allow that, for models, the Yankees, as they express it, 'whip the world." They do not, however, build their sea-steamers strong enough. The reason is obvious: hitherto their experience has been mainly with river boats; and although they have some of the finest-looking craft of this denomination ever seen, many of them are utterly unsafe and unsound. The lighter a river steamer is built, the faster she will go; the less water she will draw; and it is a notorious saying, in reference to certain boats on the Mississippi, "the engines are intended to wear out three hulls, if the vessel don't blow up."

This impeachment of American judgment will not last long. Brother Jonathan has received a warning, which he is not the man to neglect; and we may confidently look forward to his producing sea-steamers as stable and fast as, if not faster than, any that can elsewhere be built.

Go-ahead, brother—go-head! You are the greatest benefactor your old mother ever had. The venerable lady begins to discover that "she doesn't know you're out."

Our next extract displays the ingenuity of a 'cute Yankee who had set up a distillery, with which he became dissatisfied, because his profits did not exceed a paltry 20 per cent. After some reflection he determines to lower the price of his whiskey and to start

A PIG'S BOARDING HOUSE.

Accordingly, he commenced advertising to take pigs in at a certain price. As his terms were considerably less than the swine cost their owners, he was speedily overrun with *boarders*. The immense quantity of grains produced by his increase of business, consequent on his reduction of the price of whiskey, enabled him to make his *boarding-house* a mine of wealth.

His arrangements were capital. Squeakers he placed in the garret; porkers, next floor; and so on downwards, until his premises round the base of the house were swarming with magnificent grunters.

Money came in apace; and fame soon followed. In a few years he had amassed a considerable sum, and his business had increased so much that he had several acres of pig-styes filled with fat and contented grunters. Alas for all porcine greatness! The horrible odour of his boarders became unbearable. The neighbours grumbled; then loudly complained; and, lastly, flew into violent rage. Our enterprising pig-boarder was indicted for a nuisance. His enemies prevailed, and this unique and luxurious establishment was broken up for ever.

He had, however, cleared a large fortune.

There are in the course of these two volumes several inaccuracies, which we are surprised to meet with in the work of a naval officer. We will only cite one, in which the author speaks of a rocket-tube "welded" with spun-yarn. Every nautical man ought to know that to *would* or to *woold* is the term that should have been employed.

The Works of Shakespeare. The Text carefully restored according to the first editions; with Introductions, Notes, original and selected, and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. HUDSON, A.M. In eleven volumes. Boston and Cambridge (U.S.): James Munroe and Company. 1852.

IT has been elegantly observed by an able writer, that *his* classical education may be safely said to be far advanced—*his* taste refined and his mind exalted above the vulgar herd—*cui Cicero valdè placet*. By analogy of reasoning we may with equal truth predicate of that nation which evinces emotions of true delight at the productions of our great dramatist, that their aspirations have been rightly directed, and that their intellect gives the strongest evidence of high cultivation.

The avidity with which, in the great northern transatlantic world, the imperishable works of Shakespeare are bought and read, is sufficiently notified by the fact—for which few of our readers perhaps will be prepared—that no less than nine editions of them have, within a few years, been eagerly demanded in the United States, not to mention the tens of thousands of copies imported from Europe for the use of public institutions and private libraries. The present edition is the tenth American issue, and it promises fair to become the one *par excellence* for reference and general reading.

It may not be uninteresting here to enumerate a few particulars respecting these. Boydell's celebrated Illustrations long since found their way to New York, where Dr. Spooner has been actively engaged for some time in reproducing this magnificent work. He has had the original steel plates retouched, and has already brought out forty-two out of the fifty numbers, which will be completed before the close of the present year. The engravings have all the freshness and uniformity of the original impressions, and the editor has evidently spared no expense to render as perfect as possible a work destined to confer lasting honour upon his memory. The original edition is said to have cost several hundred thousand pounds—sixty-eight eminent English artists having been engaged during a period of twenty years in drawing and engraving the designs.

Speaking on this subject, the *Home Journal*, a literary periodical of considerable ability, extensively circulated throughout the United States, eloquently observes that "It has been the good fortune of our country to inherit from the older and accomplished nations of Europe the richest legacy ever left to any people—the experience, researches, and fruits of accumulated ages. Our libraries and cabinets abound with the finished creations of intellectual and artistic beauty. We are furnished with the

careful studies and elaborately-finished models of the genius of all ages. We have the experience of successive generations in the arts and sciences, and the literature of antiquity is poured in upon us in the cheapest and most captivating forms. Possessed of so vast, varied, and mighty an inheritance, if we do not outstrip the nations that have gone before us, we shall justly be deemed recreant to the beneficence of Providence and the expectations of the world. But we cannot expect in many instances to be favoured with the accumulated treasures [of the arts of an entire generation, at its most fruitful period, as we are by means of the new edition of Boydell's Shakspeare. A narrative of the production of this work, with the efforts, the losses, the trials, the struggles, and the sufferings of many of those who created it, would form a most interesting and affecting history, illustrating the frequent misfortunes of genius in a coldly calculating world, and also the honours awarded by posterity to those gifted but unfortunate men, to whom mankind is indebted for whatsoever of the bright and the beautiful that embellishes human life, that sanctifies the charities of the hearth-stone, and that endears to the manly heart the records of genius and heroism."

The edition of Hilliard and Grey, with annotations by the late Rev. O. B. W. Peabody, in seven vols., 8vo., and in fine large type, adorned with the plates entitled "Beauties of Shakespeare," may be considered a very complete work. The text, and many of the notes, were taken from Bogue's. Another illustrated Shakespeare, in three 8vo. vols., edited by the Hon. G. C. Verplanck, appeared not long ago at New York, where Messrs. Harper and Brothers shortly after produced the same works, with outline engravings, in two neat vols., 8vo., as well as another edition, with notes and engravings, in seven vols., 12mo. Besides the above, another, very popular in America, is a beautiful 8vo. reprint of one issued, with plates, in London by Scott, Webster, and Geary. Prominently among the "Philadelphia Classics" our favourite poet again appears in a compendious form; and Messrs. Tallis are reproducing his works, in monthly parts, simultaneously in London and New York. The provincial town of Hartford (U. S.) has given birth to a beautiful 12mo. Shakespeare in diamond type, and last, though not least, unquestionably the most carefully collated and in every respect the best, is the one whose title appears at the head of this notice. It will thus be seen that the three editions of Hudson, Verplanck, and Peabody are distinct American editions, and that the first of these is already considered by the *élite* of the American public as the standard national edition, an opinion which, from a careful inspection of the four volumes that have already made their way to this country, we are enabled conscientiously to confirm. We may here incidentally mention an anecdote illustrative of the extent to which this feeling exists. Mr. Hudson, the editor, being desirous of consulting a particular English edition, applied in vain for a copy at the shops of several of the principal publishers in New York. At one place the bookseller had never heard of such an edition, but recommended *Hudson's*. "Bah!" said Mr. Hudson, "I don't want that." "Well, Sir," replied the bookseller, "if that's not good enough for you, I advise you *to write a better!*"

In commencing his arduous labours, Mr. Hudson assumed as his model the celebrated emanation from the Chiswick press.* He considered that in the minor requirements of size, type, style of execution, and general adaptation to the wants both of the scholar and the ordinary reader, it possessed advantages superior to those of any preceding compilation. At the same time, he was of opinion that, under the name of "corrections," a vast alteration had in many instances been effected in the true meaning of the author. To detect these it was of course necessary closely to collate each line and word with the earliest original folio edition of 1623. Singularly enough, the Chiswick edition has never been reproduced in America. The public there will now possess it with all its important advantages and without its defects. It is well known that previously to the poet's death no printed collection of all his plays had appeared, though most of them had individually passed through the press, and, as we may presume, had had the advantage of revisal by the author. Copies of these are of course extremely rare, but to an editor they are in many cases of incalculable value in enabling him to form a decision upon the merits of different conflicting readings.

The difficulties encountered by Mr. Hudson can hardly be appreciated by those who are unacquainted with the unwarrantable liberties taken by some editors with the text of authors whose meaning they are resolved to amend according to their individual notions. Whoever has taken the trouble, however, of comparing critically various editions of the same classic on which Brunck and Porson, Bentley or Dacier, have severally expended their erudition, will be able to form some notion of the effect of these *variæ lectiones*.

Our own Shakespeare has suffered similarly from the hands of Malone, Steevens, and others, and each successive reproduction of his works promised to give birth to still further errors, more flagrant in proportion to the ignorance of the commentator. Both Steevens and Malone seem to have gloried in the number and variety of their alleged corrections, thereby inciting their successors to follow in a similar course. In this manner corruptions have

* This appeared in 1826, and has long been out of print.

accumulated upon corruptions, and no English editor has yet been at the pains to apply the pruning knife to these unsightly excrescences. Many were rejected from the Chiswick edition, and Collier, Knight, Verplanck, and Halliwell made some successful exertions to return more closely to the purity of the original.

Verplanck adopted mainly Collier's text, and he seems to have evinced throughout both judgment and taste in executing the task he had assigned himself. But he had not the advantage available to the English editor of personally consulting the many libraries to which the latter had constant access.

We are ready to add our own testimony to that of Mr. Hudson in favour of the purity of Collier's text, and, to quote his own words, we might almost say that, with the exception of himself,—

No other man of modern times can be named to whom Shakspearean literature is, on the whole, so largely indebted. Yet (adds our author) it seems not a little questionable whether both he and Knight have not fallen into a serious error; though it must be confessed that such error, if it be one, is on the right side, inasmuch as their fidelity to the original texts extends to the adopting, sometimes of probable, sometimes of palpable, or nearly palpable, misprints. In these Mr. Verplanck has judiciously deviated from his English model; and his fine judgment appears to equal advantage in what he adopts and in what he rejects. Of his critical remarks, it is enough at present to express the belief that in this department he has no rival in this country, and will not soon be beaten. Further acknowledgments, both to him and to the other three editors named, will be duly and cheerfully made, as the occasions for them shall arise.

Touching the point of annotation, we can cheerfully say with Mr. Collier—"Our main object has been to ascertain the true language of the poet, and our next, to encumber his language no more, in the shape of comment, than is necessary to render the text intelligible." For the matter of the notes, we of course draw with the utmost freedom from all the sources accessible to us; often bringing in illustrative passages that have occurred in our own reading, oftener those that have been quoted by others.

Of the critical remarks in our several introductions, perhaps the less that is said the better. We may be allowed, however, to remark that our aim is rather to involve or imply the principles of criticism so deeply meditated and expounded by Coleridge and Schlegel, than to give a distinct formal expression of them. Thus we would endeavour to conduct the reader, by silent natural processes, to such a state and habit of mind, that he may contemplate the plays, perhaps without knowing it, as works of art, and see all the parts and elements of a given structure intertwining and coalescing, and growing up together in vital, organic harmony and reciprocity. For if, without being drawn into an ugly conceit or vanity of criticism, the reader can be led to see or feel how in the poet's delineations everything is fitted to every other thing; how each requires and infers the others, and all hang together in natural coherence and congruity: it is plain that both the pleasure and the profit of the reading must be greatly increased.

The Chiswick edition was in ten volumes, and omitted the poems. This is to have an additional volume, containing the poems, and a life of the poet, with a general review of his works.

There is every probability that, as soon as Mr. Hudson's "Shakespeare" becomes known, as it well deserves to be, in this country, it will meet with no inconsiderable amount of patronage here, for, in addition to what we have already said, the size, the quality of the paper, the excellence of the type, and all the minor accessories, are unquestionably in its favour.

Democritus in London. London: 1852.

It is related by the celebrated Abderite, who has, it seems, lately visited London in spirit (although Democritus, when in the flesh, believed not in spirits), that, being old and indigent, and fearing to incur the ignominy of that law of his city which denied funeral honours to a man who had voluntarily reduced himself to poverty, he came forth in the market-place and repeated his Diacosmos. The effect was decisive: he was presented with five hundred talents, statues were erected in his honour, and a decree was passed that the expense of his funeral should be paid from the public treasury. We must warn Mr. Daniel (for that is the name under which Democritus travels in England) that if ever he recites "the mad pranks and comical conceits of Motley and Robin Goodfellow" before an English audience, he must be prepared to accept rotten eggs instead of talents. London doesn't mind laughing, or being made to laugh at, her own follies and her own vices, but the laughter must not be weak and imbecile—it must not sound like the empty laugh of Folly. The man or woman who sets up for a satirist should be very sure of their own strength. Juvenal gives us the idea of a Hercules flogging a satyr; "Democritus in London" only suggests the recollection of the title of Jacob's clever French novel, "Les Deux Fous."

The author of this *poem*, or rather this commonplace book twisted into doggrel, is not new to literary enterprise; there are probably trunkmakers still living who remember that some thirty years ago "The Modern Dunciad" and "Virgil in London" were so popular that no gentleman's travelling equipage was complete without at least a selection from one of these works. "Merrie England in the Olden Time" came, *longo autem intervallo*, from the same pen. Here we have a volume which we by no means quarrel with because it is a volume of nonsense (for it is the triumph of art to produce really good nonsense), but because it is such bad nonsense.

What, for instance, does the reader who is prepared for a satire in the style Hudibrastic, think of this?—

THE BALLAD-SINGER'S SONG.

What makes the merry heart more glad?
Tuneful bells!
And the sorrowful more sad?
Tuneful bells!
What welcomes in the bridal day
When with flowers they strew the way?
What calls the penitent to pray?
Tuneful bells!

What proclaims the feast, the show?
Tuneful bells!
Joy and sorrow, weal and woe?
Tuneful bells!
What salutes the smiling morn
When the noble heir is born,
Or, some dear one has departed
Makes us *still* more broken-hearted?
Tuneful bells!

Mournful music are to me
Tuneful bells!
Chime they e'er so merrily,
Toll they knells!
One recalls with startling truth
Happy infancy and youth!
One when weeping, bending lowly,
I beheld earth's bosom holy
Take my last friend!—pealing, slowly
Tuneful bells!

I shall die alone, obscurely,
Tuneful bells!
And lie where the orphan poor lie,
Tuneful bells!
Tho' no tomb my grave encumber,
Tho' among that nameless number,
I shall not less sweetly slumber,
Tuneful bells!

There is one poem in our language nearly as beautiful and not very dissimilar to this; the metres, also, are very much alike, and we are sorry to say that we strongly suspect Mr. Daniels to have stolen his "Tuneful Bells" from the fair authoress of the "Ode to an Expiring Frog." Mrs. Leo Hunter's

Can I unmoved—see thee dying,
Expiring frog!

repeated by the lady in the character of Minerva, is not nearly so burlesque as "Tuneful Bells," repeated by a respectable and aged English gentleman in the character of Democritus.

Whether in fun or in earnest, we cannot greatly admire the following string of commonplaces upon the subject of Westminster Abbey. We do not object to Democritus being converted to Christianity, and even to a belief in ghosts, but we do enter our protest when the laughter is plucked out of the face of the jolly old Thracian, and he is made to drivel fustian like a muse-struck tailor by moonlight:—

PUCK.

Never Temple more august
Rear'd its sacred spires to heaven,
Where repentant, sinful dust
Humbly prays to be forgiven!

Light celestial streams around,
And from every holy altar,
With a sweet and solemn sound,
Rises a mysterious psalter
As thro' walks of chiefs we glide
In their monumental pride;
Marble effigy, and pall,
Curtain dread! that drops on all.

Death's thick-shaded frontier past,
Kings their crowns imperial cast,
Lowly pilgrims! at the gate
Of this sepulchre of state.
The knight who once in triumph bore
The Cross of Christ to Canaan's shore
His lance and panoply lays down,
Assured his hope that Cross will crown!
From perils of the land and wave
Beneath our footsteps sleep the brave!
Patriots who saw senates shake
And tyrants tremble when they spake,
Poets whom the lyre made glorious
And o'er death and time victorious,
Firm confessors whom the wheel
But inspired with stronger zeal,
Saints who fed the funeral pyre,
Souls of faith! and lips of fire!
With the martyr's glory crown'd,
Sanctify this sacred ground!
Mingling with their hallow'd mould
Hands lie nerveless, lifeless, cold,
That sculptured with enchanting grace
The fairest form, the loveliest face,
That in their magic tints attired
What nature, fancy, faith inspired!
The eye, the voice that every breath
Held, in charm'd wonder, hush'd as death!
Their histrionic wreath resign'd,
Here, closed and silent, rest enshrined.
Minstrels who the chords once swept
Here the grave's dark sabbath kept,
Now, with seraphim enroll'd,
Hymns they chant to harps of gold!
The brain enrich'd with various lore
(That busy brain! it throbs no more)
Sleeps beneath this marble floor!
All that lifts the living clod
To the image of his God,
All that deifies his dust
This vast temple holds in trust!
These were they whom gold could never
From their independence sever,
Or poverty make mean, or scorn
Of their nobility inborn
Despoil, that star upon their brow
The world to value knew not how!
These were they who walk'd the earth
Conscious of celestial birth,
Proved that glittering dross and dust
Do not *every* soul encrust,
But that of their sacred Sire
Some retain the heavenly fire!
Did sad tears their errors mourn
While the mortal coil was borne,
Seraphs might have shed them all
When, alas! they wept the Fall.
Vanish'd life's brief, troubled dream,
Pass'd the valley, cross'd the stream,
As Guardian Angels they descend,
Still ministering to virtue's friend
Until eternity unite
Good spirits in the realms of light.
Solemn grandeur! silent gloom!
Handmaids of this reverend tomb,
Altho' beyond of death the power,
I feel this awe-inspiring hour!
And thou, a Spirit too, I see
It has a mystic charm for thee!
Slow dies away the dirge-like hymn,
The supernatural light grows dim,
The shadowy shrines and cloisters seem
The relics of a fading dream!
The moon is down, the stars are pale,
Hail! congenial darkness, hail!
Primæval shade! our steps attend,
Of time the origin and end!

The "poem" bears many footnotes, and the footnotes exceed the poem both in bulk and in interest. Among the reminiscences of "Uncle Timothy" we have the following of

POOR HAYDON!

It is a melancholy reflection that a tithe of what was lavished upon this "*disgusting dwarf*," viz., Tom Thumb (as the *Times* designated this Lilliputian mountebank, in its eloquent lament on the death of Haydon), would have stood between genius and despair. Upon this sad subject we might ponder till the mind "burst with thinking." To Sir Robert Peel belongs the deep consolation of having relieved Haydon in his last extremity. The broken-hearted man applied to a certain loosely-loquacious and "liberal" (!) lord for pecuniary assistance, but in vain. The Prime Minister, harassed by the combined hostility of factious friends and place-hunting foes, found leisure for benevolence.

He sent the applicant two hundred pounds, and received his dying benediction.

It was only a few weeks before the death of Haydon that Uncle Timothy saw him in Paddington churchyard reading the inscription ("Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord") on the tomb-stone of Siddons. To that friend he confided his many sorrows, and his mournful conviction that there was but ONE cure for them.

" O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall leave behind me!"

he exclaimed. Then, with a look and tone never to be forgotten, he added,

" If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

But a few paces from the grave of Siddons this once sensitive and too-finely-strung organisation "sleeps well!"

" Oh! let him pass,—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

There is much that is scholar-like, quaint, and antiquarian about this poem, but it is the attempt of a man who has no humour in him to write a humorous poem.

Poems, Essays, and Opinions. By ALFRED BATE RICHARDS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. (Second Series.) Vol. IV. Aylott and Jones, Paternoster-row. 1852.

THIS, the fourth volume, completes the second series of these interesting and instructive essays, of which we have already expressed, on former occasions, our unqualified approval. The last, merits as high an eulogium as any of its predecessors, and for originality of thought, terseness of expression, and keen satire, these essays may be classed with any similar productions of modern times.

Mr. Richards comes before the public with a literary reputation achieved, as a poet of no ordinary ability, as a dramatist whose works have received high encomiums from the greatest of living critics, and as a political writer whose views, however little we can subscribe to them, have been conscientiously formed upon mature reflection and after long investigation.

He belongs to that limited but important body, ORIGINAL THINKERS; he is not to be confounded with the herd of pseudo-philosophers—with the little ephemeral divinities who live upon the adulatory incense of some drawing-room *cóterie*—men who merely adopt and pass off as their own, the opinions of those who have gone before them. No; our author pertains to a race, scarce as refined gold; e is one "whose thoughts," in the language of Lavater, "embrace all his subject; he pursues it to the end, uninterruptedly and fearless of consequences."

Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, with Explanatory Notes. One vol., 8vo. G. Willis, Great Piazza, Covent-Garden. London: 1852.

WE have to thank Mr. Willis for giving to the public a new and carefully-revised edition of the poetical contributions of Lords Liverpool and Wellesley, Canning, Frere, Ellis, and Gifford, to the celebrated *Anti-Jacobin*. These sparkling gems of wit have stood the test of more than half a century, and still their brilliancy is undimmed, nor, indeed, is their lustre likely to be tarnished by age. Like the "Dunciad," the "Letters of Junius," or "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," they will continue to afford pleasure to succeeding generations many years after the incidents they commemorate have ceased to awaken the interest of any but the students of history. Former editions had long been out of print, and Mr. Willis has shown much judgment in reproducing, in their present readable form, these memorable specimens of the power of their renowned authors. Mr. Edmonds, the editor, has acquitted himself ably of the task confided to him, and his annotations will be of service to those who, for the first time, make their acquaintance with this *fasciculus* of "Cabinet" poetry.

The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir ("Delta"). Edited by THOMAS AIRD, with a Memoir of the Author.

TELL us now, reader, do you care one thistle about "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine?* Do you recollect ten lines of his verse? We are supposing, of course, that you live out of sight of Arthur's Seat, and form no component particle of any one of the little coteries abounding in the Modern Athens, that you do not belong to a mutual worship association, and have no share in any Edinburgh joint stock fame-bestowing society. Say, then, as a mere citizen of the world, a relisher of good books, a man with a healthy appetite for sound honest-flavoured poetry, dost thou care a thistle-down for the jinglings of this triangle? If thou dost—here, take the book, go in peace and read—for thou belongest to the category of neither men, nor gods, nor columns.

If to be a respectable man and a useful surgeon—if to ride twenty miles a day, to bleed and bone-set and to sit up at night, to polish graceful inanities in smoothly-shining rhymes—if to have written "Mansie Wauch" in prose, and "the Legend of Génevière" in verse—if to have epistolised some small toadyism to the most popular of the authors of the day, and to have drawn a pun or two from poor Tom Hood—if these be good title-deeds to exact a perpetual remembrance from posterity—good lack, poor posterity! A thousand of such great men die every year.

As to the memoir, any hopes for its success must have been inspired by the fact of the discovery of some letters from contemporary writers among the papers of the dead poet. Contemporary correspondence is a sort of half-way house to private scan-

dal, and is doubtless profitable to those who choose to write down to the lowest class of readers—we don't mean lowest in rank, but lowest in taste. We think we know some people who would buy Mr. Thackeray's washing-bills, would bid for Mr. Dickens's blotting-book, and would examine it with a magnifying-glass; and who, if Mr. Macaulay's dinner-bills at the Athenæum were collected into a volume, would be first at Mr. Hookham's to seize upon the uncut book—well-meaning, simple, vulgar people—and to them we recommend this memoir.

Practical Hints on the Art of Verse. By A PRACTITIONER. Hatchard.

PHYSICIAN, heal thyself! Has our practitioner ever chanced to light upon this saying? If so, he assuredly has not profited by it to the extent required for the office he here assumes—that of laying down the law for correct poetical expression. In his preface he is profound upon the art of poetry, and in the course of it observes: "The poetical feeling is possessed by very many who yet have not the faculty of giving it expression in a poetical form." Now this, we should say, is precisely his own case. He has evidently a just and discriminating appreciation of the essential characters respectively belonging to the epic, the ode, the elegy, the epigram, &c., but when he proceeds to put his ideas into rhyme *hoc opus, hic labor est.* We will not go so far as to assert that—

> His verse, the faithful image of his mind,
> Leaves wond'ring comprehension far behind,

for we can manage to make out what is in his mind after duly taxing our comprehensive powers. But lest our readers should suspect us to be dull of comprehension, and that the fault is with us rather than with the practitioner, we may as well submit a couple of these poetical nuts to them to crack if they can. Alluding to the eminent authors who have written on the laws of poetry, he proceeds:—

> For this their useful pages scan;
> Where open'd out the Art;
> Where, precept by example to explain,
> Are shown what laws o'er Composition reign,
> Trac'd out the plan with execution's part.
> From them acquire the means that best employed
> To work out thought; how and what faults avoid,
> And excellence attain.
>
> Nor less so, for their practice here,
> Our own great Songsters list;
> As well those now that antiquated grown,
> As later ones; whose claims the Muses own,
> Assayed severe, and in their train enlist.
> With whatso Land's to vie, of first degree,
> While lives the tongue, our ENGLAND's Bards will be
> The latest ages known.

If our practitioner would condescend to a freer use of the little expletives which, though insignificant in appearance, are essential to rendering sentences intelligible to ordinary minds, he might take a fair rank among the poets of the day, for that he possesses a certain capability, appears from his having devised a new stanza, which, if well handled, would not be without its attraction. In a subsequent stanza he propounds, in his own fashion, the doctrine that rhyme should appeal to the eye as much as to the ear, and, indeed, that it is more important the former organ should be satisfied than the latter. In a note on this he says:—

> Sometimes a rhyme perfectly correspondent in form tho' not altogether so in sound, as *move* and *love—are* and *rare*, is more pleasing than the converse, such as *tongue* and *sung—cane* and *pain*, &c: for in the former case very little violence is done to the ear, while the eye is entirely satisfied; but in the latter nothing can reconcile the eye to the unescapable dissimilarity of form.

And again: "The eye detects and is offended with any discrepancy of form quite as much as the ear is alive to the dissimilarity of sound." We cannot at all participate in the practitioner's solicitude for the satisfaction of the eye; the first of our poets sufficiently show that there is no such stuff in their thoughts. We need go no further than Pope, who in the "Essay on Criticism," which this gentleman, in his preface, condescends specially to admire, writes without any regard for tender vision:—

> The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
> Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

And so in numberless other instances. Probably, however, the practitioner would pronounce the rhymes (?) "coughing" and "ploughing" a less atrocity than "eyes" and "arise."

The Elements of Grammar. By the Rev. EDWARD THRING, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan.

CAN room be found for another grammar? Not for a grammar of the ordinary stamp; their name indeed is Legion, and we have had more than enough of them. Rules upon rules and exceptions upon exceptions, without end or method, involve the hapless student in a maze of perplexity, from which he vainly seeks to extricate himself; and language, instead of being an every-day matter, becomes a profound science baffling all ordinary comprehensions. We are glad to see then in the little work before us all these involvements cast to the winds, and a simple yet solid foundation laid instead, on which a uniform and intelligible superstructure is raised. The careful reader will find, after perusing it, that he has attained a thorough knowledge of grammar in all its phases, *per saltum*, and almost without being aware that he has been studying what is usually acquired in so roundabout a way.

The Analysis of Sentences explained and systematised. By J. MORELL, A.M. Theobald.

PEOPLE in general will be inclined, at first sight, to pronounce this book a superfluity. It is enough for them that they frame sentences, according to the common law of their mother tongue, to express the meaning they desire to convey. What may be the subjects, what the predicates, what the objects, in the said sentences, and whether any of these be simple

or compound, are matters having no interest whatever for them. In like manner they will enjoy the wonders of the telescope and the microscope, and yet never think of troubling themselves about the laws of optics. All this, we grieve to say, argues a very uninquiring and unphilosophical spirit in the generality of mankind, and is the more inexcusable in Englishmen, they having before their eyes the example of the most amiable of their monarchs, who, as the well-known legend goes, accidentally falling in with an apple dumpling, delayed partaking of it till he had informed himself by what process the apples had obtained entrance into their apparently impervious case. We see no just cause or impediment why this principle should not be applied to language; no man presuming to utter a sentence till he is able to analyse it. We would gladly see such a law put in force, for we shrewdly suspect that the greatest chatterers would be the most affected by it. Be this as it may, the present "Analysis" is worthy the notice of any reader as a sort of curious literary dissection, though, as we learn from the preface, it is primarily intended for the instruction of pupil teachers of the National Schools, for which purpose, the author says, it has proved very efficient.

Truths illustrated by Great Authors. London: White, Pall Mall. 1852.

THIS valuable and interesting volume consists of a compilation of the recorded thoughts of a great variety of standard authors upon a multitude of subjects. As a book of reference, or as a travelling companion, nothing can be more useful, more acceptable, or more improving. It can be taken up between the intervals of business or relaxation; and dull must be the mind, obtuse the intellect, that cannot under any circumstances find food for deep thought in this rich cabinet. Here are we brought at once into close converse with the illustrious dead—here can we commune with many of those mighty spirits, whose hallowed lips, touched with celestial fire, have in all ages of the world exalted and instructed their fellow-men.

The compiler has shown so much taste in his selections, that we only wish he had not thought it advisable to confine the field of his operations to its present limits. It were impossible to value too highly a collection such as this, did it include a still greater diversity of topics. Nevertheless, we gratefully accept the book thus given to the world—it is a casket replete with costly and imperishable gems.

The compiler, modestly hoping for the reader's indulgence, gracefully offers, in palliation of his faults of omission and commission, the following appropriate passage from a very acute and judicious writer. "There are," he says, "few minds but might furnish some instruction and entertainment out of their scraps, their odds and ends of thought. They who cannot weave a uniform web, may at least produce a piece of patchwork, which may be useful and not without a charm of its own."

It is not often that we can speak of a book in terms of unqualified approbation. In the present instance we can do so most conscientiously and most willingly.

Home Truths for Home Peace. (No. I.) Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange. 1852.

UNDAUNTED by the merciless ridicule so unjustly levelled against the pious efforts of good Mrs. Partridge, our authoress comes boldly forward to try conclusions with "Muddle," a monster more fatal, more dangerous, than even the encroachment of the swelling Atlantic. Not the least of the marvels worked by the strong arm of Alcides was the sanitary reform he introduced into the shed of the slovenly Augeus, but history is silent as to the subsequent condition of the royal stables. Our authoress carts off her rubbish once and for ever. She is no mere theorist, no vague dreamer of a state of things that exists, but in Utopia. No. "Order is Heaven's first law," and she is its apostle, and preaches her crusade in the abodes, whether high or low, that most require the aid of her mission and the experience she brings to bear upon it. "He best can paint them who has felt them most" (and who hasn't?). Hear her upon this point:—

> Besides, let a day or daily visitor be ever so acute an observer, what can be learnt of the mysteries of Muddle by any one who does not stay in her abodes all night? Who that has not had this advantage, can fancy what it is to be left in a bell-less room without water, soap, or towel; or how is the genius of the place to be looked at in the proper light or darkness by any one who has not been appointed to a greasy, snufferless candlestick, with "an end" just long enough to fire the paper round it before the hapless individual is half undressed, so that he is fain to extinguish the conflagration with his fingers, and then to grope his way to bed. And *what* a bed! How can persons who go home to sleep in comfort divine what those must feel who, even *if* honoured with fresh and well-aired sheets, are stretched on bumps and lumps more likely to be composed of ducks and geese entire, or scrupulously plucked, than of any softer or more elastic material in the world?
>
> What just idea can be formed of Muddle from a description in which its chief elements and worst accompaniments are studiously kept out of sight?

Supposing that a commission were to be formed to inquire into, and to report upon, "Muddle, its Causes, and Effects, &c., &c.," such commission to be entrusted, moreover, to the omniscience of those unerring spirits, barristers of seven years' standing, we think that even they would shrink from the task of investigating as follows:—

> Have you never been in houses and in families where all the labour and sorrow, the getting up and washing up, the mending and making, the cooking and baking, the sweeping and rubbing, the cleaning and scrubbing, the folding and scolding, the blacking and clacking, the smashing and crashing, the petting and fretting, the sighing and crying, the calling and bawling, the falling and squalling, were going on from morning till night; and notwithstanding the

united efforts of mistress, maids, and children thus indefatigably employed, nothing was clean, nothing was mended, nothing was made, nothing was ready; but everything was left in more dirt and disorder at the end of the day than if the whole of the "dramatis personæ" had been sitting all the four-and-twenty hours with their hands before them?

But our authoress is untiring in her researches. Let us accompany her in her domiciliary visits. We can well imagine the scrupulous neatness of her costume, and how her garments retain their matchless purity and freshness even during the rain and wind, those mighty auxiliaries of muddle:—

You knock *or* ring—then knock *and* ring—once, twice, and thrice; and if, when weary of the examination of the impenetrable street door, you resort for amusement to the passers-by, and distinguish amongst them some more familiar with the neighbourhood than you are, you will infallibly detect an aggravating smile of sympathy with this your patient waiting—a sort of "I wish you may get it, my good friend," which, as a tacit avowal that your chance of "getting it" is very small indeed, gives you the comfortable assurance that, long as you have already knocked and rung, you have still to knock and ring a great while longer. You cannot, however, conclude that these repeated announcements of your arrival have been wasted on an empty dwelling, nor that they have been altogether unheard or unheeded, for at your every fresh performance on the musical instrument without increased and increasing scuffling is as clearly to be perceived within, and this frequently in such close vicinity to the place of your endurance, followed by such hasty scuddings to a greater distance, that you can only account for the continued delay in admitting you by the occurrence of a succession of sudden and untoward accidents that might render the presence of a friend peculiarly desirable.

At length, and just as you have determined on departing from this dwelling of mysterious turmoil, to seek a readier entrance in a different quarter, the door is pulled violently backwards as far as a muddy door-mat will allow, and the monotony of waiting on the one side is varied by your being graciously permitted to remain waiting on the other.

We have quoted at far greater length than is usual with us; but really, not only is the above the most characteristic instance of the graphic powers of our fair authoress, but we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity to speed so pious a cause. Now we who lack both wife and wig-wam can afford to smile at the foregoing picture from real life, but the following extract comes, alas! painfully near to our homes and hearts:—

Now if, under the *best* and most salutary influences, "*things*" will occasionally make secret or overt attempts to get the upper hand, of what rebellious demonstrations or chaotic efforts are not they likely to be guilty, where every superior governing power is absent or asleep, and where, if *they* do not in some measure attend to themselves and to each other, it is morally certain that no one else will!

And what "*things*" *are* capable of, thus unrestrained, none but an eye-witness can appreciate! the ingenuity, the activity, the eccentricity, and, alas! the malignity of their actions, are alike astounding and incomprehensible!

"*In a muddle*," the most valuable china will not only "*fall down of its own accord*" (*that*, as we have seen, may be expected of it *anywhere*), but it will previously *climb up* to some tremendous elevation, that it may aggravate its own destruction by that of all the yet simple-minded and able-bodied crockery beneath, thereby multiplying tenfold injury and annoyance to its owners. In the same spirit, though in an opposite direction, useless, lumbering articles, *always kept* at the very top of the house, will yet get down any number of stairs, or flights of stairs, in order to seek out low company in the kitchen, or to endanger the life or limb of every inmate of the dwelling by placing themselves, with unblushing effrontery, in a passage. Keys will shake off their rings, and get out of your very pockets, to crawl beneath the hearthrug or leap into the dustbin. Pitchers, notoriously dry whenever you had approached them to obtain only "a drop of water," will find out the nearest pump and there get filled "too full"—rather than lose an opportunity of watering the bed-room floors as if mustard and cress salads were to spring up from the carpets. Cruets, saltcellars, and decanters mock the thoughtless housewife, who is "continually replenishing them," by as perseveringly discharging their contents; whilst shirts and other garments, "put away on Saturday night without a single stitch or fastening wanting," and naturally expected to be fit for wear on Sunday morning, will actually get up again in the dead silence of the night, and proceed to distant drawers and wardrobes, that they might enjoy the malignant satisfaction of pulling off each other's strings and buttons.

The book abounds in passages such as these, and might well be dedicated to "Persons about to Marry." If it have a fault, it may be that the fair writer's sparkling and epigrammatic style is slightly inconsistent with the plain truths she so ably inculcates; however, we will not quarrel with her for her *castigat ridendo mores* system, it is worth a thousand homilies, and that it has proved effective is amply demonstrated by the fact that her work has attained the well-carned honours of a second edition. We should wish particularly to recommend it to sundry individuals we have in our ken, and certain are we that each would exclaim, after their own fashion: *Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo!*

Notes on Public Subjects made during a Tour in the United States and in Canada. By Hugh Seymour Tremenheere. London: 1852.

This is a very valuable, dry, statistical, unreadable book, full of educational questions, railways, the press, the ballot, and such-like matters. If we were to review the book at length, we must discuss it in a very long article and enter into points that are still matter of high debate. The ballot and the press, however, are not of a novel or of a passing interest, and we will not be seduced. Mr. Tremenheere is not a very logical reasoner, but he is an intelligent observer.

A Brief Treatise on the Regulation of Human Teeth. By Donaldson M'Kenzie, Surgeon-Dentist. London: Francis Baisler, 142, Oxford-street. 1852.

The public are here presented in a compendious form with a condensed colloquial statement of facts upon a subject of vital importance to all classes. The observations comprised in the pages before us are altogether devoid of that tone of empiricism which pervades the generality of publications on this topic.

Mr. M'Kenzie's long practical experience is the best warrant we can have for the value of his remarks.

We may add that they are written in a style perfectly intelligible to the humblest capacity, and devoid of all technicalties. The numerous wood-cuts with which the book is interspersed admirably elucidate the letter-press.

Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of Thérèsa Charlotte Duchess of Angoulême, the last of the Dauphines. By Mrs. Romer.

This biography was commenced by the late Mrs. Romer, and is continued by Dr. Doran. It is the French Revolution and the sufferings of the Royalists sketched from the religious point of view, with the Duchess of Angoulême as the centre figure.

The Lost Steamer. A History of the Amazon. Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster-row, and 70, Edgware-road. London: 1852.

A very interesting little volume is this, touching, as it does, upon every topic connected with our vast fleet of ocean steamers in general, and with the unfortunate Amazon in particular.

We strongly commend it for perusal. Those who have never yet set foot upon the deck of one of these leviathan packets may here learn, better than they could elsewhere, how the whole internal economy of those mighty ships is conducted.

The gloom with which the melancholy loss of the Amazon overspread the country has scarcely yet been dispelled, and the sacrifice of life on that occasion was so great, that the unhappy bereavement of widows and orphans it occasioned, will long commemorate the sad catastrophe. To all such—and to all who wish for a faithful record of the sad event, this book will be a most acceptable memorial.

We cannot close our brief notice without adverting to the noble way in which the country came forward as with one accord, and, when it was estimated that £10,000 would meet the real wants of the afflicted mourners (numbering nearly 60 widows and 150 children), in a few weeks subscribed £12,000 to meet the exigencies of their distressed fellow-creatures. Though poor Warburton's grave is in the deep, we rejoice to learn that he had made ample provision for his widow and child, having insured his life for ten thousand pounds.

A Ride through the Nubian Desert. By Capt. W. Peel, R.N.

This is a sailor's log. Capt. Peel set out from Egypt to trace the course of the Nile. He got to Khartoun, where the White and Blue Niles join, and thence tracking the upward course of the White River, he reached Kordofan. Here the Captain became ill with fever and ague, and was obliged to return.

A journey to Khartoun was performed by a Cockney party, including all the ladies of the family, not long ago, and they inflicted their book upon us accordingly. Captain Peel's book being a literal reprint of his journal, and nothing more, is a much dryer and more stupid book than the Cockney party's book, and not a whit more instructive.

Residence in Algeria. By Mme. Prus. London: 1852.

Mme. Prus is the Miss Strickland of French literature, and we strongly suspected this work to be a translation from the French. We believe, however, that this is, and is not so. The work was, as we understand, written in French, but never printed; the MS. was published by the English publisher and translated. It is interesting as a French lady's impressions of this French "colony."

Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1852. Hunt and Son, 6, New Church-street, Edgware-road.

Great credit is due to Messrs. Hunt for the care they have bestowed in perfecting this most useful hand-book. It is one, for which we have, year by year, increasing need, as yachting becomes annually a pursuit of greater and more engrossing importance.

It is pleasing to note the gradual augmentation of the various squadrons whose snowy sails stud, every summer, the waters that encircle our isle; and to observe, at the same time, the growing interest taken by all classes in this truly English pastime, one in comparison with which all others sink into insignificance.

Let it not be forgotten that we have at this moment in our various clubs no less than 792 vessels of all dimensions, from 8 up to 393 tons; last year they numbered but 720, so that we have an increase of 73 upon the year, and of four hundred and eighty since the year 1840.

In the neat little volume before us they all appear carefully arranged in alphabetical order, with the names of their several owners, their rig, tonnage, and the numbers of the clubs to which they appertain. Then we have an alphabetical list of yacht-owners themselves, with the numbers of their vessels. Nor is the information confined to our seventeen royal clubs; similar intelligence is furnished relative to the American, the Russian, the Belgian, and the Dutch clubs.

It is scarcely possible to enumerate within the limits of a notice like the present, a tithe of the matter comprised in this book, the dimensions of which are such that it can readily be carried in the waistcoat pocket. Suffice it, then, to state that we have an announcement of all the regattas for the year, and a review of all those within the past twelve months—lists of the winners of prizes, of yacht builders, coloured engravings of all the burgees and ensigns of the different clubs and of Ackers' signals, tide tables, graduated time tables, rules for calculating tonnage, &c., besides a vast amount of other useful miscellaneous information. It is, in fact, a book which no one in any way connected with yachting can possibly dispense with.

No pains have been spared to render the work accurate and complete, and right well do Messrs. Hunt merit encouragement for their spirited undertaking.

We observe that they moreover contemplate bringing out a monthly magazine exclusively devoted to yachting, in which every useful and practical subject will be discussed; and as its pages will be open to all yachtsmen, extracts from their log-books and other information will be solicited. The work is to be interspersed with tales, engravings, and sketches.

This is a new and happy idea, and deserves to be warmly taken up. It is high time that yachtsmen should have an organ of their own, and a medium of communication amongst themselves.

Outlines of Geology. By ROSINA M. ZORNLIN. *Outlines of Physical Geography.* By ROSINA M. ZORNLIN. London: J. W. Parker.

AMONG the many who have taken in hand the task of smoothing the way of knowledge to the youthful aspirant none rank higher than the lady whose name is given above. There is scarcely a subject in the wide range of history and natural philosophy which she has not illustrated, and always with that peculiar tact which mitigates, without evading, the difficulties of the various subjects, and divests the most complex among them of that formidable garb which would otherwise terrify the young beginner. The present little treatise in geology is one of these; that profound science being brought as much as is possible within the limits of the tender capacity, by simple language and neat little illustrative plates. The second, on physical geography, treats with equal simplicity and clearness of the general physical structure of the earth, its divisions and various characteristics, climates, atmosphere, electricity, distribution of plants, of animals, and of man, with his languages, &c., so that children of ordinary intelligence, after carefully considering this or other similar little treatises, will rise from the study as knowing on the subject, or more so, than many of a larger growth.

The Bible and the Working Classes. By ALEXANDER WALLACE, Edinburgh. William Oliphant and Sons, Edinburgh. One vol., 8vo. London: 1852.

THIS is a series of lectures delivered in the course of last year by the Rev. Alexander Wallace, to the labouring classes, at Bradford in Yorkshire, upon the subject of the Bible.

These addresses, we are told, were intended as an experiment, to bring out those who did not attend any place of worship, or who entertained doubts respecting the truth of the Scriptures. A great number were induced to listen to the lecturer, whose benevolent efforts to make the Bible and its purport known to those who were almost wholly ignorant of it before, seem to have been crowned with greater success than he himself had anticipated. The benefit which attended the delivery of these essays will assuredly be extended by their publication, and some idea may be formed of the estimation in which they are already held, from the fact that several thousand copies were rapidly disposed of, as soon as they were thrown off from the press.

The Sinfulness of Little Sins. A Course of Sermons preached in Lent. By JOHN JACKSON, M.A. Skeffington and Southwell.

THE truth involved in the above title is one of the deepest import, yet one which is seldom pondered upon as it ought to be, with a view to the regulation of the mind and conduct. Without frequent and profound meditation upon it, a due appreciation of our moral state cannot be attained; he, therefore, does good service, who calls attention to it with the earnestness and unaffectedness which characterise these discourses. In the first he shows the heinousness of sin in general, as rebellion against an all-powerful King, and ingratitude towards a loving Father and our highest Benefactor. In the succeeding sermons he proceeds to consider in detail, the sins of the temper, of pride and vanity, of the thoughts, and of the tongue, concluding with sins of omission, without touching on which, the series would not be perfect. These several points are treated with a simplicity and impressiveness combined, which cannot fail to edify all who peruse the little volume; indeed, that such would be its character the name of the writer is a sufficient guarantee.

Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling. By the Author of "Visiting my Relations." London: 1852.

PLEASANT and thoughtful essays. The latter half of the book contains the religious experiences of the writer. What exact landing-place in the religious world the lady has found, she does not tell us. Perhaps a more attentive perusal of the volume than we have given it, might enable a reader to solve the riddle.

Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and others on the Mode of Editing the Writings of Washington. By the Hon. JARED SPARKS, LL.D.* Cambridge, U. S. 1852.

LORD MAHON, in the last volumes of his "History of England," treats of the American war. Taking the old Tory view of the question, he can see in the heroes of the Revolution nothing but rebels, and he takes some liberty with his historical authorities to prove them to be as bad as rebels ought to be. He misquotes La Fayette to prove General Greene to

* Dr. Sparks is the President of Harvard University, Boston, U. S.

have been a drunkard; he depreciates Franklin, and he falls foul of the editor of "Washington's Correspondence," declaring that "Dr. Sparks has printed no part of the correspondence precisely as Washington wrote it." Lord Mahon's ungenerous treatment of the founders of a nation whose future greatness, imagination is not large enough to measure, has excited some stir on the other side of the water, and if his lordship should read all the exposures of his blunders as they appear in the Yankee literary papers he has probably done fair penance for his sins. Dr. Sparks, in this pamphlet, gives to the charge made against him a direct and flat contradiction. If the Americans knew how little we in this country think of Lord Mahon or his book, and how totally the latter is unread, except within a little Tory clique, we think they would give themselves less trouble about the matter.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. London: Routledge and Co.

THIS is a reprint of the verses of a poet who has gained some popularity in America, and who seeks to be known in the land of his grandsires.

Dr. Holmes is still a young man, and one of the most eminent physicians in Boston, and Miss Mitford has devoted a whole chapter of her recently-published work to his praise. We have not space to say how far we agree and disagree with this lady in her criticism, for the fact of her strong recommendation will probably induce many English readers to look into this little volume.

An Idea of a Christian. By S. W. PARTRIDGE, Author of "Voices from the Garden," &c. Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster-row.

THIS is a pious meditation upon the qualities which should distinguish a real Christian. It is expressed in rhythmical cadences, whereof a single short example will best explain the nature of the work:—

Honoured and blest; wealthy in character, worthy among earth's worthiest,
Affluent in lovers, rich in sunny memories and sunnier hopes,
His successive relationships filled with credit and honour,
His good deeds lying thick about him, like leaves around the parent tree;
He sleepeth, calmly confiding in the blood of the Atoning One.
The winged spirit bursteth impatiently from the embracing body,
And peace, hope, and confidence grace his triumphant departure.

No pains have been spared to render the work accurate and complete, and right well do Messrs. Hunt merit encouragement for their spirited undertaking.

We observe that they moreover contemplate bringing out a monthly magazine exclusively devoted to yachting, in which every useful and practical subject will be discussed; and as its pages will be open to all yachtsmen, extracts from their log-books and other information will be solicited. The work is to be interspersed with tales, engravings, and sketches.

This is a new and happy idea, and deserves to be warmly taken up. It is high time that yachtsmen should have an organ of their own, and a medium of communication amongst themselves.

Outlines of Geology. By ROSINA M. ZORNLIN. *Outlines of Physical Geography.* By ROSINA M. ZORNLIN. London: J. W. Parker.

AMONG the many who have taken in hand the task of smoothing the way of knowledge to the youthful aspirant none rank higher than the lady whose name is given above. There is scarcely a subject in the wide range of history and natural philosophy which she has not illustrated, and always with that peculiar tact which mitigates, without evading, the difficulties of the various subjects, and divests the most complex among them of that formidable garb which would otherwise terrify the young beginner. The present little treatise in geology is one of these; that profound science being brought as much as is possible within the limits of the tender capacity, by simple language and neat little illustrative plates. The second, on physical geography, treats with equal simplicity and clearness of the general physical structure of the earth, its divisions and various characteristics, climates, atmosphere, electricity, distribution of plants, of animals, and of man, with his languages, &c., so that children of ordinary intelligence, after carefully considering this or other similar little treatises, will rise from the study as knowing on the subject, or more so, than many of a larger growth.

The Bible and the Working Classes. By ALEXANDER WALLACE, Edinburgh. William Oliphant and Sons, Edinburgh. One vol., 8vo. London: 1852.

THIS is a series of lectures delivered in the course of last year by the Rev. Alexander Wallace, to the labouring classes, at Bradford in Yorkshire, upon the subject of the Bible.

These addresses, we are told, were intended as an experiment, to bring out those who did not attend any place of worship, or who entertained doubts respecting the truth of the Scriptures. A great number were induced to listen to the lecturer, whose benevolent efforts to make the Bible and its purport known to those who were almost wholly ignorant of it before, seem to have been crowned with greater success than he himself had anticipated. The benefit which attended the delivery of these essays will assuredly be extended by their publication, and some idea may be formed of the estimation in which they are already held, from the fact that several thousand copies were rapidly disposed of, as soon as they were thrown off from the press.

The Sinfulness of Little Sins. A Course of Sermons preached in Lent. By JOHN JACKSON, M.A. Skeffington and Southwell.

THE truth involved in the above title is one of the deepest import, yet one which is seldom pondered upon as it ought to be, with a view to the regulation of the mind and conduct. Without frequent and profound meditation upon it, a due appreciation of our moral state cannot be attained; he, therefore, does good service, who calls attention to it with the earnestness and unaffectedness which characterise these discourses. In the first he shows the heinousness of sin in general, as rebellion against an all-powerful King, and ingratitude towards a loving Father and our highest Benefactor. In the succeeding sermons he proceeds to consider in detail, the sins of the temper, of pride and vanity, of the thoughts, and of the tongue, concluding with sins of omission, without touching on which, the series would not be perfect. These several points are treated with a simplicity and impressiveness combined, which cannot fail to edify all who peruse the little volume; indeed, that such would be its character the name of the writer is a sufficient guarantee.

Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling. By the Author of "Visiting my Relations." London: 1852.

PLEASANT and thoughtful essays. The latter half of the book contains the religious experiences of the writer. What exact landing-place in the religious world the lady has found, she does not tell us. Perhaps a more attentive perusal of the volume than we have given it, might enable a reader to solve the riddle.

Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and others on the Mode of Editing the Writings of Washington. By the Hon. JARED SPARKS, LL.D.* Cambridge, U. S. 1852.

LORD MAHON, in the last volumes of his "History of England," treats of the American war. Taking the old Tory view of the question, he can see in the heroes of the Revolution nothing but rebels, and he takes some liberty with his historical authorities to prove them to be as bad as rebels ought to be. He misquotes La Fayette to prove General Greene to

* Dr. Sparks is the President of Harvard University, Boston, U. S.

have been a drunkard; he depreciates Franklin, and he falls foul of the editor of "Washington's Correspondence," declaring that "Dr. Sparks has printed no part of the correspondence precisely as Washington wrote it." Lord Mahon's ungenerous treatment of the founders of a nation whose future greatness, imagination is not large enough to measure, has excited some stir on the other side of the water, and if his lordship should read all the exposures of his blunders as they appear in the Yankee literary papers he has probably done fair penance for his sins. Dr. Sparks, in this pamphlet, gives to the charge made against him a direct and flat contradiction. If the Americans knew how little we in this country think of Lord Mahon or his book, and how totally the latter is unread, except within a little Tory clique, we think they would give themselves less trouble about the matter.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. London: Routledge and Co.

THIS is a reprint of the verses of a poet who has gained some popularity in America, and who seeks to be known in the land of his grandsires.

Dr. Holmes is still a young man, and one of the most eminent physicians in Boston, and Miss Mitford has devoted a whole chapter of her recently-published work to his praise. We have not space to say how far we agree and disagree with this lady in her criticism, for the fact of her strong recommendation will probably induce many English readers to look into this little volume.

An Idea of a Christian. By S. W. PARTRIDGE, Author of "Voices from the Garden," &c. Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster-row.

THIS is a pious meditation upon the qualities which should distinguish a real Christian. It is expressed in rhythmical cadences, whereof a single short example will best explain the nature of the work:—

Honoured and blest; wealthy in character, worthy among earth's worthiest,
Affluent in lovers, rich in sunny memories and sunnier hopes,
His successive relationships filled with credit and honour,
His good deeds lying thick about him, like leaves around the parent tree;
He sleepeth, calmly confiding in the blood of the Atoning One.
The winged spirit bursteth impatiently from the embracing body,
And peace, hope, and confidence grace his triumphant departure.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

RÉSUMÉ.

Despite the strictness of the censorship, we have a great many books from Paris this quarter. Lamartine and Vanlabelle continue their respective histories of the Restoration. Lamartine's fifth volume ends with the death of Ney, and with a sentiment so very Lamartine that we must quote it. "Après des luttes intestines, surtout quand elles sont compliquées de luttes patriotiques avec l'étranger, et quand les égarements ont l'excuse d'illustres exploits et d'une grande gloire, il n'y a qu'une justice, c'est l'amnistie." This is the sum of Lamartine's morality—admiration, reward, at least impunity, for every *splendid* crime. We have, however, previously devoted some space to the appreciation of the style and mind of Lamartine, and we shall, upon this occasion, introduce our readers to his less brilliant and less known rival, protesting, however, that we must not be understood to adopt every sentiment of the critic to whom this task has been assigned.

We must guard ourselves by a similar remark with respect to the review of the Baron Bourgoing's "Aperçus Nouveaux de Politique Internationale," which treating as it does upon the much-agitated question of a French invasion, and being in effect a declaration upon this subject by the present ruler of France, cannot be uninteresting to the English public.

Among the other political works, perhaps the most important is M. Chevalier's "Examen du Système Commercial connu sous le nom de système protecteur." This is a free-trade treatise of the ablest kind, and might furnish arguments even to Cobden and Bright upon their favourite theme. The chapter upon the "rapports intimes entre la doctrine protectioniste et le communisme," is, so far as we know, the first discussion in print of a fact which has long engaged the attention of thoughtful men. Our "Booksellers' Associations," our "Amalgamated Society of Engineers," our "Trades Unions," and our "Agricultural Societies," so far as they have for their object to give an artificial price to particular products of industry, and to confine such production to the members of the societies, are all alike protectionist, monopolist, and anti-competitive, or, in other words, "communist."

"Les Bourgeois Célèbres de Paris" are a series of biographies of the great men to whom Paris has given birth. Among them we have notices of the lives of Jean Bussy le Clerc, the thoughtful Pascal (a new edition of whose "*Pensées*" has recently appeared under the editorship of M. Ernest Huvet), Brisson, Quesnay, Turgot, and many others. We pass it over as a book of no great interest to the English reader.

"Le Triumvirat Littéraire du XVIme Siècle," meaning thereby Lipsius, Scaliger, and Casaubon, is a life of those three scholars by M. Charles Nisaud, who devoutly thanks Heaven for having sent Louis Napoleon to tranquillise France, and to allow him to cultivate his much-loved letters in peace.

M. Gerard de Nerval, the author of a "Voyage en Orient" (Lamartine's titles are eagerly caught up by his would-be rivals), has produced a work called "Les Illuminés, ou les Précurseurs du Socialisme," wherein the Freemasons and Cagliostro, and all other similar topics, are treated without much novelty.

We looked into the "Voyage dans l'Archipel Indien," by M. Fontanier, Ancien Consul à Singapour, hoping to find something new about Japan, but have been disappointed.

The "Histoire des Marionettes en Europe," by Charles Magnin, is, we believe, a reprint of some papers that have already appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. We recommend it to our contemporary, *Punch*, for therein he will find a very careful history of all his ancestors.

We have received among our French books the two new works of M. Guizot, which are already in the hands of the English public—Corneille and Shakspeare. The English translations have preceded the French originals, in order to preserve the copyright here. We need scarcely recommend all those who are able to do so to read in the original language of the writer the judgment of this statesman-author upon the two great dramatists of his country and ours.

Dumas continues his Memoirs. The seventh and eighth volumes are now out, and bring down the hero to the events of the Hundred Days. They are full of dramatic gossip.

The novels are not very remarkable. "Lydie," by Henri de Kock, who imitates the great Paul with full effect, continues, and the second volume is as leste as the first. "La Madelaine Répentante" created more sensation by the fact of its having been suppressed upon its first appearance (upon moral grounds) than by its intrinsic power. The President, however, relented, and the interdict has been withdrawn. If the Parisians are debarred from their usual luxury of naughty novels, we recommend the President to look to it.

The new novels, however, will be made the subjects of separate reviews, and we may thus close our résumé.

Aperçus Nouveaux de Politique Internationale. Par le Baron PAUL BOURGOING. Paris: 1852.

THE name of this author is so well known in diplomacy, he having served as it were an apprenticeship in every school of the science for the last thirty years, that his *brochure* becomes of more value than its slight form and exceeding paucity of modern instances would at first lead us to believe. The "great article" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has led to such an abundance of these political retrospects and anticipations of warfare—confirmations and denials of hostile intent—that it is rather a relief to find one written by a man upon whose judgment and experience we can rely. M. Paul Bourgoing, as his title-page ostentatiously sets forth, has been formerly "Ambassador to the Court of Spain," "Minister Plenipotentiary in Russia, Saxony, and Bavaria," and "Chargé d'Affaires in Denmark and Prussia." As there is certainly no disputing the diplomatic opinions of so confirmed a diplomate, we turn at once to his book, hoping therein to find confirmation of our own. Of the chances of war in Europe M. Bourgoing judiciously observes:—

While Europe has been since February, 1848, more than ever agitated by revolutionary principles, dissevered by rebellions, barricades, and civil war, every State cabinet seems to have forgotten its ancient causes of enmity or mistrust, in order to concert with its neighbours upon the best means of resistance towards the common enemy."

What is this common enemy which rises up like a bleeding spectre before the "State cabinets of Europe," and compels them thus to forget old enmities and cause of quarrel to seek safety in each other's arms? It is no longer the invader and the foreigner—neither the Tartar nor the "strange-visaged man from beyond the Caucasus"—which has become the dread and terror of the "State cabinets of Europe:" it is the incubus which each continental monarch finds sitting by his own hearth-stone, feeding on the very bread he has been hoarding for his children yet unborn, warming its misshapen form at the embers of the fire which has already devoured the legacy his fathers had left him in all security. M. Bourgoing takes infinite pains all through his work to reject the idea of the pale, ill-omened spectre to which we allude; he insists upon the impossibility of war merely upon the ground of the progress of reason and the enlightened policy of the different courts of Europe, and yet he cannot help admitting that England, quite *en dehors* of continental interests, has yet been the first to accept the possibility of a war with France, and that Germany, much better informed than England as to the state of public opinion and the intentions of the French Government, has adopted the same "chimerical apprehensions;" and, after having glorified his own country for her moderation in abstaining from all aggression, and for her prudence in refusing to accord her hospitality to fomenters of discord from Hungary and Baden, he proceeds to expatiate upon the almost divine mission of the French in Italy, which he qualifies as a noble and praiseworthy display of French power and grandeur. For a moment he even forgets the peace-making attitude he had assumed; the sight of the French troops entering the gates of the Eternal City rouses all his warlike ardour, and every drop of his French blood tingles within him.

In calling to mind our expedition to Rome we will exhibit our army, remaining, as it always does, the object of our legitimate pride. We can point to it with enthusiasm, when every misfortune threatened Europe, rushing to the capital of the Christian world, to save our holy religion, and with it the civilisation of the entire universe.

This glorious employment of our arms, which brings to memory that ever since the beginning of history the French army has always been the firmest defender of the faith; this noble refusal to meddle with the affairs of Germany, in defiance of ancient tradition, which had always led us to take advantage of the political troubles of our neighbours; these acts of prudence and pacific moderation, opposed to the expressions of legitimate pride which we had addressed to England about the same time regarding some little political difference in Greece—all these acts, I say, authorise me to assert that the policy I am now scrutinising gives us every claim to the esteem, the gratitude, and the confidence of every other nation.

The re-establishment of the Papal throne, accomplished by the power of French arms, is most satisfactory to our national pride. It is rare, in this era of doubt and egotism, to behold such perilous and costly expeditions undertaken with so noble an aim—with such purely disinterested views. We march this time without any idea of conquest or of defence: it is not the French Republic which sends an army into Italy—it is Catholic France giving the blood of her children to serve the cause of God.

And this war already brings with it its recompense. It exhibits the worth of our army, which has been hardened to danger and fatigue by the campaigns of Africa. Europe is struck with admiration at the skill displayed by every branch of our military service; she understands that if our Government chooses to remain pacific and moderate, its moderation is that of wisdom united with power, for the soldiers it can command are worthy of their glorious predecessors."

For a preacher of peace this looks rather warlike, and seems the note of defiance rather than that of conciliation. A little further on, after having assured us that not a single thought of war can ever be accepted by any European power, M. Bourgoing once more, forgetful of his pacific mission, exclaims:—"In the interest of our own preservation, we say to the great powers, '*If you would remain at peace with us meddle not with the affairs of Italy.*'" He thinks it necessary, however, to explain, and adds—"These words can be justified to the satisfaction of all Europe by this simple reasoning:—

In order that France may be enabled to defend herself, the coalition must never be allowed to turn against her the

entire amount of their combined forces. If Austria is suffered to occupy Italy, the greatest part of her army becomes available; France must, therefore, be careful not to allow her adversaries to take such advantage. Under the Restoration, as well as under the Government of July, Italy was a permanent subject of uneasy jealousies and interminable disputes between ourselves and the other great powers. Our masters in political science and in military strategy consider this peninsula as the *great bastion of our defensive system*, and in moments of difficulty it becomes a matter of importance to know whose garrison will be the first to occupy it. Thus may be explained the expedition of Ancona, conceived and realised without the slightest idea of conquest, but which was effectuated in so sudden and unexpected a manner, and merely as the occupation of an important advanced post the day before a great battle.

Our readers will perceive that our peace-maker is again wandering into visions of future glory for French arms, and that he beholds other themes for the *gloire* and *victoire* of the military poets of his country. He evidently anticipates a permanent occupation of Italy by the French army, and is grasping already at the additional honour conferred upon the nation. With great *naïveté* he asks whether such occupation is not an absolute necessity to keep the peace he so much values, calling upon the whole world to bear witness that, of all the inventions for the destruction of human life, but one has emanated from France—the long range obus of Paixhans.

Our *chasseurs de Vincennes* (says he), so dreaded by the English press, have certainly displayed their skill and valour before the walls of Rome, but it would be absurd to pretend that because of their skill and valour we seek to invade Europe. Every continental army possesses its *chasseurs-carabiniers*. In Russia, the *chasseurs* of Finland; in Prussia, the *chasseurs de la garde* and the battalion of Neufchâtel are of ancient creation; in Sardinia, the corps of *Bersaglieri*, founded by Charles Albert, has adopted every foreign improvement in the use of the rifle; Austria and Bavaria possessed their *tirailleurs-carabiniers* before they were introduced into the French army; the English themselves possessed a formidable corps of sharpshooters during the last war. In general, none of these inventions are of such recent date as the last four years; it is, therefore, not logical to reckon amongst the causes which might lead us to war and invasion any of these agents for the destruction of the enemy.

M. Bourgoing concludes by an endeavour to give us heart o'grace respecting the intentions of France. She will not make war upon us this once; she will respect our fears for the present, and bide her time. She advises meanwhile, through M. Bourgoing, who has established himself her mouthpiece, every sovereign to watch with vigilance his own country, and the progress of opinion amongst his own people—in other words, to mind his own business. He is to overlook and check all bad passions, to encourage the development of right principles, and to be assured that all governments have learnt a useful lesson *during the last four years*, and that they have acquired the right to defend themselves with energy before it becomes too late.

Henceforward (says M. Bourgoing) we shall behold no more, in the different capitals of Europe, the wretched spectacle of mortal struggle between the people and the army. These two powers have at length measured their mutual strength and skill. Henceforth it will but need a little prudence and foresight to prevent all popular movement; and we have recently beheld the force of military organisation, employed in time, subdue without trouble the incoherent matter of insurrection. We have beheld by this means the total destruction of the long-cherished idea that great cities like Paris, Vienna, Berlin, were invincible giants, whose caprices must be endured each time they were afflicted with madness or convulsions. Society will henceforward be defended, and will run no further risk of being taken by storm by the brute-blind force of the ignorant masses.

Such is the opinion of the ancient ambassador, the plenipotentiary, the chargé d'affaires, the envoyé, the legate—to Spain, to Russia, to Saxony and Bavaria, to Denmark, and to Prussia! How dare we differ from his high authority?—how presume we to question his knowledge, acquired by thirty years' residence in foreign courts? Because we feel convinced that France will never consent to accept the position she has by one false step made for herself, and return to the same place in the political world which she held in the fifteenth century—because the spectre of which we have already spoken is even now standing at the bottom of the ladder up which all kinds of mean ambitions are slowly mounting and grinning in mockery—is already stretching forth its long lean arm to upset the ladder itself, as being the shortest way to get rid at once both of the climbers and of the means of climbing. The idea of universal predominance is the basis of all French ambition. It has haunted the nation from its earliest history. From Louis Quatorze to the Republic of '93, the policy of France, desperate as it was, was governed by this *idée fixe*. Napoleon found it full grown and already accepted by the country; to what extent he played upon it can best be seen in the history of Waterloo, the entrance of the allies into Paris, and, last of all, upon the gloomy rock of St. Helena, where disappointment, not regret, became the hero's *carte*. The Restoration, forced to abandon this favourite idea, was consequently never frankly accepted by the nation; and from the return of Louis Dixhuit to the abdication of Charles Dix we find naught but contempt for the rulers who hesitated to lead on to further conquest. Louis Philippe could not content the restless ambition of the nation by distant victories which gave no European influence. The revolution of 1848 brought back the old impossible hope of universal government, of universal influence—of universal overturning by French democracy of all the monarchical ideas of Europe. For the present, the man whom they have chosen may lure them on by a prospect of future national domination; they will bear with internal tyranny, with every kind of internal humiliation, so long as this hope exists; but let it once be proved that France must of necessity retire to an inferior political position, and give up her long-cherished vision of carrying her dominion to the furthermost end of the continent, and they will throw off the yoke they have imposed upon themselves with no other view than that of this aggrandisement of external influence, which has been the day-dream of the nation from its very first rise to any degree of political power.

Histoire des Deux Restaurations. Par M. DE VAULABELLE.

THE sixth volume of this work has just appeared, and possesses interest and shows research. It is for these reasons that we have chosen to investigate his "History of the Restoration." The inexpressible charm of Lamartine's style, by which he leads the reader captive and spell-bound, the strong imagination, the almost feminine perspicacity with which he jumps at once to a conclu-

sion, and adopts it as the basis of some new and sometimes at best but doubtful judgment, renders the critic mistrustful of his own impressions; whereas in M. de Vaulabelle we find the grave and serious scrutiny of a man without prejudice and without fear; moreover without the smallest particle of imagination, presenting the right as right—never seeking, like his poetic rival, to embellish that which is wrong until it shall shake the faith in the very existence of that which is right, but giving us a valuable and most interesting account of that epoch of French history which has been so singularly neglected merely because it possessed none of the attractions to imaginative writers and readers which the preceding era had created. The sixth volume now before us gives us the whole history of the latter days of Louis Dixhuit, with a novel and interesting account of his death. Preserving to the last the ancient traditions of the French monarchy, the King had forbidden any mention to be made of his illness, and it was only by the private reports of those about the throne that any idea of his danger had got abroad. It was therefore quite a matter of surprise when, on the 18th of September, 1824, the *Moniteur* published its first bulletin of the King's health, and announced at the same time the closing of the Bourse, the theatres, and every place of public amusement; ordering likewise prayers to be offered up in the churches for his Majesty's recovery. The astonishment caused by the announcement would exceed belief. The day before, the very same official journal had announced the reception at the Tuileries of several high functionaries, and had even mentioned the length of time that each had held conference with his Majesty, &c. And this report was strictly true, likewise. It may be said of Louis Dixhuit that he fulfilled his kingly task to the very end, and died in the exercise of his duties as a sovereign. It was only a fortnight before his death that, upon the occasion of his fête, he had received with every accustomed ceremonial the members of his own family, the corps diplomatique, the civil and military authorities, and the officers of the National Guard. It was in vain that his physician urged him to dispense with the ceremony. His reply was characteristic—"The King of France may die, but must never be ill." And yet, at the very moment, the bones of his legs were already softened, and gangrene had already eaten away a great portion of his feet! The ending of the life of Louis was in fit keeping with the whole. He had, amid all the vicissitudes to which he had been subject, never lost sight of the *point de départ*. He was a Prince and a Bourbon—he cared little for his nationality, and always displayed a marked indifference to the interests of France. During his exile in England he would pass his time in reading the *Gazettes* bringing news of the defeat of French arms with marked delight. Even James II., when he stood an eye-witness to the capture of the French fleet which would have borne him back to London, could not forbear exclaiming, at sight of some particular display of skill and valour on the part of the British—"How well my brave Englishmen do fight!" Even he could forget the destruction of all his hopes in the sentiment of national pride; but Louis Dixhuit has left whole pages of lamentations over the victories of Napoleon, without one single expression of sympathy with the glory thus shed upon France. Perhaps the whole of history could not furnish a character more intensely selfish and despicable—a mind more degraded by a narrow philosophy, than that of Louis Dixhuit. It has been said in his praise that his goodness consisted in a total absence of vice, and that nature alone was to blame for not having given him elevation of soul sufficient to aspire to actual virtue. This is but mean praise for any individual, and becomes the most bitter condemnation when spoken of a sovereign. He claimed the right in his latter days to express contempt for the whole human race. He read the "Almanach National," and beheld the gradual announcement of all the high names which had graced his brother's court—and pointed to the "Almanach Impérial," which contained the names of those who had been devoted to himself, and who had bartered for place and preferment the privilege of ancient caste, the claim to esteem and consideration of their own order. But he who was so exacting with others, forgot his own ingratitude to those who had risked all things for his sake, and to the memory of those who had died in his behalf. Throughout his whole life he had considered none but himself, and the misfortunes even of his own family touched him not; he could sing frivolous songs and cut uncouth capers, in the joy of having effected his own escape, when he had left his nearest relatives in danger of being torn to pieces by an infuriated mob. And this information comes not from M. de Vaulabelle, nor any other historian—it is from his own pen that we possess it. So great, indeed, is the *naïveté* of his selfishness that it would make us smile were we not filled with unutterable disgust at the sentiment which could inspire such an avowal as the following, which we quote verbatim from his own memoir of his escape from Paris:—

> The joy which I felt at having escaped—a joy which d'Avaray sincerely shared—turned all our thoughts to gaiety, and accordingly my *first impulse* was to sing a verse of the parody of Penelope:—
>
> "Ca va bien,
> Ca prend bien,
> Ils ne se doutent de rien."

How characteristic of the hard-hearted egotism of the man! No sympathy, no alarm for the fate of his wife, his brother, the Queen, the Dauphin, and the rest of the royal family, who were at that very moment in all the agonies of uncertainty respecting their flight from Paris—not one single expression of gratitude to Heaven for having thus favoured his enterprise! His Majesty further tells us that, once fairly *en route*, he amused himself by watching the countenances of the postilions, and conjecturing with d'Avaray whether they would be well or ill driven during the next stage. Once, however, we feel almost disposed to forgive him for past levity when we learn from him that he "felt in truth a *real anxiety*" for the loss of—what think you, gentle reader, could give this man, who had left his whole family in the most terrific peril, a *real anxiety?*—why, the loss of his cane and snuff-box! His Majesty having at the time only just arrived at the innocent age of six-and-thirty, may be perhaps excused for all the little ebullitions of youthful jollity in which he indulges when fairly over the frontier. The first thing necessary was of course to sing something, and so he chose "La victoire est à nous!" the second to tear the tri-coloured cockade from his hat and to sing something—this time it was an air from *Armido;* the third to look for apartments at the inn—and sing something; and finally to spout in parody the lines from *Hippolyte* and laugh heartily! But, however, to do him justice, this ill-

timed gaiety is but of short duration; the "anxiety" returns almost immediately, and four pages expressive of this anxiety are presented by the illustrious author to his reader. The cause of the "anxiety" is just what we should expect—it is owing to the fear of having a bad dinner! With the volatility of six-and-thirty, he once more resumes his charming gaiety on finding that the cooking was good and the wine excellent. What could be hoped from a man like this? His whole reign was but a continuation of these alternations of small rejoicings and less "anxieties" about himself. He could sign the death-warrant of the "bravest among the brave" without emotion, scarcely gazing on the paper which was handed to him. He could spend a full hour of each day in consulting with his *chef* about the *menu* of his dinner. Not a single instance has been recorded of his having signed a pardon—not one single example of his having suggested to his State Council the possibility of commutation of sentence for political offenders. He would frequently doze in calm security during the cabinet discussions relative to the arraignment of his political adversaries, when a single word from his lips might have turned the scale in the culprit's favour; but would start and rise from his seat in great "anxiety" when a new idea crossed his mind concerning the arrangement of the "Bechamel" or the *côtelettes à la minute* with which he was wont "to amuse his appetite," as he called it, from breakfast time until dinner. We can but admire the extreme moderation of the judgment which M. de Vaulabelle has brought against the bloated sensualist, whose latter days he has recorded in the sixth volume of his work; it is calm and unimpassioned, as the verdict of an historian ought to be, leaving the reader to form his opinion of the man's character from what he has been perusing, not seeking to impose his own judgment:—

Having been placed upon the throne at the age of sixty, after five-and-twenty years of painful banishment, Louis Dixhuit displayed at the Tuileries the same character he had shown in obscurity—submissive to events and easily led by those who surrounded him. Condemned to immobility by his infirmities, his ignorance of affairs and his aversion to government always induced him to seek some tutor or guardian. This sort of dependence led him into the most opposite extremes. Pursuing the old *régime* with M. de Blacas, constitutional with M. Desages, he ended by abandoning the government of the country to the Jesuits when he became the slave of a protégée of the clerical party—a woman who, caring for naught but the foundation of her own fortune and the enriching of her protectors, never once raised her voice in favour of a single victim, and whose memory lives now but in the vengeful stanzas of the great poet who was the honour and pride of the epoch.

The lady here alluded to is the Countess de Chayla. It was to her that Béranger addressed the verses full of bitter tenderness, entitled "Octavie." They were composed after the frightful political executions of 1822, at a time when she was all-powerful, and *might* have saved many lives by the utterance of a word! This rapacious favourite had received from Louis Dixhuit immense riches and vast estates, and it appears that he had left her considerable sums in his will, which, however, were never paid and never applied for.*

M. de Vaulabelle renders justice to Louis Dixhuit, to his vigilance in the preservation of his personal dignity. He says:—

So highly did he value the majesty of his title that the very day following his return to Paris, when he invited the allied sovereigns to his table, he did not hesitate to pass before the very princes whose soldiers were encamped in the Place du Carrousel. Such pride as this may be called a virtue.

A little further on he adds:—

It is with injustice that the friends of the numerous victims executed during his reign have accused him of duplicity and cruelty. Louis Dixhuit, like all kings in general, sought not the hatred of his people; on the contrary, he loved the acclamations of the crowd and public applause. On the other hand, the friends of the crown he wore have not spoken truth in exalting his moderation and skill in government. . . . . Because his fortune was different from that of his brothers, it has been concluded that he possessed superior qualities to them. There can be no doubt that, harassed by the importunities of a woman devoted to the Jesuits, he made, during the latter years of his reign, undue concessions to the Order; but, imbued as he was with the study of the licentious poets of antiquity and with the philosophy of the eighteenth century, he never could have submitted to the yoke so quietly as the Count d'Artois, and would not have played away his crown with the same frivolous *insouciance*. On the other hand, had he been placed in the same situation as Louis Seize, and been compelled to struggle against the same difficulties, he would have displayed the same hesitation and the same incompetence. His return to his dominions was the work of other hands; he assisted not to bring about any of the events of his reign; his wisdom consisted in acquiring the repose he loved so much—in a word, he secured to himself, in the midst of turbulence and agitation, all the benefit of supine enjoyment and of selfish, unfeeling indolence.

It is well to dismiss the egotistical, hard-hearted monarch with so mild a verdict as this. Future historians may perhaps reverse it, and bestow one less indulgent, induced by the record of the biographies of his numerous victims. We in our generation have been too easily led into regarding Louis Dixhuit as a mere nonentity—a puppet placed on the throne in virtue of the decision in his favour taken by the allied sovereigns—it is time that we should behold in him something more, or rather, we should say, less than this—a man who from his youth up was

* We cannot resist the temptation to extract a few stanzas of this chanson:—

Tendre Octavie, ici rien n'effarouche
Le dieu qui cède à qui mieux le ressent.
Ne livre plus les roses de ta bouche
Aux baisers morts d'un fantôme impuissant.
Viens parmi nous, qui brillons de jeunesse,
Prendre un amant, mais couronné de fleurs;
Viens sous l'ombrage, où, libre avec ivresse,
La Volupté seule a versé des pleurs.

Accours ici purifier tes charmes;
Les délateurs respectent nos loisirs.
Tous à leur prince ont prédit que nos armes
Se rouilleraient à l'ombre des plaisirs.

Sur les cousins où la douleur l'enchaîne,
Quel mal, dis-tu, vous fait ce roi des rois?
Vois-le d'un masque enjoliver sa haine,
Pour étouffer notre gloire et nos lois.

Vois ce cœur faux, que cherchent tes caresses,
De tous les siens n'aimer que ses aïeux;
Charger de fers les mains vengeresses,
Et par ses mœurs nous revéler ses dieux.

Peins-nous ses feux, qu'en secret tu redoutes,
Quand sur ton sein il cuve son nectar,
Ses feux infects dont s'indignent les voûtes
Où plane encor l'aigle du grand César.

Ton sexe faible est oublieux des crimes;
Mais dans ces murs ouverts à tant de pleurs,
N'entends-tu pas des ombres de victimes
Mêler leurs cris à tes soupirs trompeurs?

Sur le tyran et sur toi le ciel gronde:
Avec les siens ne confonds plus tes jours.
Ah! trop souvent la liberté du monde
A d'un long deuil affligé les Amours.

Viens parmi nous qui brillons de jeunesse,
Prendre un amant, mais couronné de fleurs;
Viens sous l'ombrage, où, libre avec ivresse,
La Volupté seule a versé des pleurs.

strongly suspected of plotting against the safety of his elder brother—one whose soul, devoured with ambition, instead of the qualities necessary to protect it, possessed nought but the mean fear and dread suspicion requisite to anticipate treachery, and thereby prevent its consequences. His own ease and personal enjoyment were throughout his whole life the paramount consideration in every measure which he undertook. Not one act of munificence, not one monument of grandeur, remains to perpetuate his reign; and were it not that his *name* is necessary to fill up the interval between the flight of Napoleon and the accession of Charles the Tenth, history could do without him altogether, and tell her tale all heedless of his very existence.

Conscience. By Alexandre Dumas.

The sentiment with which we sit down to review this book is one, must we confess it! of the deepest humiliation; for, after having perused it with the greatest care, we have not been able to gain the slightest clue to its purport, nor to form a single idea even of the class of works to which it should belong. It must be a romance, thought we at first, for there is much of love in it—much of admiration on the part of the hero, of devotion on the part of the heroine — but on turning over the pages we thought we had been mistaken, and felt it must be a zoological work, for there is many and many a long dissertation upon the proper treatment of animals. While selecting one of these for extract, we fell upon whole chapters concerning the campaigns of Napoleon, and therefore stood corrected with the certainty of its being meant for one of the historical achievements of Alexandre Dumas, and were beginning to review it in that light, when we perceived in the second volume so very long a treatise on mental disease, that we could not help feeling a qualm at the mistake we had been about to commit. We were going to repair it by placing the work in the category of those upon insanity, when, lo! we found we had been again upon the point of committing another egregious blunder! for when we discovered the immense quantity of scientific medical matter it contained, we felt at last convinced that it was intended to be illustrative of the modern practice of medicine. Really by this time we had grown so mistrustful of our own judgment, that we resolved rather to confide in that of our readers, and let them place it in whatever category they might choose.

Conscience is the child of a poor widow, whose husband having been drawn for the conscription, has fallen in battle, and left her with her child completely dependent on the bounty of her father-in-law, a hard, avaricious old peasant-proprietor of Picardy. The character of this man is the best in the book, and is interesting as representing a class of mankind so peculiar to the French soil, that we doubt if it could find existence elsewhere. During the agonising suspense, incidental to times of war, when no news could be obtained from the army, poor Madeleine had repaired daily to the village church, and there had knelt for hours before a picture of our Saviour blessing the children. When her child was born, she perceived with terror that it bore the exact semblance of the child in the painting to whom she had attached the idea of idiocy, because, while the other children were listening intently to the words of comfort falling from the Redeemer's lips, this one was playing with a dog in the corner of the picture, heedless of what was going on around him. As the boy grows up, he displays, amid all the indifference he manifests towards his fellow-creatures, the most singular interest in every other work of creation. He can understand the language of animals and birds—he knows what the flowers of the garden, the trees of the forest, are saying to each other, as the wind passes over them; and he is, consequently, more happy in solitary places alone with Nature, than with his fellow-men. The women of the village, when they beheld him pass by, would exclaim, at sight of his sweet face, "He must be an angel!" the men, on beholding his quiet habits at an age when boys are in general noisy and turbulent, "He must be an idiot." And, as he had never been known to utter a falsehood, but always told the truth, whether agreeable or not to the listener, the name of Jean, by which he had been christened, gave way to that of "Conscience," by which he was known in the village. Years pass away, and many qualities peculiar to persons possessing great magnetic powers are displayed by Conscience, to the great astonishment of the whole village. He can behold objects in the darkest night; he can distinguish sounds at the greatest distance; in short, with the most indecent and injurious irreverence throughout the whole work, the author never loses a single opportunity of comparing his hero to Jesus Christ! This comparison has become of late so common amongst French writers, that it cannot be too severely reprobated. Scarcely a romance, a tale, nay even a ballad of the slightest construction—of the most paltry composition, which does not teem with Scriptural comparisons. Thus, when the village beau, who is a discharged soldier, and has served with great *éclat* in many countries, and consequently claims homage for universal talent, is thrown by a restive horse, and left half-dead upon the road, Conscience coming that way, by mere accident calls to the animal in a peculiar voice, and in an instant, tamed and subdued, he approaches, while Conscience, mounted on his back, returns to the village, entering as if in triumph. The village girls are all gathered on the steps of the church watching for Bastien the soldier, who had promised them so magnificent a display of horsemanship, when they hear the trotting of the hoofs upon the road.

> It was Conscience, who was returning through the same street which had beheld the troubled flight of his rival bringing back the restive steed! He was mounted on his back, and the spirited animal had now become as gentle as the peaceful ass upon which our Saviour rode when he made his royal entry into Jerusalem. As the youth held in his hand a green branch which brought to mind the holy palm, as his feet were hanging outside the stirrups, as his glance was heavenly, his smile benign, as the crowd instinctively made way for him to pass, his resemblance to the Divine model was as great as can be accomplished between a poor humble mortal and the Divinity!

Such impious trash as this could not be permitted in any English work without exciting the highest condemnation; but here, as we have already observed, the style is so common, that it creates no astonishment whatever. The magnetic power of Conscience over the brute creation occupies a great portion of the work, and is so puerile and vapid in

its details, that we are lost in amazement to behold the vigorous pen of Alexander Dumas thus diminished to the smallest crowquill. During the progress of an alarming fire which has broken out at a great farm in the village, the whole grief of the farmer being for the loss of his cattle, which cannot be made to stir, Conscience enters the stable, and

Speaks to the trembling horses. In their terror they had broken their halter, and stood grouped together kicking and plunging in the most frightful manner. But at the voice of Conscience they lifted up their heads and neighed; the young man approached amid the dense smoke, and mounting one of the horses, guided it to the door of the stable, followed by the rest: and then as they burst forth to gallop right and left, he whistled with a peculiar modulation, and they all gathered immediately round him.

He then entered the cow-house as he had done the stable, which three or four men had already essayed to penetrate, but had been defeated by the terrible fury of the inmates. But Conscience marched straight up to the bull, who was scattering his litter with the most furious bellowings; and taking him by the nostrils, dragged him to the door submissive and obedient. On beholding the bull thus willing, the cows immediately followed, and in another instant, cows and bull bending their trembling limbs, were quietly lying amongst the straw safe from the reach of the fire.

The sheep remained. Conscience needed not even to enter their stable, which was already in flames; he called them from the door after the manner of the shepherds, and at the sound of his voice they precipitated themselves like an avalanche before him with skips and bounds more expressive of joy than of fear.

No wonder after this exploit that the hero of the novel should be considered, what we fear its author, after such a book as this, never will be—a conjuror. After these astounding *tours de force*, performed by the idiot, and, we might add, by the animals also, the reader will arrive at half a volume, composed entirely of a kind of census of the Emperor's army, which, if *he* be idiot enough to read, he will find to contain many errors! Then a kind of rehabilitation of the intellect of the brute creation, which begins as follows:—

Perhaps the reader, particularly if he should be a town-bred man, and never have lived the patriarchal life of the country, will express astonishment at my placing amongst the members of this Christian family a dog, an ass, an ox, and a cow! My answer would be: Friend, you are too severe upon the humblest portion of the creation. I know well enough that to them the Church refuses her blessings, I know that they have no part in salvation—that they are beyond the reach of Christian law, as reprobates and Pagans are,—that the Saviour who died for mankind died not for them; that the Church, who does not allow them souls, permits them to pass the threshold of her temples only on the one occasion of universal benediction during that holy night of the birth of that Christ, the type of all humility, who chose to enter the world in a manger, between an ass and an ox. But remember the simple faith of the East, which imagines the animal to be a slumbering or enchanted soul; remember the faith of Hindostan, that majestic mother of the civilisation of the West—she will tell you how poetry was revealed to her first poet, as he beheld the passage of two doves. While admiring the grace of their movements and the rapidity of their amorous flight, an arrow, from an unseen hand, cleaves the air with whistling sound, and pierces one of the birds. Tears of pity flow from the poet's eyes; his sighs, keeping time to the beating of his heart, take the measured cadence of rhyme. Poetry is born: and it is since that day that verses, like melodious doves, fly in couples all over the earth.

This dissertation, which is most diffuse, brings us through another volume. No man understands getting over the ground better than Alexandre Dumas, and so by dint of scientific instruction, and statistical, historical, medical, botanical, and physiological digressions, he generally manages to bring us to the end of a book—even such a book as "Conscience." To be sure, the thumb may have as much to do as the eyes in this case, to turn the pages over quickly, while the intelligence reposes; from the great labour it has had to undergo in the perusal of former works by the same author, this is perhaps no bad thing. The great excellence at which Alexandre Dumas aims has certainly been accomplished in this book notwithstanding. He loves superiority, and has ever sought it at the expense of probability, correctness, and other requisites. He has attained it even in "Conscience," as well as in "Monte Christo," although by different means; for as no man could write a *better* novel than the first, so we will defy any author now alive to write a *worse* one than the last.

L'Ensorcelée, ou La Messe de l'Abbé de la Croix-Jugan. Par J. BARBEY D'AUREVILLY.

Here we have at last something to recommend and something to approve. "L'Ensorcelée" is one of the best romances of the kind it has ever been our lot to meet with. In his introduction, the author announces it as one of a series of romances illustrative of the manners and superstitions of the Chouans. The name of M. Barbey d'Aurevilly is at present unknown in literature, but the work before us would not disgrace a veteran hand. From the opening scene to that of the catastrophe the events of this romance follow each other in grand and solemn march, like those of the Greek drama—fate hangs over them all, stern, relentless, inexorable; and yet nothing out of nature, nothing forced or distorted, compels us to confess that we have been amused in spite of reason. The hero of the novel is one of those old nobles of Brittany who have bound themselves body and soul to conquer in the cause of the Bourbons or perish with it. The opening scene is striking. It is just at the hour of sunset, after the day of the final struggle between the defeated Chouans and victorious Bleus. A solitary stranger, evidently a fugitive from the routed army, stands on the road to Blanchelande. He is wounded and bleeding, and pauses by the wayside to draw from his vest sundry written papers, which he tears in little pieces, and all moist and saturated as they are with his own blood, he swallows until all have disappeared. This done, he loads the "*espingole*," with which he is still armed, and standing erect with his face towards the setting sun, "which, like an unwilling headsman," seemed to linger in contemplation of the scene, he placed the muzzle of the weapon to his mouth, his foot upon the trigger, and in an instant the hills and woods of Blanchelande echo with the report made by the arm of the suicide. Some few moments after, an old woman, who is at heart a Chouan herself, passes by that way, and perceives the body of the young nobleman lying at the edge of the road. A party of Bleus are coming up, and sooner than allow the corpse of the Chouan chief to be ill-treated by the enemy, she bravely bears it herself to her cottage, situated at some little distance. The Chouan is *not* dead, and with the patience of a martyr she washes and binds his wounds, although with but little hope of saving his life, for the *espingole*, an ancient arm, with a wide mouth, had caused the balls to deviate, and the bones and flesh of the face were ploughed up as it were, so that it no longer presented the

aspect of a human visage. For many weeks the Chouan remains senseless on that low pallet, scarcely giving signs of life, scarcely breathing, when one night, as the old woman had just dressed the wounds, which are now fast healing, a party of drunken soldiers of the Bleus arrive at the cottage and discover the stranger. They imagine him to be the old woman's son, and instead of torturing her physically, as was their wont to do with all *suspected* females, they resolve to torture her morally by mutilating her son. One of the fiends approaches the bed, and tearing the bandages from the face of the victim, he sprinkles it with the burning ashes from the hearth, and leaves the cottage amid the shouts of laughter which the facetious invention caused to burst from his comrades. The disfigured Chouan did not die, nevertheless. After the war of the Chouannerie, when the churches were once more opened to the faithful, a priest, whose head was enveloped in a hood of black cloth, appeared one Sunday afternoon at vespers in the church of Blanchelande—it was the ancient Chouan chief, now become the Abbé de la Croix-Jugan. It so happens that, for the first time for a long while, the wife of the rich farmer who now owns the vast domains of the ancient Abbey of Blanchelande has come to vespers. She is of noble birth, and in her heart despises the vulgar herd amongst whom the troublesome times have compelled her to wed and associate. She is the daughter of the ancient Lords of Blanchelande, and her mother was the famous *Louison à la Hache*, a peasant girl, who had won the heart of the last Lord of Blanchelande by her courage and bravery, having attacked and killed with an axe a robber who had dared to enter her father's cottage while the family were all at rest. With such blood in her veins, it is no wonder that the farmer's wife feels her existence dull and unprofitable—she is longing for some change, for some sentiment which shall alter the current of her life, when the Abbé, all hideous and mysterious with his unearthly visage and black cloth hood, is thrown in her path. From that hour a new, a nameless passion takes possession of her soul; it is not love—it is interest, curiosity, the sympathy of noble birth—in short, the magnetic influence is exhibited, and Jeanne Le Hardoney becomes, in mind at least, the slave of Jehoël de la Croix-Jugan. In this she is encouraged by the counsels of an ancient dependent of the Seigneurs of Blanchelande, who loves both Jeanne and the abbé because of their aristocratic origin; but all her efforts are in vain, Croix-Jugan cannot be brought even to observe the beautiful Jeanne—*he* is the slave of an idea, still the martyr of a principle—he is conspiring to dethrone the Emperor, and bring back the Bourbons, and has small taste at such a time for the consideration of an amorous *femmelette*. In her despair, Jeanne has recourse to the shepherd of Blanchelande, who has the reputation of being a skilful sorcerer; he bids her be of good cheer, for the abbé will soon notice her. This occurs soon after. Jeanne goes once a week to the market town; the conspirators are assembled there, and the abbé requires some one of truth to carry his letters. Jeanne at length, full of joy to find she can be of use to the abbé, volunteers. He accepts her services with gratitude, but in spite of the secrets which they thus share—in spite of solitary meetings and stealthy correspondence, Jeanne soon perceives that she is as indifferent to the abbé as she was the first day they met. Furious at the deception, she menaces the shepherd, who, vindictive and ferocious, vows to turn the fate against her which he had just been about to propitiate. A fine scene here takes place between Jeanne and the old dependent, whose former position at the Castle of Blanchelande is expressed by the peasants in their vulgar idiom. "The Harlot of Fénardan" is the name by which she is known. The latter tells her that love is impossible for Jehoël de la Croix-Jugan; she tells of his youth and brilliant attractions when she was also young and beautiful, and of the fair girl who died for love of him, without even moving the slightest emotion in his soul. Jeanne flies from the cottage and is seen no more. The next day, two *commères* of the hamlet, up betimes, repair by sunrise to the pond to wash their linen; the old shepherd is there before them.

Neither of them liked these shepherds; they were avoided by the whole country; but Poverty gathers her children together in her arms during life as her daughter Death will do in the grave. The wandering shepherds caused less fear to two poor ragged creatures like these than to the rich farmers who had cows and horses they were supposed to bewitch. The fact of one of these shepherds standing by the pond was no reason why they should return, and they walked across the meadow to meet him. When they arrived at the *lavoir*, he had just finished sharpening his knife on the stone where the laundresses beat and wring their linen, and was wiping it in the grass.

"You come early, Mère Ingou," said the shepherd to the good woman; "and if you are not afraid of washing your linen in water befouled by Death, here's the stone, and wash away!"

"What do you mean by Death and foul water?" said the Mère Ingou, who did not want for a certain good sense and courage. "Do you mean to frighten us?"

"Nay, said the shepherd, "do as you like, but I tell you that if you wet your linen here, it will smell of dung and rottenness long after it is dry."

"That is an ugly speech so early under God's own blessed morning light," said the good wife, with an innate poetry which she certainly was not aware of. "Leave us in peace, shepherd; I never saw the water so clear and beautiful as this morning."

"True enough," answered he, as the Mère Ingou untied her bundle on the edge of the *lavoir*, and as her companion, less courageous, was beginning to look at him with uneasiness. "True, the water is like many other things, clear and fine to the eye, but at the bottom bad and foul. When I was a moment ago sharpening my knife upon this stone, I said to myself, How comes it that this water smells of death? it will spoil my bread! and that is why you saw me just wipe the knife so hard upon the grass and plant it in the earth afterwards. Believe me if you like, Mother Ingou," continued he, pointing with his staff to the *lavoir* with an impassioned gesture, "but there is something dead, either man or beast, which is beginning to rot in that water." And, bending down, he took in his hand some of that pure fluid, and thrusting it into the Mère Ingou's face, "How stubborn old people are!" said he, bitterly; "but if you are not yet childish and silly, you will smell yourself, old mule, that the water has a foul taint."

"Nonsense," said Mother Ingou, "it is your hand, shepherd, which is foul, and not the water." And tucking up her petticoat, she knelt by the polished stone, made part of the linen she had brought in the basket on her back roll into the pond, then turning round exclaimed to her companion, "Well, Simone, come to work. On my soul, I thought you had more courage than that!"

And she plunged her arms into this water, clear as crystal, and it flowed back in a thousand streams of silver from her *battoir*.

Simone approached and resolved to follow her example, but she drew back like a cat who meets a running stream and does not know how to get out of the way!

All at once they were interrupted by the guttural laugh of the shepherd, who had, without being seen, walked round the pond, and showed his pale face above the reeds, which in that place grew rather tall.

"Hallo! hallo!" cried he, "look here, Mère Ingou, and see if I was not right when I said the water, clear as it looked, was foul and rotten? Do you know this?"

And over the *lavoir* he handed to them a white object, hanging to the point of his staff.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Mère Ingou, "it is Jeanne Hardoney's Mechlin lace cap!"

"Ah! may God take pity on us!" added Simone; "there was never but one cap of this sort in Blanchelande, and here it is! Grand Dieu! it is certain that she who wore it has drowned herself, and lies now at the bottom of the *lavoir!*"

And, at the risk of falling in themselves, they stretched over to reach the cap, which, torn and wet, hung from the stick. It was indeed Jeanne's cap, with its stitched and embroidered crown, its green wings, and its fine Mechlin lace. They touched it, brought it nearer to their eyes, admired it; and soon mixing up the loss of the woman with that of the cap, they broke out into fearful lamentations. As to the shepherd, he had waded up to his knees into the water, and was sounding it all over with his stick.

"She is not on your side, she is there!" cried he to the two women who stood lamenting. "She is here now! I hold her! I feel her under my staff! Come, Mother Ingou, come hither; you are the strongest and most courageous. If I could but pass my staff under her, I could raise her up from the bottom and bring her to the bank. Perhaps both together we may be able to do it."

And Mother Ingou, leaving the cap in Simone's hands, ran over to the shepherd. What he had foretold came to pass: using great efforts, he could lift the body of the drowned woman and bring it up.

"I see her!" exclaimed Mère Ingou, who, parting the reeds, lay down on the grass and dipped her hands into the water to seize poor Jeanne by the hair.

"What a weight!" exclaimed she, calling to her aid Simone and her child; and together they succeeded in bringing up the body of poor Jeanne, cold and blue, and laid it on the grass of the meadow.

"Well!" shouted the shepherd, "did the water lie?" Now are you sure of what I said? Now will you believe the shepherd's power? *She* also," pointing to Jeanne, "would not believe it, and she ended by feeling it; and her husband, who was harder to convince than she, believes in it now more than in God!" * * * * * *

"Verily," cried he, "she is dead, lying at my feet in foul slime and dirt!" and with his impious foot he pushed that fair form which stood, so short a while ago, erect and proud. "I knew she would come to a sorry end; but when I was cleaning my knife and purifying it in the earth, that it should no longer be infected with the taint of death, I did not know that it was *her* body that was lying in the water. Had I known that, I would not have dried it. I would have loved to have tasted vengeance stronger than my bread!" And with these words he seized the knife with a hand trembling with rage, and plunged it impetuously once more into the *lavoir*. He drew it forth wet and streaming, and plunged it again and again. No drunken assassin ever looked upon the steel dripping with his victim's blood with the same delight which he seemed to feel while gazing upon the water running along the blade and weapon he was holding. Then, as if seized with sudden madness at the sight, he drew it near to his lips, and, at the risk of cutting himself, he passed his tongue—all parched with the thirst of vengeance—along the blade. As he licked it thus, he accompanied the action with a low growl. * * *

"How good, how sweet it is!" and as if these few drops had excited a still more burning thirst, without letting go the knife he took some of the water in the hollow of his hand and drank with a savage joy.

"Oh, this is the best drink I ever sipped in my life," screamed he, seized with sudden frenzy, "and I drink to thy health, Jeanne Le Hardoney. It tastes the better for the priest's curses, and would be better still if thou hadst been suffered to rot longer in the water where thou hast been drowned."

And—hideous libation!—he began to drink with fury. He bent over the *lavoir* to draw more and more; he rose and stooped again with such convulsive bounds, that he seemed to be suffering from the curse of St. Vitus. He seemed to grow intoxicated with the draught. "Soup! Soup!" hissed he forth with savage glee—"Soup! soup!" as he murmured uncouth words in his own rude *patois*. His white face was tortured with such diabolical expression, that the poor old women thought that Satan, who only walks at night, had been allowed to visit the earth under the pale light of heaven, and they fled, leaving their linen on the stone of the *lavoir*, nor stopped until they had reached Blanchelande.

The romance is full of such striking scenes as this; the catastrophe is powerful enough to warrant its extract, had we not already trespassed too far upon the space allowed us. The description of the installation of the Abbé de la Croix-Jugan as *curé* of Blanchelande on Easter Sunday; the church; the procession; the high mass, and the death of the abbé by a shot fired from amongst the crowd at the very moment of the elevation of the host, with the disappearance for ever of Jeanne's husband from that part of the country, is as original in conception as vigorous in execution. The interest increases to the end, and the death of La Clotte, the ancient "dependent" of the last Lord of Blanchelande, who is stoned to death by the peasants at Jeanne's funeral, as having been the cause of her suicide by her diabolical counsels, is one of the grandest scenes throughout the whole. Altogether "L'Ensorcelée" is one of the best romances which have issued from the Paris press for many years.

La Marquise de Belverano. Par LEON GOZLAN. Bruxelles: Alphonse Lebègue. 1852.

To state that a novel is essentially and thoroughly French, is to leave a wide scope for the imagination of the reader as to its probable licentiousness. Yet, although we must acknowledge this little production to be very French indeed, we must qualify our expression by observing that it is not by any means astonishingly wicked. It is now and then rather loose, but never outrageous—eccentric, but not utterly depraved. Certainly there are curious passages in it, and the sentiments and positions are sometimes exaggerated and sometimes absurd; but it is on the whole not an unreadable production for a specimen of modern Parisian literature. M. Gozlan, with the evident view of exciting an adventitious interest, professes that his story is a narrative of real life; nay, at this very moment, the characters figuring in it are busily engaged in working out a *dénouement* or *éclaircissement*, at Paris. We ourselves may have gazed through our *lorgnon* at the identical Marquise de Belverano, when dining at the Trois Frères, somewhere about the 10th of May last; we may have brushed all unconsciously against the eccentric Lord Murton, or regarded with instinctive contempt the *beau tenore* Count Manfredo Manfredi of Naples. Having mentioned this startling circumstance, let us proceed, in as few words as possible, to give a sketch of the delectable plot of this novel. There is a Count Manfredi and a Herr Rosenthal. The first is an exile *sans six sous*, and the second a Bavarian artist *sans souci*. The Count, who is an intense lover of pleasure, is about to seek to repair his fortunes in America *à la* Mario. While sitting outside a *café* at Brussels, these worthies behold the beautiful Marquise of Belverano, also an exile, in the act of accosting Lord Murton. They both fall in love with her, follow her, and enter her hotel during a *table d'hôte*, where they find Lord Murton challenging another Italian Count, from Turin, for insulting, as they believe, the Marquise, on account of her political antecedents. Both of them also challenge him. Lord Murton consequently introduces them to the Marquise, and they find they have been thrusting themselves forward as champions of her plain sister instead of herself! Lord Murton will

not hear of their fighting in his place, although he is somewhat old; he accordingly gets up at six o'clock to fight Count Palma, and anticipates Rosenthal, who won the right to meet Palma from Manfredi by a game at cards. Lord Murton shoots Palma in a duel *à la recherche*, the description of which is evidently a point with our author. The duel *à la recherche*, be it known, is neither more nor less than the Yankee notion of man-stalking with rifles. Here is introduced a certain Belperfumo, as second to Palma, a character feebly sketched in the *genre* of Paul de Kock, who gets up a tree to avoid a stray shot from the duellists. The friend of Lord Murton is "l'honorable Sir Rickards," who pronounces an eulogium on that nobleman, with a view of demonstrating that he is a fitting person to fight *à la recherche*, by stating—"It was he who, at Navarino, conducted through twelve Turkish frigates the fireship which commenced the great conflagration of the Sultan's fleet."

After this comical duel, Manfredi, who wanted to abscond in the meanest manner overnight, and so escape the duel, succeeds at once in making himself agreeable to Madame la Marquise. She and he propose, after singing a duet together, to go off to America in company and try their fortunes on the stage. In the midst of this, Lord Murton sends for the young man, and offers him 80,000 livres per annum (not, we presume, sterling) to marry la Marquise instead of going with her to America, with a single condition whispered in his ear. He accepts. He is immediately married civilly to the beautiful Italian, and then goes on a kind of tour, spending his money like a thorough empty-headed profligate as he is. Shortly afterwards the Marquise appears as the wife of Lord Murton, at Paris, to avoid scandal! She at length insists on seeing her husband, being alarmed at the accounts she hears of him. During this time it must be explained that she believes Manfredi to have been engaged in the recovery of a part of his fortune. Then comes the marriage by the Church, by which Manfredi is to *épouser secrètement à l'église, c'est à dire définitivement*, the beautiful Marquise; whereupon there is a singular scene, describing Lord Murton watching the now unhappy husband in a style and manner, we are informed, peculiarly English and unpleasant. His lordship next pays a visit to the lady's apartment, and informs her of the delinquency of her husband, and, in fact, that he (Lord M.) had a right to be there by virtue of a bargain and sale. Whereupon the lady is duly indignant, and we are treated to a description of her rage not quite equal to that of Julia in Don Juan when reproaching her husband for his base intrusion, but nevertheless somewhat highly coloured. Manfredi becomes tame, if not repentant, and continues his equivocal existence. Finally, at a *bal masqué* (a very fit place, in our opinion, for the whole party), a red domino meets the trio arm-in-arm, to wit, Lord M., la Marquise B., and Signor M., and puts the very impertinent, and yet pertinent, question to the lady, "Madame, which of these two is your lover, and which your husband?" It must be owned that it was a question which must have greatly troubled society to solve, since she is really married to Manfredi, and yet apparently to Milord, while Manfredi gets the credit of being her lover and *l'ami de la maison*. Manfredi strikes the red domino in the face, who challenges him, but insists (one never learns why) upon fighting masked. So the contemptible Italian proceeds to fight in defence of his pensioned infamy. He is severely wounded and carried to his wife and Lord Murton. She embraces him with transport, and is about to whisper in his ear. Lord Murton interferes, as also do some asterisks, which might often have been well employed in this history. Manfredi, we beg to inform those interested in him, is now recovering slowly . . . "he loves his wife . . . society talks, for society knows everything, everything! except that Lord Murton was never anything but a father to the Marquise de Belverano. . . . But if society did know it, society would not believe it." Such is the *mot de l'énigme* of this novel, and we must frankly state that we are as much inclined to disbelief as society is, was, or would be.

Let us now give a specimen or two, of our author's style and delineation of character. The French, and we suppose we may add the Belgians, have two kinds of Englishmen that figure frequently in their light literature, the milord and the jockey. The milord may be subdivided into the rich lord, who does nothing but drawl "Yes! yes!" and maintain actresses for the benefit of Frenchmen, and the mysterious lord, like Murton, who is a cross between the Count of Monte Christo and an undertaker, but dressed for the occasion out of the author's theatrical wardrobe *à la marin terrible*. The following idea is amusing. In the midst of a most exciting conversation about the Marquise de Belverano, Lord Murton interjectionally calls for tea as follows:—

Murton rang.
A servant appeared.
"Tea!"
The servant disappeared.
Lord Murton continued, &c. &c.

There is a kind of episode, or underplot, in which, as far as we can make out, the elder sister of the Marquise, the Comtesse de Belverano, falls in love with Rosenthal, the German, who, we stated, also loves the Marquise. This lady is a tremendous revolutionary Italian of the heavy female school—a tall, harsh-featured enthusiast, with a great soul and iron-grey braided hair, whose heart is one of those volcanos apparently extinct, but with a reserved exception in favour of a youthful lover still hidden in its depths. The following piece of sentiment is thoroughly French. Rosenthal has recovered, by the favour of the King of Bavaria, the possessions of the Countess, who with her sister the Marquise, whom he loves, pays him a visit in his studio:—

"Grand Dieu!" cried Paola, falling, overwhelmed with gratitude, at the feet of Rosenthal, "what have you done for me? I shall again behold Italy, the tomb of my mother! I . . ." Sobs choked her agitated voice—she fainted as she pressed the hand of the artist to her lips with blessings. This weakness was but for an instant. On coming to herself, Paola had a sublime inspiration. She said to the Marquise, whom she knew Rosenthal loved so deeply,

"My sister! embrace him, embrace him; oh! embrace him for me!"

We must give, in conclusion, a passage from the scene on the wedding night of Manfredi.

This agreeable personage has been enjoying a *tête-a-tête* with Lord Murton, after the retirement of the bride, but without exchanging a syllable. They sit "all silent and all gloomy" till two o'clock in the morning, when Lord Murton shrugs his shoulders in the British style, and proceeds to visit Lady Murton in defiance of all propriety, without paying the slightest attention to the grimaces of the Italian. Lord Murton finds the Marquise reading. She is naturally surprised at the visit, and asks for her husband. She thinks some accident has oc-

curred. No. Then what can it be? She fancies that Manfredi has received an anonymous letter saying she had loved some one before him. "'Tis false!" she cries. (We confess we should have looked upon her denial very suspiciously. Why did she anticipate an accusation? *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse—Ah! les femmes, les femmes.*) However, she is told that her husband is safe, and learns the truth from Murton. Manfredi has followed to the door, like a beaten cur as he is. The Marquise, whom the writer compares of course to Medea in her rage, and then describes in her *peignoir à la Watteau*, rushes to the door and stumbles against the culprit.

Manfredi could scarcely be recognised. He was not pale, he was green as a shipwrecked sailor, &c. &c. His waistcoat, his cravat, his shirt, were torn by his nails.

"Madame," said he, with chattering teeth, "Madame . . this man," and he pointed with trembling finger to Lord Murton, "this man has just told you the truth, the hideous truth. . . . He has given me eighty thousand livres a-year." . . . "But what have you given him, you?" cried the Marquise, throwing the light of the flame on his cadaverous face. "What have you given him?—*You!*" replied Manfredi. . . . "No!" cried the Marquise. "You have not sold me—a woman! . . . no, you have not sold me for horses, servants, carriages, an hotel . . . tell me no! . . . tell me no?"

All this time Lord Murton is reading the book of Poems.

"You *have* then made this bargain," continues the Marquise. . . . "If you have, you are base as well as mad—'tis too much, too much villany for one man. Base! I need not hardly, I think, say why. . . . Mad! . . . I will tell you why. . . . 'Tis not customary to sell what does not belong to us. . . . Tell me if I belong to you?"

Manfredi rises to go. The Marquise asks what he owes Lord Murton. "About 150,000" francs, is the reply. She tells Manfredi to sign his name to a paper. He does so. "To-morrow," says the Marquise, "there shall be written an engagement to pay the sum mentioned to Lord Murton from Manfredi." The wretch thinks himself pardoned, and has the meanness to regain his colour and offer his hand to his wife. She only smiles and goes to a mirror to admire herself and comment on her charms.

Her raillery, says our author at the conclusion of this chapter, was at first but a pin of gold to the dagger it became, when, turning to Manfredi, she said to him, "*Apropos*, what surety have you given to milord for the faithful execution of your compact? You do not reply. Was it your word of *honour?*" "Yes, madame." "I will keep it for you," said the Marquise, with an accent which froze the blood of Manfredi to the end of his life. "Milord, this man belongs to our house," she added; "you will continue to allow him eighty thousand livres a-year—"

Enough on a subject so revolting. The character of Manfredi is, however, only untrue to life in one thing. He is possessed of animal courage. He should have added cowardice to his other attributes. We think we once, in Italian society, met a Manfredi; but that man was effeminate as he was base. We have no word in English to express the animal. The French have that comprehensive term *lâche*. Will it be believed that the author yet endeavours to persuade us that the Marquise still loves this man, and that she forgives him? A French writer does not, however, treat us to more than a *soupçon* of virtue. It is only the flavour to his vice. Thus we are left in doubt as to the motives of Lord Murton. If he meant to chastise and reform the Count Manfredo Manfredi, all we can say is, that it was a great loss of time, and too eccentric an object even for an Englishman in a French novel. We have perhaps done wrong in thus reviewing a work which possesses neither the genius of George Sand, nor the invention of Dumas—neither the perverted power of Eugène Sue, nor the gross humour of Paul de Kock; which is, in fact, a mere common-place. We have done so purposely to disgust. Yet this precious production is chaste and holy compared with some. It supposes virtue—the virtue, for example, of the Marquise de Belverano. The secret of the thing is this. French writers have long discovered that ordinary virtue and morality are very tiresome and common-place, and certainly will not feed public craving in novels. The best of them, therefore, throw into their plots a little virtue and a little morality, but season them with exciting circumstances. Here we have virtue impossible in its form of development, and vice incredible in its meanness and baseness, and both lacquered over with a sort of varnish of false sentiment.

Géneviève Galliot—La Reine de Saba.—Par XAVIER DE MONTEPIN.

In perusing the innumerable works which issue from the press with the name of M. de Montepin attached to the title-page, we are led to wonder at his extraordinary perseverance, not only in copying Alexandre Dumas, but in continuing to copy his very worst works. When we behold the crowd of *rapins*, with their high-crowned hats, ragged blouses, dirty skins, long red beards, and every other Parisian symptom of genius about them, who swarm round the door of the Louvre at ten o'clock on working days, we feel convinced they are attracted thither by the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters in art, not by their weaker works, nor by the miserable specimens of inferior schools which must of necessity be included in every collection aiming at completeness. If Monsieur de Montepin *will* not have confidence in his own powers of invention, but prefer trusting to those of others already proved and tried, why not rather select a model amongst the best works of the authors he seeks to imitate? Why not take "Pauline," or "Le Capitaine Paul," instead of "Amaury," or "Sylvandire?" The first of the works now under review, and bearing the title of "Géneviève Galliot," is one of that inoffensive, harmless kind from which Dumas himself has copied largely of late—the Auguste Lafontaine or Kotzebue school, which our grandmothers were wont to keep in their store closets, side by side with sundry pots of jam and papers of comfits, fit and appropriate company for the honeyed sentiments they contained. Géneviève Galliot is the daughter of a poor widow, living in a solitary hut in the Pyrenees. She is accustomed to go barefoot amongst the mountains, to lead the goat, which forms the whole live stock of the widow, to feed upon the sweet herbs and thyme which grow amongst the inaccessible passes of the Maladetta. One day Geneviève is returning down a dangerous declivity, being dragged along by the goat at a more rapid rate than compatible with safety, when, by a false step, she is precipitated to the bottom, where her forehead coming in contact with a sharp stone, she lies for some moments insensible. By the most extraordinary chance,

the young Prince de Lamballe, son of the Duc de Penthièvre, happens to be walking that way. He loves study and solitude, and has dismissed his attendants and politely requested his tutor to walk in some other direction, when he suddenly comes upon the scene, and witnesses the struggles between Génevièvre and her goat, with the unfortunate catastrophe. He of course hastens to the maiden's assistance, and succeeds in restoring her to consciousness. He conducts her home, and falls desperately in love with her, undaunted by the state of poverty in which she is living with her mother, and the obscurity of her birth and parentage. The Duc de Penthièvre, who is represented as a philosopher of the then new school, has given strict orders that his son is to be uncontrolled in his passion for solitude, and that none are to presume to follow him in his solitary walks. Accordingly the youth is left in undisturbed freedom to pay his court to the mountain maid, and the whole summer passes away in this dream of love, from which he is awakened by the death of Génevièvre's mother, who, ignorant of his rank, believing him to be a poor artist, in dying confides to the Prince the happiness and welfare of her only child. A short time elapses in grief and mourning; the old *curé*, who had attended the last moments of the widow Galliot, has taken Génevièvre home with him and announces his intention of becoming her guardian: the Prince can, therefore, no longer conceal his sentiments, but at once explains them to the *curé*, at the same time declaring his real position, and avowing his intention of making Génevièvre his wife! The news, as may be well imagined, fills the good *curé* with dismay; he refuses to unite the pair, and the Prince finds himself compelled—"se voit forcé"—to carry off the maiden by night. They arrive in Paris, and M. de Lamballe immediately proceeds to seek counsel of the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Egalité), protesting still his firm intention of wedding the cottage-girl, in which decision the Duke, who is married to a daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, immediately sees all the advantage to be derived from such a *mésalliance*, and advises him, although his own brother-in-law, to act in the name of honour, as he had sworn at the death-bed of Madeleine Galliot, by making Génevièvre his wife. The Duke, therefore, not only aids the Prince by every means in his power, but insists upon being present at the marriage, thereby giving countenance to the match. The Duke's own chaplain is appointed to officiate, and the ceremony takes place in the chapel of the Palais Royal. Here the Duke beholds Génevièvre for the first time, and attired in her bridal dress. An insurmountable passion is raised in his bosom at sight of her beauty, and the rest of the novel is entirely made up of the various endeavours made by the old *roué* under the mask of friendship to obtain possession of her person. Being foiled in every attempt upon the wife, he at length attacks the constancy of the husband, and by forcibly detaining him at the various orgies given at the Palais Royal, proves to Génevièvre her folly in lavishing so much tenderness upon an unworthy object. The blow strikes, but not as was anticipated, for Génevièvre, unable to bear the change in her husband's feelings towards her, takes poison and dies, not, however, before she has been acknowledged Princess de Lamballe by the Duc de Penthièvre. She is buried in the family vault with the rest of the members of that illustrious house. The Prince consents to enter into second marriage with the Princess of Savoy, whose untimely end has become one of the most horrible souvenirs of the Revolution, and soon after dies also, overcome by remorse; and thus the wife and children of Egalité become, as had been anticipated, the rightful heirs to the vast estates of the Penthièvres. Of the probability and intricate construction of the plot of this novel, our readers can judge; of the style we can only say that it is quite worthy of the subject, and reminds one forcibly of those delightful productions in our own language which formed the sweet solace of our early years—the literary pap with which intelligence was fed before it had acquired strength and vigour enough to masticate more solid food—a diet of transition, as it were, from "Puss in Boots" and "Tom Thumb"—our mother's milk—to "The Cottage on the Cliff" and "the Fisherman's Daughter," which again prepared us for the more substantial repasts furnished by Jones and Amelia.

"*La Reine de Saba*," the second work of Monsieur de Montepin produced during the quarter, is of a more exciting description, and is, moreover, more original. The first appearance of the heroine in a lonely house, whither the hero of the novel has been borne bleeding and wounded from beneath the wheels of his carriage, his horses having taken fright in a storm, is good and worthy of our best French writers. The vision of the young man has been troubled—he has had fever and delirium, and suddenly returns to consciousness to find himself in a strange place, lying on a strange bed, surrounded by old tapestry curtains, upon which is worked the story of the Queen of Sheba and her presentation to King Solomon. The features of the magnificent queen are indelibly graven on the sick man's memory, for he has been contemplating them during the whole time of his fever, and at the moment of his thus awaking to life he finds their living semblance gazing at him from between the curtains, and the very counterpart of the figure in the tapestry bending over him in fond solicitude. It is the daughter of the crippled invalid to whom the house belongs, and who has tended him unaided and with the greatest care through his long illness. Well may the poor child bear the semblance of the Queen of Sheba on the tapestry; from her early childhood she has beheld no other model of female beauty than this. She has dressed herself in exact imitation of the figure from her mother's old and faded wardrobe; she has plaited her fair hair around her head in four distinct plaits, exactly like those which bind the forehead of the queen, and thinks that no fashions could ever be so elegant, no attire so becoming, as those portrayed in the adornment of the Queen of Sheba. It is easy to imagine that the most sudden and impassioned love becomes the consequence of this mysterious meeting; the girl continues to attend upon the youth alone, for the servant of the latter has hurried off to Paris to fulfil his master's injunctions with respect to a message of most serious import, to be delivered without delay to the Regent of France. Meanwhile the mother of the girl, left helpless and neglected in an upper room, begins to grow uneasy at the length of time the wounded stranger remains in the house. She is only reconciled to the necessity of bestowing hospitality, by the report which her daughter brings of the great riches of the stranger—of the valise, gorged with gold, which stands upon a chair by his bedside—of the jewels with which his vest is covered, and of the valuable rings which adorn his fingers. The old woman listens with greedy ears. She bids her daughter

fetch from a chest beneath the bed a small phial, containing a precious elixir, which will restore the young stranger to health and strength in less than four-and-twenty hours. Jeanne seizes it with avidity, and, according to her mother's bidding, pours the whole contents of the phial into the draught which the doctor has left to procure a night's repose for the patient. Of course the elixir is laudanum, and of course ensures a death sleep to the young man, while the mother resolves to profit by the stillness of the house to descend to the sick chamber and appropriate to herself the gold of which Jeanne had spoken in such admiring terms. The old woman manages to drag her paralysed limbs from the bed where she has lain motionless for years, and passes through the room where her late husband slept, and where still hang his sword and dagger. She seizes the latter—for the thought of the possibility of the sudden awaking of the patient fills her with alarm, and with stern resolve at the same time—and drags her helpless form to the head of the stairs. Here the difficulty of descending nearly overcomes her resolution, and she is about to abandon it, when a loud knock at the hall-door causes her to start in terror. She loses her footing, and rolls to the bottom of the stairs, piercing her side with the dagger, and expires with a frightful yell of agony, which echoes through the empty old house, and arouses Jeanne from the heavy slumber into which the fatigue of watching and anxiety had thrown her. The knocking still continues—it is the servant returned from Paris with the Regent's answer; Jeanne descends lamp in hand, stumbles over the dead body of her mother—faints—and falls into the pool of blood (*mare de sang*) issuing from the corpse! Here is a *tableau* with a vengeance, worthy of the finale to the seventh act of any melodrama in Paris; and it is plain the author admires it himself, and knows its value, too; for the narrative here pauses for a while, and we leave the corpse still bleeding—the maiden still fainting—the lamp still going out with an unsavoury odour—the servant still knocking at the door, and are hurried off into retrospective scenes of the sick stranger's life, amid which we learn that he is married to an Italian girl of great beauty and diabolical propensities, and that he is employed by the Regent in the uttering of the base coin with which the troops are to be paid, &c. We proceed, in short, from wonder to wonder, until we return to the old house just in time to witness the departure thence of Jeanne and the stranger, as promised man and wife. Our author dearly loves a secret marriage; scarcely one of his novels but is provided with an easy-minded priest, subterranean chapel, a dark night for the occasion, hollow echoes, flickering tapers, &c., and, on our arrival in Paris, *en croupe*, behind Jeanne and her lover, we are prepared to find all these awaiting us, and assist at the ceremony without the smallest surprise or disquietude; but, nevertheless, we *are* discomforted when we learn that the baseness of the coin issued by command of the Regent has been discovered, and that his highness no longer needs other services than those rendered by a young Italian girl, named Antonia Verdi, who has shown herself to be such an adept in every kind of black art, that during the short time the young Count has been stretched upon a sick bed, she has become all-powerful with the Regent, who is governed entirely by her will. The *jalousie de métier* which takes possession of our hero determines him at once to obtain an interview with this new rival. He accordingly goes to seek one of the *ruffiani* at that time abounding in Paris, who promises his aid in finding out the real name and calling of the said Antonia Verdi, while we are left in the greatest agony of suspense, although we already know by instinct that she can be no other than the real wife of Jeanne's husband. Like Alexandre Dumas, our author promises more—like the Queen in Hamlet's play, he, maybe, promises too much if he engages to bring this complication of events and perplexities to a safe and satisfactory conclusion. We must, however, do M. de Montepin the justice to say that whenever his narrative keeps us breathless in its ghastly interest, he leaves us plenty of blank pages to repose upon. For instance, while searching through the volumes for an extract, we lighted upon page 29. At the extreme end of the page, "*Continuez*;" page 30, "*L'Espion*" (the title of the ensuing chapter); page 31 is an entire blank; page 33, "Antonia Verdi," resumed the Chevalier, "is a young and beautiful woman." Turning over, we find on the opposite side, page 85:—

"How much?"
"Half the sum total."
"What is that sum?"
"Twenty-five louis."
"You mistrust me."
"I do."

Compare this with Bulwer's and Thackeray's closely-written, pithy, well-filled pages, and you find the secret of the perpetual stream of novels and romances which pour from the Paris press. Sheridan's streamlet of print and meadow of margin is nothing compared to the muddy puddle amid the vast expanse of barren heath with which our French authors have lately thought fit to regale us. It is certainly a discovery in literature by which the heaviest writing may become the lightest reading possible, the arm alone being fatigued with the perpetual turning over of the leaves, while the intelligence remains quiet, subdued, and unexcited, waiting for some incident amid the white desert, but little caring whether it comes or not. We cannot leave M. de Montepin, however, without offering him our most hearty congratulations for the singular good luck he has experienced in beholding the abolishment of our old established favourite romance writers, and, at the same time, our sincere thanks for the boldness and self-confidence with which he has stepped forward and taken the place of "first novel writer of the age," finding it left vacant by the imprisonment and exile of those who had hitherto been content to share it amongst themselves so long.

Madeleine Répentante. Par Le Marquis DE FAUDRAS. 3 vols. Paris, 1852.

It is now about two years since the writer who assumes this *sobriquet* produced a book in two volumes called "Un Caprice de Grande Dame," a novel so extraordinary that even French society was startled and stood aghast before its infamy—so impudent in its portrayal of characters well known in the dissolute circles of that metropolis, that a cry of indignation was raised against its author—so strange and unheard-of in its scope and design, that we should, after reading the volumes through, never have comprehended either, had they not been revealed to us by the commentaries of the French press, and

by the explanation of French readers. This new work is a continuation of the "Caprice de Grande Dame," and the same infamous actors are introduced in a maudlin state of sentimental repentance (if we dare so to misuse that word) over their former deeds of vice.

We apologise for staining our pages even with the names of such books. Our excuse is that they are eagerly read and much talked about in France, and that a word of warning against them may not be unnecessary even here.

Shakspeare et son Temps: Etude Littéraire. Par M. Guizot. Paris, 1852.

It is with a very feeble curiosity that we listen to any foreigner, however eminent, when he tells us what he thinks of our Shakspeare. M. Guizot is, it is true, one of the very few Frenchmen who know anything at all about us, our history, our manners, or our language; but still we do not think he can help us to understand Shakspeare. The lad who pays his shilling to see *Hamlet* or *Othello* roughly personated at Sadlers' Wells feels Shakspeare quite as well as Hazlitt, Payne Collier, or M. Guizot, and a great deal better than Malone, Johnson, or Steevens. Commentators, in labouring to make more marked the features of the poet, only daub out the resemblance of the portrait. Schlegel does not help us, Voltaire scarcely amuses us. Shakspeare is best *au naturel;* the most certain thing to destroy his flavour is French *sauce piquante* or German *sauerkraut*.

After all, this work by M. Guizot, which has been put forth with so great flourish of trumpets, is only a reprint, somewhat revised, of an essay by the author prefixed to a French translation of Shakspeare's Works, published at Paris in 1821. The present volume is divided into two parts: the first contains nearly all we know of the life of Shakspeare and of the dramatic literature of his time, information which M. Guizot easily comprehends in 179 pages; the other 250 pages consist of notes historical and critical upon the six principal tragedies, seven historical dramas, and three comedies. It does not occur to us that our readers will expect at our hands any more copious analysis of this new edition of M. Guizot's essays upon the great dramatist.

Corneille et son Temps: Etude Littéraire. Par M. Guizot. Paris, 1852.

This, like the work immediately preceding, is a reprint of an essay published nearly forty years ago. The following extract from the preface will fully inform the reader as to the history of the work:—

Je réimprime, dans ce volume, un des premiers travaux de ma jeunesse, un travail publié pour la première fois en 1813, il y a bientôt quarante ans. J'y ai beaucoup changé J'étais tenté d'y changer bien davantage. Tant d'années, et de telles années, ouvrent sur toutes choses, sur la littérature comme sur la vie, des perspectives bien nouvelles; qu'on ne sait tout se qu'on découvre en changeant d'horizon, sans changer de pensée? Mais j'aurais refait mon ouvrage. Je ne l'ai pas voulu. Il faut qu'un livre soit et reste de son temps. Celui-ci est, si je ne me trompe, une image fidèle de l'esprit qui prévalait, il y a quarante ans, dans les Lettres.

Europe is now somewhat more concerned to know the opinions of M. Guizot than even France was forty years ago. He was then a mere *homme de lettres;* he has since been a powerful, although not a very great, statesmen. It is worth while, therefore, to reproduce his "Corneille," his "Shakspeare," his "Meditations and Moral Essays," his "Biographies of the English Revolution," his "Washington," his "Memoirs upon the History of France," his "Discourses," and even his "Dictionary of Synonymes." The "Caractères et Portraits Politiques et Littéraries," "Fragments de Mémoires Personnels," and his Speeches in the Chamber, are yet to appear. But all these subjects are so vast, and the reprints are so rapid, that were we to attempt to review his works at length we must assign M. Guizot a whole number of the *New Quarterly*.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

RETROSPECT OF GERMAN LITERATURE FOR THE QUARTER.

With every allowance for the peculiar position of German authors and publishers, it must be said that the present state of their literature is a disgrace to all parties concerned—to authors, publishers, and readers. From 4,000 to 5,000 volumes have been thrown on the bookseller's shelves during the last quarter—of these but very few deserve any notice, and these few ought to be mentioned rather as things to be avoided than otherwise. The great mass call neither for praise nor for blame, they are simply contemptible; and, thanks to the prudence of our foreign booksellers, they have not found their way to this country, nor are they ever likely to cross the channel. We have consequently been spared the pain of printing an index librorum prohibitorum by common sense. But in many instances we have been compelled to warn the readers of German books, lest a trap of words on the title-page, the name of a standard author, or the eulogies of the German critical journals, should induce them to waste their time and their substance on unreadable matter.

These remarks apply chiefly to belles lettres, and to that wilderness of pamphlets, theological, political, social, and generally controversial, which the presses of Leipsig, Vienna, Stuttgard, Berlin, and of many smaller towns, have spawned forth. In their scientific works the Germans are, as usual, profound, solid, conscientious, and indigestible. But their novels and dramas, their controversial writings, their attempts at historical composition by a host of petty historians, their books on books which have been written on books, their hole-and-corner literature which embraces all subjects with equal presumption and ignorance—these seem to progress from bad to worse, nor is there any saying to what depths of wretchedness they are likely to descend.

This, however, is their own affair, not ours. We are concerned only in so far as our national literature is in danger of being affected by German practices. The Germans themselves are in the habit of boasting that all nations of Europe must ultimately accept their civilisation, and that the German "mind" will reign supreme over all lands. God forbid that it ever should come to that! We will give the Germans all the honour that is due to them, but there is no denying it that they are crude in politics, crude in their social state, and crude in literature. They boast of Lessing, but they forget that he was their first critic, and, up to the present day, he has been the last. The German mind has not, within the last fifty years, been able to produce another critic! And Lessing's mind, too, sprung from English literature, as plainly appears from almost every page of his writings. But it would seem that the modern Germans, like the Roman Catholics, believe in a superabundance of grace. Lessing's prodigious industry is, according to them, a sufficient reason for not studying the works which he studied. Because he wrote with discrimination and elegance, they think themselves justified to write without either. When they are told that their literature wants critics, they meet the rebuke with a "Look at Lessing!" If their writers are charged with ignorance they become eloquent on the subjects of Lessing's wonderful erudition; and when you tell them that they want energy, elegance, and propriety of diction, they will assure you that Lessing possesses these qualities in an eminent degree. It is the same with their two great poets—Göthe and Schiller. Because their literature has produced half a score or so of men who were eminent in their generation, the present generation of Germans believe that they derive eminence from the past, and that they are justified in producing bad works and plenty of them—"for a literature which can boast of such men must always command respect." In our opinion it commands nothing of the kind.

Another reason of the downward tendency of German literature is to be found in the degradation of the literary profession. That profession, as such, is not even acknowledged by the laws of a nation which claims to be the most intelligent and civilised among the nations of the continent. It is a fact that, in Germany, professional writers are classed with vagabonds and street beggars, and treated accordingly. They are expelled from the towns

and compelled to drag on their precarious and dreary existence in small villages and various out-of-the-way places. They are ill-treated by every one, and ill-paid by their employers. Society at large shuns them as dangerous persons, who might possibly beg, borrow, or steal, since they follow no "solid" profession, and since they have not, what the Germans emphatically call, "a sure bread"—ein sicheres brod.

Göthe, whose most thoughtless pronunciamentos our Teutonic cousins regard as oracles, has encouraged the notion that literature belongs not to the necessities, but to the luxuries of civilised life. Great stress is laid on the fact that on some occasions he declared that a man ought to have a trade which kept him, and that for his daily bread he ought not to rely on literature or art. In other words there ought to be none but amateur writers and artists. Literature ought not to be man's career, but his hobby. It ought not to satisfy his necessities or gratify his ambition, but merely his vanity. For once the Germans have been docile disciples of the errors of a great man; they renounce literature for the purposes of an honest ambition, and make it an arena for the gratification of a contemptible vice. Hence their professional writers are by no means numerous, but the number of their amateur writers is legion. The printing and publishing mania pervades all classes. From the university professor to the masters of village schools, from the Minister of Justice to the lowest clerk of a country police court, from the banker to the linendraper's shopboy, they write and publish books and pamphlets, or produce squibs and contributions to the poet's corner of the numerous choralblätter. Indeed, a man does not consider himself a full man unless his name has appeared in print. And even those who abstain, have at least the proud conviction that they could enlighten the world on many things if they would only stoop to publish their lucubrations. But humble as they are they cannot condescend to do any such thing. No! not they. And on the strength of this resignation they consider literature as yearning for them, while they, coyly and chastely, stand aloof and defy temptation.

The consequences of such a state of things must be apparent to every impartial observer. Everybody's business is no man's business. All those titled and untitled writers of Germany, all those professors and schoolmasters, officers and physicians, clergymen, clerks, and shopmen, who make German literature, have no higher aim than the gratification of their vanity. Literature in that country has no other reward. The public expects it as a free gift—and books and pamphlets are flung at its feet as an alms from the rich man to the pauper. No one of these writers has anything to expect from the public—no one of them feels any respect for the multitude whom he addresses. The spectacle thus presented is at once pitiable and ludicrous. Each writer is inspired—at least, he considers himself so. He addresses a wretched, brutish, and ignorant mob, which he despises, while he yearns for its applause. And while he writes, every tenth man of that mob is writing as well, and every tenth man classes him among the mob, and asks for his applause in return for contempt. If these things be well considered—(and they are worthy of consideration just now, when we are told that the Germans ought to be our models)—if, we say, these things be considered, it is a matter of wonder not that German literature is bad, but that it is not infinitely worse.

The Germans themselves, though they praise their own literature, show a just and judicious preference for works translated from our publications. Our novels, in particular, though abused by their critics, are freely translated and extensively sold. Dickens, Marryat, James, Lever, Thackeray, and Bulwer indemnify them for the sterility of their native writers. Bleak House is being published in half-a-dozen translations, and the original English text is, moreover, reprinted by Mr. Tauchnitz, of Leipzig, who for many years past has supplied the Continent with the best and cheapest reprints of all new works of our literature. Kingsley's "Yeast," Layard's and Vann's "Nineveh," Mrs. Norton's "Stuart of Dunleath," selections from the *Household Words*, Reid's "Rifierangers," and Warburton's "Darien" have all been translated within the last quarter. Two fresh translations have been added to those that existed already of Macaulay's History. The popularity which this work enjoys in Germany may perhaps be taken as an indication that the "German mind" tends to better objects than those which of late years absorbed its attention. At all events, there is a change. It is a fact that some years ago the translation of Macaulay's Essays and History was pooh-poohed by some of the most enterprising publishers of Germany. The increasing demand for the works of our greatest living historians, and the ready sale of the translations of almost every good novel which is published in England, show, at all events, that the productions of the native press, however numerous, leave a void in the public mind, and that, however ardent may be the admiration of the Germans for their own literature, they must needs travel abroad in quest of practical instruction and rational amusement.

One grand and meritorious work, or rather the commencement of such a work, has seen the light in the course of the last three months. The Brothers Grimm have at length issued the first part of

their great "Dictionary of the German Language" from the days of Luther to the end of Göthe's career. The want of such a book has long been painfully felt. Few of the chief European languages are without such a record of the various words, their meaning and application. The Germans, who were most in want of such a work, have wanted it longest, and even now we take note of a promise rather than of a performance. For the two illustrious scholars, who, according to the opinion of the Germans themselves, are alone capable of executing the great work they have undertaken, have already reached the limits which the Psalmist ascribes to the life of man; and though it is devoutly to be hoped that they will survive the completion of the German Dictionary, the most sanguine must allow that their labours are exposed to more than usual danger of interruption by disease or death. Under these circumstances, it creates a painful feeling to read the remonstrances which the authors have been compelled to address to their countrymen immediately after the publication of the first number. The execution of the work has for many years been delayed in the hope of obtaining the active assistance and co-operation of men eminent for their knowledge of the German idiom in all parts of the country. This hope has been disappointed. No suggestions were made, no contributions sent to the authors, even by their own personal friends, who either believed not in the execution of the work, or took a greater interest in promoting their own labours. But scarcely was the publication of the first letter completed, when those who hitherto had observed an obstinate silence came forward with their suggestions and corrections. The Brothers Grimm protest against this mode of proceeding. The part that is published *is* published—it is in the hands of many thousand subscribers, and cannot be recalled. To inform the authors now of errors which they cannot possibly correct, after turning a deaf ear to their previous prayers for assistance, is wanton cruelty, if not worse. Hence they implore their generous countrymen to withhold their criticism as to the past, and to give them the benefit of their assistance towards the perfection of the unpublished parts of the German Dictionary.

Another satisfactory contribution to the annals of German science has been given by Professor Wolf, and dedicated to Jacob Grimm, under the title of "Beiträge zur Deutschen Mythologie." It contains the results of the studies of many years compressed within the compass of a small octavo volume, in which the connection between the traditions of pagan Germany and the saints' stories of Roman Catholic Germany is established with an astonishing erudition and a critical acumen which surmounts all obstacles, while its soundness arms it, as in mail of proof, against the objections of those whom the matter may concern.

A work of a very different kind has been published by Professor Schubert, of Munich, who, envious of Humboldt's glory, comes forward with a book which we cannot better characterise than by calling it an orthodox "Cosmos." His "World Building, the Earth, and the Ages of Man on the Earth," gives evidence of much labour in collecting and arranging the results of the labours of others, and making them subservient to the one great object of all his writings—namely, the reconciliation of abstract science with orthodox belief. His work will be a valuable acquisition to many who objected to read "Cosmos," whilst its popular language and didactic form make it important for those who derived but little benefit from the perusal of Humboldt's work, because their acquaintance with the subject was not sufficiently intimate to allow of their following him through his technical terminology.

A little book which can be of no interest whatever to the general public, while it is of the highest importance to the modern historian, has been compiled by Dr. Koner, of the University Library of Berlin, and published by Herr Nicolai, of the same place. It is a collection of all historical essays, documents, and papers which have within the last fifty years been published in the German magazines and other periodicals. The subjects are ranged under the heads of the various countries and provinces. A student need but turn up the name of any country or province to obtain a full account of the periodical literature on the subject, including the names of the magazines, the titles of the articles, and the numbers of the volumes and pages at which they may be found.

The revolution of 1848 continues to occupy still the attention of the German historians, who from time to time publish special histories of those countries and parts of countries which at some period or other of the convulsion engaged the interest of the public at large. As this quarter's instalment, we have the "History of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein," written by Waitz, and published by Dietrich, of Göttingen; and "Der Verfassungskampf in Kurhessen" ("The Constitutional Contest in Electoral Hesse"), by Dr. Gräfe, and published by Costenoble and Remmelmann, of Leipzig. So much has been said and written about the unfortunate Schleswig question, that we think ourselves entitled to the gratitude of our readers for confining our remarks to the statement that Professor Waitz takes the *German* view of the question, and that his History is one of the numerous heavy pamphlets which the Germans have for some years past been hurling at Denmark. The Hessian contest is a less

hackneyed subject. The spirit, the devotion, and the legality of the popular party, contrasting with the cynic shamelessness of the court, might be worked up into a powerful historical picture, and one which would have an interest for readers of all classes. Dr. Gräfe, however, has scarcely been just to his subject. His book, abounding in dates and documentary evidence, will be of some value to writers of greater ability who may come after him.

A very meritorious work, of which, however, four parts only have as yet been issued, is a "History of German Literature," by H. Kurz, who gives copious extracts from the works of the best writers, while the publisher (Teubnur, of Leipzig) illustrates the work with a vast number of clever and in many instances curious woodcuts. The whole is to be finished in twenty-five parts. From the specimens before us, we should say that this work is likely to be one of the best of its kind.

It is, however, but literature on literature, and our greatest grievances against the modern Germans consists in their indolent idolatry of the past. The last few months have brought many ponderous additions to this class of books. Professor Düntzer, who lived on Göthe all his days, has published an account of the ladies amongst whom the poet passed his youth, under the title, "Frauenbilder aus Göthe's Jugendzeit;" while another writer, Lehman, devotes a volume to Göthe's intrigues and love-songs.* Professor Düntzer is valuable in his way; his statistics of Göthe are always sound, and his reading is extensive. Lehman writes with more candour and less admiration than Düntzer; indeed, he is an artist, while Düntzer is a mere mechanic and purveyor of raw material. When we add that Göthe's correspondence with Knebel has at length been published in two large volumes, and that a small book containing Göthe's opinions,* extracted from his correspondence and reported conversations, has been given to the world, we have mentioned the chief additions to the Göthe literature which have been published since March.

In the department of travels, &c., there is only one book worth noticing, and this one is not exactly German. It is a translation of Steene Bille's "Report of the Voyage of the Galathea corvette round the World," in two volumes, with a variety of illustrations and several maps. The work is very creditable to all parties concerned, but the credit belongs to Denmark and not to Germany.

Another German book by a non-German author, is Szavardy's "Paris," a humorous and ably-written account of Parisian life, doings, and manners. Herr Szavardy is a Hungarian, who for many years has been a resident in the French capital. His work, though written in a different style, is quite as good in its way as Dr. Schlesinger's "London," of which the second volume has not as yet been published.

There is also a "History of Antiquity," by Professor Dunker, a sound and well-digested work; there are two volumes on "Gastrosophy," by Baron Vaerst, who, unless we are mistaken, is the author of the "Cavalier-Perspective," and the "Cancan of a German Nobleman," two anonymous works which excited some attention during the last fifteen years. Herr von Irechtritz, a heavy, pragmatical novelist, has commenced a story of the times of the Reformation, two volumes of which have appeared. Those who read them are not likely to wish for more. These works, and the books which are more fully characterised below, contain all that is necessary to mention, either for praise or blame, among the publications up to Midsummer 1852.

* "Lehman, Göthe's Liebe und Liebesgedichte." Berlin.

* "Göthe in Briefen und Gesprächen." Berlin: Vereinshandlung.

GÖRGEY AND THE HUNGARIAN WAR.*

THE author of these volumes took a prominent and fatal part in the event which he attempts to describe. Arthur Görgey, a native of Hungary, and bred in the Austrian army, resigned the lieutenancy he held in an Austrian regiment a few years before the outbreak of the Hungarian revolution of 1848, because, poor, unprotected, repulsive in manner, and quarrelsome of disposition, he had no chance of promotion. He studied chemical sciences at Prague and Vienna, and attracted attention, not because he was more clever, but because he was poorer, and more ill-bred and slovenly, than his fellow-students. He walked about unshaved and unwashed, he lived in a garret, slept on the floor, and satisfied his hunger with the coarsest food. His dress was always ragged, and frequently very dirty. He pretended to lead this life from choice rather than from necessity; he put his privations ostentatiously forward, and seemed to glory in them. But they evidently preyed upon his mind, and tended still more to sour his temper. His irascibility became morbid, and led him into the strangest vagaries. He made love—after a fashion of his own—to a rich heiress at Prague. He asked for her hand and was refused. Immediately afterwards he proposed for the young lady's governess, and married her from pique. Mr. and Mrs. Görgey led a life of great poverty and discontent. The man who had been an indifferent comrade and a bad friend, made a worse husband.

As such he was found by the revolution of 1848. When the intrigues of the Austrian court and the invasion of Hungary by Jellachich raised M. Kossuth to the chief power in Hungary, and when measures were taken for the organisation of a national army,

* "Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn." Von Arthur Görgey. Two vols. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate.

M. Görgey had reason to believe that the troubles of the time would promote his interests. The Hungarians had volunteers in plenty, but they wanted officers. Görgey presented himself at Pesth, and obtained a commission. He was instructed, as the head of a guerilla band, to guard the island of Csepel against the troops of Jellachich. He had scarcely taken his command, when an opportunity presented itself of attracting public attention. A nobleman of that part of the country—a Count Zichy—who was hostile to the national cause, and who, instead of openly joining the Imperial party, as he might have done, pretended to side with M. Kossuth, while he secretly conveyed information and messages to the Imperialists, was arrested by Görgey's patrols. He was searched, and documents were found upon him which left no doubt of his guilt. Görgey had him tried, sentenced, and hanged off hand. This summary proceeding made a deep impression, for at that period of the struggle the Hungarians were inclined to play fast and loose with their enemies. Some blamed the young officer's want of discretion, others commended his patriotism. It seemed to strike no one that Görgey's zeal might perhaps have been spurred on by revenge, and that an act which was considered to emanate from patriotism might possibly be the result of a brutal disposition. The event showed that Görgey was not by any means so hostile to traitors and spies as his conduct in this instance seemed to warrant.

But whatever might have been his motive or object, certain it is that the execution, or, as the Austrians call it, the murder, of Count Zichy recommended him to the confidence of M. Kossuth and the other heads of the Hungarian Government, and the *prestige* of this one deed clung to him through all the changing fortunes of the campaign. It was well for him that all minds were predisposed in his favour, for immediately after the commencement of operations he gave full scope to that mutinous obstinacy and *wrongheadedness* which had hitherto been so fatal to all his attempts at success in life. He showed himself unfit to command, and he would not obey. At Ozora, where he commanded under Colonel M. Perczel, he contradicted and ridiculed his superior officer, who, if he had done his duty, would have dealt with Görgey as Görgey had done with Count Zichy. In the Battle of Schwechat, which was fought for the relief of the insurgent population of Vienna, Görgey behaved with some spirit, and it is generally allowed that he did his duty. In return he was appointed to the command of the Hungarian force which was to defend the country from the invasion of an Austrian army under Prince Windischgrätz. His career as commander-in-chief may be summed up in a few words. He retreated incessantly, and when, in consequence of that retreat, the capital of the country was conquered by the imperialists, he published a general order to his troops, in which he accused the Government of having compelled him to a disgraceful retreat.

Ordered to operate with 18,000 men in the rear of the imperialist army, and to withdraw their attention from the plains of the Theiss, where Kossuth was rallying the forces of the nation, General Görgey fled before a small corps of imperialists, nor did he think himself safe until he was established in the mountain fastnesses of Kremink. Here he would have remained in spite of the orders which called him to the assistance of the armies on the banks of the Theiss, but his troops wanted provisions, and the fear of a military insurrection drove him onwards down the Carpathians and into the plains of the Theiss. On this occasion his troops stormed the defiles of Branitzko; but they were led, not by Görgey, but by Guyon, an English officer in the Hungarian army. Placed with other chiefs of the corps under the command of General Dembinski, he confused that officer's operations by neglect, disobedience, and cowardice, and he finally conspired with some other Hungarians to arrest Dembinski, whose mode of warfare was too energetic for the Hungarian patriots. In the series of decisive battles which followed soon afterwards he took the smallest possible share, and after the retreat of the Austrians, instead of pursuing the enemy into their own country, he turned back and spent nearly a month in the siege of the fortress of Buda, and this, too, against the express orders of the Government whom he pretended to serve. His delay enabled Austria to renew the war with Russian auxiliaries.

In the second portion of the campaign he acted in defiance of all authority, and kept the flower of the Hungarian army above eight weeks shut up in the fortified camp of Komorn, thereby enabling the imperialist forces to invade the country, reconquer the capitals, and attack the plains of the Theiss. Next, leaving Komorn with 30,000 men, he proceeded to Waitzen, where he fought and lost a battle, after which, followed by a Russian corps, he retreated, and negotiated. When, after the battle of Arad, Kossuth resigned the government in a panic and fled into Turkey, he left the management of affairs to Görgey, who at once made an unconditional surrender. Most of the officers who served under him were either hanged or shot; his life was spared, and he was conveyed to a city in Steiermark, where he still lives, and where he wrote the volumes whose publication has compelled us to trace the career of the most overrated man and the blackest traitor of modern times.

Almost all our contemporaries consider, or pretend to consider, the publication of this "Vindication" as a most important event. In our opinion it is nothing of the kind. Theirs is a fictitious importance, and one created by credulity, prejudice, and ignorance. They are only valuable because they furnish another proof of the force of public opinion, which causes all minds, even the most shameless and the most depraved, to wince under the lash.

What claims, indeed, can a man in General Görgey's position have to public confidence? What claims has a man of his stamp to belief? Other writers of autobiographies and political memoirs have at least some pretension to good faith and honesty; even the worst of them are in positions in which it is not absolutely dangerous to speak the truth. General Görgey's situation is as extraordinary as his crime: he is a prisoner in the hands of the most vindictive and the most irascible power of Europe. He has, as he tells us, received a free pardon for the share he took in the Hungarian insurrection; but a capital sentence is still hanging over his head for the part he took in the murder (as the Austrians call it) of Count Zichy. He has deliberately and in cold blood betrayed the nation which raised him from beggary to wealth and power, and the friends and comrades who confided in his honour. He has before this, in the face of the world and in the face of history, been convicted of mutiny, cowardice, duplicity, perjury, and treason; he has

violated all pledges and desecrated all that is sacred to ordinary men. And now, cheated out of the reward which he expected for his treason, overwhelmed with shame in spite of his characteristic effrontery, and perhaps stung with remorse, not because he feels the wickedness, but because he sees the folly, of his life, he flies from the disgraceful realities of the past and rushes into fiction. His vice becomes tributary to virtue, and the miscreant who challenged, and who triumphed in, the execration of every honest man stoops to hypocrisy.

Those who read these volumes without a familiar acquaintance with the events of the Hungarian war, will be overwhelmed with an array of names and dates the correctness of which they cannot possibly ascertain, and they will be confused with arguments which they cannot refute for want of facts. It is, indeed, on the ignorance of the general public that the author grounds his hopes of success. We have subjected his narrative to a minute examination, and we find that the truth is told in few instances, is distorted in many, and utterly set at naught in the majority. Thus, for instance, his denial of the conspiracy against Dembinski has long before this been contradicted by documentary evidence of the highest order. It is the same with his account of the motives which induced him to besiege Buda, and the reasons why that fatal siege was prolonged. Again, he plainly states that his first negotiations with the Russians took place immediately after M. Kossuth's flight from Arad, in August, 1849. But Baron Budberg, who early in July wrote a confidential letter to Prince Wittgenstein, says plainly that Görgey, then encamped at Komorn, was treating during the latter half of June, that he refused to co-operate with Kossuth and the Poles, and that he would surrender after the plains of the Thesis had been occupied by the imperialists. Baron Budberg had his information from the Russian Commander-in-Chief, Prince Paskiewitch. There is no possibility of doubting a statement which *preceded* the event. Yet not one word does Görgey say of his negotiations at Komorn.

If Görgey could or would give a true account of the career of crime and folly which led him to betray his country and his friends, such a revelation would not only be interesting, but it would also have that importance which is most unwarrantably ascribed to his present publication. It would throw light on many contested points which the volumes before us tend still further to obscure, and, if supported by the mass of evidence it has hitherto been possible to collect, it would entitle him to some belief. As a proof of sincere repentance, it would lighten that burden of European contempt which his present vindication must ultimately increase. But we apprehend that neither his circumstances nor his frame of mind entitle us to hope for any such revelations. The vindication itself is a proof of the author's anxiety to conceal the truth.

It is gratifying to know that his success is as partial as it will be short-lived, and that the publication of Görgey's vindication has at length induced General Dembinski to publish his memoirs of the Hungarian campaign. A promise to this effect is contained in a letter which that officer has addressed to a German newspaper. Thus it appears that bad causes can have good effects, and that Görgey's attempt to mislead the public gives us, in fact, the promise of a valuable addition to contemporary history.

Geschichte der Französischen Revolution von 1789—1799. Von E. Arnd. 6 vols. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams and Norgate.

So many eminent men have investigated the causes and recorded the events of the first French revolution, that a new work on the same subject has some difficulty in obtaining a *locus standi*. That the revolution of 1789 has not been understood by the men of our time in and out of power is likewise an incontestable fact. The events of the last few years have proved it even to the dullest comprehension. This being the case, it would be idle to say much in praise of a work, which is, however, deserving of very high praise. Still more idle would it be if we were to moralise on an event the facts of which are too well known, while its lessons are likely to remain a sealed book to the nations as well as to the rulers of Europe. Suffice it that Dr. Arnd has, after many years of study, given to the world an historical work of great merit, and that he has been conscientious in his facts and accurate in his dates; that he has never for a moment lost sight of the main features of the history he undertook to write, and that—a rare merit in a German historian—he writes with ease and fluency, and sometimes with elegance. His style is neither ornate, as that of Niemayer and Menzel, nor barbarous, as Schlosser's. The German critics compare Dr. Arnd's work to Macaulay's history. They expose their own ignorance, and wrong the author they wish to recommend, by raising expectations which his work does not justify. We recommend it to all those who have yet to study the history of the French revolution, and who at the same time would improve their knowledge of German.

Die Adonis Klage und das Linos Lied. Von Dr. Heinrich Brugsch. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams and Norgate.

A short time ago *Punch* lamented the zealotism of critical historians and philologists, who seem bent upon robbing ancient history of all its pretty conceits and memorable anecdotes. Professor Newman and his "History of Regal Rome," were the chief causes of the humorous remonstrance; but it was not denied that the origin of this sacrilegious scepticism was not English, but German. Professor Newman but followed and improved upon the example of Niebuhr and his predecessors. Alas for the time-honoured prejudices which extol German fancy, imaginativeness, credulity, and love for the abstract! The Germans, we apprehend, are getting too matter-of-fact even for us. Their comparative anatomy and physiology have placed many a chapter of the stock-in-hand of very learned professors into the category of "vulgar errors;" they have most ruthlessly demolished great part of ancient history, and they are just setting about to attack the remainder. Their young philologists, who have nothing in the world to do but to starve and get famous, if they can, enter the sacred precincts of traditional erudition, armed with large critical carving knives, which they are most savagely bent upon using on every occasion. The faith and the love of many centuries is as nothing to them; if anything, it gives an edge to their morbid lust of destruction. No anecdote is too sacred, no hero too glorious, no achievement too brilliant for them. They lay their irreverent hands on the most poetical forms, slit them open, and exhibit their inside. Nothing can exceed

their pleasure when they find that the hero of a thousand songs has never existed, that the poetical idea which has moved many generations is in fact founded on a misunderstanding, and that fair ladies are in the habit of getting sentimental over a mistaken term in astronomy.

These remarks have been occasioned by Dr. Brugsch's clever little treatise on Adonis, and they are equally applicable to a hundred small tracts which the German presses spawn forth almost every year, and which are likely, at no distant period, to change the aspect of Grecian and Roman mythology, as it is known by the plurality of teachers and taught, by fair means and foul, to their reluctant and deprecating pupils. The history of ancient Rome has been shorn of its glories; the mythology of ancient Greece has just now equal consideration and less mercy granted to it.

Dr. Brugsch does away with Adonis. The annual lament of the women of Greece and Egypt, who wailed at the death of the youthful hero, and with many plaintive songs recorded his sad fate and mournful descent to the nether world, is reduced to a ceremonial of sadness and mourning at the spring and fall of the year—an expression of sorrow at the fleeting joys and blessings of life. It is reported that the Greek women sang their Linos song in honour of Adonis, and that in Egypt Osiris was equally lamented by the peculiar, plaintive melody called Maneros. Dr. Brugsch proves that there were no such melodies as Linos and Maneros, that the annual wailings were in no way different from the usual lamentations for the dead. They had in those times two "All Souls' Days." Linos, or Ailinos, is, according to him, corrupted from the Semetic Ailanu! or Ai lenu (woe unto us!) a customary exclamation over the body or the grave of a departed friend; and the beautiful youth Adonis is dissolved into the very general *adonai!* or *adoni!* (my lord! or, my master), a very usual term of reverence applied to the dead, and frequently heard in the wailings of Semitic women. This is shown by the words of the prophet, Jeremiah xxii., 18:—"Propterea haec dicit Dominus ad Joakim, filium Josiae, regem Judae: Non plangent eum: *Vae* frater! et *vae* soror! non concrepabunt ei: *Vae Domine!* et vae Inclyte!" In the same way, according to Dr. Brugsch, the Egyptian name of Maneros for the wailing over the dead is derived and corrupted from the words *mâá-ne-rha!* (come back, or return, to your home!), an exclamation which frequently occurs in the dirges of old Egypt. This, indeed, has been hinted at by Plutarch.

The treatise (which does much honour to the author's critical acumen, and which has a copious supplement of notes) proves all the positions which we have mentioned. Those who read it will lose an illusion and gain a truth.

Judas Iscariot: Ein Dramatisches Gedicht in fünf Abtheilungen. Berlin: Verlags Anstalt. London: Williams and Norgate.

THIS little book professes to be a dramatic poem in five parts, and its hero is Judas Iscariot!

There are bullies in literature as well as bores—people who will not wait until their merits shall have procured them attention, and who choose to gain the public ear by a *coup de main*. Persons there are who appear before the public with their coat-sleeves turned up, and who attempt to spar their way into favour. According to the catechism of these pugilistic writers, life is a farce, and literature its fag-end; labour is nothing, and talent is nothing, and the only way to succeed with the public is to attack it in all that it holds most dear and sacred. To *earn* a reputation is a tame and commonplace thing. Power may be gained by a *coup d'état*—why not literary distinction by a *coup de pied?*

Eliza Schmidt, who is guilty of having written "Judas Iscariot," is a fair specimen of this pugnacious set of aspiring writers. Her first offence was a drama, in which poor Lord Byron was condemned to figure, and in which he and Miss Eliza, *arcades ambo* and children of "genius," accused and contemned "society." Her second dramatic poem would be blasphemous, if it were not simply absurd. "Judas Iscariot" contains the most touching and terrible portion of the Gospels as a modern democratic travestie. Judas is neither envious nor greedy; he is simply a better and wiser man than his generation of Jews; he is a democrat, and too good for his time. He would liberate the Jews, but they court their fetters and rejoice in slavery. He next resolves to compel them to be free, and his great crime is the result of the obstacles which obstruct the execution of his plan. All this is very silly, and, we grieve to say, very wicked. Magdalen, the heroine of this democratic poem, is a strange mixture of licentiousness, indolence, and maudlin bathos. How any "young lady" could conceive the idea of such a character is to us a mystery. Surely Miss Eliza Schmidt must have been in a strange school, and the society she has kept cannot by any means have been of a kind which Mrs. Ellis would recommend to the "wives" or "daughters of England." What we have said will, we trust, suffice to warn our readers against a work which has, however, the benefit of Professor Rötscher's recommendation. Miss Schmidt's *coup de pied* has told in her own country. It is not likely to tell in England.

Dünen und Berg-Geschichten. Von FANNY LEWALD. 2 vols. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams and Norgate.

MISS LEWALD is indeed a prolific writer! When we noticed the second volume of her "Tour through England," we had reason to apprehend that the infliction was likely to be followed by another. An ominous voice told us that a third and perhaps a fourth volume of the same stamp might actually be on board the Ostend or Hamburgh steamer. We feared the worst, but luckily our fears have not been realised by the event. Fanny is formidable, but she is also merciful. She has, indeed, presented us with two fresh volumes, but (to her honour be it said!) they are very small ones. Her last season at Heligoland was not very expensive, and during her subsequent residence at Bonn on the Rhine the charges were equally reasonable. The German publishers pay so much per sheet. To make up for the void our tavern bills and railway fares had created, Fanny was compelled to write two large volumes. Her expenses at Heligoland and Bonn were covered with the honorarium of a few sheets only. Necessity, the mother of invention, is also the mother of these "Stories of the Downs and of the Mountains." They are consequently akin to invention, but they are not her offspring. They are, in fact, imitations. Boccaccio's "Decamerone" is Fanny's model in the present instance. During the great plague in Flo-

rence, a party of friends assembled almost daily for the purpose of dispelling their cares, by the recital of amusing and moral stories. During the great political plague in Germany, Fanny and her friends sat together at Heligoland and Bonn, endeavouring to avoid political disputes by the recital of stories, which, if not so amusing and entertaining, are certainly more moral than those of Bocaccio. They served their purpose at the time. They are now pressed into another service. They are sent forth into the world to magnify Fanny's glory. Whatever the Germans may think of them, we confess some doubts as to their serving that object in England. Not that they are in any way objectionable, but

> There are a thousand such elsewhere
> As worthy of our wonder.

If we object to any of them, it is to the "Story of the Young Wine-cooper," which is disgusting, not only on its own account, but chiefly because it is told by a female writer. There is in it a "weinseeligkeit" (thank goodness the word must be borrowed from the German!)—a glorification of drink and drunken dreams—which is perfectly disgusting in a woman. We know nothing of the lady's habits. If she likes her glass, let her enjoy it. If she loves it, "not wisely, but too well," so much the worse for her and for her friends. But that is no reason why she should get sentimental about drink, as if it were manna, and treat intoxication as a sublime mystery. Those who know best admit that it is no such thing. Be this as it may, with this one exception, the stories are very harmless. They are short, and that is in itself a recommendation for the many who have difficulty in reading German.

Zehn Jahre im Zuchthaus Roman, Von F. W. Ebeling. 4 vols. Leipzig: Kollmann. London: Williams and Norgate.

THIS book was published in 1851. Nevertheless it is a literary novelty, for, from the day of its publication up to the present time, it has been kept in durance vile by the police of the Germanic Confederation. We confess that this fact alone sufficed to give us a favourable opinion of the work, for the federal index of prohibited books has, within the last few years, included some of the best and brightest productions of German literature. But, alas! whatever our prejudices in its favour may have been, the perusal of the four volumes of "Ten Years in a House of Correction" has made us heartily ashamed of them. If it had been Herr Ebeling's object practically to demonstrate how a "social novel" ought not to be written, he could not have succeeded better than he undoubtedly has done by producing this most preposterous book, with its crude and unnatural characters, its impossible conversations, and still more impossible incidents; its Communistic theories, its barbarous phraseology (which is chiefly taken from a slang dictionary), and its glorification of all the crimes of the criminal calendar. From highway robbery down to petty larceny, from assault and battery to assassination, from forgery to usury, from perjury to arson, from fornication to adultery, from child-stealing to rape—there is not a crime, or a shade of crime, but it is perpetrated by the creations of Herr Ebeling's morbid fancy. But the strangest and, we venture to say, the dullest feature of the work, is its didactic tone and manner. The author struggles to amuse his readers, and, as the attempt proves a signal failure, he endeavours to instruct them. Hence he introduces into his volumes a complete charter of a model constitution, a formula for the reform of parochial boards, and improved and amended formulas for the interment of the dead and the celebration of marriages. The moral seems to be, that it is impossible to lead a honest and cleanly life in Europe, and that peace, contentment, purity, and justice dwell exclusively in the Pampas of Southern America. That favoured region is the Utopia of the petty German Morus; it is there he founds his model republic, and it is to that region we devoutly wish that he had transported himself, instead of writing a book, or a series of books, whose dulness is only equalled by their wickedness. We adjure the public to eschew Herr Ebeling and his "Ten Years." If any should be perverse enough to despise this warning, verily they will have their reward!

Das Pfarrhaus zu Hallungen. Von LUDWIG STORCH. Berlin: Verlags Anstall. London: Williams and Norgate.

MOST professed novel-writers have their peculiar machinery, trick of the craft, and *modus operandi*. They all exemplify what has been pithily observed by a rake of the last generation, that man's life consists in getting into scrapes and in getting out of them again. They all get their heroes into scrapes. But the mode and manner of getting them out again by the intervention of the executioner, the marriage service, or a rich uncle, varies according to the peculiar gifts and leanings of each novelist. Sir Walter Scott's heroes, for instance, are either captives or in delirium while the dramatic knot of the story is being untied. Herr Storch, who by this time must be a veteran among the German writers of romances, has throughout his career lived on the contrast between the ancient orthodox Lutheran faith and modern latitudinarianism. The world he represents is divided amongst itself; its conflict is a war to the knife. Uncompromising and saturnine pastors, who preach the Gospel as a word of terror, are introduced to the reader; staid matrons, with pale wrinkled faces and starched caps, make the impression of having been always very old, very strict, and very fanatic; young females of an old school, dressed up to their chins, crowd the background of the picture. These very respectable persons are engaged in a secret and murderous conflict with the opinions and prejudices of a later age. They meet and abhor them in the State, in the Church, in society, and in literature. They retreat from the world, and make frantic endeavours to preserve an old world of their own in the solitude of their villages or the privacy of their homes. But even these places of refuge are invaded. Some female prophet of emancipated *thought* is soon to attack the citadel, and to capture and carry off some male member of the primitive family. The captive's struggles, and the horror and disgust of his relations, furnishes whatever such plots can have of interest, and the tragic element is made up by guilty love, remorse, despair, suicide, and general ruin. Such are the materials of all Storch's novels, and such is his mode of dealing with them. His last book, "The Vicarage of Hallungen," makes no exception to the general rule. It is a controversy between the past and the future. The persons are mere representatives of ideas; they do scarcely anything, and suffer from the first page to the last. Whenever they do not suffer, they indulge in disputation. They are all very pious, devout, and wise; but they break one another's heart seemingly with-

out the slightest compunction. The moral of the work seems to be, that every true conviction must needs be aggressive—that sincerity is impossible without zeal, and zeal impossible without zealotism—and that with the Germans there can be no medium between indifference and intolerance. So much the worse for them!

Die Manuscripte Peter Schlemihl's: Kosmologisch-Litterarische Novelle. Von LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. 2 vols. Berlin: Verlags-Anstalt; London: Williams and Norgate.

A MOST contemptible production. Herr Bechstein, the author of this "cosmologic-literary novel," is evidently a literary blackleg, who would persuade the world into a belief that his absurd ravings have some connection with Chamisso's admirable novel of Peter Schlemihl. We think it right to tell our readers that there is no connection whatever between the two, and that the two volumes which thus court popularity on the strength of Chamisso's merits have not a single merit of their own. Whatever interest they possess is on the title page. It is simply impossible to find a worse book.

Aus drei Jahrhunderten. Von UFFO HORN. Leipzig: Costenoble und Remmelman; London: Williams and Norgate.

HERR HORN, a young author of middling capacity, has in this volume presented the world with three short novels. They are written with ease and fluency, but neither the incidents nor the plot possess any striking features of interest. Their perusal can do no harm, but it can do very little good, and those alone will profit by them who read them for the sake of the language.

Thorwaldsen's Leben. Von J. M. THIELE. Leipzig: Jork. London: Williams and Norgate.

A BIOGRAPHY of Thorwaldsen has long been wanting, not from want of interest, but from the want of materials. His career commenced in poverty and darkness: no one knew him until he was famous, and then it was too late to inquire into his antecedents. His boyhood passed in some wretched hovel in a dark street of Copenhagen; he was a poor, ill-dressed, lank-haired, and awkward lad, who helped his father, a third-rate carver and frame maker, and a drunkard too, in his wretched workshop, and who carried his toolbasket when some job or other was to be executed in the house of a wealthy burgher or functionary. Some passing attention was indeed excited by young Bertel Thorwaldsen's talents. He actually taught his father to carve figure-heads for vessels, and under his tuition old Thorwald succeeded now and then in carving a real lion for some ambitious merchant captain, whereas, before Bertel grew up, the clownish old fellow spoiled all his lions and made them French poodles. But the precocious talent of a poor youth could not for any length of time engage the interest of the people of Copenhagen, especially since that youth had nothing but his talent to recommend him. Bertel wanted assurance, fluency of speech, and that mixture of boldness and humility which the patrons of art value more than art itself. He was a gawky lad, and withal, shy, retiring, and obstinate. No wonder, then, that his way in the world could not keep pace with the development of his genius. His earlier years passed in obscurity in his father's workshop and in the drawing school of the Copenhagen Academy. Some anecdotes of his infant years have indeed been told by his friends, and none is more really told than the adventure of the spinning-wheel in "Hans Anderson's Moon Stories." But in the absence of any warranted biography, these anecdotes have generally been considered in the light of paltry conceits, which did more credit to the narrator's invention than to his veracity. We now learn that they are literally true. Again, some documents of Thorwaldsen's youth have been preserved in the Copenhagen Academy. They show that he gained the three highest prizes for drawing, composition, and modelling, and that he had to petition for a wretched pittance of £20 per annum to assist him in his studies. At a later period the same course of humble petitioning was gone through, for the sake of the travelling stipend of £80 per annum, to which successful young artists were entitled. After many delays and much unnecessary patronising on the part of a high Danish functionary, who afterwards compelled the young artist to repay him in sculptures, this grant too was obtained, and Bertel Thorwaldsen left his native country for Italy and Rome, travelled by sea, and in the vessel of a friendly captain, who, in his letters to his friends, lauded Bertel's amiability, but complained of his laziness and disinclination to learn "the languages." After that, all trace of him is lost, until all of a sudden his name is quoted as one who rivalled Canova. From that time forward the newspapers of all countries magnified the name of Thorwaldsen; the tourists of all countries sought access to his studio, and there was much idle and malicious talk about him, his works, and private affairs. His name was mentioned in connection with two women: one a Roman and the other a native of Scotland. It was also said that the latter, a Miss Mackenzie, fell a victim to her romantic love for the great Danish sculptor, whom the Mrs. Grundys, among the English residents at Rome, accused of immorality, coquetry, and heartlessness. Such were the scanty materials for a life of Thorwaldsen, and it is quite natural that no one undertook to write it.

Under these circumstances, Herr Thiele's book is peculiarly welcome, for it steps in with a perfect *embaras de richesses* of authentic matter. It contains a large quantity of original correspondence which has never before been published, and whose existence was discovered by a mere accident. After Thorwaldsen's death Herr Thiele was instructed by the Danish Government to proceed to Rome and to claim the sculptor's works, models, and drawings. Many valuable objects were found, but no papers. This was the more strange, as Thorwaldsen, who was not by any means a good penman, made drafts of all his letters, and he was never known to burn or otherwise destroy any letter he received. Herr Thiele, however, made his way to a vault under the house, where the whole of the correspondence was found amidst a heap of rubbish. That correspondence and his diaries and notes on his journeys have enabled Herr Thiele to write a life of Thorwaldsen. It is the first authentic work of the kind, and it is likely to be the last. We have traced its history—for the subject-matter itself we must refer our readers to the pages of Herr Thiele's work.

NEW QUARTERLY LIST

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE PAST QUARTER.

[THE BOOKS MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK WERE RECEIVED TOO LATE TO BE NOTICED IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas. By Geo. Fowler. Vol. I.
Life of Marie de Medicis. By Miss Pardoe. Three vols.
History of the Later Puritans. By J. B. Marsden.
Narrative of the Burmese War in 1824-6. By H. H. Wilson.
Autobiography of William Jerdan. Vol. I.
The Story of Nell Gwyn, and the Sayings of Charles the Second. Collected by Peter Cunningham.
The Pastors in the Wilderness, a History of the Huguenots. By N. Peyrat. Three vols.
Life and Times of Francesco Sforza. By W. P. Urquhart. Two vols.
Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea. By Hepworth Dixon.
Life of Lord Jeffrey. By Lord Cockburn. Two vols.
Brooklands, a Sporting Biography. By Herbert Byng Hall. Two vols.
Corneille and his Times. By M. Guizot.
Past and Future of Hungary. By C. F. Henningsen.
History of the British Conquests in India. By Horace St. John. Two vols.
The Fortress of Komárom, during the War of Independence in Hungary in 1848-9. By Colonel Sigismund Thaly.
The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon. By Thomas Wright, F.S.A.
*The Campaign of Russia in 1812. By Trezenaac.
*Austria in 1848-9. By Wm. H. Stiles. Two vols.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England.
Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark, and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, in 1851. By Samuel Laing.
*Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal. By Lieut. S. Osborn.
Narrative of a Five Years' Residence at Nepaul, 1841-5. By Captain T. Smith. Two vols.
Narrative of a Residence at Siam. By F. A. Neale.
China during the War and since the Peace. By Sir I. F. Davis. Two vols.
Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and Canada. By H. S. Tremenheere.
Residence in Algeria. By Madame Prus.
Journey to the Tea Countries of China and India. By Robert Fortune.
Five Years' Residence in the West Indies. By C. W. Day. Two vols.
Nineveh and its Palaces. By Joseph Bonomi.
Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone. By Angus B. Reach.
Canada as it was, is, and may be. By Sir R. Bonnycastle and Sir I. Alexander. Two vols.
*Modern India, a Sketch of the System of Civil Government. By George Campbell.
Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches, Afloat and Ashore. By Capt. Mackinnon. Two vols.
Journal of a Winter's Tour in India, with a Visit to the Court of Nepaul. By Hon. Capt. F. Egerton, R.N. Two vols.
Journey to Katmandu, with the Camp of Jung Bahadoor. By Laurence Oliphant.
A Ride through the Nubian Desert. By Capt. W. Peel. R.N.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Mary Seaham. By Mrs. Grey. Three vols.
*Fabian's Tower, by the author of "Smugglers and Foresters." Three vols.
Lydia, a Woman's Book. By Mrs. Newton Crosland.
*Days of Bruce. By Grace Aguilar.
Confessions of an Etonian. By Charles Rowcroft. Three vols.
Reveries of a Bachelor, a Book of the Heart. By I. K. Marvel.
Queechy. By Elizabeth Wetherell. Two vols.
Pequinillo. By G. P. R. James. Three vols.
Melvilles. By the author of "John Drayton." Three vols.
Aurelia; or, a Beauty's Life in Italy. Three vols.
Gipsy's Daughter. Edited by Mrs. Grey. Two vols.
Tales and Fairy Stories. By Hans Christian Andersen.
Spencer's Cross Manor House. By the author of "School for Wives."
Adam Graeme of Mossgray. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." Three vols.
Lily of St. Paul's. By the author of "Trevethlan." Three vols.
School for Fathers. By T. Gwynne.
Alice Offley; or, the Pervert and the Soldier.

Student's Wife. By Mrs. M. Daniels. Three vols.
Adrian; or, the Clouds of the Mind. By G. P. R. James and M. B. Field. Two vols.
Lena; or, the Silent Woman. By Ellen Wallace. Three vols.
Rebels of Glenfawn, a Romance of the Last Century.
*Amy Paul, a Tale. Two vols.
Baronet's Family. By Miss A. Beale. Three vols.
Vagaries of Life. By W. Wellington Cairnes. Two vols.
*The Fortunes of Kelly O'Dwyer. Three vols.
*The Squanders of Castle Squander. By William Carleton. Two vols.

POETRY.

Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain.
Moir's Poetical Works.
Holmes's Poetical Works.
Boyhood, and other Poems. By Juvenis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays and Opinions. By Alfred Bate Richards, Esq. Vol. IV.
Sequel to the Female Jesuit.
The Lost Steamer.
Elements of Grammar. By the Rev. Edward Thring.
Outlines of Geology. By Miss Zornlin.
Analysis of Sentences. By J. D. Morell.
The Eclipse of Faith.
Restoration of Belief.
D'Oyly and Mant's Notes to the Bible.
*Symbols and Emblems of Early and Mediæval Christian Art. By Louisa Twining.
*Tales and Legends of the English Lakes. By Lorenzo Tuvar.
*Chapters on Mental Pysiology. By Henry Holland, M.D.
*Recollections and Tales of the Crystal Palace. By the author of "Belgravia," &c.
*History of Adult Education. By J. W. Hudson, Ph. D. One vol.

NEW AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Hudson's Edition of Shakespeare.
The History of the United States of America. By Richard Hildreth. Five vols.
The Pictorial Field Book of the American Revolution. Vol. I.
The War with Mexico. By R. S. Ripley, Brevet-Major in the U.S Army. Two vols.
Forest Life and Forest Trees. By John S. Springer.
Glimpses of Spain; or, Notes of an Unfinished Tour. By S. T. Wallis.
Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings. By Daniel B. Wood. One vol.
A System of Ancient and Mediæval Geography. By Charles Anthon, LL.D. One vol.
Griffiths' Marine and Naval Architecture. One vol.
The Shipmaster's Assistant and Commercial Digest. By Joseph Blunt, Counsellor-at-Law.
Benjamin Franklin, an Autobiography. By the Rev. Hastings Weld.
Holmes's Poetical Works.

*** We take this opportunity of calling attention to a very useful literary society which is now printing by subscription, under the auspices of Mr. Bell (Bedford-street, Covent-garden), a series of rare and interesting tracts for distribution amongst the subscribers.

The following have already appeared:—

I. The Howdy and the Up-getting.
II. Great Newes from Newcastle.
III. The Queen's Majestie's (Elizabeth) Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke.
&c. &c. &c. &c.

THE

NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

RETROSPECT OF THE BRITISH LITERATURE OF THE QUARTER.

**** *In future Numbers this Article will be found at the end, instead of at the commencement, of our Reviews of British Books.*

Our backward glance over the productions of the quarter shall this time be brief. There is little to please the eye, much to mark a decadence in British Literature. The most prominent books have been translations from the German, such as Niebuhr's "Lectures on Ancient History," (an elaborate article upon which an accident has compelled us most unwillingly to postpone); from the Swedish, such as Emilie Carden's "Woman's Life," and "Ivar, or the Skjuts Boy;" from the Spanish, such as Mr. James Kennedy's translations of the modern poets of Spain; or from the French, such as "Napoleon the Little," by Victor Hugo. We have also importations wholesale from America; M. Styles' work upon Austria in 1848-49, wherein the chargé d'affaires of the United States at the Court of Vienna tells us freely all that the ancient etiquette of diplomacy taught its professors sedulously to conceal, is perhaps the most important of these. But this is not British Literature. All these works belong to other nations, and to other departments of this Review. When those who have the care of the current literature of America, Germany, and France, have taken away their volumes from the mass before us, how little remains to the merely English critic!

Of this little, the tenuity in quality is much more discouraging than the paucity in quantity. A few bustling pushing book-club books of the scrambling and rambling class, the authors whereof are chiefly occupied in collecting or inventing grotesque anecdotes about Yankees and their niggers; or of the "Tramp to the Diggings" class, the title whereof is as nearly a fraud as possible,—for the reader of the advertisement is induced to expect a work chiefly descriptive of the sort of life that emigrants are now leading at the diggings, and when the volume arrives in the country, he discovers that the thing least mentioned is these very diggings—or of the "Recollections of Colonel Landmann" class, which, instead of being an anecdote book of contemporary Yankees, is a repertorium of stories of defunct Canadians, and second-hand "ana" of English celebrities of the last century. These are the most prominently-puffed books of the quarter.

From these flaunting specimens of the tawdry style we gladly turn away, referring its admirers to the special notice which each in its turn receives in our after columns. We must point attention, however, to some others with less intrusive claims to notoriety, but sometimes of much more value.

Of these, perhaps, the first in importance, although probably the last in popularity, is Mr. Lewis's work upon the Philosophy of Politics.* Our readers are not unfamiliar with the characteristics of this ingenious and speculative writer. Clothed in good style, ornamented by great power of illustration, weighted by deep thought and ready learning, his works still rather repel than attract the general reader. He is one of those who make their impression at second-hand. His reasonings are too subtle, and his theories are too fine, to be understood of the many. But both are adopted by more practical writers; and worked up with some alloy, and stamped with some recognised impress, they at last acquire a general currency. Mr. Lewis, in this work, seeks to make the first step towards a complete body of political philosophy, which shall, by its accuracy and completeness, command the general approbation of competent judges, and, through their assent, gradually work its way to popular reception. If Mr. Lewis

* A Treatise on the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics. By G. Cornewall Lewis. 2 vols. Parker.

can accomplish this, statues of gold should be erected to his honour, for crime and misgovernment will cease to have empire upon earth. The disturbing forces, however, are too great. If the question whether two sides of a triangle are in all cases greater than the third, were one which affected the pockets and the power of any of the classes of our people, there would be a school of "Onesideians" in this country, just as there is a school of Protectionists in Bond-street, or just as there are crowds of anti-abolitionists in America. A single man, but his intellect must be almost God-like, may see the form of truth unrefracted through the lens of his own adverse interests—no body of men ever did, or ever will do so.

The third part of the anonymous work upon the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity,* promises to be worthy of leisurely notice, when we can judge of the performance as a whole. It is rather the philosophy of history, than history: it deals with results and opinions rather than with narrative, and it presupposes an acquaintance with facts, which keeps the memory constantly in exercise, and sometimes sends the attentive reader to his library.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has given us a volume of agreeable, learned trifling, wherein he attempts to turn the Robin Hood ballads into veritable history; and Mr. Roach Smith, who execrates every Government that turns a deaf ear to his entreaties to bury public money in old Roman camps, puts forth two volumes of his favourite discoveries: we hope, for his sake, not at his own expense.

Of minor biographies there has been a very fair sprinkling. The work of much pretence and small performance, upon the career and achievements of the late Master of the Rolls, we have elsewhere dealt with. The amiable William Kirby,† who loved God in all his creatures, has fallen into the hands of a splenetic Divine who appears to shine in theological hatreds, and utterly distorts our idea of the all-tolerating, all-loving naturalist. We hope that no one, who loves Kirby's memory, will make himself in any way an accomplice in the circulation of this work, and that some one who understood the man, and has some knowledge of and sympathy with his studies, will without delay produce a memoir worthy of the subject.

Several small poets have their little memoirs, destined, probably, to remain as unknown as the poets or their verses. Mr. Robert Surtees‡ has been reproduced and reventilated, and people learned in old songs dispute how much he invented, how much he copied, how much he imitated, and what he forged. The public turn aside from the controversy with a smile, but skim over, applaud, and forget a few pleasing verses such as the often-quoted

"Is there any room at your head, Emma?"

never caring about the original,

"Is there any room at your head, Saunders?"

whence all the ideas, and more than half the words, were taken.

We fear the poetical remains of William Sidney Walker§ will not be more read now than they were previously to the author's death. The world is too busy to go back upon its judgments of small geniuses. Mr. Walker was, doubtless, a considerable man seen close, but he must merge into the mass of crowd; the strange distant eye cannot discern his individuality.

So must we say of his kindred and contemporary genius, Winthrop Mackworth Praed,‖ who likewise contributed verses to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," and to whom America has now awarded the honour of a collected edition. "Multa poetarum veniet manus," indeed; but were they numerous as snow-flakes, they will melt as readily, against the tepid indifference of our matter-of-fact age. The busy world will value the story of the life of one man or one woman of action above the sentimental reveries of a thousand small versifiers.

Therefore is the Memoir of Mrs. Chisholm a popular and an important book;¶ important because it contains much that is written by herself, and popular because it tells a story of strange influence acquired by an earnest and intelligent philanthropy, and exercised for good. We may not pause to discuss the important topics which this lady's name suggests, but it may amuse our readers, perhaps, to be told, as an instance of the confidence she inspired at the antipodes, that she received no less than forty-one applications from single men to provide them with wives. Several of these applications are minutely detailed.** And Mrs.

* On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity. Part III. Pickering.

† The Life of the Rev. William Kirby, Rector of Barham. By the Rev. John Freeman, M.A., Rector of Ashwicken, Norfolk. Longman and Co.

‡ "A Memoir of Robert Surtees, Esq., Author of the History of the County Palatine of Durham.'" By George Taylor, Esq. A new edition, with additions, by the Rev. James Raine, Author of the "History of North Durham." Published for the Surtees Society.

§ "The Poetical Remains of William Sidney Walker, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge." Edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. J. Moultrie, M.A. Parker and Son.

‖ "Lillian, and other Poems." By Winthorp Mackworth Praed. Now first collected. New York: Redfield.

¶ "Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline Chisholm." By Eneas Mackenzie. Webb, Millington, and Co. 1852.

** We cannot resist the temptation to quote one of them:

"Reverend Madam,—

"I heard you are the best to send to for a servant, and I heard our police magistrate say, it was best to leave all to you; and so I'll just do the same, as his honour says it's the best. I had a wife once, and so she was too good for me by the far, and it was God's will, ma'am; but I has a child,

Chisholm relates how she got up early in the morning to choose her wives, because "early in the day is the best time to judge of a woman's temper;" how carefully she observed, what inquiries she made, and for what small slips in their toilet or their behaviour unconscious damsels, under the experienced eye of the matron, often lost a good match. The bachelors of Belgravia may envy the widowers of Australia. With such an experienced guide, who would not venture? But we have heard that the most earnest of the Belgravian matchmakers are not candid, and are not honest. It is said that they undertake to conceal just what Mrs. Chisholm shrewdly sets herself to discover. As a male homo, we cannot but admire and applaud this lady's confidence in her applicants. While choosing and consigning forty-one good wives, she never doubted that she was consigning them to forty-one good husbands. This book, albeit a work of small price and of no pretence, should not be left unread.

There is a pleasant memoir also of the late great landscape painter, Turner, by Peter Cunningham, which we like rather better than Mr. John Burnet's account of his works. As in some slight degree connected with the same subject, we may here mention Mr. Gore Ouseley's handsome volume of lithographs of views in South America, made from drawings taken by himself.

The "Vegetation of Europe," by Mr. Henfrey,* is a little work that will be received with interest by those who take pleasure in botanical subjects—a perpetually-increasing body of students, especially among the ladies. This volume is one of a series on the natural history of Europe.

Lord Mahon has published a reply to the complaints of Mr. Jared Sparkes, wherein the American editor of the "Washington Correspondence" had complained of the strictures made by the English historian upon the mode of dealing with historical documents. Lord Mahon now withdraws his most serious charge, that of interpolation, but reiterates his former observations as to the elision of important sentences. We confess we think the American has the best of the argument. If the materials are more bulky than will admit of the possibility of remunerative publication, an editor must exercise his discretion as to omissions, or must leave the whole mass unpublished. Lord Mahon, as an historian, has himself exercised in a far greater degree the discretion which he denies to Mr. Sparkes as an editor.

Of the lighter works, we recommend a perusal of Mr. Charles Mathew's brochure upon matters dramatic,† and perhaps the single-volume novel, "Blondelle," may deserve an idle half-hour. Beyond this we have really nought to say. Craving novel-readers must turn to our special notices of the wares they love.

If we have omitted mention of any work whose existence is known beyond the shop of the publisher and the family of the author, we must rely for our pardon upon the fact, that a special review of it will certainly appear in the succeeding pages.‡ Some of these thus specially noticed, such as Mr. Fane's poems and Mr. Griffith's Indian translations, we have intentionally left to their special critics. §

Said we not that the last quarter was barren of excellence? The next promises better things, we know not with what hope of fulfilment. The autobiography of Thomas Moore is announced, under the editorship of Lord John Russell. The Chevalier Bunsen threatens a work of mingled history and polemics. Colonel Mure has a new volume ready; but as yet Macaulay makes no sign. Grote must be allowed an interval of labour; and Mr. Hallam seems satisfied with his present laurels.

ma'am, that I wouldn't see a straw touch for the world; the boy's only four yeare old: and I has a snug fifty acre farm and a town 'lotment, and I has no debts in the world, and one teem and four bullocks; and I'se ten head oh cattle, and a share on eight hundred sheep, so I as a rite to a desent servant, that can wash and cook and make the place decant; and I don't mind what religion she bey, if she is sober and good, only I'se a Protestant myself; and the boy I have, I promised the mother on her death bed should be a Catholic, and I won't, anyhow, have any interferance in this here matter. That I do like in writing nothing else, I wouldn't, mam, on any account in the world, be bound to marry; but I don't wish altogether to be left out. I'll go her fourteen wages, and if she don't like me, and I don't like her, I'll pay her back to Sydney. I want nothing in the world but what is honest, so make the agreement you like, and I'll bide by it. I sends you all the papers, and you'l now I'm a man wot's to be trusted. I sends you five pounds; she may get wages first, for I know some of the gals, and the best on um, to, are not heavy we boxes; and supposing anything should happen, I would not like it to be said she come here in rags. I wants, also, a man and his wife; he must be willing to learn to plough, if he don't now how, and do a good fair day's work at anything: his wife must be a milker, and ha dustrious woman; I'll give them as much as they can eat and drink of tea and milk, and, whatever wages you set my name down for, I'll be bound to pay it. With all the honer in the world I'a bound to remain your servant till death."

* "The Vegetation of Europe, its Conditions and Causes." By Arthur Henfrey, F.L.S. Van Voorst. Lond. 1852.

† "Lettre de M. Charles Mathews aux Auteurs Dramatiques de la France; with a Translation according to the Terms of the International Convention.—Letter from Mr. Charles Mathews to the Dramatic Authors of France." Translated from Himself by Himself. Mitchell.

‡ To the authors of several works sent for notice and left unmentioned, such as "Lectures on Church Difficulties," by the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A.; the Rev. C. C. Spencer's adaptation from the French of Nouet ("Life and Death, a Series of Meditations"); "An Old Man's Dreams," by the author of "The Old Lady's Childhood," &c. &c., we must offer our often-repeated apology, that we do not include within our critical province works of a religious character.

§ It has been several times made matter of expostulation that we do not notice the cheap serials whereof every publisher is now producing one or more sets. This is rather the work of a retrospective Review, for the books are nearly all reprints of works that have long since achieved their popularity. The subject, however, is of great importance, and we propose to devote a separate article to it in our next number.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

LORD LANGDALE—LAW REFORM.*

"LORD LANGDALE," says Mr. Hardy in his preface, "was not a conspicuous statesman, but he was a great legal reformer." We take up this work, therefore, to read in it the history of those strenuous and unintermitted efforts of half a century which at length promise some practical accomplishment. We have read of Bentham, and we know that more than half a century ago he characterised that system of English law which Blackstone describes as a Gothic edifice made comfortable by modern improvements, and which a learned City recorder in our own days thought the perfection of common sense, as "a fathomless and boundless chaos, made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, and inconsistency—an exquisitely-contrived chicanery which maximised delay and the denial of justice." We have heard something also of Henry Brougham, who, whatever opinions men may hold of particular parts of his political career, will be remembered by generations yet to be born as the untiring, ever-energetic, all-eloquent apostle of the three mighty achievements of the age in which he lived—the freedom of the slave, the education of the people, and the reform of the law. We had hoped to read in these pages how one of these great works progressed, what councils were held, what were the first beginnings of the agitation now so prosperous, who were the generous philanthropists who took pity upon third generations of ruined litigants, and worked the details while Brougham thundered—which was the first stone that was loosened in the old dungeon of despair — what were the small early victories—what the most insuperable obstacles—who the sturdiest of the giants that defended the stronghold of human misery. We had hoped to read in this book the secret history of a revolution as important to us and to our children as any that Hampden, Falkland, or Somers commenced, fought for, or counselled. Fifty years ago the waters of justice might be pure to look upon, but they were pure and sparkling even as the mirage of the desert is bright to the traveller who dies ere he can discover whether its purity be truth or fiction; to-day they ripple in a stream before our houses, and supply our daily uses. Bacon brought down philosophy from the clouds, where she lolled like an epicurean divinity, and set her to work on earth for the advantage of mankind; the law reformers of the now waning generation have done by law what Bacon did by science; they have reduced a mere mischievous eidolon to a useful reality. A history of this good work had been a book to welcome and to ponder over—the life of "a great legal reformer" suggested a retrospect we were eager to enjoy. It is a subject upon which we still long to enter, and very reluctantly do we resign ourselves to a mere short account of the learned judge and of the unreadable biography. Sooth to say, we have no hope that many readers will turn the leaves of an article that has Mr. Hardy's book for its title. Its utter dulness and insipidity are become known, curiosity on the subject is killed, the public is cognizant of the fact that this is one of those biographies which in our days take the place of encomiastic tombstones—*il ment comme une epitaphe*, say the French. Our Wordsworths, and Stanleys, and Cockburns, and a hundred others, have brought such discredit upon these family impertinences, that people will have no more of them, and we cannot hope to induce a reader to accompany us into a serious discussion, while we set out with telling him that we are about to criticise the family biography of a rather obscure and already forgotten equity judge.

The time is past when the course of a successful lawyer to the top of his profession was an exciting story. Henry Bickersteth was the son of a provincial surgeon, and, after due initiation, became a member of his father's profession,—obtained the appointment of travelling physician to the family of the Earl of Oxford, and formed one of what Canning used facetiously to call the Harleian Miscellany,—grew disgusted with his profession,—returned to Cambridge, and became senior wrangler,—was called

* "Memoirs of Henry Lord Langdale." By Thomas Duffy Hardy. 2 vols., 8vo. London: Bentley. 1852.

to the bar,—lived economically upon the profits of his fellowship, and upon scanty remittances from home, until he grew into practice,—sat at the feet of Bentham, and enjoyed the hospitality and the purse of Burdett, but discreetly put his politics in his pocket when he found that they were an obstacle to his professional advancement,—worked his way at the Chancery bar by talent and industry,—was made Master of the Rolls and a peer, but stipulated that he should not be considered bound to vote with the Liberal party in the House of Lords,—did his duty as a judge with average ability, and—died.

These are the interesting events in the life of Lord Langdale. We suspect that they will not be extremely exciting to those whom Lord Campbell has accustomed to the romance of Westminster-hall. The law can count a highwayman among the Chief Justices, as the church can count a buccaneer among her bishops. The purveyor to the vices of Cardinal Wolsey, and his companion in the stocks, became a popular advocate, and wore gravely the judicial ermine. Young men have starved through dreary vacations, or fed coarsely at cook-shops, waiting and working, until perseverance should make them Ellenboroughs, Kenyons, or Eldons. The story of tedious up-hill travel to the bench is become trite. Men of perseverance and talent are not so rare among us as to arouse the curiosity of millions as to their little doings; and if we were to fall in to-morrow with a young man like Bickersteth, who had much application and good natural parts, a proper sense of propriety never to do an incorrect thing, and a prudential instinct never to do an unprofitable thing, who never asked a favour for a friend, or allowed his public principles to interfere with his personal interests, we should not cultivate his friendship, or greatly sympathise with him in his career, but we should decidedly predicate of him that he was certain to "get on."

The only question for the public, in relation to such a man, is—Do we owe him anything? If we do, let us pay it rigorously in good sterling praise: the people cannot afford to be ungrateful to their benefactors. As to the matter of the records, we put that aside at once. As Master of the Rolls, his duty was to look after the national records. In our opinion, he did rather less than his duty. His conduct towards Mr. Cooper, who, according to the work before us assisted him very diligently in the whole business of the records, reminds us forcibly of an anecdote of Lord Bolingbroke. When the smart Henry St. John first came into public life, he met with an old placeman,—the Bubb Doddington or the Billy Holmes of that day,—and asked of him counsel how a young man should shape his ways. "My young friend," said the astute mentor, "I will give you two canons whereby you shall succeed. Whenever you ask anything for another, be very mild and easily persuaded; whenever you require anything for yourself, be very importunate and very persevering." Poor Mr. Cooper, it seems, was roughly dismissed, and got nothing at all. Mr. Bickersteth was a peer of the realm, and held a seat more permanent than the woolsack. Mr. Sanders gave up his practice at the bar to become Lord Langdale's chief secretary. Mr. Sanders was, at Lord Langdale's retirement, left unrewarded; the noble peer and well-paid judge left him to his fate with all the virtue of a stoic. Mr. Hardy seems rather to admire this:—

> The way in which his Lordship requested Mr. Sanders to give assistance in his laborious office, by becoming his chief secretary, was as flattering and honourable to Mr. Sanders as it was kind and considerate in Lord Langdale.
>
> The new secretary soon acquired the friendship and unbounded confidence of his patron, and he retained them to the end. On accepting office he gave up his practice at the bar, in order to devote himself exclusively to his new duties, and his assiduity and attention were rewarded by the esteem and high opinion which Lord Langdale entertained of his merits.
>
> In writing the history of a life, not only truth but artistic skill demands that the shadows as well as the lights should be pourtrayed. In the case of Lord Langdale there is hardly sufficient shade in his character to throw out his virtues in the relief that they deserve. A life spent in a constant exercise of good without evil, is like a boundless cultivated plain without the relief of rock and mountain, river and cascade.
>
> When Lord Langdale retired from public life, Mr. Sanders, as the result of that retirement, was thrown out of office. This circumstance, in the eyes of some, has cast a shade upon Lord Langdale's retirement; but it was not in his power to secure the Secretaryship to him, or he would have done so. *That he might, by asking, have obtained from other hands the means of rewarding Mr. Sanders, cannot be doubted;* but I have already more than once asserted that to ask for patronage was against his nature. Whatever he could himself do, he was prepared to do, but he had laid down a rule never to ask a favour, and he could not break through it, even under such urgent circumstances as these, it had become part of his spiritual self. Had his own child been in the like predicament, love and affection would have been sacrificed to duty; the heart might have broken, but his conscience would have been at rest.

This is nonsense, Mr. Hardy. Few people, we hope, will envy the cold, pragmatical conscience that lies at rest under the guilt of selfishness and ingratitude, and exhausts its full force upon the guilt of writing a private letter on official paper. Lord Langdale would not write an answer to a dinner invitation upon paper received from the stationary office; he would not sell a vicious horse without making the auctioneer read an account of the beast's ill-doings from his rostrum; he would not let his chambers without carefully informing the tenant that the chimney smoked; he would return every shilling which, according to technical strictness, had been overpaid in respect of his fellowship; but he would, and he did, lure an able man from his profession, use his talent and his energies, and leave him utterly unprovided for. These minute scruples are all very proper; but little virtues of the head may co-exist with huge vices of the heart. This precise, unamiable man becomes a hero in the hands of Mr. Hardy. In the Rolls Court he was a mere

ill-tempered judge, attached to idolatry, to all the forms of his court—a witty and very able lawyer, now on the bench, used to say, "Langdale has made unto himself the oddest of golden calves; he worships the forms of the Rolls Court"—and so weak as to be notoriously under the almost absolute influence of one particular counsel.

Still, however, Bickersteth was a great law reformer. This is the ground upon which Mr. Hardy rests his claim to be remembered. Well, what bills did he draw? what speeches did he make? what views did he form? what was the law reform he desired? and what steps did he take to accomplish it? All we can find is, that in August, 1824, after others had, by strong and reiterated exertions in Parliament, obtained from the Government a commission to inquire into the abuses of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Bickersteth being summoned, attended before the Commission, and gave his evidence. However startling this evidence was to the officials of that day, the recommendations do not appear very revolutionary to us, and they fall far short even of the imperfect measure of reform which has just become law. Strangely enough, this much-eulogised law reformer was actually the cause that the Chancery Reform Act, which the last Government prepared, and Lord St. Leonard has passed, did not become law ten years before.

In the year 1841, when Lord Lyndhurst returned to office, he consulted with Lord Langdale, Mr. Pemberton Leigh, and Mr. Wigram as to the preparation of a bill which should do something to meet the general demand for a mitigation of the abuses of what are facetiously called the Courts of Equity. These eminent lawyers formed themselves into a committee, issued circular questions, and obtained a considerable mass of evidence that they afterwards printed for private circulation. Master Brougham, in his reply, dated 24th Feb., 1842, to the circular, gave a distinct opinion that nothing less than an entire abolition of the Masters' offices would meet the evil. He said, "After the best consideration which my experience of eleven years enables me to give to this subject, I find myself forced to the conclusion that the delay and expense complained of under the existing system of our Courts of Equity and Masters' offices is incurable. I do not mean to deny that improvements have been made, or that further alterations may be suggested, which may amend in some degree the evils complained of; but I assert, that all that has been done, and, so far as I can foresee, everything that is likely to be proposed, may perhaps palliate, but will be no real cure for the mischief." He then went on to show in great detail that the fault does not lie with the officers themselves, but is necessarily inherent in the system, and proposes a plan for abolishing the Masters' offices and making the judges work out their own decrees by sitting sometimes in court and sometimes in chambers. Lord Langdale approved of this plan, and expressed himself quite ready to undertake the duties it would impose upon him—*but he never reported to Lord Lyndhurst in its favour.* We believe that Lord Lyndhurst never heard of the scheme from Lord Langdale. Directly it was brought distinctly before him he adopted it at once, and its ultimate success, ten years after its suggestion, is mainly attributable to the energy with which Lord Lyndhurst advocated it, not only in the House of Lords but also with the last Government and the present. Lord Langdale had certainly a sort of speculative love of Equity Reform, but he never did anything to advance the cause practically, and to pretend to compare him with Bentham, Brougham, or even with Lord Lyndhurst, is to praise the drone above the working bee.

We have no ill-will towards the memory of Lord Langdale, although we cannot think him a good judge or an amiable man; but we deem it to be a duty to expose the gross misrepresentations of these family biographies. Half the incentive to high public conduct will be taken away if every tenth-rate person is to have his life written by a son, a brother, a secretary, or a dependent, to be adorned with virtues he never possessed, lauded for services he never rendered, celebrated as the author of great deeds done by other men, and painted as a giant among dwarfs when in fact he was merely a man of very ordinary stature. If these things go on, it will soon be a proof of disgraceful servility against any man that he has written a biography. But, meanwhile, if these biographers *will* dress their dead jays in the plumage of nobler birds, we critics must pull the feathers out again.

INDIA.—THE TRADER SOVEREIGN AND THE HINDU SLAVE.*

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

EVERY Englishman who has a vote to give, or a voice that will be listened to, is responsible to humanity, and, as we believe, to Heaven, for the fate, the fortunes, and the miseries of his subject and unrepresented Hindûs.

We do not invite the reader to a pastime, we summon him to a duty. He is about to hand over a HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS of human beings to the rule of a corporation of capitalists. It is but common humanity, common honesty, that he should give up an hour to inform himself of the facts that lie upon the surface of the question.

We summon him, then, to listen to the teaching of one who, if he has laboured long to master the details of this great subject, has found his hardest task in condensing his facts to an extent sufficient to meet the impatience of his countrymen.

There is a fatality about British India which makes her well-wishers almost despair of improvement. In 1772, Parliament, compelled by the public indignation, interposed between the Company and its helpless victims, and, for the first time, threw around the native inhabitants of the Company's territories the protection of British law, by declaring them British subjects. But the recognition of their right was not accompanied with the means of enforcing it. Satisfied with the barren declaration of title, or consoled with the reflection that the powers and prerogatives of the new Indian Government were limited by the tenure of the delegate, Parliament was contented to leave it; and the Court of Directors and "our governors in the East Indies" found themselves in a position where they might administer the affairs of the Presidencies as they pleased, and evade the new act of Parliament, as they had evaded all former obligations of the Company.

Ten years passed away, and the time for revision arrived. But 1782 was an eventful year; and years of uneasiness and disaster were those which had preceded it; and the attention of Parliament was distraught. In the presence of the Northern Confederacy, the war with France, and American Independence, the proposal (which, strange to say, was made by Dundas and opposed by Fox) to resume into the hands of the Ministers of the Crown, under Parliamentary responsibility, the government of misgoverned India, and to annul the Company, fell listlessly upon the preoccupied ears of the House. Two years later, a more favourable conjuncture of national affairs having arrived, the proposal was renewed; but, unfortunately for India, the question of her internal government was made the battle-field of faction. Pitt was out, and Fox was in. Fox proposed the measure which he had denounced when in Opposition, and Dundas changed sides with Fox to serve Pitt, and joined him in defeating the Minister,—and upon an East India Bill such as he had himself recommended in 1782. A temporary expedient was the necessary consequence; Pitt's bill became law, and the grand revision of the Anglo-Indian plan of power was deferred for another ten years.

The people of India were again doomed to disappointment. The decennial cycle had not elapsed when the country found itself plunged into war with a French Revolution; and for another twenty years Indian inquiry was laid upon the shelf. It was revived at last, but with little practical advantage. In 1813, as in 1795, the minds of men were wrapped up in the absorbing events of the war then raging in Europe; and during the two following years the conditions of the peace were a topic not less engrossing. Another twenty years!

In 1828-9 came the Roman Catholic question; in 1830-2, the Reform Act; in 1833, the effervescent meeting of the first Reformed Parliament. Again, what chance had the people of India of fixing the attention of the House? With little difficulty, the Whigs succeeded in carrying their bill, prolonging the Company's lease of power for another term of twenty years, upon conditions favourable to the Board of Control. Mr. Charles Wynn, after vainly endeavouring to recall the House to a sense of the interests involved in the measure, and, reminding them of the words used by Mackintosh five years before —"The question will be taken up in haste, decided in haste, and we shall crowd the discussions into a few weeks, and postpone all discussion until the eve of decision"—bitterly exclaimed, "I regret that Sir James Mackintosh's prophecy has been so closely fulfilled." There was, indeed, something frightful in the apathy which Parliament displayed on that occasion. It was too much even for the Ministers whom it profited, and it shocked the Board of Control. Its secretary, Mr. Macaulay, indignant with the thinness of his own audience, told them:—

A broken head in Coldbath-fields excites more attention in this House than three pitched battles in Hindostan! This is no figure of speech; it is a real fact. I am sure

* 1. "Modern India; a Sketch of the System of Civil Government." By George Campbell, Esq., Bengal Civil Service. London: John Murray. 1852.
2. "Lords' First Report on the Indian Territories' Government Act." Session 1852.
3. "History of British Conquests in India." By Horace St. John, Esq. London. 1852.
4. "Remarks on the Affairs of India." By a Friend of India. London. 1852.
5. "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates." Third Series. Vol. 120. London. 1852.

honourable gentlemen must remember that, on a former night, when my right hon. friend, the President of the Board of Control, made his most important statement of the measures which the Government intended to propose for the future government of 100,000,000 of people, there were fewer members in the House than generally attend the discussion of a turnpike act or a road bill.

And now the act of 1833 is about to expire; and the new Parliament will be called upon, says the Earl of Derby, to renew it for another twenty years. Has Parliament, or has Lord Derby, any information whereon to found a trustworthy opinion as to the past working of that act? In Europe, government is commonly understood to exist for the benefit of the governed, and we presume that the hundred and fifty millions of Indians, subject and tributary, who bow before "our Governor-General in council," are much of that opinion. We may even go so far as to say, on the authority of the Indian press, of Mir Shahamut Ali, of Capt. Harvey, and indeed of every writer of the present day who has ever visited India (with the single exception of Mr. Horace St. John, whose catchpenny panegyric of the Company stands third on our list of works noticed in this paper), that poverty, famine, and discontent are general throughout British India—that the condition of the people of the native states, not excepting even those which are cursed with the vexatious superintendence of a British "resident," and burthened with the maintenance of a British war establishment, is one of luxury and affluence compared with that of our own subjects—that the happiness and prosperity of the natives at Pondicherry, and the other French settlements, afford similar points of harsh and invidious contrast with the contrary results obtained in the territories of the British—and that the reproach of the unfortunate Cheit Sing cleaves to the Company still, though Warren Hastings is gathered to his fathers:—"Look to our districts; look to theirs! Do not the different pictures they present to you of culture and ruin—of wealth and want—of happiness and misery—of life and death—mark their limits, rather than the boundaries which the hand of nature herself has drawn out?"

It further appears that the finances of the Company are in a very critical state. According to the Indian accounts laid before Parliament, the last occasion on which the Company had a surplus to boast of on the year's expenditure was in 1792. From that year two facts begin to be noticeable—a rapid and unceasing growth of territorial acquisition, and a yearly deficiency of assets. Take, for instance, the last ten years. Our armies have been conquering Sikhs, and Mahrattas, and Beloochees, and annexing the Punjab, the Sutlej, Scinde, and so forth—territories producing some £5,000,000 sterling, in addition to the actual revenue. But Mr. Campbell (the whole scope of whose work is to apologise for his honourable masters, and whom we have therefore placed at the head of our list) is compelled, by the stubbornness of arithmetical calculation, to confess that, during the same period, there has been an increase also of permanent outlay to the tune of considerably more than £6,000,000, and that, under these circumstances, a new deterioration of £1,470,002 has to be added to the general deficit. In 1852 the Indian debt (exclusive of what is called the "home debt") was £44,204,080, and the Indian revenue (which, as we shall show hereafter, not only embraces the taxes, but *the whole net proceeds of the soil of India, let at a rackrent*), was only £20,221,952—a sum insufficient for the current year's expenditure. "The larger the territory, the greater the debt," is the epigrammatic remark of the author—Mr. Sullivan, we suspect—of the fourth work on our list; and such is the fact. According to the committee of 1832, their "experience had proved that the charges of India had always increased faster than its receipts;" and our subsequent experience is in complete accordance with theirs. Rackrent, too, and taxation, as we shall see, have reached their limits, and "the most heavily-taxed people on the face of the earth," as Mr. Macaulay, when Secretary to the India Board, once described them, can bear no farther. We may, therefore, take it for granted that an increasing excess of expenditure over income, a retrograding revenue, and a heavy and growing debt, are evils in some way or other—and it is surely worth finding out what way—necessarily connected with, and inseparable from, the present scheme of Indian administration.

It is scarcely credible, but shamefully true, that on all these points the Parliament, which is, nevertheless, now going to legislate away the rights, liberties, and interests of 150 millions of our fellow-subjects for another term of twenty years, has allowed itself to be kept in the dark. On former occasions there was at least the appearance of a desire for information, and for two or three years before the renewal of the charter, the farce was re-enacted of appointing Select Committees of Lords and Commons, charged to examine East India Directors, who told them—what they liked; and who brought papers from the India-house to prove—the ignorance of the said examiners; and then the draft report prepared by Ministers, recommending a renewal of the charter, was voted as a matter of course. But, in the present instance, Ministers seem to have felt themselves secure enough in the general apathy to afford to disregard such modest pretences. On the 20th February, 1851, Lord Broughton, then Sir John Hobhouse, and President of the Board of Control, stated, in answer to a question from Lord Jocelyn on the subject, that "it was not the intention of the Govern-

ment to move for the assembling of *any* Select Committee on the affairs of India,"—an answer with which Lord Jocelyn most unaccountably appears to have been perfectly contented. Another member, however, Mr. Anstey, taking a different view of it, brought the subject under discussion on the 3rd April following, in the form of a motion for "an Address to the Crown, representing that it is now necessary that the true condition of the territories under the government or management of the East India Company, and the real feelings and wishes of our fellow-subjects inhabiting those territories, should be fully ascertained," and praying for a Commission of Inquiry to take evidence in India, and report the results "to Her Majesty in Parliament." As this motion opened up the question of the charter, Mr. Anstey seems to have availed himself of it to review severely the whole administration of the Company. A debate of some importance followed, in which Lord John Russell saw the necessity of explaining away the somewhat cavalier announcement of his colleague, Lord Broughton, and of promising a Select Committee for the ensuing session; and then Mr. Anstey, in compliance with the recommendations of his leading supporters, withdrew his motion for the Address. But when "the ensuing session" came, there came with it a ministerial crisis,—a resignation of the Cabinet,—the accession of an untried party to office,—and the customary term of "forbearance" in such cases; nor was it until the 23rd April, 1852, that the new President of the India Board, Mr. Herries, came forward to move for the Select Committee of inquiry promised by Lord John Russell more than a twelvemonth previously. In the meantime, the Indian press,—than which, let us say in passing, despite Lord Ellenborough and Mr. Campbell, a press more respectable for ability, zeal, and information, does not, out of Great Britain, anywhere exist,—had taken up the question. The *Calcutta Review*, in particular, warmly espousing Mr. Anstey's idea of a Commission, had devoted two of its numbers to the subject, and offered the most conclusive reasons to show that Parliamentary inquiry, under any circumstances, would be fruitless, and might be mischievous; that it was hopeless to expect that the natives of India would go to England and volunteer their testimony before the contemplated Committee; and yet, that any report not founded on their evidence, must be worthless. The *Athenæum*, the *Examiner*, *Quill's Indian Journal*, the *Englishman*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and other periodicals of the three presidencies, and the outlying provinces, powerfully enforced the same opinions with the *Calcutta Review*. Yet they scarcely found an echo in Parliament. To Mr. Herries' resolution for a Committee, Mr. Anstey, indeed, moved to add words, for an Address to the Queen, "representing the lateness of the session, the near approach of the period when the powers and authorities, under which the government of her Majesty's Indian dominions is now carried on, will naturally determine, and the urgent importance of obtaining a thorough insight into the condition of those dominions, and into the feelings and wishes of the Queen's subjects, natives and Europeans, resident within the same, before Parliament is called upon to pass any measure for continuing the said powers and authorities," and praying, as before, the appointment of Commissioners of local inquiry within India. But the motion was negatived, without one voice but Mr. Anstey's and his seconder's (Mr. Scholefield's) having been raised in its support. It only remains to say, that the interval between the appointment of the Committees of the Lords and Commons, and the dissolution of Parliament, was too short to allow either of them to get over even the first branch of inquiry, viz., the relations of the Indian governments with the Board of Control and with one another,—that the Lords' First Report on this mere preliminary to investigation is "out," and stands second at the head of our paper,—that the corresponding report of the Commons is not yet printed,—that the new Parliament meets in November,—and that it is Lord Derby's intention that the Court of Directors shall be gratified with another twenty years' lease of power before the recess. Comment is superfluous. Otherwise the indignant remonstrances of the independent press of India,—unanimous in their condemnation of all this imbecility and injustice under which their country groans,—would be reproduced in our columns, as in every respect worthy of attention at this most critical moment.

It is probable that, soon after the meeting of Parliament, the country will be in possession of the views of the Derby Administration on the subject to which the Lords' First Report is devoted, or, rather, that part of it which relates to the position of the Board of Control towards the Court of Directors. It is our intention to offer some observations in our next number on that important subject, in its proper place, as belonging to the general question of Indian administration, at home and abroad. Our present purpose was a far humbler one. We wished to point out some leading facts in the past history and present state of the once prosperous Indian nation, which seemed to us so conclusive against the title of the Company to any renewal of our misplaced confidence, that even if we held,—as we certainly do not,—that there is any inconvenience whatever in immediately transferring the dominion of India from the twenty-four Directors of Leadenhall-street to a Royal "Council of the Indies,"—we should still urge it, in the name of humanity alone, satisfied that the advantages must more than counterbalance the disadvan-

tages of such a revolution; and, at all events, that by no possibility whatever could the trust devolve upon a delegate less trustworthy or more unfit than the East India Company.

That body has been in possession of India for some eighty years, and invested with an arbitrary power for good or evil during nearly the whole of that period. It is a brief period, when compared with the thousands of years during which India and her communities had flourished before the Company was thought of, but sufficiently long for all purposes of experiment. If there had been a germ of good in the scheme of the Company, it would surely have developed itself by this time. The physical condition of its people is no very rigid test of the goodness of a government. Physical comfort is the lowest kind of happiness, and it must be a wretched government that cannot maintain its people in the enjoyment of that. But the East India Company found the people of India in the possession not only of comfort, but of luxury; their industry well paid, their enterprise rewarded, their country populous and cultivated, their property secure, their cities teeming with all the commerce of the earth. How far they have bettered themselves under the Company's rule we may faintly guess, since we find even Sir James Weir Hogg, the chairman of the Court of Directors, concurring, by a silent vote, in the following picture of the East Indian condition in 1848, contained in the Report of a Committee of the Commons:—

> The very low and abject condition of the cultivators of the soil, the absence of capital, and the extent of the Government demand for rent or revenue, circumstances which were brought prominently under our notice, rendered it necessary for your committee to enter at considerable length into an inquiry into the system of land assessment, and to take the evidence of several officers of the Indian Government on the subject. It appears from the testimony of almost every witness, that the condition of the cultivating population of India is one of extreme poverty.

This statement affords matter for much and most painful reflection:—

I. Under the rule of their native princes the Indian land taxpayers were lightly pressed. The traditional maxims of State, preserved in the pages of Menu, are remarkable for their mildness; between the governors and governed a happy understanding was on the whole maintained—nor was the presence of a large standing army necessary to ensure obedience. The customary amount of revenue which the Raja derived from the land never exceeded twenty-five per cent., and was often not more than ten per cent. of its produce. II. The Mogul was a conqueror, and governed by right of the sword. To maintain himself and his aliens in the seats they had won amongst the dense populations of India—their enemies by creed and race—an armed force, ready at all times to take the field, and large enough to overwhelm all opposition, was indispensable. The expense of such a force was naturally heavy, and if the jaghirs and pensions, which were in the king's gift, were large enough to content the cupidity of their lords, whose proximity to the person enabled them to engross the bounty of the Sovereign, the hundred thousands of Affghans, Arabs, and Tartars, who marched in their train, received their stipends from the treasury. To relieve the revenue of the burthen thus cast upon it, a large augmentation of the land-tax was found necessary; and from the accession of the Mogul to the coming of the East India Company, that tax amounted to from twenty to thirty per cent. of the yearly produce. III. The East India Company, if we may believe its apologists, was the deliverer of Hindu and Mussulman alike from the tyranny of Asiatic rulers, and to prevent the return of that tyranny is the honourable mission for which alone the Company exists in humble resignation to the decrees of Providence. But the decrees of Providence are inscrutable. The saviour of nations has been their scourge. Under the pretext of reformation the ancient oppressions have been continued, revived, and even surpassed. Taxation has exceeded its limits. The land-tax has been raised to fifty per cent., in many cases to sixty, in some to seventy-five per cent. of the gross produce, payable in advance, and estimated according to tables of revenue, which, framed by greedy Europeans when their despotism was in its infancy and before the scourges of India had destroyed its productiveness, afford now a sadly erroneous view of the capability of its soil, the value of its produce, or the capital, the skill, and the enterprise of its people. The most odious exactions of the worst princes of the Mussulman time have been called again into existence from the tomb to which the wise laws of the Mogul Emperor, Akber, had consigned them, "and," as Mr. Campbell confesses, "some more besides!" Under the Mogul the excises had been few, and the customs moderate, and monopolies utterly unknown. Under the beneficent *regimen* of John Company, excises, customs, and monopolies have become universal, and exorbitant. All the forms of taxation that the wit of man ever contrived, or is capable of contriving, have been played off all at once upon the wretched people, of whom it is the proud boast of the Company to be the protectors. "Wherever they plant their feet," says Mr. Carnac Browne, a most intelligent Indian gentleman, in his evidence before the last Parliament (Commons' Report on Cotton (1848), 2,919—2,921), "they come under the operation of this revenue system. The estimation in which a native has always appeared to me to be held is, that he is a creature bound to pay revenue to the East India Company." A few illustrations will make this clear to the dullest comprehension.

We have mentioned the heavy land-tax which presses upon agriculture—the chief industry of India at all times—its sole industry, since the once famous manufactures of that country, which gave employment and affluence to millions of its people and filled the markets of the world, were for ever extinguished by the jealous legislation of the Company. The land-tax is universal throughout India, and its leading characteristics are the same; nor have we space for a minute investigation of the local varieties which distinguish it. Whether it be the "permanent settlement" of Bengal and some parts of Bombay, the "Ryotwar settlement" of Madras, or the "Bombay system," in certain important particulars the tax in question is one and the same at the three presidencies, and more especially in this, that it is a rack-rent, calculated upon an over-estimate of value. "The land revenue," says Mr. Campbell (p. 96), "is originally levied in the shape of a proportion of the produce, fixed according to the capacity of different soils and the value of different products." The proportion, as we learn from other sources, ranges from one-third to one-half, and even to considerably more than one-half of the produce. It is assessed in advance, and the amount (for it is a money-rent) is exacted before the crop is fit for removal. "Higher rates are charged for more valuable crops, and lower for the inferior products." We perceive that Sir James Weir Hogg and his brother directors in the House of Commons affect to ignore this part of their revenue system whenever it is thrown in their teeth; but the evidence of their own apologist, Mr. Campbell, himself a collector from Bengal and the Punjab, leaves no doubt upon the subject. "If," says that gentleman (p. 103), "the share of wheat crops yields eight or ten shillings per acre, cotton, opium, and vegetables may pay at the rate of from ten to twenty shillings per acre, and sugar-cane double that rent." That the value of the crop is estimated in the assessment is quite certain; and we may cite, amongst others, Mr. Williamson, the late Revenue Commissioner of Bombay (Commons' Report on Cotton (1848), Q. 1,718), to the same purport. But as for Mr. Campbell's hypothetical estimate of the amount thus leviable per acre by the Honorable Company, it is clearly much below the mark. Nevertheless, it should be borne in mind that a rupee in India will go as far as a pound in England; money, in fact, being ten times more valuable in the Asiatic province than in the European metropolis. Indeed, Mr. Campbell himself elsewhere confesses that the cupidity of the rulers has overreached them in this instance, the assessment being everywhere so high that in general the amount cannot be realised, and large balances are "returned in blanks."

He is at great pains to show that this is owing to no fault of the collectors. Imprisonments, ejectments, sales—all means available are put in use against defaulters, but in vain; the wretches are too poor to pay beyond their uttermost farthing. You must feed, if you imprison them: and the annual expense of ejecting defaulters and selling up their lands at low prices, with the certainty of having to go through the same process with every new batch of tenantries is still more objectionable. Even in Bengal, which is the best managed Presidency of the three, according to Mr. Campbell, 1,169 estates were sold in 1848-9 for arrears of rent; whereof 128 were bought in by Government "at a nominal price," and 1,037 were knocked down to *bonâ fide* purchasers "for something less than four years' purchase on the revenue." Of the magnitude of these estates some notion may be formed from the fact that, although the landed gentry and large proprietors have disappeared long ago from the soil of Bengal in the presence of our wasting fiscal system, not less than 10,872 under-tenures were on that occasion sold by the collectors. In the north-west provinces of India the numerous sales have had the untoward effect of letting in such a flood of strangers, as to break up the communities, to whose co-operation in the collection, the comparative prosperity of the Company's revenue in those provinces was mainly, if not solely due. In Madras, where the energy of the collector has been stimulated into unusual fury by the amount of disaster, the failure is still more signal. "There are no sales, for none will buy," groans Mr. Campbell. And in that Presidency, although "various unauthorised modes of stimulating the tardy, such as *placing in him the sun, obliging him to stand on one leg, or to sit with his head confined between his knees*" (p. 359), or tortures, as Englishmen out of India would call them, have been superadded to the more authorised stimulants, the effect, strange to say, is the same. The rent is always in arrear, the expense of collecting is enormously on the increase, the people are starving, and, worst of all in Anglo-Indian eyes, the revenue is the loser. Bombay, however, is in a still worse condition than either of the other Presidencies, says Mr. Campbell. The deductions there are frightful, not only from the revenue derived from the land tax, but from all branches of revenue whatever. The per centage charges of collection of land revenue alone, which in Bengal are 9½ per cent, in the north-west Provinces 8¾, in the Punjaub 9, and in Madras 13¾, absorb no less than 55 per cent. of the Bombay land revenue. Bombay contributes nothing to the home government, nothing to the general government of India, and nothing to the interest of Indian debt: nay more, it presents a large deficit in the accounts of its own local government. "The deficiency is made up,"—such is the incautious, yet candid

statement of Mr. Campbell, who regards askance with true professional jealousy all provincial drains on the Company's revenues yearly levied in Bengal,—"the deficiency is made up by taxing the salt of *the wretched Bengalis, already deprived of all favour and of all rights in the land.*" Such they are; but who made them so? Mr. Campbell himself shall inform us!

From the working of this system (the "Permanent Settlement") and that of the civil courts, the result has generally been that, excepting one or two great rajas, the proprietary rights in Bengal have been sold over and over again, and are now in no way derived from any hereditary source, but are the subject of mercantile speculation. The rights of the inferior holders have been utterly swept away and disappeared. No efficient provision was made for them. It was perhaps intended that they should claim their rights in the civil courts, but in practice all such rights have long since ceased to exist. The cultivators are in every way left to the mercy of the Zemindars.

Here Mr. Campbell proceeds to show us that "whatever is is right," and that India and her people, particularly "the wretched Bengalis," whose intolerable condition he has sketched thus faintly ought to bless their gods, if idolators,—and Allah, if Mussulmans,—for having brought them under the dominion of Leadenhall-street, whose yoke is so easy, and whose rule so advantageous. But what he does *not* show us, is the means whereby the infamous scheme of grinding oppression of God's poor is enforced upon the reluctant; and this omission we shall proceed to supply, and on no less an authority than that of Mr. Fullerton, whilst yet a Member of Council at Madras. His statement, which, *mutatis mutandis*, is equally true of the other Presidencies, is as follows:—

Imagine the revenue leviable through the agency of 100,000 revenue officers, collected or remitted at their discretion, according to the occupant's means of paying, whether from the produce of his land, or his separate property; and, in order to encourage every man to act as a spy on his neighbour, and report his means of paying, that he may eventually save himself from extra demand, imagine all the cultivators of a village liable at all times to a separate demand, in order to make up for the failure of one or more individuals of the parish. Imagine collectors to every county, acting under the orders of a board, on the avowed principle of destroying all competition for labour by a general equalisation of assessment, seizing and sending back runaways to each other. And, lastly, imagine the collector the sole magistrate or justice of the peace of the county, through the medium and instrumentality of whom alone any criminal complaint of personal grievance suffered by the subject can reach the superior courts. Imagine, at the same time, every subordinate officer employed in the collection of the land revenue to be a police officer, vested with the power to fine, confine, put in the stocks, and flog any inhabitant within his range on any charge, without oath of the accuser, or sworn recorded evidence in the case:—

And much more to the same purport. But the lack of evidence, according to Mr. Campbell, ought not to surprise Mr. Fullerton. In Bengal, at least, whatever may be the case at Madras, Anglo-Indian judges, sitting on revenue cases, neither require evidence, nor can they, if they require, obtain it. Hear Mr. Campbell, again, on this point, speaking from recent recollections of his own official experience:—

A Bengal collector of the present day has no Tehsildars. He is not supposed or required to know anything about the interior of his district. He sits for the receipt of revenue, which the Zemindars must pay on certain days, and, if it does not come, he asks no questions, but advertises the estate for sale as it stands in the list. . . . He has to decide a large number of summary suits for rent, but in the entire absence of all these [public registries, accounts, and accountants], the means of deciding the suits in a summary way are very unsatisfactory. He ought to hear suits for over-exaction and unjust ejectment from land; but in the destruction of all rights, and absence of all registers, these two last species of summary suits seem very little used, and the court is for the most part only made use of by landlords. Having decided the suits, the collector enforces the decrees.

Add to this the fact that a collectorate is as large as an English county—that in one described as only one-tenth the extent of those in the Deccan, the cultivators alone exceeded 100,000 persons, every one of whom is said to have depended for his very being on "the personal qualifications" of the collector, a young European lad, "having a great deal to do, and unable to pay that attention always to the details in settling the revenue," which nevertheless is settled by him alone and by none other (Commons' Report (1848) on Cotton, Q. 1741—54),—and the picture is complete!

It is in this way that the land revenue of India, producing about £12,600,000 annually, is collected from a population of 110 millions, besides tributaries, and a territory larger and more fertile than Europe. In the reign of Akber, a prince who would have esteemed it no compliment to be told by Mr. Campbell that "his enlightenment and liberality cannot be surpassed" by anything in the Company's scheme of government, the maximum of land-tax was but one-third of the gross produce of the land, calculated upon an average of ten years, and subject to decennial readjustment. Akber was not the sovereign of Madras, nor of Bombay, nor of the entire of Bengal; his remaining territories were Delhi, Mooltan, Lahore, and Scinde; the people were not racked with over-assessments, nor beggared by decrees of sale for non-payment. Yet from that mere portion which he—the sovereign by right of conquest—possessed of the enormous territories of the present East India Company—who came to deliver them from the tyranny he represented—Akber, with ease alike to his subjects and to himself, annually drew, by way of land-tax, ten millions sterling into the treasury. Under the Nawaub Suraj-u-Dowlah, according to Holwell, the revenue of Bengal and Behar alone amounted to £13,760,000 a-year. Thirty millions sterling, derived from every source of revenue, were raised with facility by Akber, thirty-eight millions by Aurungzebe, and fifty millions by Shah Selim (Shah Allum's Manifesto of 1771), from a moiety of that territory, and of that population, out of which all the squeezing and crushing of over-taxation at the command of its present masters are just sufficient to extract the

miserable sum of twenty millions, and with it the very life-blood of the commonwealth. In fine, whether the Company's financiers draw their inspirations from Lokman the wise, or from Æsop the hunchback, we cannot tell, but after an attentive study of their plan of administration in every department, we feel perfectly satisfied that a certain man who once upon a time owned the goose with the golden eggs, was but a fool in their comparison.

In a passage cited from Mr. Campbell, on the subject of the Bombay inland revenue, mention is incidentally made of the Bengal salt-tax. It is indeed a hateful grievance—at once a customs' duty, an excise, and a monopoly—and it presses on one of the first and most important necessaries of life to the Indian people. Let us hear Mr. Campbell; for he, notwithstanding the little bit of objurgation which we have quoted elsewhere, is, strange to say, in another chapter of his work, quite as warm a defender of our system of salt revenue as he is of every other Indian iniquity, which cannot be fathered conveniently on the British Parliament or the Board of Control:—

> Amongst the obnoxious taxes abolished by Akber, are enumerated duties on salt made from the earth. Salt seems to have paid a very moderate customs' duty. It is stated that the Lahore rock salt was bought at the pit for about two dams, or a little more than one penny, per maund (80 lbs.); that ten dams per man's load were paid to the Zemindar, and one and a half rupees per eighteen maunds to the state. The whole is under one-tenth of the duty now charged by us. Generally speaking, the laws prevailing in India were singularly free from impolitic restrictions and over-interference in trade currency and such matters. On our first assumption of Bengal, the salt revenue was not of great importance. A few years after Clive, the monopoly was finally and strictly established on behalf of government. Salt came to bear a price three or four times exceeding its mercantile value, and yielded a large revenue.

The monopoly embraces as well the manufacture as the sale of salt; and it is as great and criminal a breach of that monopoly to make salt for the private consumption of the manufacturer, as to make it for a purchaser. It is, in fact, one of the most heinous offences known to the Indian criminal code, and the punishments are exemplary. On the other hand, the temptations are great. Let us, in the first place, bear in mind that even in countries of the temperate zone, and amongst populations not exclusively confined by their poverty or prejudices to the insipid and unwholesome vegetable diet, salt is still a necessary of life, and enters largely as such into the general consumption. Although the bread, the pork, the fish, the cheese, and the butter, which form the chief portion of the food of our working classes, are largely impregnated with salt before they reach the consumer, it is shown by Mr. Wilbraham, the late member for South Cheshire ("Thoughts on the Salt Monopoly in India," 1847, p. 21), that for mere ordinary purposes, they consume in addition considerably more than 12 lbs. of salt annually for each member of their family.

In India, rice is the chief food of the people; and a peculiarly insipid diet it is. They consume a very little fish, and scarcely ever take animal food. Salt is, therefore, to them doubly indispensable. Their own instinct tells them so; and if it be any satisfaction to our readers, we may add that the faculty are so strongly of the same opinion, that the highest authorities amongst them are unanimous in assigning to the dearth of salt the cause of Asiatic cholera. Of this the Government themselves appear to be now persuaded, for they allow their sepoys, when on service, from 17 lbs. to 23 lbs. of salt per head annually, besides salt-fish; and in some cases, says Mr. Wilbraham, above double the former amount. From 22 lbs. to 23 lbs. per head also constitute the yearly supply of salt by Government to the French factory of Chandernagore, in conformity with the treaty of 1815, which binds us to proportion the supply "according to the population of the said settlement." Nevertheless, and to avoid all cavil, we will take the estimate of the Company's own advocates, and in the teeth of their own evidence and of our common sense, suppose that 12 lbs. per head is a large yearly supply for the rice-fed Indians.

We do not exactly understand by what right the Hon. Company claims to supply them at all, much less to monopolise the business. It was expressly provided by their actual charter (3 and 4 William IV. c. 85), that "from and after the 22nd April, 1834, they were to close their commercial business, and discontinue and abstain from all commercial business which should not be incident to the closing of their actual concerns." Notwithstanding the enactment, however, they do carry on business still as salt-boilers and dealers; and, no interloping being allowed, they make a pretty thing of it. Mr. Campbell shall tell us how:—

> It is believed that from the great number of places in which salt can be manufactured, and the facility of making it, it is impossible to collect a heavy excise on salt freely manufactured. The manufacture is, therefore, prohibited, and Government manufactures it at the cheapest rate in its power. According as it is sold does the Government manufacture more. In 1836 the rule was laid down that a fixed duty should be charged alike on all salt, whether in addition to cost price of Government manufactured salt, or on private salt imported by sea. The duty was fixed at 325 rupees per 100 maunds. In 1848 it was reduced to 2½ rupees per maund. This duty of 2½ rupees per maund, or about 1r. per 16lbs, being added, the salt is offered for sale to all purchasers at about 6s. 6d. per 82lbs. At Madras the salt is an inferior article. Here, too, it is manufactured on the part of the Government. At Bombay Government compromised the matter (after a riot at Surat) by fixing the duty at 1s. 6d. per maund. It is of the nature of an excise duty, and is levied at the pans.

Yet, as our readers will remember, Mr. Campbell has elsewhere shown, that, under the Mogul dynasty, there was an excise, and no monopoly; that rock salt was bought at the pit-mouth for "a little more than one penny per maund," and that the price and duty together were "under one-tenth of the duty

now charged by us!" Moreover, he has omitted one or two particulars, which we hasten to supply. In the last session of Parliament, during the debate on the East India Company's charter, the salt monopoly incidentally came under notice. From Mr. Anstey's speech on that occasion (Hansard, vol. 126, p. 820), we extract the following passage, which we are able to say is a substantially correct statement of the case:—

Of the two species of salt, the Company had forbidden the manufacture of one species altogether—namely, that which was procured from the sea; and they had monopolised that of the other, namely, that which was obtained from the earth. It was a misdemeanor for any one but the Company's salt manufacturer, to obtain salt from the ocean or the land. If a Hindoo dipped a cup into the sea, and allowed the water to evaporate beneath the ray of the sun, he was guilty of a misdemeanor; and if detected, he was punished, and the salt so obtained was destroyed as contraband. The penalties were three months' imprisonment, or a fine of 500 rupees, or both. It had been further enacted by the Governor General in Council on the 4th February, 1839—and it was still the law—that if the fine were unpaid, and no sufficient distress could be found within the jurisdiction of the magistrate who imposed the fine, the offender may be imprisoned with or without hard labour at the discretion of the magistrate, for not more than two calendar months if the fine did not exceed fifty rupees—or four calendar months if it exceeded fifty, and did not exceed 100 rupees—or for six calendar months in any other case. The object of these scandalous enactments — utterly unknown before India was cursed with an East India Company—was to keep up the price of the Company's salt; and their success was undeniable. Down to 1848 the price of the wretched stuff, heavy with dirt and mixture, manufactured at the Hon. Company's Sunderbund salt works,* used to be 8s. the bushel, and at least a pound sterling in the provinces. By a Government notification of the 31st March, 1849—one of those ameliorations of which the hon. members for Honiton and Guildford were so proud last year—it was notified to Lord Dalhousie's Indian liege, that for the future the prices at the works should be 4s. 6d. the bushel, that is to say, 6s. 6d. the maund; but it was significantly added, that "the Government reserved to itself the power of re-imposing the full amount of duty authorised by law, if circumstances should arise to render such a measure necessary." The consequence of this "amelioration" however, was, that the Company's bad salt, which formerly cost the natives from 8s. to £1 per bushel, now cost them 4s. 6d. at the depot, or from 10s. to 12s., in the provinces. And yet, if it were not for their oppressive restrictions, good English salt would be sold on Calcutta quay at 1s. per bushel, not to speak of the facility with which the natives might manufacture for themselves. With all this, there was a deficient supply; and the last mail informed us that the Madras Presidency was threatened with a positive famine of salt for the present year.

Mr. Campbell is a strong advocate for the present import duty of three rupees per maund on foreign salt. It is three times as high as it ought to be; but it is not so much the amount as the vexatious mode of levying it, that excludes the British commodity. Before the consignee can even offer it for sale, he must pay over to the Treasury, in Company's paper, the entire amount of duty estimated on the quantity stated in the manifest, after deducting only 3 per cent. for the wastage and leakage of a five months' voyage; or, failing this, he must store it in the warehouses which are in the hands of the Company's monopolists, and where the amount of charges may readily be imagined.

It follows, from what has been said, that, in a country abounding in salt, and inhabited by a dense population addicted to its manufacture, and to whom it is an indispensable necessary of life, we have so contrived our legislation as to monopolise the sale, and produce an artificial dearth of the article, and to debase its quality, and have then compelled the native to purchase the adulterated mixture at a price which, at the lowest computation, is equal to nine weeks' wages for the year's supply of his family, consisting, let us say, of himself, his wife, and three children, according to the moderate estimate of the Company of 12lbs. per head. It cannot be too often repeated, that the poverty of the natives must always be taken into account when we seek to determine the intensity of these exactions.

We are spared the hard task of finding words to express our own censure of this disgraceful tax, and we are happy to be able to subscribe to that of the Company. There was a time when the profits of the iniquity were not monopolised by the Company; their servants had their share; and in those days the lucre of the transaction was not equal to the disgrace. On the 17th May, 1766, the Court of Directors, writing to the Bengal government on the subject of the three monopolies of salt, of betel-nut, and of tobacco, which that government a few years previously had established, thus expressed themselves:—

With respect to the Company, it is neither consistent with their HONOUR nor their DIGNITY to promote such an exclusive trade; as it is now more immediately our interest and duty to protect and cherish the inhabitants, and to give them no occasion to look on every Englishman as THEIR NATIONAL ENEMY, a sentiment which WE think, such a monopoly would NECESSARILY suggest. We cannot, therefore, approve the plan you have sent, as for trading in salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, or admit of this trade IN ANY SHAPE WHATEVER, and do hereby confirm our orders for its ENTIRE abolition. We are fully aware that these INNOVATIONS and ILLEGAL TRAFFIC laid the foundation of all the bloodshed, massacres, and confusion, which have happened of late years. We cannot suffer ourselves to indulge a thought towards the continuance of them upon ANY CONDITIONS WHATEVER. No regulations can, in our opinion, be formed that can be effectual to prevent the like consequences which we have seen. We consider it, too, as DISGRACEFUL, and below the dignity of our present situation to allow such a monopoly. If we were to allow of it under ANY restrictions, we should consider ourselves as assenting and subscribing to all the mischiefs which Bengal has presented to us for the last four years past.

Mr. Campbell has borne testimony to the freedom of trade from monopolies and impolitic re-

* We abstain from all comment on the method of the manufacture, as we do not seek to encumber our case with superfluous controversy; otherwise we might refer to the fearful facts which, in 1833, the industry of Mr. Wilbraham, M.P. for Cheshire, and other friends of India then in Parliament, brought to light touching the unhappy Molungees, a tribe of the Sunderbunds, bound by tenure to serve in the Company's saltworks in that pestilential waste—*ascripti glebæ* in the direst sense of the term. The House of Commons heard with horror and indignation of the hundreds of those unhappy serfs who perished annually the prey of the tiger, of the pestilence, and of the flood. It is the trick of the Direction to deny such statements until the evidence becomes incontrovertible, and then changing their ground to represent them as belonging to the past. At least one such instance occurs in our present article.

strictions, under the Mogul Emperor and the Nawaubs; and we will merely add that two of Lord Clive's earliest wars were undertaken—the one to compel the Nawaub vizier of Oude to grant to the English exemptions from all duties on internal traffic, and the other to prevent his brother potentate of Bengal from extending to his own native subjects a similar exemption, which the English had acquired within his own dominions! Like the monopoly of salt, the monopolies of tobacco, opium, cardamoms, bees'-wax, and other smaller monopolies which still exist, are all of the Company's creation. The minor monopolies last named are sold, or farmed, to the highest bidder, at whose disposal all the police force of the Company are placed, to enable him to assert his right against those who contravene it. It was thus, as we learn from Mr. Anstey, that Mr. Carnac Brown, an English gentleman in Malabar, was compelled to abandon his endeavours to instruct his tenantry and dependents in the cultivation of honey on the English principle, as he only exposed himself to domiciliary visits, and then to persecution; for the produce was all claimed by the Company's farmer, as "Company's honey, and Company's wax," though made by their own bees and on their own property; and neither that gentleman nor his people were allowed to retain an atom of it.

But of all the monopolies, those of salt, tobacco, and opium, called the major monopolies, are by far the most grievous. What the former is we have seen. For the latter a very brief description will suffice. The cultivation of opium and tobacco is forced upon the natives of Bengal and Cocinbatore. There are rich tracts of land entirely devoted to the tobacco plant and the poppy by Government. The tenant must cultivate them, and if he refuses, he is punished for a breach of implied contract. If, on taking possession, he alleges that he has not the requisite capital for the cultivation, the collector is authorised to make him advances on the security of the crop; and if he declines to accept the money, it is thrown down before him, the collector departs, and the ryot is debited with the amount in the collector's books. But the labourer is not worthy of his hire, according to the Company. The opium, or tobacco, when raised, must be sold to the collector, at a fixed price, not above one-fifth of its real value, and out of this again sundry deductions, *e.g.*, for advances, have to be made. The enormous profit on the sale accrues solely to the Company. The market for opium is China, a country well suited to the growth of opium; but whose laws forbid it. One stroke of his Celestial Majesty's pen, legalising to the Chinese the growth and sale of opium, will put an end to the opium monopoly of the Company, and with it the opium revenue of three millions sterling, for the sake of which the natives of India are oppressed and plundered; and a piratical trade, disgraceful to the English name, is carried on by the Company, at home and abroad, in open defiance not only of the laws of nations, but of the very Act of Parliament which accords it the privilege of existence.

It is no part of our plan to enumerate or even to classify the taxes and impositions which help to make up the tale of India under the Company's government. The few instances which we have selected will serve to show the character of the rest. Suffice it then to say, that as a general rule there is nothing on the earth, nor under the earth, nor upon the waters of India, which is not taxed directly to the Company. What shall we say more, for the time would fail us to speak of the taxes on wells, and on dancing girls, on hammers and chisels, and every implement of trade, and on every blade and root of "green grass" (Ordinance of 18th January, 1847), on "shark's fins and fishmaws" (Ordinance of 18th January, 1839), on shady trees and pleasant waters, on arts, on trades, and on manufactures; and many a tax besides, of which none but a Tassilldar or Sir James Wier Hogg can hope to make intelligible the wisdom, the humanity, or the justice. Our readers, if they are anxious to know more about these taxes, and how they are enforced, even to the destruction of the taxable items by the hand of the collector—of palm-trees past bearing for instance, which though linked with associations that have their value, even for the poor proprietor whose hut they shade from the sun, are cut down if they cannot afford the Company's tax on standing timber—our readers, we say, will do well to consult the valuable evidence taken by the Commons' Committee of 1848, to whose Report we have so often referred, and more particularly that of Mr. Carnac Brown.

The exceeding misery, to which these oppressive and absurd regulations have, after eighty years of trial, reduced the once wealthy and prosperous people of India, may best be understood by one very simple illustration. Since the destruction of their cotton and silk manufactures by the Company's legislation, they have been compelled to look to Manchester and Coventry for their supplies of clothing. Now it has been calculated, that if each inhabitant of British India, according to his or her degree, used annually a turban or gown of Manchester cotton (and they have no other) in cotton goods alone there would be annually exported from this country to the value of more than £50,000,000 sterling. At present, the total value of our exports, of every kind, to British India varies from £3,440,000 to £5,000,000 at the most, being about 8¼d. per head of the population, whilst their export trade does not exceed £2,500,000, or about 6d. per head. In

short, their land is now the only capital our laws have left to the Indian people,—agriculture their sole industry,—and a bare subsistence of less than £1 5s. 6d. annually (including the cost of tillage), all their profit.—(*Calcutta Review* for 1851, No. 37, pp. 87—8.) The consequence is, that in a country which, were its enterprise unshackled, its trade free, and its taxes well assessed, might, in a few years, according to Wheatley and Buckingham, be made to produce a revenue of £100,000,000 annually, as readily as Great Britain now produces £50,000,000, the people are now ground to powder with imposts, which, nevertheless, amount, not to £3 17s. 7d. per head, as in New South Wales, nor to £2 12s. 8d., as at Mauritius, nor to £1 11s. 3d., as in Guiana, nor to £1 3s., as in Trinidad, nor to £1 16s., as here in Great Britain, but merely to 4s. per head,—a fact which speaks volumes for the wisdom of Indian administration.—(George Thompson's Lectures on India, p. 18.)

For the present we must conclude. But we earnestly commend these matters to the consideration of every well-wisher to his country's honour and the good of the human race. The people of India know how to distinguish between the power of Great Britain and the privileges of the East India Company, and that "they are two things, essentially different in principle, operation, and degree." (Commons' Report of 1848; Q. 3185.) Let the people of England by recognising, show that they deserve that distinction. The East India Company have impoverished, debased, and depopulated India. To remove them from the trust which they have betrayed, and the powers which they have perverted, to the destruction of our fellow subjects, is now the concern of every Englishman.

BOOK SOCIETIES.*

THEIR LITERARY TENDENCIES AND MANAGEMENT.

THREE hundred years ago, our great grandmothers' great grandmothers' mothers were very considerable classical scholars. In the intervals of their tapestry-work, they translated Boethius; in their little feminine coteries they talked of Plato and of Plato's creations. Aylmer had taught the hapless Jane Grey to be familiar with every grove of the Academy, and to reap more pleasure from the page of Plato, than her kinsmen derived from the horns and hounds whose noise disturbed her meditations. Roger Ascham, mighty as a toxopholite, a dicer, and a cockfighter, but still mighter as a scholar, had enabled "the lady Elizabeth" to follow every footstep of the Peripateties, and had armed her with the power of scolding lustily in fluent Latin. How thoroughly must the high-born, staid, philosophic, Greek-decyphering matrons of those days have despised their rude husbands! But then there were no modern interlopers to compete with the old Paladins of literature as rivals for a lady's favour. Nearly all those that did appear were clothed in Latin; and although good books in the vernacular were so well received, and quickly known, that Rabelais could boast of his "Chronique Gargantuin," "Il a été plus vendu par les imprimeurs en deux mois, qu'il ne sera acheté de Bibles en neuf ans," yet a studious English damsel had great necessity for Latin, and some want of Greek, but little opportunity for exercise in the reading of foreign living languages, and much leisure left after she had mastered the very scanty literature of her own.

In the ordinary mutation of things, the relative acquirements of the sexes have long since changed places. The straightest man across country would think it, now-a-days, some disparagement to his breeding, not to be able to construe for his sister a line of Latin that might stand awkwardly in her way while reading a newspaper; and, on the other hand, there is a sort of impression abroad, that it is not quite a correct thing for a lady to understand Latin. Improprieties are, by general masculine consent, "veiled in the obscurity of a learned language." Man has assumed Latin and Greek as his own *terrain*, and as he is not always quite at home in his assumed dominion, and might possibly find it unpleasant to be convicted of a false concord by his partner in a polka, or puzzled by an irregular preterperfect over a game of chess, he very wisely publishes hue and cry against all learned women, and threatens perpetual virginity to all maidenhood that shall parley with Virgil except in the vernacular, or know aught of Herodotus except through the mediation of Beloe or Larcher.

Women, therefore, have been thrown back upon the flowers, and upon the utilities of literature. *They* can answer all Magnall's Questions—a querist who would puzzle all the grammar-schools endowed by the piety of our ancestors, and the two Universities that have grown paralysed amid the unreasoning reverence of their sons. *They* know the use of the

* "Book Societies: their Formation, Supply, and Management." London, 1852.
"A New Plan for Reading and Book Societies." London, 1852.
"Second Annual Report of the Bank of England Library and Literary Association." London, 1852.

globes; *they* know the modern names for Crete, Calpe, and Byzantium; *they* know the capital city of every kingdom in Europe; perhaps—for no man can justly estimate their acquirements—of every kingdom in the world. *They* know history since the time of Charlemagne; at any rate they know something of the doings of the world after the death of the last of the twelve Cæsars. No lady supposes that a Mayor of the Palace was an individual like Sir Peter Laurie, nor does she confound a *lit de justice* with the bed of Procrustes. Moreover, *they* read glibly in French books, the absolute propriety whereof we may sometimes doubt, but which we are not always quite able to test by actual perusal. Fortunately, there is nothing tempting in modern Italian, and as to the music, we can get at the meaning of their songs through the libretto of the Opera House. German is a more serious matter; our only hope there is, that the mistiness of the sentiment, and the repulsiveness of the philosophy, will cure this evil of itself, and that, beyond some slight shocks to the nerves from witch stories and goblin stories, and tales of glamourie, and a few headaches gathered from Kant and the great Jean Paul, no great harm is likely to arise from our wives and daughters working at Ollendorf, and exercising their dictionaries upon Schiller. Still, however, we can't be sure. Man, as man "regularly bred,"—that is, having passed an examination in the first six books of Euclid, in the Greek Testament, the Odes of Horace, and six books of Homer for his "little go," and having drawn a map in the schools, of the route taken by Xerxes, and of that taken by Xenophon; having translated a page of "Spectator" into Latin that Priscian might regard with a whole head, although with a wry face; having "done" some Greek iambics, that, if read in the ears of Archilochus, would be a sufficient punishment to him for having invented iambics, and for the use he made of his invention; having shown a tolerable proficiency in those classic hexameters beginning—

Barbara, celarent, Darii, Ferioque, prioris;

and having made patent a pretty intimate acquaintance with the thirty-eight articles (for no Oxford examiner was ever known to ask one word about the seventeenth), man, as man being academical and regularly bred, knows all these things, or should know all these things, *and no more*. How merciful therefore, is that law of society which ordains that a woman shall feel a proper sense of shame at her *acquirements*, even as she shows glory in her *accomplishments*. If young Mopus, who might write upon a square inch of paper every word he knows on every subject whereon he could be examined, except the price of stocks and the last odds for the Derby, if he only knew how very near Miss Centilivre was introducing as a topic of conversation the possibility of success in the search for Sir John Franklin; and if he only knew also, how exactly Miss Centilivre is acquainted with the name of every bay, sound, passage, creek, point, island, or continent, in all those frozen regions, and with the force and track of every expedition sent out—if young Mopus had only known this, he certainly would never have trusted himself alone again with Miss Centilivre. Fortunately Miss Centilivre had the advantage of a prudent and careful mamma, and recollecting her sage instructions, she looked in Augustus Mopus's contented countenance and restrained herself in time. Her sister Urania was not so mindful of parental injunctions: she lost a capital match last season by betraying some knowledge of a controversy as to the discovery of a new planet, and by describing in simple language, the process by which its existence had been first conjectured and then ascertained. Sir Harry Peurdebleu who had the rough draft of his letter of proposal at that moment in his library table drawer, became immediately so sensible of Urania's unfitness to preside over Nilsciat Hall, that he suffered himself to be carried off that very evening by Miss Mary Cache, who sings like Jenny Lind and waltzes perfectly, but who also had the wit to deny in Sir Harry's hearing that she knew the date of the Norman Conquest. Poor Peurdebleu will find out, too late, that she knows a whole History of England in verse, with dates, descents, and all, quite off by heart; that she has read Miss Strickland as carefully as Lord Campbell has, knows most of the points in dispute between Hume and Brodie, can put her hand easily on the Barillon letters in the Dalrymple papers; and, at the proper season, she will probably confess that she has undertaken to index the Macintosh manuscripts for the mere pleasure of understanding the real intentions of the last ministry of Queen Anne.

No doubt there is a vast number of well informed and well read men, and there are also, we are afraid, a good sprinkling of stupid, know-nothing girls. But we appeal to our fair readers, whether a couple of seasons do not greatly decrease their reverence for the superior knowledge of the lords of the creation, and whether the picture we have ventured to draw is not correct as a rule, and only faulty in the exceptions. Papa has his justicing to do, or the House to attend, or his chambers or his counting house monopolise him, or his model farm wants constant supervision; some business or some hobby keeps him constantly at work. But mamma and the girls, when the housekeeping duties have been dispatched, can't spend all their time in the dreary formality of morning country visits, or even in the more vivacious excitement of town shopping. Unless they plunge into fanaticism, or turn into crochet jennies, or adopt as the end of all being the multiplication of slippers,

or practice all their old music over every day—unless in fact they turn field preachers, or weavers, or canary birds, mamma and her daughters *must* pass a considerable time of each day in reading. There may be a sort of family fiction that the gentlemen of the household find it necessary to read and criticise every new book as it comes damp from the printer's hands; and this fiction is a little countenanced by the appearance, every evening in the drawing-room, of an old gentleman in an easy chair, with a paper-knife in his hand and a white covered book before him,—fast asleep. The fiction, however, deceives no one, not even the old gentleman. We are sure he will be among the first to agree with us that men read nothing but the *Times*—it is the women who read books. To them they are a daily want, a necessity, a refuge from ennui, a substitute for the excitement of business and ambition.

How, then, is this want to be satisfied, especially in places far distant from town? To purchase one in ten of the books that come out and create some talk, would make papa's bookseller's bill heavier than his corn-merchant's, which would be absurd. Co-operation, ladies—co-operation will do it easily. Every parish has, or ought to have, its resident clergyman, necessarily a man of some learning, almost always a man of some leisure, known by his duties to all his parishioners, and if not a mighty zealot and a little Pope (in which case we put the whole parish out of the pale of literature), probably a man of good general reading and of cultivated taste. Here is your purveyor, ladies, ready found. There are ten thousand parishes in England, and in nine thousand of them the clergy are, more or less, quiet, unostentatious pastors, who do their duty and love the poor, keep their flock together, and live among them, reciprocating courtesies and kindnesses. In the other thousand there are clergymen who mistake vanity for zeal. In the nine thousand there is, or ought to be, a book society, as certainly as there is a school; in the tenth, the ladies are all making altar-cloths, or getting up love-feasts, or feeding the hungry poor with the bread of—controversy, or making their husbands sign protests to the Bishop, or subscribing for silver tea-services. Here there is excitement enough in the schisms, and sects, and shallow polemics; excitement enough to make every home in the parish far too uncomfortable to allow occasion for the quiet want of literature to be felt. We go back, however, to our nine thousand parishes, which have gentlemen for clergymen, and which are plagued neither by a fanatic nor a firebrand. In all these the quiet and continuous circulation of the interesting works of the day, from the new volume of Macaulay's History down to Sir Henry Lytton's new play, is one of the most indispensible of the elegancies of life that long enjoyment has rendered necessities; and we do very humbly submit, with a proper sense of the somewhat inferior interest in the subject, that our fair subscribers should follow us while we essay the dreary task of teaching how to arrange their book-clubs, with as much patience and forbearance as they accord to M. Soyer, when he undertakes to teach them to reform their kitchens.

The book-clubs throughout England alone (we are not now addressing ourselves to the much graver and more important subject of lending libraries, and other institutions for the wholesome education of the industrial classes), amount to about two thousand, and they are daily upon the increase. Any exactitude in such an estimate is of course out of the question, as the number is only to be guessed at from the aggregate opinions of the conductors of London circulating libraries, and of London booksellers in extensive trade. There are few men, however, whose circle of acquaintance is at all large, who have not personal knowledge of some forty or fifty of these institutions; and it would be found, we believe, were an accurate enumeration possible, that the number we have named is not far from the reality.

Upon the influence which such a body of *customers* must exercise upon literature, it is not very necessary to dilate. Certainly, publishers and book-makers require no hint from us to render them quite alive to the fact, that if a book can be prepared whose title will excite the curiosity of the members of these societies, whose subject is within the scope of their rules, and whose price is within their limits, a very large sale will be immediately secured, and the speculation will have secured success, without the least reference to the actual merits or demerits of the work itself. Scores of slip-slop, superficial books, chiefly memoirs or travels, that would never have found their way into type had it not been for these book societies, adaptations, unacknowledged translations, trashy compilations, and even the direct frauds of reproducing old works with new title-pages, all have their origin in the confidence that there are enough book societies in remote parts, whose members will read the advertisement in the *Times*, be attracted by the title, order the book to the extent of some three hundred copies, and thus, at least, save the enterprising publisher from loss. It is not only that there are aimless, superficial, careless, and ill-informed readers among our book societies: this, to some extent, must always be so. Forty years ago the complaint was rife that—

> "O'er taste awhile our pseudo bards prevail,
> And every country book-club bows to Baal,
> And hurling lawful genius from the throne,
> Erects a shrine and idol of its own,
> Some leaden calf—but whom, it matters not—"

People *will* have their crotchets, their peculiar tastes, and their odd partialities; some will prefer Tennyson

to Milton, or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to "Old Mortality." All this must be expected and be tolerated; but the worst of all the effects of book-clubs upon literature is, that Mrs. Homespun being suddenly called upon to choose a book in her turn, which book must not exceed a guinea in price, and must be bought by her at half its cost at the annual distribution, becomes painfully conscious that her only resource is to put on her spectacles and search through the supplement to the *Times* in quest of a catching title. If an honourable Tom Popjoy has just put forth his "Tarryings in Timouctoo," Mrs. Homespun immediately considers that it will be a *genteel* book to lie upon her drawing-room table; or if Lady Teresa Mockwerter has a volume of "Songs to the Tearful," the small feminine Homespuns consider that by naming "Songs to the Tearful," they obtain a sort of character for sentiment to the whole house of Homespun. In fact, people in nine cases out of ten, order books without knowing anything about them except their titles.

Of course, the suggestion of a remedy for a practice so injurious to the best interests of literature, is very delicate ground for us to tread. It is impossible, however, to avoid the observation, that little aid is to be obtained from the ordinary run of reviews. The minor daily, evening, and weekly papers, furnish only a little indiscriminating eulogy in return for their presentation copy; the monthly Magazines generally, being the property of publishing houses, restrict their notices to an approving mention of their masters' wares; while the only fortnightly publication that we are aware of, has less knowledge of books or literature than even Mrs. Homespun herself. A review that is the property of a publisher will not wisely be chosen as a guide; nor, indeed, should we recommend any set of readers to adopt as their single counsellor any one literary paper, however able or independent. We do not doubt the independence, the honesty, or the literary ability of the *Examiner*, the *Spectator*, or the *Athenæum*; and we should regard it as highly improbable that any work could be well spoken of by all these three journals and not be worthy to circulate in a book-club. But we have often seen a bad book praised in some one of these papers, and a good book condemned; and the writer of this article must not shrink from making the same observation of the *New Quarterly Review*. Infallibility in such matters is impossible. No editorial care can foresee or correct every possible influence or peculiarity of taste that may act upon every critic. The judgment *will* sometimes err, and now and then a book will be hastily condemned or improperly commended. In our opinion, therefore, a book society that would not waste the money and corrupt the taste of its members, should circulate not one only, but several Reviews, whose first qualification should be, that they are independent of the trade. The cost would be amply repaid, for there is not a society in the kingdom which does not in every year purchase volumes that are never read, and never even cut open, to a much larger amount than would buy all the literary journals we have named in this article. The absurd custom, however, is to taboo all periodicals except the quarterlies. The sheep tolerate every animal except the sheep-dog.

The book societies now in existence may be divided into two classes. Both obtain their funds by an annual subscription; but the first class lays its money out in new books with the proviso that the sale shall be guaranteed at half-price by the member who proposes each work; the second class pours the money into the lap of some large London librarian, and receives in return a weekly or monthly box of such works as may be written for, or may be sent. In practice, great inconveniences arise from each of these plans taken singly; but, in the few instances we know wherein they are united, the result is admirable. The library subscription helps, by extra copies, the tardy circulation of the work which all are anxious to read, allows for a sprinkling of French literature, and procures, without purchase, some "Jane Eyre," or other novel, that makes a sensation, and must be read; the purchase fund, on the other hand, provides works of enduring value, which keep their places upon the shelves of the members when their novelty is past, or, better still, gradually form a library, the property of the society, whence every member may obtain the materials of serious study. Moreover, many books are constantly produced which have their interest, but which are not "library works," and are never seen on the table of a London club, or in the catalogue of a London library.

This double course of action is beyond the means of many book societies. But why is this so? Simply because the number of members is absurdly small. From the information we have been able to obtain from the libraries and booksellers, it would appear that the average number of members is less than thirty; and most of our readers will be able to corroborate this testimony from their own experience. Some societies actually limit their number to twenty members, and we only know one where the number amounts to forty. This society, of which we have some personal knowledge, has been in existence for half a century, is presided over by the rector of a large agricultural parish, and the subscription is two guineas. With less than this nothing serious can be accomplished. But the great difficulty is that vulgar feeling of exclusiveness, which will not consent to co-operate, except with equals in station. Most book societies have a rule that every member must be chosen by ballot. They might just as well ballot

for a man before he is allowed to subscribe to the county hospital. Mrs. Pestle, the doctor's lady, couldn't think of being obliged, under pain of a fine, to send over a book to Mrs. Giles, the farmer's wife, and the lady at the Hall doesn't very much like to have to send books on to Mrs. Pestle. No doubt this is rather a bore. But why impose upon the members the trouble of remembering dates, sending books about, and squabbling with the secretary about fines? Have an open subscription, open to every one who can get one member to propose, and another to second him, just sufficient to prevent anyone becoming a member who would steal the books; employ a messenger, and give him a small fixed salary and all the fines, and there would be an end of all trouble and all annoyance, all favoritism about fines, and all heart-burnings. Each member will pay his two guineas in advance, and all the literature of the day will flow regularly through his house. Little exclusive, twenty-shilling, twenty-member clubs are commonly little knots of ignorance, the easy victims of those third or fourth-rate publishers, who label their novels 31s. 6d., and sell them (but not to these book-clubs) for 7s. 6d. Such societies are, moreover, of an extremely ephemeral character; they usually, after a few years' existence, blow up in one universal squabble.

We had intended to suggest in this article a series of rules for the government of these societies, but some experience in the matter has shown us that it is scarcely possible to draw a set of rules which shall suit every society. The writer, some years ago, compiled, from all the precedents he could obtain, a set of rules for a book-club near London. They worked very well, and were copied with success by several societies in the surrounding suburbs, but being adopted by a society then forming in Cornwall, they blew the association up in six months. The principles we would indicate are, however, of universal application. No exclusiveness; no sending books by member to member (if possible to be avoided); no money spent in trash, or in unjudged books; a fund of sufficient amount to purchase every book of substantial value, and to obtain on loan a copious supply from a London library; a paid messenger, to whom every fine incurred shall be a perquisite; a power of expulsion; payment of subscriptions in advance; and the ordinary rules as to the rota and repurchase of books. We would add one amendment as to limitations of price and subjects. The first is usually placed at a guinea, which has had the effect of making publishers produce their best books volume by volume; the second is generally accomplished by a rule fixing the subjects that are within the scope of each member's choice. We would suggest that, as to price, any members may join in a nomination of a book; so that two members may nominate a two guinea book, three a three guinea book, and so on; and that as to subject, any five, or more, members may nominate a book not within the scope of the printed rule.

In this article we have said nothing of lending libraries, and literary and philosophical institutions, having stated places of meeting. The importance of these may be judged of from the fact that according to the list of them published in the Literary Almanac for last year, their number amounted to upwards of seven hundred. But the considerations we have addressed to the book-clubs have of course no reference to them. They have their reading-rooms, their reviews, their newspapers, and their cheap literature, but have not often much influence upon current literature, or much knowledge of it beyond what they obtain by skimming the reviews. Whether they obtain worse books by waiting for those that are reprinted at small prices, we will not say, but they stimulate no new productions, whether good or bad.

MODERN TASTE IN ART.*

Some years have now elapsed since Winckleman gave utterance to the unqualified assertion, that the English inhabited a clime so ungenial to the development of artistic genius, that the productions of their painters would ever be necessarily feeble, meagre, and valueless. That dictum, emanating from one regarded as no mean authority, has been triumphantly re-echoed by Du Bos, Van Raumer, and others, who seemed desirous of arrogating to their own countrymen not only the highest, but the only, claim to pictorial merit.

Yet, notwithstanding the low state of art in England at the period to which we refer, and the bold assumption of the prophecy, the energetic industry of the nation has developed itself in this, as in less important matters, and has not only satisfactorily refuted the stigma under which it laboured of yore, but has laid the foundation of a school that has now no rival elsewhere.

In grace, in beauty, and elegance of design, in correctness of outline, the French incomparably surpass us; but painting, as an art, scarcely exists in that country, any more than in Holland or in Flanders, where, two centuries ago, it was cultivated in many respects with almost unequalled success.

* "Illustrated Journal of a Landscape Painter." Bentley, 1852.
"Memoir of J. M. W. Turner." By Peter Cunningham. Bogue, 1852.
"Turner and his Works." By John Burnet. Bogue, 1852.

Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Venice, no longer produce those works which once challenged the admiration of the world, and have never since been surpassed. It is only now, in the studios of English artists, that art can be said to survive; and although, in comparison with some of the immortal works of bygone times, it is not pretended that the productions of our own days can be compared, yet, if we have amongst us few who have devoted their powers and their lives to the cultivation of historical painting, or to the highest branches of art, there are still some who have elevated "Landscape" to a rank which it never previously attained, and who display in this walk a degree of truth and of knowledge of nature which we find not in any of the ancient masters. This is no rash nor hasty assertion; we speak advisedly, and after mature reflection, and affirm, that landscape painting in England has arrived at a degree of excellence unknown to other countries or to former times. Singularly enough, however, the appreciation of art on the part of the public has not kept pace with its advance. Year after year, we see on the walls of the Exhibition works indicative of the most exalted genius and of consummate skill, passed over almost without observation, and returned to the artist unsold, while paintings full of glaring defects, and displaying neither thought nor care, are purchased with a rapidity only equalled by the facility and recklessness with which they are produced. In truth, there exists not, among the people at large, that real judgment and discrimination absolutely essential to the formation of a correct opinion upon such subjects. Nor is this matter of surprise, when we reflect that genuine taste is not innate, and can only be attained by patient study, aided by reflection, while the varied occupations of this busy life strongly militate against its acquisition. Among the uninitiated, therefore, those who are precluded from obtaining any right knowledge, endeavour to atone for their deficiency by adopting the opinions of others, possibly as ill-informed and as incapable as themselves. On other matters, men deem it advisable, before they converse authoritatively, to possess themselves, at least, of some modicum of information. Why should that preliminary be neglected on points connected with art? Perhaps the omission arises, in some measure, from the prevalent notion that every one gifted with the power of vision is equally endowed with the capacity of judging of the comparative excellence, or of the demerits of works of art. It is, however, scarcely possible to conceive a more fallacious doctrine than this. Were it true, there would be little need of the years of labour patiently undergone by him who aspires to qualify himself for a faithful critic of the works of his fellow-men. Great, indeed, is the evil, and most pernicious the results, of the publication of the judgments and criticisms of those who have no true erudition upon the subjects on which they dilate with so much pseudo confidence. Yet it requires no peculiarly constituted mind to attain that position which shall give authority to its mandates. All that is needed is to cultivate those powers of observation implanted in every intellect, that the mind may hereafter be directed in discriminating between what is truthful and what is false.

The primary error to be eradicated is that which maintains that all who are gifted with powers of vision are competent to sit in judgment upon every canvas submitted to them.

Talk to one of these empirics of the necessity of "studying nature," and he replies, "Do not I see what nature is every time that I open my eyes? Cannot I behold her works, and recognise them, when represented by the painter?" Most decidedly do we reply in the negative. He who has not pursued the same course of study, and disciplined his eye by the same education as the artist, is as unfit to criticise his works as the unschooled rustic is to give an opinion on the merits of a poem. Both are, of course, competent to tell us what gives them pleasure individually; beyond that, neither of them can offer a remark worthy of a moment's attention.

Any one may readily satisfy himself of the average capacity of the public to express an opinion upon such topics, by listening to the comments, usually pretty audibly delivered, in an Exhibition-room. Should he himself be a competent critic, he will be not a little amused at the observations assailing his ears on all sides.

We happened recently to be pretty constant visitors at the Royal Academy, and not unfrequently stationed ourselves near one of the most beautiful pictures which graced its walls. Many an hour we passed before it in silent study and admiration, fully appreciating the value of the lesson which the artist had sought to impart; regarding the scene before us, as we did, with the same feelings by which he was himself actuated when his hand, in obedience to the noble emotions of his genius, first embodied that glorious vision. Near it there hung two paintings of a different order,—one was the representation of a sleek and convex spaniel, with a sky-blue ribbon round his throat, reposing upon a crimson cushion; within the confines of the adjoining frame the edified spectator beheld an ornamental jar containing some very pretty flowers, on one of which, as usual in such cases, an insect was accurately depicted, on another a drop of dew, while on the table beneath was the conventional sliced melon, some pears, and a bunch of grapes.

What conclusion will the impartial reader form of the taste of his countrymen when we affirm, that out of two-and-thirty persons who successively uttered

varied exclamations of admiration and rapture, on beholding paintings such as these, one, and *one only*, offered even a passing comment on the immortal work before alluded to! This, however, is a fair specimen of the apprehension of the uneducated on the subject of art. Objects that are constantly before them, and with which they are comparatively familiar, such as a bit of ribbon on the neck of a lap-dog, or a butterfly on a dahlia, they recognise with delight. But their feelings have no communion with him who displays before them the blue abyss of heaven, the illimitable majesty of God's eternal mountains, or the stupendous power of his unfathomable ocean. They behold them, indeed, but, beholding, understand them not; they gaze vacantly upon the canvas, as upon a page in an unknown tongue; and, were this all, we should withhold alike our astonishment and our censure. But who is there that will not feel angered to listen to the captious criticisms of ignorance, when the scholar, instead of receiving with submission the revelation of a master-mind, presumes to carp and cavil at the words in which it is conveyed?

For be it ever remembered, the true mission of art is to instruct. Painting, like language, is only the medium through which ideas are transmitted. He who admits this truth (and he who does not had better proceed with us no further) will at once perceive that to study nature with a view to appreciate art, is only to follow the same course as the linguist pursues ere he ventures to comment on a book in a foreign language. The true artist aims not at the representation of nature only,—he seeks to inculcate a lesson to his own and to succeeding ages. The limner who as yet merely possesses the power of delineating faithfully what he sees, has made no further advance towards the realms of painting than he who has learnt to write has approached the regions of poetry. Both have the power, it is true, of conveying their thoughts to others; but the power of storing and of combining ideas has yet to be acquired.

The student of nature, who has mused in silence and has meditated seriously upon the various phenomena, at all hours and under all circumstances, occurring around him, has gained a new sense, a new source of intellectual enjoyment. To him not only does every aspect of the heavens, whether in sunshine, in shadow, or in storm, every phase of the changeful landscape, every view of the restless ocean, afford matter for endless contemplation; but objects which by the indiscriminating herd are passed by unnoticed, to him become vested with an interest and a value it is impossible to prize too highly.

But although, as we have above observed, the studies of the artist and of the critic should be similar, it is by no means requisite that they should be identical. The knowledge of the one must be profound; that of the other may be far more superficial. Having already indicated the nature and direction of the studies to which he ought to apply himself who is ambitious to sit in judgment on the productions of his fellow-men, we shall proceed to point out more particularly the course to be adopted for the formation of a correct taste by all who seek to elevate their mental powers above those of the ignoble throng. In order thus to educate the eye, it is essential that a knowledge of the effects and power of light and shade, of colour, and of at least the rudimentary laws of composition, be gained. When something has been done in this respect, the student will be able gradually to estimate the relative excellence of various works. He will then know why those whose judgment is formed and whose taste is refined, elevate above the productions of other men, and of all time, the immortal works of Cimabue, Giotto, Raffaelle, Da Vinci, Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt. He will then estimate at its proper value that mere dexterity of touch, technical contrast of colour, and imitation of texture, the only aim and object of which is to deceive. He will despise, instead of admiring, as he formerly did, the attempts of the tyro to obtrude himself upon the notice of the spectator, by giving the semblance of solidity or projection to portions of his design. This, indeed, is to the vulgar eye a source of immediate and constant admiration, while in reality it is nothing but the meanest and most unworthy trickery.

As he advances, he will gradually perceive the transcendant might of the old historical painters of Italy, and, at the same time, the vast inferiority in landscape of many of what are termed the "old masters," to those of our own day and country. This fact need elicit no surprise, when we consider what have been the respective objects of the ancient and of the modern school of landscapists. The former sought out only what was prettiest and easiest to render; the latter aim at what is grandest and noblest to teach. They aspire at once to instruct and dignify the spectator,—they call upon him to contemplate some great phase or operation of nature,—they lead him insensibly to the spot, and place before him the scene whence they derived their own inspiration, bidding him contemplate the power, and majesty, and beauty of the works of God.

The former, amongst whom we class such men as Ruysdael, Hobbima, Both, Berghem, Salvator Rosa, and many more, whose names are ever in the mouth of the dilettanti and the dealer, will continue to receive the homage of the multitude, because a conventional rank has been conferred upon them; and it is regarded as a sin almost akin to blasphemy, to question their right to retain it. They find it an easier matter, too, to re-echo the opinion of others, however shallow or baseless it may be, than to

undergo the labour requisite for forming a sound judgment of their own. Were the works of those masters we have indicated, and of their followers, to undergo the ordeal of just criticism, apart from the senseless jargon of the auction-room, or the idle laudation of unskilled amateurs, they would speedily cede the position they now fill to the more aspiring and more ennobling productions of our own time. But this consummation, however desirable, we are not very likely to behold. Ancient prejudice, especially when fostered by ignorance, is not readily eradicated. It is only as real knowledge becomes more widely diffused, that we can hope to see it gradually extirpated. Indeed, the foregoing assertions will not, for a long time, be widely received and acknowledged. We do not anticipate their adoption, except among the deep-thoughted and the reflecting; among those who have walked sedulously and earnestly with nature; who are familiar with her under her varied aspects, and who recognise her when truthfully represented. Still, let what will be urged against us, knowing, as time will prove, that we are right, and as our mission is to teach, so do we hesitate not from promulgating the truth.

It must not, however, be supposed, as many may hastily imagine, that, in the preceding category, we class *all* those among the "old masters" who have ever devoted their powers to the representation of landscape. Nothing is more common—and, at the same time, nothing can be more absurd—than to look upon what are technically and vaguely designated the "old masters" as upon a sacred phalanx, all the members of which are equally entitled to reverence, and to unqualified admiration. To remove this erroneous impression, we must premise that light as may be the estimation in which we hold *some* of the ancient schools, there are others that we cannot too highly extol. For instance, the landscapes introduced by many of the Venetian maestri into their grander compositions, although only incidental and subsidiary to the main design, are, as far as they are carried, faultless alike in conception and execution. The pure, deep, refulgent skies, instinct with light; the glowing haze of their distant mountains; the careful drawing, and the truthful colouring of their foliage; or the palpable and oppressive gloom which occasionally obscures and subdues the prominence of detail in other pictures, are deserving of the closest and most attentive meditation. Would that the lesson they strove to convey, had been more studied; that the example set by that school had been more closely followed. Unfortunately for Italy, for Germany, and for France, the limners of modern times, throughout the continent, have adopted the fatal course of blindly copying and recopying the works of the illustrious dead, without either inheriting the spirit, worshipping at the shrine, or invoking the fire which inspired those of yore.

No wonder, then, that they have gradually degenerated, and when they attempt original composition, that their crude, unwholesome blues, their raw, unnatural yellows, their repulsive inky shadows, and their foregrounds compounded of brickdust and of impossible greens, should excite at once derision and disgust.

The primary error of all would-be critics, and of half-taught artists, is to applaud with vehemence the quality which is designated by the term "Finish," without reference to its origin, or the feelings whence it resulted, as if, forsooth, it were possible to praise with justice any one individual merit *per se*. For the highest finish, like many other abstract qualities, may accompany the most glaring defects. Raffaelle, it is true, drew everything that he represented with scrupulous care and fidelity, because he not only took pleasure in his own work, but felt that deep reverence for the original, without which no great result can ever be achieved. The same observation is applicable to all who have ever attained any degree of eminence, either in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture. Nothing by them is slurred, or treated as insignificant; every part, whether prominent or retiring, is cared for equally, and has received its due share of attention and of labour. As much feeling may be evinced in keeping back, as in drawing attention to, objects. Well would it be, if this precept were more strongly impressed upon the minds of men, the pleasure they are too apt to take in their own dexterity of execution would then cede to the nobler and more legitimate gratification of discharging faithfully the task they have undertaken. At the same time the spectator should be reminded that, ere he can venture to criticise, his emotions must be the same as those which animated the author of the work before him. The listless, unimpassioned, apathetic observer, can have no pretension to sit in judgment on a canvas indicative of fire, and energy, and power. It usually requires little experience to determine what has been the predominant object of the painter: whether he has been solicitous to call attention to his own dexterity, to "some vanity of his art," or has striven to impress a great fact upon the minds of his fellow-men.

Amongst those of the Dutch school who peculiarly devoted themselves to landscape, we find nothing exalted, nothing grand nor sublime; nothing, in fact, that indicates the slightest apprehension beyond that of the illiterate boor. They painted, with few exceptions, with no other aim than to show some idle trickery, to practise some miserable deception, or to repeat worthless conventionalities, in lieu of real representations of nature. Where, as in Cuyp and some others, there is now and then an indication of right feeling, the glimmer is so faint that it is barely discernible, amid the mass of error by which it is obscured. Errors so glaring, so palpable to the educated eye, that they are scarcely susceptible of atonement. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed, that the advance of real art has been more grievously impeded by the laborious inanities of the Hollanders, than by all the meretricious and more flagrant abominations of every other school.

No comparison can of course be instituted between the art of the Venetian and of the Flemish masters. The totally different character of the scenery of the two countries naturally evoked feelings leading to varied results; but, with all the veneration we entertain for the former, we are prepared to express our full meed of homage for the triumphant achievements of some of the ancient studios of Flanders.

Rubens, take him for all in all, the greatest painter whom the world has ever beheld, was the first to strike out for himself a new line, and to give to landscape painting a treatment which in Northern Europe it had never before received. True it is, that few of his landscapes are extant in this country, but of those which have come down to us it is not too much to say that they are faultless, alike in composition and in colour. Their purity, their

freshness, and the healthful glow that pervades them, distinguish them at once from the works of either of his contemporaries, or of any later artists. Strange, that with such models before them, the Belgian painters, now the first of copyists, should have so degenerated as to be incapable of producing an original picture worthy even of passing comment.

Some have had the audacity to carp at an occasional license in which the mighty Fleming has indulged, and to assert upon such grounds, that he displays an ignorance of nature or a falsity in rendering her, which precludes him from being ranked among the great landscape masters. The answer to so paltry a cavil is afforded by the very circumstances in question. In the first place, they are of rare occurrence, and so far from originating in a want of knowledge, it is always apparent that Rubens knew perfectly well what he was doing in such cases, and that his trivial errors were wilful, and invariably enhanced the importance of some great truth.

Who is there so dull that he has not felt, and loved to dwell upon the solemn sublimity of Rembrandt. The magician who moulded form out of palpable darkness—with an art approaching nearer to the supernatural than any of which we are cognizant—creations so marvellous, so powerful, that the influence they exercise upon the mind is found to endure long after the eye has passed from the canvas. The originality of conception and the power of Rembrandt render him especially worthy of the close attention of the student. The disposition of his masses of shadow, and of the effulgent light which he occasionally so sparingly diffuses, give evidence of qualities which none but the most exalted of his profession possess.

Of Nicolo and Gaspar Poussin as types of another, and of a very different school, we cannot say much in commendation; Nicolo has no great nor good qualities peculiarly his own,—in fact, no originality; —grace, sweetness, refinement, undoubtedly are his, but in each and all, he is surpassed by others of his own and of later times. The best of Gaspar's paintings are remarkable for solemnity of feeling and sobriety of colouring, a sobriety frequently not unpleasing; but beyond these are few points worthy of praise, much less of imitation.

None ever previously gave, as Claude has given, the blended combination of sunshine and haze,—the golden halo that hovers round the setting sun: embodied light emanates from his distant horizon, and steeps in glowing radiance every object beneath and around it. But, unhappily for art and for his own renown, he who could so well represent *one* glorious truth, was sadly deficient in other essential qualities. The miserable taste denoted by most of his compositions, pitiful imitations and sickly repetitions of a contemptible classicality, which no language sufficiently can reprobate,—the glaring falsity everywhere apparent, both in his drawing and colouring, for ever preclude him from being classed by the candid and impartial judge with the great masters of his art.

Salvator Rosa, unfortunately, was guilty of a sad perversion of the talents with which he was endowed, and incapable of patient study and application, marred and disfigured all that he transferred to his canvass. His character, indeed, has been admirably summed up by an able writer in the following terms:—"Everything that he did is evidently for the sake of exhibiting his own dexterity; there is no love of any kind for anything; he was altogether unfaithful to his mission, and has left behind him no gift. His choice of landscape features is dictated by no delight in the sublime, but by mere animal restlessness or ferocity, guided by an imaginative power of which he could not altogether deprive himself. He has done nothing which others have not done better, or which it would not have been better not to have done. In nature, he mistakes distortion for energy, and savageness for sublimity; in man, mendicity for sanctity, and conspiracy for heroism."

We may be thought, in thus speaking disparagingly of those long inconsiderately included among the world's favourites, to have been actuated by other motives than those by which we were really influenced. To prevent all misapprehension, therefore, we must here repeat, that our only desire in instancing some few among the most celebrated painters, has been to show upon what grounds just praise or censure should be awarded or withheld. Nothing can be more absurd than the fulsome adulation of the prejudiced or the ignorant; nothing is more disheartening to real genius. It is time that the senseless adoration which has been too long lavished upon worthless idols, should be directed into a holier channel, and that a purer faith should supersede the idle mummery which has so long enslaved and disgraced the minds of men.

Since the days of miracles are passed, there remains but one way of accomplishing this end, namely, that which we have indicated above.

It is not sufficient to repeat the unquestionable truth, that in England, since the commencement of the seventeenth century, the public taste has been on the decline. If we would wish to revive it, we must commence by inculcating those principles on which alone it can be based.

The first and most essential preliminary it is incumbent upon our students to acquire, is a general knowledge of the laws and principles of *composition*.

Composition, in its most general acceptation, is nothing more than the proper arrangement and disposition of objects, so that the lesson or history to be inculcated by the design shall be intelligible to the spectator. In order that the composition may be good, it is essential that its form should be agreeable to the eye; that the subsequent arrangement of light and shade should be capable of giving prominence to the most material objects, keeping the others, as it were, subsidiary to these; and that it should admit of a pleasing distribution of colour.

Simplicity is one of the greatest charms of composition; complication, whether in figure pieces or in landscapes, should be equally eschewed. The greatest works of the most celebrated masters are remarkable for this quality, while those of tyros exhibit not unfrequently the most lamentable manifestation of the opposite defect. Simplicity and breadth are usually found united,—no other merit will atone for their absence.

It has been often insisted by those who have written on this subject, that a due balance should be maintained between the various objects represented; but many of the greatest masters have not rigidly adhered to this canon. Thus, in Rubens, Rembrandt, and others of great authority, we not unfrequently find the figures, the principal portions of the landscape, and the masses of cloud, all on one side of the composition, and yet by no means militating against the effect produced, which is usually rich

and soft. But the experiment is one which requires judgment and experience. In representations of interiors, it is advisable to turn the upper portion of the subject into shadow, and thus to concentrate the interest on the lower part of the design. Yet the deepest shadow and the highest light ought to be insensibly graduated, and, as it were, united. It is only in rare instances, for the purpose of producing forcible and striking effects, that they admit of being boldly contrasted; whenever this is judiciously and successfully accomplished, intensity of shadow and brilliancy of light are the invariable result.

Here we may take occasion to observe, that Photography,—one of the most marvellous of modern inventions,—bears striking evidence in favour of our observations.

Although the art at present is only in a rudimentary condition, there is not the simplest representation taken by the photographic process from nature, which does not form a study for patient investigation. The magic effects of chiaro-scuro, the sunlight glow, the immeasurable distance, the countless details, together with the unerring accuracy of outline, cannot be too attentively scrutinised.

The heliographic representations of nature upon paper, possess a pleasing diversity of tone, alternating between those of bistre sepia, or madder brown, though, perhaps, the latter more frequently predominate. The emotions they evoke are far different from those awakened by the best executed artistic sketches of the same scenes. There is a startling truthfulness, a microscopic minuteness of detail, combined with a breadth and massiveness of light, and a transparency of shadow, which no limner's hand could give. Were it attempted, the breadth would too frequently degenerate into indistinctness, and the minuteness into painful and offensive triviality. As it is, this latter quality, far from being obtrusive, is only detected after patient contemplation. As the telescope reveals the objects which distance conceals from the unaided vision, so does the microscope discover in the photographic drawing infinite yet accurate detail, which without a powerful lens would have been altogether unheeded. This, however, is one of the most striking distinctions between all the works of nature and man. The same scrutiny which discloses new beauties in the one, discovers only increased imperfections in the other. The work of the artist is frequently marred by the introduction of outline, which is never discernible in the talbotype. The effect of the most complicated architectural decoration; of the most intricate network of rigging, supported by a forest of masts; of the most stupendous masses of foliage in forest scenery; are all rendered with infallible fidelity, merely by the juxtaposition of shadow against light. Yet is there neither harshness nor indistinctness where the shades terminate or the lights commence; the gradations of each are perfect, but no vestige is there of a boundary-line: this gives a marvellous delicacy which no engraving nor painting could realise.

Still, at the same time that the fallibility of art in some respects is detected, its accuracy in others is satisfactorily proved. The laws of perspective are shown to be unerring. The diminution of objects, according to fixed rules, and in a definite ratio, as they recede from the eye; the existence of what are termed the "vanishing point" and the "point of sight," &c., are demonstrated in a mode which admits not of doubt.

It is not uninstructive to contrast a sketch or an engraving of some well-known spot with its photographic portrait; it is then that the inability of the artist to cope with his opponent is manifest. In the photograph nothing is slurred, nothing is neglected, nothing is too highly elaborated; the absence of colour is scarcely noticed, so magically true and perfect is it as a whole. The engraving, on the other hand, is seen and comprehended at once—little more is to be learnt by closer study; the coarseness of its lines render it scarcely tolerable as we turn from the harmonious softness of the talbotype. Beautiful it may be, truthful it certainly is not. Examine it minutely; either every indentation on the rugged stone-work, or each leaflet in the grassy foreground, is represented in opposition to the mysterious generalisation of nature, or we encounter a meaningless blank where in reality there should have been a rich though intelligible maze. No absolute form should have been made out, yet its indication should have been given. Crisp, sharp, and copious ought the details to be—discovered only when sought—yet existing in inextricable fulness when viewed by an unscrutinising eye. No craggy splinter of time-worn rock, no moss-grown beam, no tuft of ferns, nor straggling thornbush, is there that ought by the landscape-painter to be neglected, at the same time that such objects should never be brought unduly forward.

Our architectural draughtsmen would learn, from the patient study of photographic views, to delineate more truthfully those works which come immediately under their ken. As it is, their drawings, though often marvellous from the precision and clearness of innumerable lines, present rather the appearance of models, than of actual edifices, transferred to paper: an objection which can never be urged against the productions of the sun. In these, there is no frittering away of power in the elaboration of details, which distance or atmosphere would necessarily render vague, yet there is the indication of the existence of each leaf in the capitals of the hundred columns in yonder peristyle, the shadow cast by each is given separately and with certainty; as you gaze, the flutings of the shaft appear, and the mouldings of the plinth and the base stand forth. Take up a lens, and each separate component stone may be counted, their union noted, their dimensions measured with precision—nay, the very blemishes which time, and wind, and rain have wrought, the very lichens clinging to the rugged surface, the letters which idleness or caprice have carved—maybe, centuries ago—and there, embedded in the marble itself, are the very shells that tell of a bygone world! It is no fiction of the painter, it is Nature herself that we behold.

We have chiefly adverted in the above remarks to the results of photography upon paper, though the same observations might apply with equal, nay with greater truth, to the impressions taken upon silvered plates. These, by the successive improvements of various scientific practitioners, have been already carried to a high degree of perfection.

Mr. Beard has, within the last few years, done much to divest the art of many of the disadvantages and objections necessarily inseparable from it in its infancy, and the portraits now taken under his superintendence may be considered as beautiful specimens of sun-painting as have anywhere been produced; and by a novel and ingenious process, he

has succeeded in hermetically sealing them from the atmosphere, thereby preventing their deterioration.

As the true principles of art gradually dawn upon the student's mind, he will begin to perceive and to comprehend the truths we have inculcated. The harmony of Nature, in all her doings, will develop itself before him; he will become gifted, as it were, with a new sense, and he will recall with surprise his pristine state of blindness and unbelief. To the real artist, indeed, Nature discourses ever in a language unheard by others, her communion, like that of the Egerian nymph, may not be profaned by the intrusion of those who have no faith in her presence, who can offer no incense at her shrine. The superior cultivation of his powers is sufficient to account for this, without admitting or requiring any peculiar mental organisation. The occupations which engross the majority of mankind of necessity preclude them from taking heed of what is passing around and above them; in fact their eyes perceive not, in the whole expanse of the external world any objects beyond those with which in their several vocations they are immediately connected. Nor should we blame them on this account did they not too frequently transgress the maxim which prescribed to the cobbler in the fable, presuming to criticise what they had not taken the pains to comprehend.

The pleasurable sensations of the painter are enhanced by his continued investigation of the mode in which natural causes produce the effect he contemplates; and as the study of details is almost invariably interesting, he derives additional gratification from this source. It is scarcely possible, indeed, that effects can be faithfully represented unless their origin be ascertained and understood, a precept which cannot be too strongly impressed upon the youthful mind. To facilitate the accomplishment of this result, it is that we recommend the thoughtful study of the best masters, regarding, as we do, their marvellous productions as the key to the mighty volume of Nature.

Much has been written, both in our own day and in former times, upon this subject; endless, too, are the dogmas, asserted with all the self-sufficiency of empiricism by connoisseurs as little qualified to instruct as the still more ignorant but interested dealer whose victim and support they are. We have waded with much patience through many weary volumes, and have frequently hearkened, with all attention and due reverence, to the pompously enunciated theories of blatant critics, yet, after sedulously winnowing the chaff from the wheat, we have often smiled at the microscopic residuum. Little good has ever been effected for art by books; they can teach few truths that the zealous student will not discover for himself. The utmost that can be done, after the mere rudiments are acquired, is to correct the errors and to curb the fancies too apt to appear in the first essays of all beginners. This the skilful teacher ought sedulously to do; he alone is competent. No treatise, no essay, can supply his place. When his duty has been for a season discharged with fidelity, and when the learner, beginning to know the extent of his own powers, and to ascertain his own deficiencies, really comprehends the course he has to run, he should with all energy apply his utmost powers to the attainment of the goal, and, if he be animated with that unwearying diligence which often supplies the place of rarer genius, we will promise him ultimate, if not triumphant, success. When he once has truly felt what it is that he has to do, from that hour he may date the commencement of his career. He should discard all servile imitation, remembering that mere copying is the bane of art. He should divide his time between the life academy, the open field, the shaded grove, the mountain stream, or the wild shore. With assiduity and accuracy he must store alike his sketch-book and his mind; each step that he thus takes will at least be one in advance. The errors and failings which the maturer eye of experience may detect in his designs, need neither alarm nor discourage him; they show that he is striving after excellence, and that his hand is only acquiring that sympathy with the eye which is, in fact, the basis of future power. In working from nature, let him above all things avoid, during his earlier years at least, the introduction of anything fanciful, of anything, in fact, *more* than is before him; and let him be mindful not to fall into that flagrant, yet common error, of representing things as they really *are*, instead of as they *appear;* importing, as it were, his own knowledge into the case, instead of telling simple truths. As he proceeds, the friendly suggestions of his fellow-students will aid and direct him, and the mutual comparison of their productions will be a source of improvement to all, though it may now and then occasion momentary disheartenment to a few.

In treating upon this subject, we are well aware of the difficulties which surround us, and of the inefficiency of any form of verbal instruction. We do not, therefore, pretend to perform what so many have failed to accomplish. We are merely anxious to direct in the right way some of those who are lingering on the road; for, as Sir Joshua Reynolds well observes, "Most people err, not so much from want of capacity to find their object, as from not knowing what object to pursue." Those who possess any real knowledge of art will be fully sensible of the truth of all that we have advanced. We shall be satisfied, as regards the rest of the public, if we succeed in instilling into the minds of the earnest, thoughtful minority, some principles on which a more improved taste may hereafter be established. It is to this end that we originally addressed ourselves. To accomplish this object, we deem no toil bestowed in vain.

We are fully aware that the severity of our censorship will not be cordially welcomed by those who love to have their vanity gratified by very different enunciations, and who have long since complacently elevated themselves to the dignity of the judge, without any other qualifications than those of a crier. It is such as these that we more especially condemn, for it is their influence which fosters and extends the very evils we denounce. We disavow all intention of speaking harshly of those who have had no opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the rudimentary canons and principles of art, provided they have refrained from criticising what they confessedly do not understand. The swineherd or the mudlark may have received the same physical powers of vision as the painter or the poet, yet they behold nature with very different feelings; and the same scene will awaken emotions in one of which the other can have no cognizance. We despise not the pig-driver's lowly vocation, but he must excuse us if we decline to adopt his opinion of a Danby, a Cox, a Linnel, or a Dighton.

Were the public mind thoroughly disabused, and the jargon of interested dealers, of "competent judges," and of auctioneers, altogether discarded, a very different classification of the works of past time and of the present day would speedily ensue. We should not then find men, wallowing in the mire of affluence, eager to squander their thousands upon a mere school copy of Rembrandt or Vandyke; nor should we hear the exultation with which some happy owner points to an atrocious libel upon Venice by Canaletto, or to some vapid, spiritless apology for marine painting by Vandervelde or Backhuysen, on the acquisition of which possibly as much has been lavished as would have procured a real gem of art.

We have heard it dogmatically asserted, by some "wise in their own conceit," that in England there is no longer any hope for art,—that the utilitarian tendency of the age has banished it for ever from our land. However, as the monarch of old affirmed of such men, that their condition was less hopeful even than that of fools, we shall not deign to apply the touchstone of argument to their flimsy sophistry; we prefer to meet it with unqualified denial. No; there are in England at this hour men unknown, perhaps, out of their immediate circle, whose genius, whose talent, whose power, would qualify them at once to take precedence of others who fill unworthily a position they are wholly unfitted to occupy. Too noble to pander to a morbid appetite,

> "they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
> Worn, but unstooping, to the baser crowd,"

until, at last, broken by disappointment, disheartened by the ingratitude of a thoughtless world, many of them will doubtless pass away from amongst us unrequited, unrecorded, unhonoured. As a graceful writer has beautifully observed, "He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has for ever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love, or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals, as nations they are slow to acquire. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend to the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit.

Let it not displease them, then, if they are hidden amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."

INDIAN POETS AND THEIR ENGLISH TRANSLATORS.*

We doubt whether Eastern poetry will ever become very popular, or, indeed, that it will at any time command the attention of the crowd, or be duly appreciated, except by a very few. *We* do not of course mean to deny its great intrinsic merit, for regarding it in its widest range, we find in the rich imaginings of Eastern bards exquisite specimens of every kind of poem, from the epic to the love-song; but there are obstacles in the way of its general enjoyment, obstacles which can never be overcome. Even to understand, still more, fully to enjoy an Oriental poem, a certain preliminary knowledge of the East and its inhabitants is absolutely necessary. The numberless allusions to the religious systems, the history and customs of the various nations, must, in the absence of such knowledge, have the effect of blemishes rather than of poetical illustration; and the metaphors and similes require some considerable habit before they cease to shock European conventionality. These metaphors and similes are not, however, so extravagant and unreasonable as is generally imagined. The turgid, bombastic style which is usually supposed to characterise all Asiatic works, is much more frequently to be met with in prose than in poetry, and even then it is mostly confined to the more modern productions. It must always be remembered that, in Oriental metaphors, the point of comparison is generally restricted to one attribute or prominent quality, and that the resemblance is not required to be of the more obvious nature demanded by the common usage of the English language. For instance, if a Persian poet likens his mistress to a candle, a Londoner will have vague ideas of stearine and sixes whilst the Persian merely understands that the lady diffuses light wherever she appears —

> O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright.

And again, should he speak of her as a moon-faced cypress, those words convey to a Persian reader that she is tall, and straight, and graceful, as the tallest straightest, and most graceful of trees, and that her countenance beams with the mild effulgence of moonlight; in fact the idea presented to his mind is that so well expressed by Pope:—

> So, when the sun's broad beams have tired the sight,
> All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
> Serene in virgin modesty she shines
> While unobserved the glaring orb declines.

If by using the words "moon-faced," instead of employing four lines, the Persian is understood by those for whom he writes, we cannot blame him because a Cockney pictures to himself a large, pale, expressionless circle, dimly seen through a carboniferous fog. These remarks, however, apply

* "Specimens of Old Indian Poetry," translated from the original Sanskrit into English Verse by Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A., Boden Sanskrit Scholar, Oxon. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1852.

more nearly to the poetry of the Muhammadans than to that of the Hindús. In Sanskrit the metaphors are more rare, and the similes are more consonant with European taste; we have, indeed, comparisons not very intelligible to the Western world—a maiden's lips are likened to the bandhujiva flower, and her cheeks to the madhuca, or the champa leaf, but such comparisons may be easily explained in a note. We hold, nevertheless, that these are serious drawbacks, and must always prevent even Sanskrit poetry from being generally known and admired to the extent it deserves. How else can we account for the want of popularity of Professor Wilson's "Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindús," and of Milman's translation of the beautiful episode "Nala and Damayanti." Wilson's delightful volumes are replete with poetry of the highest order and the most varied nature, and no one can read Milman's version of the poem of Nala, without, to use the Dean's own words, being struck with its singularity, and captivated by its extreme beauty; yet we venture to affirm that nine-tenths of our readers have never heard of either of these works. We are surprised to find that Mr. Griffith, although he dedicates his volume to Mr. Wilson, and speaks of his "Cloud Messenger" as a class-book known only to Oriental scholars, leaves his readers in ignorance of the fact that two editions of Mr. Wilson's "Specimens of the Hindú Theatre" have been published; one in Calcutta in 1827, and the second in London in 1835. That work is indubitably the best book on Indian poetry which has appeared. The translations are admirable, and the dissertations are as learned as might be expected from Mr. Wilson's pen. It was in allusion to those versions that Milman said of Wilson—"if he were not professor of Sanskrit, he ought to be professor of poetry." When Mr. Griffith was recapitulating the labours of previous translators, from Sir William Jones to Dean Milman, he might have paused for a moment upon the greatest of all.

To return, however, to our general speculation of Eastern poetry.

It is to the Sanskrit that we must look for the highest efforts of genius, both in imaginative and descriptive poetry, especially the latter; although it must not be forgotten that we are indebted to Persia for the magnificent epic of Firdúsí, and the unequalled mystical and amatory poems of Háfiz, Jalál ad Dín Rúmí, Jámí, Nizámí, and a hundred others. All those who have attained a sufficient knowledge of the Oriental languages, and have turned their attention to the poetry of the East, are enthusiastic in its praise. Sir W. Jones, Schlegel, Wilson, and Milman, are unanimous, and who shall venture to appeal against the verdict of such a tribunal of taste and scholarship? We do not mean to contend that Homers and Virgils are commonly to be met with in Asia; but most assuredly the Mahábhárata of Vyása, the Rámáyana of Válmíki, and the Sháh Námeh of Firdúsí, must always hold a place amongst the great epics of the world: whilst in the somewhat lesser walks, the Sanskrit drama, differing from all, but inferior to none, and the poems of Háfiz, less known than Anacreon, but having equal right to the honour of lending his name to every song of love and wine, must be as imperishable as the Grecian tragedies, and the verses of the Teian bard.

Let us now turn to the little volume before us. Mr. Griffith has chosen the branch of "old Indian poetry," which, we need hardly inform our readers, is written in Sanskrit, the mother of the languages of Europe. The Sanskrit lends itself more readily to translation into English verse than any other Eastern tongue. The numerous compound words in which it abounds, to a far greater extent even than its noble offspring the Greek, may be reproduced with tolerable success, and the metre of the original may, in some instances, be almost exactly imitated. This is far otherwise with regard to Arabic and Persian poetry. We would defy Father Prout himself to *translate* it; a paraphrase may be made, but not a version. The elegant translations of Jones and Atkinson present, indeed, the ideas of the Muslim poets, but in a totally different dress. Mr. Griffith has frequently followed the plan of imitating the metre of his original. Milman had already done this, giving a modified form of the Sanskrit Soka, in his version of the Nala and Damayanti, and it has been successfully adopted by Lockhart, as applied to the Spanish ballads. We doubt, however, whether it be judicious to interfere with the acquired habits of the English ear, in so important a matter as that of metre, especially in translating Eastern poetry, where the reader's prejudices are unavoidably assailed on so many other points.

It is necessary to inform our readers that they may place implicit trust in Mr. Griffith's accuracy. He has studied under the learned Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, the greatest Indian scholar of our times, and we happen to know that the master has expressed the most favourable opinion of his pupil's work. The extracts contained in the volume are taken from the hymns of the Rig Véda, the oldest of the most sacred books of the Brahmans; from the time-honoured Institutes of Manu, the inspired founder of the Hindú law; from the Mahábhárata and the Rámáyana, the two great Sanskrit epics; from the works of Kálidása, whom Sir W. Jones calls the Shakspeare of India; and from the the Gitá Góvinda, the charming pastoral drama of Jaya Déva. It would be out of place here to enter into any discussion as to the antiquity of these works, but we may state, as the results generally

agreed to by Indianists, that the Rig Véda was composed thirteen or fourteen centuries before Christ; that the Institutes of Manu and the Rámáyana were written about the second century previous to our era; that the Mahábhárata, attributed to Vyása, the author of the Védas, was familiarly known to the Hindús at least two or three centuries before Christ, and that Kálidása probably flourished in the fifth century. The Gitá Góvinda is a more modern production, and was composed as late as the fourteenth century. This last work, to use the words of Mountstuart Elphinstone, "exhibits in perfection the luxuriant imagery, the voluptuous softness, and the want of vigour and interest, which form the beauties and defects of the Hindú school."

We must, however, allow the reader to judge of our author's translations. Here is one of the Veda Hymns:—

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Risen in majestic blaze,
Lo! the universe's eye,
Vast and wondrous, host of rays,
Shineth brightly in the sky.
Soul of all that moveth not,
Soul of all that moves below—
Lighteth he earth's gloomiest spot,
And the heavens are all a glow!

See! he followeth the dawn
Brilliant in her path above,
As a youth, by beauty drawn,
Seeks the maiden of his love!
Holy men, and pious sages,
Worship now the glorious sun,
For by rites ordain'd for ages
Shall a good reward be won.

Look! his horses, mounted high,
Good of limb, and swift, and strong,
In the forehead of the sky,
Run their course the heaven along!
Praises to his steeds be given
Racing o'er the road of heaven!

Such the majesty and power,
Such the glory of the sun,
When he sets at evening hour
The worker leaves his task undone;
His steeds are loosed, and over all
Spreadeth Night her gloomy pall.

When he rides in noon-tide glow,
Blazing in the nations' sight,
The skies his boundless glory show,
And his majesty of light;
And when he sets his absent might
Is felt in thickening shades of night.

Hear us, O ye gods, this day!
Hear us graciously, we pray!
As the sun his state begins,
Free us from all heinous sins!
Mitra, Varun, Aditi!
Hear, O hear us graciously!
Powers of ocean, earth, and air,
Listen, listen to our prayer!

A love song from the little pastoral drama called the Gitá Góvinda:—

Oh! grant my prayer, and speak, love,
I pine thy voice to hear;
Even in wrath thy cheek, love,
Will shine away my fear.
For the flash of thy teeth is so white, love,
As bright as the moon's clear ray;
As that dispels the night, love,
'Twill drive my dread away.

No longer, dearest, spurn me,
Nor let this passion burn me,
But let thy thirsting lover sip
The honied nectar of thy lip.

What! art thou angry still, love?
Then bid thy lover die;
Those darts have power to kill, love,
Come, slay me with thine eye.
Or wilt thou have me bound, love?
Then throw thine arms around me,
And there shall I still be found, love,
In the coils wherein they have wound me.
Or wilt thou have me slain, love?
Then bite me, dear, to death,
And life will come again, love,
In the odour of thy breath.

Then oh! no longer spurn me,
Nor let this passion burn me,
But let thy thirsting lover sip
The honied nectar of thy lip.

In a different style, and still more descriptive of Eastern manners, is the episode of Nala, King of Nishada, taken from the Mahábhárata. The king has a beautiful wife, and a malignant demon, envying his happiness, inspires him with the lust of gambling, and confers upon his brother a supernatural course of luck:—

NALA.

Still play'd Pushkara and Nala—still the King by luck was cross'd;
Many a month the contest lasted—still the madden'd Nala lost.
* * * * * * *
On they play'd with changeless fortune—ere the eager game was done,
Nala's kingdom and his riches all by Pushkara were won;
Smiled he on the hapless Nala, of his wealth, his all, bereft,
"Why does not the play continue? Come, what treasure hast thou left?
Damayanti still is left thee, still thy Queen remaineth free,
Kingdom, gold, and precious jewels, all are forfeited to me;
Play we then for her, O Nala! Damayanti be the stake."
Nala's heart was rent with anguish, yet no word the monarch spake,
But he cast one glance upon him full of anguish and despair,
Stripping off the decorations which the Prince was wont to wear.
Scantly clad in one poor garment from his palace went the King,
In one robe the lady follow'd, 'mid the people's sorrowing.
Swiftly onwards sped the monarch—swiftly in his wrath came he,
Causing the Great Earth to tremble, for he drove so furiously.
"Pushkara!" the prince cried loudly, as he came within the door,
"Pushkara! I've gain'd great riches—come, and let us play once more!
Damayanti, gold, and jewels—all I have—the stake I lay:
Be the kingdom thy deposit—play we for our lives to day.
If thou win a kingdom, riches, precious jewels, sums of gold,
His revenge in play thou owest, is a law ordain'd of old;
Fight we then in single combat, if to play thou dost refuse;
Game of war, or game of dicing—one or other must thou choose.
Sages say, Win back thy kingdom by all methods from thy foe:
Thou hast my paternal city: throw the dice or bend the bow!"
Pushkara received him gladly, all his heart was fill'd with mirth,
Victory he thought was certain. Spake he to the lord of earth:—
"Joy! that thou hast wealth, O Nala! ne'er the game do I decline,
Gladly thy revenge I give thee—Damayanti will be mine!
Deck'd with all thy jewels, Nala! shall she stand, my lovely prize,
Like the nymphs that wait in Heaven on the Ruler of the skies.

I have look'd for thee, my brother! I have long'd to see this day;
Sweeter far with friends, dear Nala! than with enemies to play.
Joy will fill my soul within me when I've won thy lovely bride,
Long has she possess'd my spirit—never shall she quit my side."
Angrily did Nala hear him—scarce could he his wrath restrain,
But he check'd his rising passion, or the babbler he had slain;
Thus to Pushkara he answer'd, forcing an unwilling smile,
Fury raging in his spirit, flashing from his eye the while:—
"Come, the game! the game! delay not; give this idle babbling o'er,
Soon my victory will grieve thee; thou wilt boast thee then no more."
Then play'd Pushkara with Nala at the angry prince's call,
And he lost his kingdom, riches, jewels, gold, himself, and all.
Loud laugh'd Nala in his triumph, thus to Pushkara he cried:—
"Mine is now again my kingdom—Damayanti still my bride;
Ne'er on her, thou abject monarch! shall thy lordly eye be cast,
Henceforth thou shalt be her bondsman; her's art thou, and all thou hast.

If our readers are pleased with these extracts, they will find many others of at least equal interest in Mr. Griffith's volume. There they have in a small compass, specimens of the chief works of the ancient bards of India. We venture to hope that this little book may do much to diffuse, or rather to excite, a taste for Sanskrit poetry, and may induce some of its readers to turn their attention to the more recondite labours of the Schlegels, Bopp, Kosegarten, and Rosen—of Chézy and Langlois—of Jones, Carey, Marshman, and Wilkins—and, last in order, but first in point of merit, of our illustrious countryman Horace Hayman Wilson.

We must not omit to call the attention of the reader to the interesting appendix on the figures of Indian poetical rhetoric, in which Mr. Griffith has aptly introduced parallel passages from European poets in illustration of the examples quoted from the Indian authors.

Glances at Europe during the Summer of 1851, *including Notices of the Great Exhibition.* By Horace Greeley.

Mr. Greeley is, we believe, editor-in-chief of the *New York Daily Tribune*, and a gentleman of some reputation in the United States. He was one of the numerous Americans who came over last summer to the World's Fair, and was appointed chairman of one of the Exhibition juries. During his absence from home he kept up an "editorial correspondence" with the *Tribune*, which, in a collected form, constitutes the present work. As to literary merit, these letters possess none whatever, as indeed they pretend to none. They are confessedly superficial, hurriedly written, and neither adapted nor intended for a more enduring existence that is afforded in the pages of a newspaper. But Mr. Greeley is a shrewd and intelligent man, and we read his letters as we should listen to his conversation—curious only to know *what* his impressions are, and rather pleased than otherwise with the rough-and-ready way in which he presents them to the public. In his style, as in his sturdy nationality, he is as thorough a representative of his countrymen as we have ever encountered. His prejudices are very strong, and his opinions, consequently, must be estimated at what they are worth. The bluntness, however, with which they are stated is more provocative of laughter than retaliation. Let us put ourselves, then, in the most perfect good-humour under the hard hits he gives John Bull on every occasion. Not that he bears any ill-will to John Bull, or seeks to depreciate him. America would be no gainer by this. John is in most things good, but Jonathan is in all things better; this is how the case stands. Of this he was satisfied before he came; and he was equally certain of it on his return. The very first thing he saw on touching the shores of England convinced him that he was right. This was an unfortunate steam-tug which offered to take them ashore, and which "we in New York should deem unworthy to convey market garbage." He hastens up to London, and is in time for the opening of the Exhibition, which, with some drawbacks, "has good points" about it. The Crystal Palace commands his unmingled admiration. "The triumph of Paxton is perfect, and heralds a revolution." But there was something wrong with the weather. We have got into the habit of believing in "royal weather," and, if we mistake not, her Majesty had her usual good luck in that respect on the day of inauguration; but it would appear that we are under a false impression, at least the day "would be deemed a dull one in New York." In the morning there was "a very fair imitation of sunshine;" and at four p.m. they were enjoying "rather more than American moonlight," which causes him to wonder how they can have "the conscience to tax *such* light as they get up in this country." The procession was "immense," but "our New York Fire Department could beat it; so could our Odd Fellows." He pays a high compliment to the Queen and Prince Albert. "But what have her 'Master of the Horse,' 'Groom of the Stole,' 'Master of the Buckhounds,' and such uncouth fossils to do with a grand Exhibition of the Fruits of Industry? . . . The Queen's horticulturists, gardeners, carpenters, upholsterers,

milliners, &c., would have been far more in place in the procession than her 'gold stick,' 'silver stick,' and kindred absurdities."

But what figure does America cut in the Exhibition? On this point his remarks are very candid and just. He does not see that it was either possible or proper for America to run a race with Europe in present circumstances. Their agricultural staples were well known. Their manufactures were in many departments grossly deficient, in others inferior to the best of the rival productions of Europe. In silks and linens they had nothing to show. In broadcloths they were behind, but in satinets, flannels, shawls, de laines, ginghams, drills, and in most plain cottons, "we are producing as effectively as our rivals, and in many departments gaining upon them." The Americans came over to learn, not to teach. Still there were some "Yankee notions" that might have been sent over. Here is the catalogue:—

I think our cut nails, our pins, our wood screws, &c., should have been represented. The brass and kindred fabrics of Waterbury ought not to have come up missing; and a set of samples of the "Flint Enamelled Ware" of Vermont, I should have been proud of for Vermont's sake. A light Jersey waggon, a Yankee ox-cart, and two or three sets of American farming implements, would have been exactly in play here. Our scythes, cradles, hoes, rakes, axes, sowing, reaping, threshing, and winnowing machines, &c. &c., are a long distance ahead of the British—so the best judges say; and where their machines are good, they cost too much ever to come into general use. There is a pretty good set of Yankee ploughs here, and they are likely to do good. But either Rochester, Syracuse, or Albany, could have beaten the whole show in farming tools generally. Yet there are many good things in the American department. In daguerreotypes, it seems to be conceded that we beat the world, when excellence and cheapness are both considered—at all events, England is nowhere in comparison—and our daguerreotypists make a great show here. New Jersey zinc, Lake Superior copper, Adriondock iron and steel, are represented either by ores or fabrics, and I believe California gold is to be. But I am speaking on the strength of a very hasty examination.

On looking over the British department, his conclusion is that "John Bull, whatever else he may learn, will not be taught meekness by this exhibition." But on his return from the continent, towards the end of July, things had taken a turn in the American department, *Punch* and the *Times* had both changed their tone, and our friend Greeley brightens up. Hobbs had succeeded in picking both the Chubb and Bramah locks, and forthwith "British locksmiths must commence at once to learn their business over again under Yankee tuition." M'Cormick's reaper, after the Tiptree experiment, was no longer to be sneered at as a "cross between an Astley's chariot, a treadmill, and a flying machine;" the American ploughs had also eclipsed the English ones, and, upon the whole, America had come off with flying colours. But not to be unduly elated, he does "not wish to deny that *this is quite a considerable country!*"

Mr. Greeley's organ of comparison seems to have had full exercise; and one of his letters is specially devoted to a comparison between London and New York. The buildings in the former are "generally superior" to those in the latter—"more substantial, of better materials, and more tasteful." The streets, also, are better paved, cleaner, and better lighted. The cause of their superior cleanness is the more universal prevalence of sewerage; and as for light, gas is two-thirds cheaper in London than in New York. But the naming of the streets and numbering of the houses perplexed him; he spent an hour and a half, after getting into the street, in searching for the house of William and Mary Howitt. It was No. 28, and he found Nos. 27, 29, 30, and 31, and finally No. 28 in another part of the street, with a No. 5 near it on one side, and No. 16 near it on the other. "I think New York has nothing equal to this in perplexing absurdity." We should think not. Our *hotels* are inferior to those of the Empire City in size and cheapness, as all the world knows. In *cabs* "London is ahead:" the fares are more moderate, and not so outrageously exceeded. But, on the other hand, we are behind in *omnibuses*, which do not suit the genius of the English. Two cases are adduced in illustration of this:—A lady is refused, on the ground that the omnibus is full—a very sufficient reason we think. It is late, and it is the last omnibus; but a cab can be had at any hour. Mr. Greeley, however, thinks it was a hard case, and that it "could not have happened in New York." We are very glad to hear it, and we take it for granted that the omnibuses of New York are made of some elastic material. The other case is that of a poor woman, "having a basket of unwashed clothes on her knee," calling forth some unpolite expressions from her fellow passengers in reference to the nuisance which she brings with her. The protestation was highly proper; but we have a doubt expressed whether "a woman was ever exposed to the like in New York, unless *she was suspected of having Ethiopian blood in her veins.*" *Sat.*

But where can an American go without having occasion to speak or hear of slavery and its related topics. Mr. Greeley stepped in one evening to Freemasons' Hall, and found a crowded meeting busy with the advocacy of abolition. An Abolitionist himself, he has, nevertheless, small respect for some of its advocates. After some coloured gentlemen from the States had spoken "in unmeasured glorification of Great Britain as the land of *true* freedom and equality," he was recognised by the chairman (Joseph Sturge), and requested to speak:—

By this time I was very ready to accept the Chairman's invitation to say a few words. For, while all that the speakers had uttered with regard to slavery, was true enough, it was most manifest that, whatever effect the course of action they urged might have in America, it could have no

other than a baneful influence on the cause of political reform in this country. True, it did not always say in so many words, that the social and political institutions of Great Britain are perfect, but it never intimated the contrary, while it generally implied, and often distinctly affirmed this. And as this doctrine of "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou," was of course received with general applause by a British audience, the vices of speaker and hearer reacted on each other; and, judging from the specimens I had had that evening, I must regard American, and especially Afric-American, lectures against slavery in this country as among the most effective upholders of all the enormous political abuses and wrongs which are here so prevalent. When the stand was accorded me, therefore, I proceeded, not by any means to apologise for American slavery, nor to suggest the natural obstacles to its extinction, but to point out, as freely as the audience would bear, some modes of effective hostility to it in addition to those already recommended. Premising the fact that slavery in America now justifies itself mainly on the grounds that the class who live by rude manual toil always are and must be degraded and ill-requited—that there is more debasement and wretchedness on their part in the Free States and in Great Britain itself, than there is in the Slave States—and that, moreover, free labourers will not work in tropical climates, so that these must be cultivated by slaves or not at all—I suggested and briefly urged on British abolitionists the following course of action:—

1. Energetic and systematic exertions to increase the reward of labour, and the comfort and consideration of the depressed labouring class here at home; and to diffuse and claim respect for man as man, without regard to class, colour, or vocation.

2. Determined efforts for the eradication of those social evils and miseries *here* which are appealed to, and relied on, by slaveholders and their champions everywhere, as justifying the continuance of slavery: and

3. The colonisation of our Slave States by thousands of intelligent, moral, industrious free labourers, who will silently and practically dispel the wide-spread delusion which affirms that the southern States must be cultivated, and their great staples produced, by slave labour, or not at all.

This was wise counsel, though neither palatable to the meeting to which it was tendered, nor likely to be acted upon. Much wise counsel, on many points, will be found in these letters—wise, at least, viewed in relation to the interests of America; and it was for those interests that he came to England to observe, and compare, and report; and nothing has escaped his observation, nor been deemed too trifling for a remark, which would prove of the slightest interest, or afford the smallest stimulus to his countrymen in the improvement and extension of their arts and manufactures. We have noted some of his prejudices, but we must at the same time admire his enthusiasm—his patriotism we may call it—and honour his integrity. From the concluding letter we extract a few paragraphs on the characteristics of the English, some of which are complimentary:—

In the first place, they are eminently *industrious*. I have seen no country in which the proportion of idlers is smaller. I think American labour is more efficient, day to day, or hour to hour, than British; but we have the larger proportion of non-producers—petty clerks in the small towns, men who live by their wits, loungers about bar-rooms, &c. * * *

The English are eminently devotees of *method* and economy. Never saw the rule, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," so well observed as here. The reckless and the prodigal are found here as everywhere else, but they are marked exceptions. Nine-tenths of those who have a competence know what income they have, and are careful not to spend more. A duchess will say to a mere acquaintance, "I cannot afford" a proposed outlay—an avowal rarely and reluctantly made by an American, even in moderate circumstances. No Englishman is ashamed to be economical, nor to have it known that he is so.

The English are eminently a *practical* people. They have a living faith in the potency of the Horse Guards, and in the maxim that "Safe bind is sure find." They have a sincere affection for roast beef. They are quite sure "the mob" will do no harm if it is vigilantly watched and thoroughly overawed. Their obstreperous loyalty might seem inconsistent with this unideal character, but it is only seeming. When the portly and well-to-do Briton vociferates "God save the Queen!" with intense enthusiasm, he means "God save my estates, my rents, my shares, my consols, my expectations!" The fervour of an Englishman's loyalty is usually in a direct ratio with the extent of his material possessions. The poor like the Queen personally, and like to gaze at royal pageantry; but they are not fanatically loyal. One who has seen General Jackson or Henry Clay enter New York or any other city, finds it hard to realise that the acclamations accorded on like occasions to Queen Victoria can really be deemed enthusiastic.

Gravity is a prominent feature of the English character. Their manner of expressing themselves is literal and prosaic; the American tendency to hyperbole and exaggeration grates harshly on their ears. They can only account for it by a presumption of ill breeding on the part of the utterer.

The women of England, of whatever rank, studiously avoid peculiarities of dress or manner, and repress idiosyncracies of character. Nowhere else that I have ever been could so keen an observer as Pope have written:

> "Nothing so true as what you once let fall;
> Most women have no character at all."

Each essays to think, appear, and speak as nearly according to the orthodox standard of womanhood as possible. Hardly one who has any reputation to save could tolerate the idea of attending a Woman's Rights Convention, or appearing in a Bloomer, any more than that of standing on her head in the Haymarket, or walking on a tight-rope across the pit of Drury-lane. So far as I can judge, the ideas which underlie the Woman's Rights movement are not merely repugnant, but utterly inconceivable to the great mass of English women—the last Westminster Review to the contrary, notwithstanding. I do not judge whether they are better or worse for this. Their conversation is certainly tamer and less piquant than that of the American or the French ladies.

* * * *

Yet the better qualities in the English character decidedly preponderate. Naturally, this people love justice, manly dealing, fair play. And the Englishman who may be repulsive in his out-of-door intercourse, or spirally inclined in his dealings, is generally tender and truthful in his home. There only is he seen to the best advantage. The quiet comfort and heartfelt warmth of an English fireside must be felt to be appreciated. Said an American who had spent two years as a public lecturer throughout Great Britain: "Circumstances have introduced me favourably to the intimacy and regard of many English families, and I can scarcely recollect one which was not, in its own sphere, a model household." My own opportunities have been very limited, yet, so far as they go, they tend to maintain the justice of this remark.

We recommend this book to the English reader, not for any great importance that can be attached to what the author may think of the English people, but as a specimen of the prejudices, partiality, "*bumptiousness*," and shrewdness of an average American.

The Autobiography of William Jerdan, with his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence during the last Fifty Years. Vol. 2. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1852.

Mr. Jerdan continues his garrulous tattle about men and things with unabated industry. As the Pollocks are his great Apollos in his first volume, so do Sir Francis Freeling and George Canning form the centre group in the second. Mr. Freeling seems to have been very kind to him, and his kindness assumed the most positive and substantial character: we are sorry to say that we can discover no proof of the great intimacy which Mr. Jerdan claims with George Canning. A man who, from his first introduction, grew in favour with this coruscation of brilliant things, who was allowed to shake three fingers while others of higher station were satisfied with one, who walked with, talked with, advised with, and listened to George Canning, ought to have a great deal to tell of him, a great deal more than the two or three meagre little stories that appear in this volume, and some correspondence of more moment than the two formal letters commencing "Sir" and ending "Your most obedient humble servant"—in one whereof Canning begs Mr. Jerdan not to send him *two* sets of the *Sun*, and in the other acknowledges the dedication of some production of Mr. Jerdan, but declines to suggest to him any course of conduct for his newspaper. We confess that, notwithstanding that Mr. Jerdan was left in charge of Gloucester Lodge and Garden, and notwithstanding that under Sir Francis Freeling he had a commission to forward to Portugal, Southdown mutton and Aylesbury butter for the family of the ambassador, notwithstanding the letters and the anecdotes, we do not believe one whit in the intimacy of Mr. Jerdan with the great statesman, orator, and poet. Mr. Jerdan was the editor of the *Sun*, and all he prints of Canning and Huskisson evidences just the sort of intercourse that would pass between a Minister and the accredited conductor of the Ministerial journal during his attendance at the public offices.

Mr. Jerdan thus apologises for giving us in his autobiography so little of Canning, and that little so utterly valueless and unworthy of the man:—

CANNING.

The playfulness of his conversation was equally felicitous, and so gentle and unobtrusive, that one was surprised at the end of an hour or two at recalling, or rather endeavouring to recall, so many pleasantries which had passed unnoticed at the moment of their utterance. The fact is, that in seasons of familiar and social intercourse, the whole was such a flow of quiet humour that, like a placid stream, you hardly noticed the current, and it was only when some salient point, not the best, but the most observable, from the ripple it made, excited greater attention, that a small portion of his gifts in this way could be recalled to memory, or were susceptible of repetition. Thus, when my worthy compatriot Joseph Hume, was making his strongest retrenching and popular efforts in Parliament, Mr. Canning observed "Hume is an extraordinary ordinary man;" that could be repeated, but the finest essence of the accompanying discourse never could be expressed: it melted into thin air, and was delicious to breathe. The same may also be said of his jocular mot, on hearing Mr. Fitzgerald recite a poem at the Literary Fund Anniversary, "Poeta nascitur non Fitz.," with which Fitz. himself was excessively pleased. I may remark that pure wit is the most evanescent of intellectual productions, and it is only when mixed with a portion, more or less, of earthly dross, that it can be made palpable. At the end of a joyous and delightful party, you cannot describe what made it so charming; you can only tell two or three, perhaps, of the most material and least etherial jests, or sayings, which floated on the surface of the deeper feast of reason. Ideas abounded: language was only occasionally pointed.

There is nothing very new in this monody upon Sheridan:—

SHERIDAN.

The death of Mr. Sheridan cast a gloom over many of his associates, and I may say, the public in general; though they were amused with Yorick jests, probably invented for him, to exhibit the strength of the ruling passion. His wit was just the opposite of what I have endeavoured to explain as the wit of Canning. Its highest flavour consisted of the more palpable spirit, of which the other left a smaller quantity to be carried off. Thus the mot ascribed to him, when seated at the window a few days before his death, and seeing a horse go by, he exclaimed. "Ah! that is the carriage, after all!" was in everybody's mouth, and compared with the slow-coach joke of Rogers, who, when told that it was called the "Regulator," remarked, "I thought so, for all the others go by it." Another of Mr. Sheridan's, at this sad period, was more likely to be true. His complaint was understood to have arisen originally from a tumour, for which an operation was advised that might have saved his life, but to which he refused to submit, observing that he had suffered two operations in his time, and would not submit to a third. On being asked what they were, as they had not been heard of before, he replied, "that he had had his hair cut, and sat for his picture!" Poor reminiscences these of the man of such marvellous talent, that it is told of him, on the same night when he made one of his brilliant speeches in Parliament, the "Duenna" was performed at one, and the "Rivals" played at the other national theatre. But there have been now five generations of his family distinguished by great and hereditary talent.

Mr. Sheridan's funeral was splendid, and realised his own lines, so as to render them prophetic of himself, for there were:—

> The splendid sorrows that adorned his hearse,
> The throng that pressed as their dead favourite past;
> The graced respect that claimed him to the last!

Sheridan was a type, a fortunate and exalted one, of a numerous tribe, who had better opportunities in those days than in ours. The display of superior abilities, which promised to be useful to Parliamentary parties, opened, in comparison with Parliament now, a broad path to emulation; and there was often a competition between Whig and Tory to secure the attachment and co-operation of youths who were distinguished at public schools and the universities.

Mr. Jerdan probably sees in the career of Sheridan some sort of approximation to his own—literature unrewarded, genius unrequited. He returns to the argument he opened up in his first volume and insists that authorship is only another name for beggary. This may be so, but it strikes us that Mr. Jerdan's book appears to be the best answer to his theory. He has enjoyed the friendship of the greatest men of his age, so he tells us—he has been in receipt of very tolerable salaries, and if he dropped astern of fortune it was not because he was not paid for his labour, but because he placed his money injudiciously or unluckily, and lost it. He has lived,

according to his own showing, a life of no great privation or even self-denial, and when we now read the epigrams, and *jeux d'esprit*, and smart articles which Mr. Jerdan thinks worth reprinting, we see at once how very small a *litterateur* he was, how utterly incapable he must have ever been of rising beyond a certain degree of shallow smartness, such for instance, as his review of a blank book; when we find him, in one of his very few scraps of Latin, writing "*Sic* transit *facetiæ mundi*," we do not look for much classical polish in his mind or in his productions, and we are inclined to think that for such labour the hire has not been very bad.

We will allow Mr. Jerdan, however, to work his own theme :—

THE WAGES OF LITERATURE.

Employment on the periodical press furnishes subsistence to a considerable number of clever writers, including not a few of very superior talents; but are they better off in the scale than the general class of retail shopkeepers, traders, and decent handicraftsmen? Assuredly not; and yet, without an income derived from occupation of this kind, authorship is seldom anything else but a name for beggary.

I will not, however, rest my assertions touching this vitally important literary question upon the condition of the middle-class strugglers; nor anticipate what may be the lot of my young contemporaries, who are flourishing, as I did at their period of life. I have seen and known too much, not to warn them that there may be breakers ahead, and their school reading will remind them that it is not safe to pronounce even a mighty monarch fortunate or happy till he dies. Sincerely do I pray that their prosperity may increase and be lasting, even to the end.

But I will enquire about the most cultivated and distinguished literary men, and men of genius of the present century, and ask if their success in life can support the doctrine of their being adequately requited, in comparison with far less gifted individuals in intellectual and other walks of life. Where are their bishops, and judges, and eminent physicians? Where are their deans and rectors, their prebendaries, their middle-rank barristers, their well-fed general practitioners? For a history, they may get as much as a counsel with a brief; for a romance, as much as a popular actor for a night's performance; for an immortal poem—nothing. Yet this, forsooth, is the order who ought to be thankful for the blessings showered upon them by an indulgent and munificent public; whose deserts are fully acknowledged, whose exertions are more than suitably rewarded. Ingrates to complain!

Yet, did Sir Walter Scott, the most productive of authors, die rich? Perhaps I may be answered, that his wreck of fortune was the result of improvident speculation in the purchase of land, and in building. His ambition aimed, as I believe, at founding, not a baronetcy, but a peerage; and the great wizard fell.

But did Moore, never an imprudent or extravagant liver, and largely assisted, as he was, by the sale of music and a pension, did he die rich? Courted and flattered by the high and fair for many a bright year, he finished his brilliant career in the retirement of a lowly Wiltshire cottage, and was carried almost without an attendant mourner to a sequestered grave. No doubt some one, or some subscriptions will give him a stone.

Did Campbell, also kept from absolute dependence upon his pen, by a pension, die rich — or even in comfortable circumstances? Truly his Pleasures, throughout his life, were more of Hope than reality. But for his connection with periodical literature, the author of the noblest lyrics in the English language could scarcely have kept a decent house over his head.

Did the witty Theodore Hook, the author of so many pleasant volumes, die rich? or was he supported, not extravagantly, but merely in a gentlemanly style, by periodical writing, to die poor?

Did the ingenious and laborious Loudon, notwithstanding the vast extent of his publications, die rich, or with his copyrights in pawn? Yet he lived prudently and economically.

Did the equally laborious and instructive Maunder, who spent his days, not in luxury, but humble retirement, die rich? I do not think he could leave the amount of a tapist's quarter's salary behind him.

Is John Britton, the veteran pioneer to so many and such great national improvements in cathedral architecture—the opener of a wide and encouraging field for the fine arts, the amiable and indefatigable archæologist before archæology became a sort of fashion—is John Britton wealthy, or was he not the other day only, in his 81st year, much consoled by the grant of even a paltry pension? Genius or drudgery, the same fate attends them!

How is it with the laureate and popular poet, Tennyson? Without his sack and salary, and a pension too, his situation, I fear, would not be one to be envied by a respectable tailor in a small way.

How is it with Charles Swain, one of the most natural and sweetest of English bards? His hands can happily be engaged to aid his head, and if the engraver could not do something, the poet might starve.

All are but the Dr. Johnsons and the Oliver Goldsmiths of our times. Generation after generation, there is only a repetition of the same course. The exceptions, few and far between, confirm the rule. The brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh, and Dickens, in London, are the only two who occur to me to have done as well through literature as if their talents had been directed to professional pursuits. Thackeray, with all his abilities, made more money, I fancy, by a dozen of lectures than by several of his popular publications; and how long was it before he caught the public ear, in spite of his original and curious efforts? He now, I think erroneously, if not unfeelingly, upholds the cause against his brethren; and, since he has at last got up the hill, maintains that all are sufficiently encouraged, and that if they are not in pleasant circumstances, they have nobody to blame for it but themselves! I do not think he would have written so seven or three years ago!

Mr. Jerdan threatens to partly fill several more volumes with the verses he wrote in the *Sun* and in the *Literary Gazette*. We beseech our readers, for the author's sake, not to attempt to read them. The following is one of the most pointed of the jokes :—

BONAPARTE AN OLD TROJAN.

Acting Sir Pandarus of Troy, now Boney fills the scena;
And well performs the Go-between from Paris to Helena.

We will quote also an article that Mr. Jerdan reprints as one worthy to survive him. It is smart, light, and perhaps amusing, but there are ten thousand people in London who would write such things at a shilling an hour, and make by no means a bad livelihood by the work :—

A REVIEW.

Poetry may be said to delight in fiction; creation, as the word implies, is its chief object. Soaring on the wings of fancy and imagination, new worlds and new beings present themselves to the poet's phrensied view. To the realities he adds all the possibilities of existence, and, unsatisfied *pedestribus historiis*, with plain narrations, in which only human actors and human exploits are exhibited, he enriches his scene and interests the reader by the introduction of preternatural beings. Homer could not sing the contentions between the Grecian and Dandan hosts, at the siege of Troy, without elevating his subject by associating divinities with heroes, and forcing the Gods themselves to bear a part in the mighty conflict. He employed the popular superstitions of his age to impart a grandeur and solemnity to his theme, selecting from the mythology which then prevailed the machinery of his immortal Iliad.

The divinities of Greece have been transported to, and worshipped at, Rome; the Latin epic poets were forced to adopt the machinery, as well as to follow the plans, of Homer—they had little left except to be servile copyists of this great original: but when the Muses began to be courted

by our northern ancestors, poetry was obliged to have recourse for its machinery to new superstitions, and to substitute Gothic demons for Grecian deities: Odin and Thor superseded Jupiter and Mars. In this we are of opinion poetry sustained no loss. Nothing is, perhaps, more truly adapted to its genius than the Gothic fictions and manners. The military institutions and customs of chivalry, united with the gloomy theology and fables of the north, which included a system of magic, enchantment, and prodigy, opened a spacious field to the epic adventurer. The old romances, though they wanted powers to cultivate it to perfection, serve to demonstrate to the discerning critic its extensive capabilities. Ariosto, Tasso, and our Spenser have employed them to singular advantage, and had Homer flourished in the Gothic age, the supposition is not extravagant that he might have produced a work superior to the Iliad itself, as he would certainly have found more unlimited scope for his genius. In the refined gallantry and military fanaticism of this period there was more of the tender as well as of the terrific, and more to engage the softer affections of the heart as well as to harrow up the soul, than the civil and religious state of ancient Greece presented to his observation, or to his fancy.

We have been led to make this observation, not from what is found in the work before us, but from the circumstance of no effort having been made to enrich its pages from these sources. Its claim to public approbation rests not on the exploits of the heroes of antiquity; it is derived from the exertions of those who have figured in modern times. Saying this, however, we do not wish to be understood to assert that its pages are occupied with the frivolous occurrences of modern life, or with the insipid anecdotes of fashionable folly, which have of late swelled almost every new publication. If, however, it has not those deeds of "high emprize," of which the lovers of romance are so much enamoured, sung in never-dying strains, and if it cannot boast of that fashionable chit-chat which is so ardently admired by the readers of modern novels, on the other hand, it avoids that disgusting bombast which frequently attends an attempt to celebrate the former, and that atrocious slander, which is too generally the characteristic of the latter. If it is to be censured as wanting that animating fire and fascinating vivacity usually sought for in works of that description to which we have alluded, it possesses nothing that can be regarded as insulting to common sense, nothing to put female delicacy out of countenance.

This work is understood to be compiled by Mr. Hoffmann, a gentleman well known in the literary world, and who has for some time been regarded, if not as a rising, at least as a stationary genius. The present is, certainly, not his greatest work; but we are happy to say, that comparing it with his former productions of the same cast, we cannot discover that there is any falling off.

While we bear testimony to the merits of this work, as in no way offending against the purest morality, we cannot but admit that there are parts which, in our opinion, would admit of considerable improvement. It, however, affords us no small satisfaction to find that one work, at least, has been produced in the present day, in which, besides being recommended by the circumstance of its being not only free from nonsense and immorality, but wholly exempt from those errors of style which too frequently disfigure works of merit; for, from the beginning to the end, we have not been able to discover one fault in grammar, or even in punctuation. Its pages are not sullied by one improper, nor even by one inelegant, expression. We cannot say that it is recommended to us by all the fire of Walter Scott; but if it has not the beauties of his style, it is happily free from its defects; and much as we may regret the want of its harmony, we are in a very considerable degree consoled by the absence of its affectation.

We cannot conclude without observing, that this work is in an eminent degree entitled to the praise of consistency, and this of itself is no common merit. No statements are made at the end, which are at variance with anything contained in the early part of the book. Nothing is advanced to influence the thoughtless, or to mislead the ignorant. In no part are we disgusted with an assumption of importance, or of superior information, which is not warranted by facts. It is never attempted to baffle the understanding by an affectation of mystery. We are never perplexed by a series of asterisks, dashes, or initial and final letters, significantly marked in italics. Its contents are in no part unintelligible or even doubtful, but the work is in every part fair, clear, and perfectly plain. With such claims to approbation, possessing merits so great, and with no faults but of omission, this production, though not all that could be wished, is still of considerable value; and we have no hesitation in recommending it as more harmless than most modern works of fiction, and as a performance which, if it does not enrapture, does not offend; if it does not convulse with laughter, does not disgust with ribaldry; and if it does not please with novelty of thought, does not excite distate from impotent attempts at dazzling conceits. Its errors are few, trivial, and unimportant; its beauties, numerous as its leaves, apparent, and perfectly original. The uniformity of its style is unbroken by plagiarism or quotation, and what some hypercritics might challenge as sameness or insipidity, is amply compensated by its purity, entire connection, fidelity to its subject, adherence to truth, clearness of conception, and delicacy of execution. These praises are not undeserved, these plaudits not exaggerated; for, reader, the object of this critique is—a blank book!

Mr. Jerdan's reminiscences are, however, better than his reproductions:—

JOHN KEMBLE.

John Kemble, glorious John, was to his intimates a treasure, and though something of his sepulchral tone could generally be distinguished in his convivial hours and conversation, he was off the stage as different from John Kemble on the stage as it is possible to imagine. This is seldom the case with eminent performers; but in him the stately majesty of tragedy was left on the fall of the curtain, and within half an hour after Richard had been himself again, John Kemble, with some pleasant companions, was also himself again! He had a grand gusto for the society he liked, and his enjoyment of it was contagious. Of many memorable instances I shall give two or three to exemplify my reminiscences, premising that his fine classical cultivation and critical acumen rendered him as oracularly instructive when in that vein as he was socially delightful in his merrier moods.

What a word it is that I have so often to repeat in this work—"I remember"—"I remember." I remember John Kemble in his happiest hours. I remember one night being in the front seat of the stage-box at the theatre, and witnessing his Coriolanus with that intense admiration which fixed and transported me from beginning to end. The next day he happened to call, and I expressed to him the delight I had received, adding that, frequently as I had seen him in the character before, I had never thought that he played it to such absolute perfection. "And I will tell you the secret," he responded. "I caught your eye on my entering the stage; I knew I had got you, and I performed Coriolanus to you as if quite insensible of any other audience." I observed, then, it was no wonder he has fascinated me; and he explained what I daresay our greatest tragic actors would corroborate, namely, that the performer was curiously sensible of the sympathies or the negligencies of his hearers, and that his temperament was often so keen and excited, that the slightest symptom of having failed in producing a desired effect was enough to damp his efforts for a whole evening; whilst, on the other hand, a merely vague consciousness that he had fastened, were it only one spectator to his chariot-wheels, imbued him with a strong spirit to execute his task to the utmost of his powers. According to this dramatic canon we may account for the marked difference, as far as excellence is concerned, between the acting of the best artists on one night and another.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

With Allan Cunningham I had been acquainted from his advent to the capital, I think about 1810, and the first poetry he published in London was under my auspices. His signature of Hid-Allan was both appropriate to his name and poetical in sound; but he had previously acquired a provincial fame in his native Dumfries, where some curious productions, covered with an incognito almost equal to Chatterton's at Bristol, as well as some sweet specimens of Scottish song, had settled the destiny of the worthy and gifted stonemason for a literary life. Nature was bountiful to Cunningham. He was a fine manly specimen of the *genus homo*; had a massive head, with a countenance expressed with intelligence, and a softened air, fine, and, when not animated, rather melancholy eye, very rarely found

united to so much strength of character; and he was what he looked, a combination of sound judgment, masculine firmness, and that gentler nature in which the feeling of simple and plaintive poetry was enthroned. His genius and his literary labours, aided by an adjutancy to Sir Francis Chantrey, to whom and to whose studio he was an invaluable ally, happily sufficed for the wants of a comfortable, unaspiring domesticity, and kept him above the severer trials, though not some of the disappointments, which usually attend the class to which he pertained. The friendship of Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart also contributed much to his fortunate result.

I remember the little piece to which I have alluded gave rise to the exhibition of a laughable trait in my stalwart countryman's disposition, and his sense of the dignity of the independent muse. There occurred in it a grammatical error, in which "that" was used instead of "who," or something of equal note, but decidedly ungrammatical. This I pointed out to Cunningham, and was proceeding to correct it, when he snatched the paper out of my hand with "Na, na, I will allow nae man to alter ma poetry; be it grammar or no grammar, it shall joost stand as it is!" and stand it did.

Here is an anecdote of Elliston, but Mr. Jerdan does not tell his stories well. The point is always blunted, sometimes broken away altogether:—

My friend's epistle recalls, as old men's tales generally, other facetiæ connected with Mr. Curwood, with whom I lived on terms of friendly intimacy to the end of his life, and who was both an acute and able lawyer, much esteemed by the bar, though exposed to jest from a sort of insignificance in appearance and manner. Mr. Fladgate, the solicitor in Essex-street, was one of the Sydney Smith species of wit (who are so rare), and was so prolific in piquant sayings that, if all were remembered, they might fill a volume. When Elliston was in treaty to become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, he gave way to more than his usual excitements, and consulting his legal adviser at all hours in no very proper state, Fladgate exclaimed to him,—"Hang it, Sir, there is no getting through any business with you, who come to me fresh drunk every night, and stale drunk every morning." Elliston, like Elia Lamb, was easily affected by wine. But to Curwood. One day, at the dinner-table, a troublesome blue-bottle fly kept buzzing about and alighting on the meats, apparently more attracted to Curwood's plate than to any other: provoked by this, at last he started up, and, with napkin in hand, pursued the offender to the window and round the room, slashing away at it right and left. There was a call to sit down again and be still, as the chase was disturbing us all; when Fladgate quietly observed, "O, for Heaven's sake let them alone! I want to see which will beat!" On another occasion, Curwood called upon him upon a Sunday forenoon to propose a walk, and, according to the fashion of the time, when not in professional costume, was drest in a blue coat with bright gilt buttons, and all the rest of his attire, to the very stockings, of bright yellow. The moment he entered, Fladgate jumped from his seat, and pointing to a canary breeding-cage belonging to one of his children, cried, "By Jove, the canary has hatched one of her eggs without our having noticed it!" His were seldom or never puns, but savoured always of the neatness of French touch and allusion.

A strange story of the great painter

TURNER.

On one occasion, Turner, our prince of landscape painters, of whom Lord de Tabley had been a most liberal patron, spent a day or two at Tabley when I was there. In the drawing-room stood a landscape on an easel, on which his lordship was at work, as the fancy mood struck him. Of course, when assembled for the tedious half hour before dinner, we all gave our opinions on its progress, its beauties, and its defects. I stuck a blue wafer on, to show where I thought a bit of bright colour, or a light, would be advantageous; and Turner took the brush and gave a touch here and there, to mark some improvements. He returned to town, and, can it be credited, the next morning at breakfast, a letter from him was delivered to his lordship, containing a regular bill of charges for "instructions in painting." His lordship tossed it across the table indignantly to me, and asked if I could have imagined such a thing; and as indignantly, against my remonstrances, immediately sent a cheque for the sum demanded by the "drawing master."

This was a deplorable instance of Turner's eccentricity, and not to be excused on any imaginable ground. Yet sometimes he was lavish in the midst of his general penuriousness. On a continental trip, an intimate friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Hunt, author of several valuable volumes on Tudor architecture, accidentally encountered him on a continental excursion. Turner took a fancy to so excellent a boon companion, invited him to travel together, and treated him in a princely style, without costing him a shilling through the whole of their tour.

I would fain offer this fact as a sort of balance to the human infirmity of the drawing master's account. Turner was a singular compound.

Mr. Jerdan gives us a hint upon a very practical point:—

HOW TO GET UP A JOURNAL.

In my thirtieth number a manuscript narrative of Captain Tuckey's voyage to the Congo, which had been procured for me by a friend, at no very great cost, was begun, and turned out one of those incidents in newspaper progress which give them an upward tendency in a ratio that can hardly be accounted for. Their rapid rise from such causes is often inexplicable; their decline is generally a slower process. The *Sun* and *Courier* were nearly equal in repute and circulation when the treason and execution of Colonel Despard occurred. The *Courier* made a striking effort to get all the particulars, and publish the earliest account of every circumstance to the very death; and from that date it rose in circulation, at the expense of the *Sun*, which declined. In all respects the journals were comparatively the same as before; but the public impulse was given, and there was no use in trying to stem it, unless another chance might occur to turn the tide by a similar fortunate exertion.

On the return of Parry's Arctic expedition, I had the privilege of boarding the ships as they came up the river—collected all the intelligence I could, and on the Saturday (by tremendous labour, extending over sixty hours without sleep) I presented the public with a good account of the voyage, about which "all the world" was so interested. The sale of the gazette was lifted above five hundred by that effort, which, please to observe, in these piping times of shilling sheets, was equal to about a thousand pounds a-year, besides the upward hoist and improved expectancies. I have known the success or failure of many publications depend upon what one would think trivial matters of this kind; therefore I would say that the "wide-awake" principle and system is absolutely essential to journalist prosperity. Sleeping will not do.

We recommend Mr. Jerdan in his future volumes to leave out all his own poetry and to grind and polish the point of his stories, otherwise his book will gradually become a bore.

Leaves from my Journal during the Summer of 1851. By a MEMBER OF THE LATE PARLIAMENT. With Illustrations. J. Murray. 1852.

Worn with fatigues of the session and the cares of life, and annoyed that, owing to dilatory painters and workmen, I could not recruit my shattered forces as usual, by enjoying my own flowers and trees, when such things are most enjoyable, a thought came into my mind, on Monday, the 14th of July.

These few opening words are as the programme of the Journal. What on Monday was only "a thought," in a few days was a fact,—a journey to Carlsbad and Frinzenbrunn was determined upon and executed. The journey and the water-drinking at Carlsbad do not appear to have promoted the perfect convalescence of the jaded senator; but his reminiscences, egotisms, moralisings, and specula-

tions, will at least promote the pleasure of the judicious reader. Every place on the route from Hamburgh to Carlsbad is suggestive of something, and never suggestive of the trivial, or of the cant of art or party. There is a freshness of tone about the "leaves of this journal," which reminds us of Mathews' "Diary of an Invalid," popular upwards of thirty years ago, when the cessation of the French wars had thrown open Europe, as a show-place long closed, to the Englishman; so that Mathews had the advantage of breaking tolerably new ground.

We have alluded to the egotisms of the author, for they are but communings with his own thoughts, to which the reader is, as in confidence, admitted. With a less gentle spirit, with feebler powers of description or of detail, this continual falling back upon himself would have been tedious, but it is often really entertaining. A reading man, with a dash of the humorist, unostentatiously displaying the stores of his knowledge, and gracefully blending them with his reflections and his slender course of narrative; a politician, indicating no party predilections; a conscientious son of the Church of England, but all-conscious of her short-comings, and liberal, even in his severity of censure, to the dogmata and practices of other believers—such a writer, with a smooth and flowing style, could hardly fail to please. The slightness of his material might here and there be objected to; but it is atoned for, by his pleasant satire of his own fancifulness. His forebodings from the disagreeable looks of a fellow-traveller, even from the stolid aspect of a *laquais-de-place*, or the exterior and situation of an hotel, are grave, interesting, and pleasantly fastidious; for the fastidiousness of a superior man is often interesting—in print. The journalist appears occasionally to mock himself, and to scorn his spirit, but not at all in the mood of Cassius, that he could be moved to such personal fastidiousness. Indeed, were this chord too much struck, it would offend; as it is, the author, who may appear in the earlier portion of his production to be a "cold" man, one little imbued with the spirit of the "*homo sum*," &c., throws off this humour, and journalises in such vein as to show the truth of the adage—

> Your cold people are beyond all price,
> When once you've broken their confounded ice.

And the late Member of Parliament breaks his ice himself as he warms to his theme.

There is no history, no *essay* (hateful in a book of travels, except briefly to illustrate any novel truth) in this volume: it is really what it is entitled, a journal; the journal of a gentleman and a scholar, who is not without his humours.

The headings of the seven chapters, which constitute the work, show the course of travel or description—the Voyage, Hamburgh, the Railway, Leipsig, Zwickau and the Journey, Carlsbad, and the Return. Perhaps, too much is said of "the Voyage," or rather, of its preparations and *désagrémens*, for most reading people have been nauseated with the history of apprehended or actual sea-sickness; while, indeed, a severely critical spirit might pronounce the Journal altogether too long: and yet it ends abruptly, and leaves the reader to regret the abruptness.

The following extracts, selected, we may almost say at random, are a sample of the style and spirit of the ex-M.P.:—

SLEEP, AND THE CABIN OF A STEAM-PACKET.

I found berth 44, an upper shelf in this family vault (the gentlemen's sleeping cabin), into which, with misgivings of every description, almost all of which proved in the sequel to be well-founded, I scrambled. More figures soon descended to wander about the shades below, and find their retreats in different states of dishabille; but I don't think anybody uttered a word to anybody, and at times a sort of half dream came over me that I was on board some vessel carrying out the dead of the great metropolis to the cemetery at Erith. What is the mental relation between asleep and awake? Why is it that noise should at times act as a soporific to hold one's senses fast? So it is, however; the engine and paddle-wheels made no little piece of work in the boat, and in the water, and yet I was asleep, and should, perhaps, have been so longer, if we had not brought up at Gravesend for some purpose or other, which woke me. I indulged in a speculation. What could it be for? My disagreeable imagination immediately suggested a flaw in the piston, or a crack in the boiler, that would either compel our return, or be patched up for explosion in a gale of wind in the North Sea. Again sleep came to my assistance, but it was only a dull sensation of prolonged discomfort; and when I again came to my senses, it was to find that we were rolling about on the ocean with a head-wind and some sea. Smells of a most indescribable nature arise at all times in all steam-packets, from all parts; but I can with truth aver that, in all my experience, so thick, vaporous, and tangible an odour—so sickening as that which—I won't say circulated, but—heavily pervaded the gentleman's sleeping cabin—I did not until now conceive capable of evolution. I am convinced Liebig could neither have composed nor analysed it, and nothing but Satan's alembic, the steam-packet laboratory, could have compounded it.

Most persons who have been passengers in a steamer out at sea will have experienced some similar sensations; a strange blending of the realities of the unwonted noises of the vessel, with the visions and illusions of a dreamer.

The following is a curious account of

THE CIRCULATING MEDIUM AT CARLSBAD.

I never was much more astonished at anything than at the circulating medium here, a surprise which was not lessened when I was assured that, curious as it was, they had just emerged from a state of things still more unheard of. When I presented my metal thaler to pay for something, I was offered in change a little bundle of most inconceivably dirty shreds of paper; the only thing I can liken them to are the toll tickets one sees in a waggoner's hat after an accidental sojourn there of two or three days. Upon my manifesting some repugnance to this proposed exchange of silver for filthy rags, the bookseller, at whose shop I happened to be, told me that about two years ago, when the financial difficulties of Austria were at their culminating point, they resorted to an issue of vast quantities of paper, redeemable upon future contingencies. The precious metals at once vanished. The people, recollecting the events at the termination of the great war in 1815, when the Government compelled the payment of taxes in the silver florin, value two shillings, whilst it issued a paper florin nominally of the same value, but really not worth more than tenpence, were very shy of accepting the new offer. So they hit upon a

succedaneum in the shape of private paper; each shopkeeper issued notes, promising to pay at sight a certain amount of bread, or meat, or cloth, or silk, as the case might be. This was carried on to an incredible extent, and was, I was assured, for some time the only alternative to a state of absolute barter. Some rather ludicrous scenes took place with foreigners coming to Carlsbad, who were not altogether satisfied with the offer of this species of change for their sovereigns and napoleons. One traveller, already sufficiently discontented with the ragged scraps which the exigencies of life compelled him to accept, went to a second or third-rate inn, and having got something to eat presented one of these *bons* for payment; whereupon, as it represented a higher value than the soup and Rindfleish he had consumed, being some shoemaker's acceptance for a pair of shoes, certain papers were tendered in exchange, of so novel a cut and colour, that with disdain he rejected them, scornfully inquiring who was to be responsible to him for the fulfilment of the promissory note. With equal haughtiness the tenderer replied, "I, to be sure." "And pray, Sir, who may you be?" "Why, the head waiter of the Three Periwinkles, to be sure," with an obeisance of offended dignity.

This, one would think, enough to satisfy the Anti-Gold-law League itself; but this is not all. The florin is 60 kreuzers, but the Government issued notes for ten and six kreuzers. Now, as the largest number of daily transactions between small buyers and retailers are less than even six kreuzers, the difficulty was to obtain that indispensable thing "change:" so they cut the knot they could not untie. Each note bore at each of its corners a number, showing its value; so when the tradesman's charge was three kreuzers, a six-kreuzer note was cut in two, into two three-kreuzer notes, and each half might be cut again, to represent a kreuzer and a half. "There is now," says the journalist, "a fair sprinkling of copper, but during the course of the six weeks I was in Bohemia, I did not meet with a single piece of silver in the ordinary transactions of life." What would a London omnibus conductor say to the offer of three-pence, in half illegible paper, for a ride from Charing-cross to Camberwell-gate?

English Agriculture in 1850 *and* 1851. By JAMES CAIRD. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman. London: 1852.

Report of the Engineers of the General Board of Health. 1852.

NOT many years have elapsed since the gravest apprehensions were entertained with regard to the probable fate of what was termed our redundant population,—increasing, as it was and has been steadily, for some time past, at the rate of nearly a thousand per day. When at length the gold-fields of California and of Australia, silently but unanswerably, removed the unfavourable anticipations of our political economists on this head, fears of a contrary character became rife, and occasionally in the manufacturing, but more especially in the agricultural districts, frequent complaints were beginning to be heard respecting the dearth of labour, and the failure of the usual sources whence the labour-market has hitherto been supplied. To meet this unexpected contingency, new and ingenious applications of science to the exigencies of life, were brought forward, and when matured, it is more than probable that they will, in a great measure, suffice to supply the deficiency in the human mart.

It is not our intention here to dilate upon the advantages which have already accrued from the adoption of the recommendations of the Sanitary Commission. The folly of a blind adherence to established usages, and the "custom of the country," has been thoroughly exposed; and the results of the experiments of those who have struck out for themselves a new course, are too palpable, even to the blindest adherents to ancient practices, to render it needful to add much more upon the subject. The time cannot be far distant, when, instead of polluting the streams that flow through our cities, towns and villages, their sewage will be sedulously preserved, and its fertilising properties diligently applied to irrigate the surrounding lands, thus vastly increasing the crops they would otherwise produce.

The Meads of Craigtenny, near Edinburgh, have shown, for the last sixty years, what can be accomplished in this way; and, if more recent examples be needed, it is only necessary to point to the grass lands belonging to the Duke of Portland, at Clipstone, the "catch-meadows" at Pusey, those at Eamon belonging to Mr. Knight, or the meadows round Tavistock, on the estate of the Duke of Bedford. Still, it is remarkable that the agriculturists do not simultaneously come forward, with energy and determination, to adopt a course which it is palpably so much to their interest to pursue. The majority of them plead want of means; but, in a country like ours at the present moment, this can be no valid obstacle to a profitable undertaking, devoid of risk, the results of which are capable of the clearest demonstration. To quote the words of the "Report of the Engineers of the General Board of Health:"—"Men who have tilled the ground as their forefathers for generations tilled it, too frequently feel themselves insulted by the reflection that others have taken more comprehensive and scientific views, and that the results have been successful." This we believe to be the main reason why that sturdy race, the farmers of England, are so jealous of anything that savours of innovation. But this stolid feeling of irrational opposition to all improvement is happily fast wearing away. The more educated and intelligent members of the body to whom we have alluded, feel that *quieta ne movere* can no longer be their motto, the time for energetic action and bold experiment has arrived. Those who

will not endeavour to advance with their age, must infallibly succumb.

The establishment of agricultural colleges and societies in our provincial towns, is, in the highest degree, satisfactory to all who have the farmers' interest at heart. The trials and discussions elicited by such institutions excite a salutary degree of emulation, which must operate beneficially over the country.

The effects of the Great Exhibition are also gradually developing themselves. Advantage has been taken of the opportunity there afforded of critically comparing the implements of different nations, and of various makers; and the manifest improvement that has since taken place in some of the most essential instruments of farm culture, must have been palpable even to a casual observer, at any of the shows that have been held this summer.

Reaping machines stand pre-eminent amongst these, and just now excite a considerable amount of attention; and as yet no very satisfactory decision has been given in favour of any one of the many harvesting implements that of late have been introduced to the notice of the world.

Here it may be gratifying to the national vanity (if, indeed, it need any additional pabulum), to observe, that it is to Scotland we are indebted for the original idea of the machine, which American ingenuity subsequently adopted. This fact was fully verified at the annual meeting of the Highland Society, where the inventor, like the originator of the percussion principle for fire-arms, was shown to have been a Scotch Presbyterian minister. A fair question indeed has arisen, whether the trans-Atlantic imitators have essentially improved upon the first model. Only a few weeks since, the original machine, which had done good service for fifteen summers in the Carse of Gowrie, utterly vanquished a youthful competitor, constructed on Hussey's principle, and just turned out from the workshop of a celebrated manufacturer. A contemporary, speaking on this subject, aptly observes that:—

> The Americans are now teaching us the very same lesson which we have always taught the French—that industrial progress is mainly due not so much to inventive genius as to a quick perception of the practical uses to which an invention may be applied, and a watchful readiness to seize every means of economising time and labour. The inventor earns the laurel—and sometimes wears it—but it is the shrewd, skilful workman who carries off the substantial reward. After all, however, it is to the Great Exhibition that we are really indebted for making us publicly acquainted with this offspring of Scotch ingenuity masquerading in an American dress.

At the great gathering at Lewes, in July, no less than nineteen reaping machines were exhibited, all modifications of those of M'Cormick and Hussey. It having been announced that the society's medal would be given to the best, the competition excited considerable interest, inasmuch as, by the result, the question of the relative merits of the two machines was expected to be settled. After a lengthened competition the medal was awarded to Hussey's reaping machine, manufactured by Garrett. The cutting apparatus consists of a series of knives which, by a lateral motion, obtain a cutting power similar to that of a pair of shears; while M'Cormick's machine, on the contrary, operates on the saw principle. M'Cormick's machine, being designed for American farming, leaves the stubble six or seven inches in height. Garrett's specimen of Hussey's at the above trial left scarcely two inches of stubble; and, from a peculiarity in the construction of Garrett's machines (shared by those of Ransome and May, the two being identical in that respect), there is no doubt they might, at a trifling expense, be applied with advantage to the mowing of grass. As a proof of the estimation in which these implements are already held, we may state that 1,500 have been sold this season, and that the best manufacturers have more orders than they can supply for some time. This is an unprecedented era in the history of agricultural machinery. Some of the best of these machines will, with two horses, clear about an acre and a-half per hour.

In America, within the last two or three years, fifteen patents have been granted for reaping machines of divers kinds, such as corn, grain, and grass harvesters, clover-head, cotton, cotton stalk and hemp harvesters. Nor has British ingenuity lagged in the struggle to introduce new varieties of these implements; in addition to which, we have in profusion scarifiers, clod-crushers, pulverizers, chaff-cutters, corn-dressers, portable steam-engines adapted for every purpose that the farmer can require, and a draining plough, the invention of Mr. Fowler, calculated to effect a great revolution in an important department of agriculture. It is at the same time simple and efficient; the preliminary preparations are brief, and, when concluded, on one side of a wide field a couple of horses are seen working an ordinary windlass, round the barrel of which an almost invisible wire rope is gradually coiled. The rope draws, towards the capstan, four feet beneath the surface of the ground, a plough, the only trace of which above ground is a narrow slit in the sward; behind this plough, sliding upon a cord, follow a long chain of earthen draining pipes, and these are deposited, with almost faultless precision, in the groove burrowed out for their reception. In some soils, indeed, the pipes may be dispensed with, the furrow being found sufficient, for many years, to carry off the superfluous water. The level of the subsoil drain, thus formed, is in a great measure independent of the surface of the land; and if opened, the pipes will be found lying perfectly straight, in close juxta-position, and in most cases with an uni-

form inclination in one direction. This is accomplished by means of a balanced level attached to the upper portion of the plough.

We are informed that the patentees, in the months of March, April, and May last, drained no less than 2,000 acres on the estates of Lord Portman, Mr. Oakley, and other gentlemen, at a cost of from 25s. to 42s. per acre without tiles. The cost under the old system would have been from 70s. to 110s. per acre; and we are assured that in any case the saving is never *less* than £1 per acre. In stiff clay lands "the invisible drain" will last for thirty years without pipes, while the interest on the outlay thus saved will amount to a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of cutting new drains every twelve years. In sandy and loose soils, however, pipes are indispensable. The average expense of draining by this machine may be taken at 32s. per acre (including main drains), the land drains being eight yards apart.

We might, felt we so disposed, dilate at considerable length upon the merits of a great variety of agricultural implements of all kinds, the value of which has been fully tested and admitted. We must, however, from lack of space, curtail our observations, and refer those who need further information on these important topics to those publications whose special province it is to discuss these and similar subjects.

For the guidance of our agricultural friends, we may add that, of the numerous agricultural implement makers whose workshops are now pretty extensively scattered over the kingdom, none have deservedly established for themselves a higher reputation than Messrs. Barrett, Exall, and Andrewes, of Reading; Messrs. Crosskill, of Beverley; and Messrs. Hornsby and Son, of Grantham, Lincolnshire. We have critically examined the productions of these firms, and do not hesitate to pronounce them in every way as first-rate, both in quality and "finish."

Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow Straits in the Years 1850—1851, *performed by H.M. ships "Lady Franklin" and "Sophia," under the Command of Mr. William Penny, in Search of the Missing Crews of H.M. ships Erebus and Terror, &c.* By PETER C. SUTHERLAND, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., Surgeon to the Expedition. In two volumes. Longmans. 1852.

THERE has perhaps always been in Great Britain a greater fondness for the narratives of Arctic and Antarctic voyages and expeditions, than for those among the heat, slavery, and barbaric pomp of Asia or Africa, or their contiguous islands. To this assertion there may be the exceptions of the earlier accounts of Tahiti, of the Loo-choo Islands, and of other islands in different parts of the "world of waters," as well as the details of the many painful, unsuccessful, and often fatal searches for the determination of the Niger—until the problem was solved by Clapperton's servant. But the unflagging interest of the general English reader is certainly enchained by the narratives of the dangers and hardships of the explorers of the extreme north or extreme south—and the way in which the toil and the peril were dared and overcome, is exceedingly grateful to your veriest fire-side voyager.

To this general feeling is now added an especial source of interest in all present accounts of hyperborean researches—the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, now absent seven long years. It cannot be said that they have been as little heard of as those who perished when the steamer President "went down" with all her crew and passengers, but the "traces" of Sir John's expedition are few and vague; some are based on mere conjecture, brooded over, perhaps, by the sanguine men who advanced them until they appear facts; some have been shown to be illusory, and none have been decisive; for the most probable of these traces *might* be but the "trail" of other voyagers.

The voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow Straits, of which Dr. Sutherland gives a minute account in two thick volumes, including, with the appendix, above 1,000 pages, was prosecuted under peculiar circumstances. The friends of Sir J. Franklin pointed out that neither Wellington Channel, nor Jones's Sound, nor Smith's Sound, had been duly searched, and the Admiralty then determined that they should be searched. The North Star whaler had for a long period not been heard of, and it was inferred (correctly) that she was entangled among the ice, an occurrence which had not befallen one of the other whalers who had been in company with her. "The balance," writes Dr. Sutherland, "began to preponderate justly in favour of the skill and experience their commanders (the captains of the whale ships) brought into daily use in navigating the ice-encumbered sea of Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay. Melville Bay, with its presiding *genii*, the Devil's Thumb, and Cape York, all of a sudden assumed a most formidable character; and the opinion took deep root, that the whaler alone could convey the spell-bound ships across its tranquil waters."

Mr. Penny, lately the commander of a whaler, the Advice, of Dundee, was appointed (and there were many competitors) to the command of this new expedition; he had sixteen years' experience in whaling ships, and was "vigorous and full of energy

and zeal in the Franklin cause." His brother captains, it appears, had the greatest confidence in his judgment, "What does Penny think of it?" being familiar in their mouths in all dangers or difficulties. The Lords of the Admiralty had the good sense to emerge from their usual official reserve, and they appointed a person not holding her Majesty's commission to command two of her ships, while enterprising naval officers, who had long served under the red pendant, were earnest in soliciting Arctic employment. The new commander, however, and the commissioned officers got on very well together.

The ships of the expedition were new and clipper-built. The Lady Franklin was 200 tons, and the Sophia, so called from Miss Sophia Cracroft, the niece of Sir J. Franklin, and the devoted companion of Lady Franklin, was of 100 tons burthen. Capt. Penny had the undivided responsibility of the conduct of the expedition, and the Sophia was commanded by Mr. Alexander Stewart, who had served as mate in a whaler in five voyages to Davis's Straits. The ships were provisioned for three years, and on the 13th April, 1850, were towed out of Aberdeen Harbour in the presence of a great host of sympathising spectators.

The "Journal" is precise in its dates, and in giving the latitudes and longitudes. Sir Walter Scott has said that to read of campaigns without an illustrative map was "all buzz;" for the course of the opposing armies, without such accompaniment, was generally unintelligible; and the remark may be applied to sea voyages in waters so little known as these. The charts and illustrations in the two volumes, however, obviate, in a great measure, this difficulty, as far, perhaps, as it can be obviated.

Independently of the great object of this voyage, the search for the missing crews of Franklin's ships, the Erebus and the Terror (too appropriately named), are interesting accounts of the arctic animals, birds, and fishes; of the icebergs; and of the Esquimaux to be found, often starving, idle, and happy, in the regions of ice and snow.

We will not say that the natural history, often the novel history also, of the lands and waters explored is tiresome from its repetition, but it is ever introduced in the midst of the narrative, which is thus checked or encumbered; perhaps a separate portion of the work had better have been devoted to this subject: to the seals, for instance, with their characteristics—their acute senses setting at successful defiance the best riflemen, though these men took the precaution of crawling on their knees and elbows, behind a white calico screen, extended over the left arm, while the right sustained the rifle ready-cocked. The other creatures so often spoken of might have been dealt with under the same head. These were the arctic foxes and bears, sometimes seen to drift on detached ice; long-tailed ducks, and eider ducks, as well as glaucous and other gulls; the long-tailed duck being the most delicate of all the game found upon the arctic moors. Dr. Sutherland, however, distrusts the long-received statement that the long-tailed and eider ducks feed at the bottom of the sea, at a depth of even 200 fathoms, or that the auks catch their prey swimming free in deep water. He found, however, in the stomachs of the ducks "the remains of animals which which never leave the bottom," while the stomachs of the auks contained little else than the Gammarus Arcticus, which swims in great abundance on the surface.

There were, moreover, endless flocks of loons seen in rapid flight to the northward, as if they loved the piercing wind against which they flew. In the season these loons supply the Esquimaux, the whalers, and the Danish settlers in the Greenland seas, with boatsful of eggs, without any apparent diminution of their numbers. The eggs of the sea-ducks are also a great resource, and Dr. Sutherland corrects an erroneous notion concerning them:—

THE ESQUIMAUX, THE BEARS, FOXES, AND DUCKS.

The Esquimaux always remove the eggs before the birds begin to sit upon them, until they have collected enough, after which they allow them to lay and hatch during the remainder of the season, without offering to molest them in any way. They have greater enemies than the considerate Esquimaux, in the bear, the fox, and the burgomaster. The bear swims from island to island, and plunders their nests without mercy; but he does not remain long on one island; and they soon resume their old habits. The fox is often carried along upon drifting ice, and landed on one of the duck-visited islands. He may live well for a short time, but it will necessarily be short; for the birds all leave him sole lord and possessor, and do not return that season. The burgomaster gull is always at hand ready to seize upon the eggs, wherever an unwary and perhaps careless duck has left them uncovered. It is a common idea among the whalers that eider-ducks coat or smear their eggs with some fœtid secretion, which disgusts the burgomaster at them so much, that, although pressed for food, he will not attack them; and that those only are open to his attacks, in which this process has been neglected. I think this anything but plausible; for there are no secretions except the evacuations, and that which accompanies the egg itself in its passage through the oviduct, and if it be said to be by either of these, then the one can never be absent, while the other has never been observed in the nests. The only protection they have for their eggs from the keen-sighted burgomaster, is a covering either of down, which they pluck from their breasts and the lower part of their bodies, or of grass, both of which are sometimes found in the same nest. The down is generally intimately mixed with small fragments of rock or sand, which prevents it being blown away without interfering with its usefulness in preserving warmth and seclusion.

There is an opinion, or a superstition, among the whaling seamen, that when they are successful in the "egg way," they will be unsuccessful among the whales, in consequence of being too late for the Pond's Bay fishing. The Esquimaux are sometimes let down by ropes, secured to the projection of a rock, or suspended in the far more uncertain security of two or three men's hands; but their feats and prizes seem inferior to those done or gained in some of the Western Islands of Scotland, a good account of which is given in the late Bishop Stanley's "His-

tory of Birds." Snow-buntings were sometimes blown on board the ships, and died after the violence of the gale. Then there were quiet, drowsy dovekies, terns, molleymokes (fulmar petrels), and gulls, including kittiwakes, herring-gulls, and burgomasters; several of which were shot, but few were edible.

We may pass by the "schools" of walruses, raising their big heads and gleaming tusks out of the water—far more numerous about Spitzbergen than in Davis' Straits—and in the accounts of the fish; and of the white and black whales, with *their* respective "schools," as not presenting any peculiar novelty.

Icebergs have been often described, but by none better, perhaps, than by Dr. Sutherland. The first sight of them disappointed all to whom the sight was a novelty, but as the voyage proceeded their appearance was magnificent, and perhaps no painting or engraving has as yet conveyed any very adequate notion of a large iceberg. Some resembled in their shapes, but not in their colour, for they were pure, glittering white, St. Paul's Cathedral, magnified and distorted; some were like castles or gothic abbeys; and one might be compared to an almost interminable fortress. The author says on this subject of

ICEBERGS.

There was one iceberg which was particularly noticed, because it never shifted its position, when others, of rather larger size, were drifting to and fro with the tides. It was about two hundred feet in height above the surface of the sea, and its perpendicular sides, which were nearly equal, were not less than two miles in length. The upper surface was horizontal, but very irregular, appearing as if it had been planted over with rough and irregularly conical eminences, packed closely together, and varying in height from twelve to twenty or thirty feet. The water lines at the level of the ice around it were also horizontal. There seemed to be no reason for any other opinion than this, that it had never changed its centre of gravity since it descended into the sea, and had become detached from the glacier which gave it birth. The cubic contents and weight of such a floating world are truly astonishing. This berg displaced upwards of eighteen thousand millions of cubic feet of water, while its contents must have been nearly twenty-three thousand millions of cubic feet, and its weight nearly five hundred and forty millions of tons. It is impossible that such enormous masses of matter, in a dense resisting medium like water, can be readily put into motion by the winds: hence we find icebergs of very large size motionless, or nearly so, when smaller ones and the surface ice are carried past them with great velocity. The great depth to which they pass, places them in a great measure beyond the influence of ordinary tides. I believe it has always been observed, that when a number of icebergs are in motion under the influence of the tide, the largest moved least, while the smallest and the surface ice moved most of all. I have often seen a number of small icebergs carried backwards and forwards by the tides along and around a large one, which happened also to be in motion, as if a share of homage was due to it from them, although it might be far inferior to them in point of age.

Of the Esquimaux the details are highly interesting, if not very new. The author tells of their kindness and civility to strangers, their passion for killing all creatures easily killed; their cruelty to their dogs; their frequent hunger and great capacity for the consumption of food; the readiness with which they became Christians, a conversion, albeit, which seems to have wrought no change in their habits; with one trait which, perhaps, has not before been noted. Capt. Penny was anxious to procure two Esquimaux to assist in the expedition, but he could not obtain one; they were home-sick, and would not leave their own "firesides" for the certainty of good wages, good food, and the promise of being recommended to the patronage of the English Government. They seemed afraid also that the small ships under Captain Penny's command would be lost and crushed, as easily as the "kyaks," so their own little boats are called, among the floating ice. Failing the Esquimaux, the expedition gained the valuable services of Mr. Petersen, a Danish settler, married to an amiable Esquimaux wife, who took out with him some superior sledge-dogs. We need not detail the course of the voyage, nor the particulars of the sledge excursions undertaken when the ships were ice-bound, although those excursions are spiritedly described, for the search in sailing or sledging was fruitless as regards the grand object, excepting in what we shall proceed to quote, a circumstance on which great stress is laid. Otherwise we might tell of the first Saturday night in the ice; of storms and gales, and the violent pressure of the ships among the ice; of the danger of quenching thirst with snow; of the ships in great danger: of the colour of the sea; of the effect of the sun upon the eyes, the Esquimaux using "goggles" made of wood, with a narrow chink to admit the light; of sawing and "centipeding" the ice; of the "Felix," the released "North Star," the bootless American expedition; and Captain Austen's Squadron; of the use of kites and carrier pigeons; of blasting the ice; of many a glacier,

> where so wide,
> In old or later time, its marble floor,
> Did never temple boast as this, which here
> Spreads its bright level many a league around—

and of winter quarters, with their concomitant theatrical performances and Christmas festivities; with the temperature far, far below zero. The "circumstance" we have alluded to is of the date of August 26, 1850, and is entitled by Dr. Sutherland—

TRACES FOUND ALONG THE COAST.

At six in the evening our party returned, bringing off unexceptionable traces of extensive parties belonging to the missing expedition. About six miles N. of Cape Spencer, the site of an encampment was discovered, where there was a hut made of stones, of which the accompanying figure is a representation of the base; for this I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Goodsir. The floor was neatly paved with thin and smooth stones. The wall was generally about four feet in height, and it enclosed a space twelve feet in diameter. Immediately in connection with the wall outside, there were two projecting walls, about four feet apart, which enclosed a space that appeared to have been a fire-place, from the ashes and other relics of cookery which it contained. A great many articles were brought off by the party. These included soup canisters, some of which had been used as cooking vessels, while others had the labels entire.

"Goldener's Patent" were of a very common form; and there was one bearing the name "Mr. M'Donald" written in a business style. Some of them were a good deal corroded, especially where the paint had been removed in the opening, which in most cases appeared to have been very roughly performed. The painting outside and the tinning inside, when entire, prevented corrosion. There were pieces of oak, such as staves of small casks; the end portions of a small cask with the words "mixed pickles" scratched on them; also larger pieces of oak, such as might have been procured by splitting up the knees or the doubling of a ship, and they were charred at the ends as if they had been in the fire; the bones of birds also a little burned; but there were no beef bones; part of the leaves of a book (MS.) with some markings on them, and part of a newspaper bearing date September, 1844; portions of rope, very much chafed, but easily distinguished as belonging to the Royal Navy by the middle yarn; also torn mittens, cotton rags, and blank paper, all of which the wind had driven beneath the stones. The wall of the tent or hut had been rendered impervious to the wind, by the interstices being packed up with moss and bits of paper. Mr. Petersen said it was about four years since the hut had been built, from the appearance which everything connected with it had assumed by the action of the weather. In this respect, Mr. Petersen's opinion would be of great value, as it could be relied upon, from his extensive experience within the Arctic Circle. There were a few handfuls of coals in the fireplace, together with birds' wings, tails, heads, feathers, and bones, some of which appeared evidently to have been in the fire. The track of a sledge was discovered, and the marks of the runners, which were very distinct, were found to be two feet apart. The bones of whales were observed on the land, at the same place as the tent; but they appeared to have been there for ages.

From such an accumulation of materials, relics of parties belonging to the missing ships, and in the entire absence of documents left by them, various inferences were drawn, and questions resulting from such inferences were put, which ended in a number of opinions of a purely speculative character. It was not doubted by any one, that parties belonging to the Erebus and Terror had been here for a considerable time; and there were few or none to dissent from the general opinion that it had been at a period four years previously.

We may observe that in this account there is not an initial, or a distinctive mark, found on any vessel or other matter which indicated its having belonged to the Erebus or the Terror, so that we fear the "traces" are too faint to inspire any confidence. The base of the building alluded to is somewhat of a horse-shoe shape. More definite traces were, however, found of

THE MISSING SHIPS ON BEECHEY ISLAND.

The party was composed of all the officers of our expedition, except the chief mates, and it was under the orders of Mr. Stewart, commander of the Sophia. Traces were found, to a great extent, of the missing ships; tin canisters in hundreds; pieces of cloth, rope; wood in large fragments and in chips; iron in numerous fragments where the anvil had stood, and the block which supported it; paper, both "written" and "printed" with the dates 1844 and 1845; sledge marks in abundance; depressions in the gravel resembling wells, which they had been digging; and the graves of three men who had died on board the missing ships in January and April, 1846. These were unequivocal proofs that the missing ships had spent their first winter in the immediate vicinity of Beechey Island. A finger-post was picked up, which we at once supposed had been made use of to direct parties to the ships during winter, if they should happen to have lost their way in a snow storm. Captain Parry adopted the same precautions around his winter quarters at Melville Island, and it is not improbable some of the posts may be found after a lapse of thirty years. Our ideas were that the ships had wintered in a deep bay between Beechey Island and Cape Riley, which we called Erebus and Terror Bay. Immediately adjacent to the supposed position of the ships, we found the site of a large storehouse and workshop, and smaller sites which were supposed to have been observatories and other temporary erections. A great number of coal-bags containing patent fuel in small quantities were found scattered in the vicinity of the sites of these erections, and several pieces of canvas, such as is often used about the deck of a man of war; one of the pieces had the letters T-e-r-r-o-r written on it. The meat-tins were piled up in heaps in the same regular manner as shot is piled up; each had been filled with loose shingle, and when the tiers of a single layer were completed the interstices were also filled up with shingle.

In a cairn on the south side of the island was found a brief paper, left by Captain Ommanney, of H.M.S. Assistance, sketching the foregoing circumstances, but no papers were found belonging to the missing ships. The inscriptions on the head-stones of the graves alluded to were in memory of W. Braine and John Hartnell, of the Erebus, the following texts being cited: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" and "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways;" and the following: "Sacred to the memory of John Torrington, who departed this life January 1st, 1846, on board of H.M.S. Terror, aged twenty years." It may be that, young as he was, he escaped a worse death.

We have said that, as to the main object of the Expedition, the result was fruitless; but the reader must not imagine that nothing was done for the advancement of geographical and maritime knowledge. Dr. Sutherland states that, on the 9th August, 1851, a large cairn was erected on Prospect-hill, Barrow Straits, and two tin cylinders were left on the top of it, containing documents relative to their proceedings up to that date. From these, it appears that the miles travelled by each person in the Expedition were about 2,000, and of this great extent, 710 miles were newly discovered, and had to be added to the charts of the Polar Seas. The islands in and westward of the New Channel were all examined and circumnavigated, while the coasts from Cape Bowden to Cape Becher, and from Point Belay to Lady Hamilton Bay, or Goodsir's Farthest, were followed round every bay and indentation.

On the 13th September, 1851, the Lady Franklin reached Peterhead, and on the 21st of the same month the Sophia was off Gravesend: "The rows of lamps," concludes our author, "the rolling sounds of carriage-wheels, and the well-known sound of the chain upon the windlass as the anchor went down, all spoke loudly in our ears that our voyage in search of the Erebus and Terror, and their gallant crews, was at an end."

Western Himalaya and Thibet: a Narrative of a Journey through the Mountains of Northern India during the Years 1847-48. By THOMAS THOMSON, M.D., F.L.S., Assistant Surgeon, Bengal Army. Reeve and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. 1852.

THIS is, upon the whole, the most interesting narrative that has yet emanated from the press, relative to that vast mountain range of Northern India, an intimate knowledge of which is so important in every way both to the geographer and the geologist.

Dr. Thomson, it appears, has had more than ordinary opportunities of studying this chain of mountains, and he had the good fortune to be aided in his researches by those experienced and indefatigable travellers, Major Cunningham, Captain Henry Strachey, and Dr. Hooker. As regards the last-mentioned gentleman, it must have been a source of no ordinary gratification to Dr. Thomson to find, that in studying the Himalayas at opposite extremities of the chain, the results at which both arrived, were almost identical.

It was, while stationed with his regiment at Firozpur, in May, 1847, that Dr. Thomson received from Lord Hardinge, the then Governor General of India, an intimation of his appointment to a mission about to proceed across the Himalayas into Thibet. Accordingly, starting on the 20th of May, and travelling, on account of the intense heat, only at night, our author arrived on the morning of the fourth day at the foot of the mountains which lie a little to the southward of Kalka, a village where arrangements are usually made by travellers for the continuance of their journey; as palankin bearers proceed no further. This spot is about 2,000 feet above the sea level, or 1,000 above the plain immediately beneath. The hill country around has a desolate appearance, and the intervening valleys are only thinly adorned with forests.

The ascent commences shortly after leaving Kalka, and continues gradually to increase for the next ten miles, where the military post of Kussowlee is situated. The elevation here is about 6,500 feet, but the air is pure and the climate temperate, though the heat below is usually most oppressive. The traveller from this point begins to form a more comprehensive idea of the magnitude and enormous extent of the mountain range amongst the recesses of which he has commenced to penetrate. From Kussowlee, in favourable weather, the view is magnificent. Immediately to the north of the barracks is a deep ravine, forming an appropriate foreground to the interminable landscape beyond, comprehending the deep valley of the Gambar, into which an infinity of rugged spurs protrude, though, from their comparatively lower level, they are not at first prominently distinguishable. Southward and eastward the principal range dips somewhat suddenly nearly 1,000 feet below the spectator, but as abruptly rises again, and forms the wooded hill on which stands the Lawrence Asylum. Still further to the south are deep dells whose sides are formed by rugged, slaty mountains, almost destitute of vegetation. In the direction of India the view is very striking, the plains presenting all around a boundless surface like that of the ocean, as far as vision extends. Simla, by the road, is 30 miles distant from Kussowlee, though, upon the map, it is not in reality more than 16. Of late years it has, from a variety of political and other concurrent circumstances, become a place of considerable importance:—

Besides an extensive bazaar or collection of shops, which may now almost be designated a small native town, Simla contains nearly 400 houses, scattered along the crest of different mountain ranges. Its situation is a most favourable one, on the main range of mountains south of the Sutlej river, at a point where a massive peak rises to a height of 8,100 feet, and on the nearest part of the ridge to the plains of India, which is sufficiently elevated, well wooded, and situated favourably with regard to water. The greater part of the station is built on the main range, partly surrounding the peak of Jako, and partly on the ridge running north from it, at an elevation of about 7,000 feet, as far as a smaller culminating point of the range, which is by the inhabitants named Prospect Point. At this point the main range turns sharply to the west, and the station is continued for nearly a mile on a spur which runs towards the north, passing through the station of Jutog. From the scattered position of the houses, the extent of Simla is much more considerable than the bare statement of the number of houses might lead one to suppose. The northern ridge extends almost four miles, and the circuit of Jako, by the principal road, which is from 500 to 1,000 feet below the summit, measures five miles.

In consequence of the sudden elevation of the mountain range at the place where Simla has been built, there is a most complete and surprising change in the vegetation and general appearance of the scenery. During the last ascent on the road from the plains this is sufficiently perceptible, although, from the great ravages which the proximity of so large a population has made in the oak woods, only a few stunted bushes are now left on the southern exposure. Between the plains and Simla the hills are totally devoid of trees, but immediately on gaining the top of the ridge on which the station is built we enter a fine forest, which covers all the broader parts of the range, especially the slopes which have a northern aspect, stretching down on these in many places to the bottom of the valleys, fully 2,000 feet.

It was upon the 2nd of August, 1847, that Dr. Thomson, Major Cunningham, and Captain Strachey left Simla, having received the instructions of the Governor General to proceed to Ladakh, and thence severally, to adopt such a route as would appear most likely to conduce to a better acquaintance with the country.

The direction adopted in the first instance was along the valley of the Sutlej, through Kunawar, so as to enable them to make their way as speedily as practicable to Hangarang and Piti:—

From Simla, the first day's journey towards the interior of the mountains is usually to Fagu, a distance of fourteen miles. Here, and for several stages farther, as far as the road lies through British territory, there are houses (bungalows, as they are termed in India) provided by Government for the accommodation of travellers, upon the payment of a small fixed sum per diem. Though often in bad repair, and

therefore very uncomfortable in rainy weather, these houses (which occur also between Simla and the plains) are a very great convenience, as they enable tourists to dispense with the carriage of tents.

The difficulty of making a start, from the small number of porters procurable for our baggage, was so great that it was some time after dark before I reached the Fagu bungalow, in the midst of an extremely heavy fall of rain, which had commenced about sunset, after a fair though lowering day. The road from Simla to Fagu follows throughout the course of the main range, not always on the very crest of the ridge, but seldom at any great distance from it. After passing round the peak of Jako, it turns northward, and descends abruptly about 500 feet, to a low part of the ridge, elevated about 6,800 feet, and quite bare of trees, the micaceous slaty rock being in many places exposed. The ridge continues in a north-east direction for nearly four miles, varying very little in level, only one short and rather steep ascent occurring to a peak where a spur branches off to the south, beyond which the road again slightly descends.

About four miles from Simla a sudden increase in the elevation of the range takes place, and at the same time it turns abruptly towards the south-east. The road ascends the steep face of the ridge, in a series of zigzags, rather steeply, with a deep ravine on either hand, that to the right bare, while on the left there is first a thicket of rose and willow bushes, and further on an oak wood, of a species (*Quercus floribunda* of Wallich) different from that common in Simla, and indicative of greater elevation, though here growing with *Rhododendron* and *Andromeda*, common Simla trees. When near the top of the ascent the road bends rapidly to the right, keeping on the south face of the ridge, and passing under but close to a small house, built on the very crest of the ridge, at an elevation of about 8,000 feet. Close to this bungalow, which occupies a most excellent site, forest commences, and the road runs for a mile through fine trees of deodar and spruce (*Abies Smithiana*), generally on the very crest of the ridge, looking down towards the east into a deep and broad valley. Right across this valley, north-east, rises the remarkable peak of Shali, a bold rocky mass sloping gently to the south, while to the north, which seems to overhang the Sutlej valley, it is cut off very abruptly. This highly beautiful mountain, the termination of a northerly spur, given off close to Mattiana, is hardly visible from Simla, its top only being seen from some of the more northerly houses.

From an elevation of about 8,000 feet at its north-west end, the Mahasu ridge rises, at first gradually, to at least 9,000 feet, and as it is throughout well wooded, the road along it is extremely beautiful. On the earlier part of the ridge the forest consists chiefly of pine, *P. excelsa* and *Abies Smithiana* being abundant, and more especially the deodar, which, on the slope facing the west, may be seen in the greatest profusion, thousands of young trees springing up in dense masses on the slopes which have been bared by the axe, or still more destructively by the fires of the hill-men.

After about five miles of what, in the Himalaya, may be called tolerably level road, another sudden ascent follows, the road inclining rather to the northern slope of the mountain, and entering a dense forest of large massive pines, intermixed with two species of sycamore and a fine cherry, which relieve the otherwise too gloomy foliage of the coniferous trees. A magnificent climbing vine, which attaches itself to the tallest trees, rising in light green coils round their trunks, and falling in graceful festoons from the branches high over head, adds much to the elegance of the scene, and renders it, in the expressive words of Griffith, who was familiar with the rich vegetation of the humid forests of the Eastern Himalaya, the only true Himalayan forest of the western mountains.

From Simla our travellers proceeded by a north-easterly route to Kotgarh, thence to Sungnam and Lio, shortly after which, their course took a westerly direction, bringing them, on the 5th of September, to Kibar:—

Kibar is rather a pleasing-looking village, remarkable for its houses being all built of stone, instead of the mud or unburnt brick so commonly used in the valley of Piti. It is situated on the summit of a limestone rock, on the right bank of the stream. Our tents were on a patch of green-sward on the opposite bank, separated from the village by a deep ravine. Crossing this on the morning of the 6th, we ascended the slope of the hill above the village, among cultivation which rose on the hill-side fully 300 feet higher. Except one field of oil-seed, the crops were all barley, which was ripe, and partly cut: it was apparently very poor, being thin and deficient in ear. After leaving the cultivation, we continued to ascend on the ridge, till we attained an elevation of nearly 15,000 feet, at which height the road wound round the sides of hills, without any considerable change of level, for two or three miles. It was still early morning, and the air was very frosty. Every little rill was covered with a thick coating of ice, and some small swamps which we passed were crisp with frost.

The ravine being now more open, we could see the hills to better advantage, and were struck with astonishment at the desolation by which we were surrounded. We were, in truth, in a wilderness of rocks, which to the south closed together, so as to shut in the ravine by which we had ascended. High walls of cliffs rose on either hand to an elevation of at least 1,500 feet, displaying a natural section of a multitude of strata, which seemed to be repeated again and again in a succession of beds of limestone and slate. The elevation of our encampment was 14,800 feet.

For the further detail of Dr. Thomson's wanderings in the higher regions of the Himalaya we must, from want of space, refer the reader to the doctor's journal, which we are satisfied will amply repay any, who desire information as to the character and natural productions of the region intersected by this stupendous range of mountains.

Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas; including a History of that Empire from its Foundation to the Present Time. By GEORGE FOWLER, Esq. 4 vols. Shoberl, Great Marlborough-street. 1852.

STRANGE and eventful though the annals of the mighty empire of the Czar unquestionably are, yet singularly enough, there is not to be found in our language any faithful record of the leading incidents of her history. It is scarcely, therefore, matter of surprise that Englishmen generally, should manifest so much ignorance relative to everything connected with Russia and her people. Mr. Fowler's aim has been to supply, in some measure, the existing want. For this purpose he has collated a variety of authentic records, the works of Kavamsin, Bremner, Kohl, Slade, Golovine, &c., the journals of numerous travellers, besides other sources of information; and the result, so far as we are enabled to judge from a first volume, reflects great credit upon his powers of research and condensation, no less than upon his talents as an author. The four hundred and odd pages before us, give a clear and luminous account of the vast change effected upon the semi-barbarian denizens of Russia by their earliest monarchs—a change greater, perhaps, than was ever yet wrought in any other nation in the same period of time.

The history of the earlier sovereigns of Russia is necessarily involved in much obscurity; our author,

therefore, has been obliged to content himself with brief sketches of their reigns—enough, however, is given to satisfy the curiosity of the generality of enquirers. The majority of these despots being distinguished chiefly for their brutality, tyranny, and cruelty, their characters are for the most part calculated to excite only our detestation and abhorrence.

The principal portion of the present volume is very properly devoted to the most prominent events in the history of Peter the Great, unquestionably one of the most consummate and far-seeing monarchs that the world has ever beheld.

His accession may indeed be deemed the most important epoch in the history of Russia. If impartially considered, the difficulties with which he had to contend would, to any but a master-mind like his, have appeared insuperable.

The people throughout the wide range of his almost illimitable empire had sunk into the lowest abyss of ignorance, idolatrous superstition, and debasing servitude. Selfishness and dishonesty were their predominant characteristics, no principle of honour had any influence even among the highest classes, who were mainly distinguished for tyrannous behaviour to their serfs and slavish adulation towards their rulers. The sources of justice were tainted, its administration most corrupt. Punishments for the slightest offences were severe, and for graver crimes horrible in the extreme; the brand, the lash, and the rack were instruments of torture in common use, but the moral reformation effected by such means was, as might be supposed, of no salutary kind. All science was considered to be allied to magic, and the professors of both were alike abhorred. Government was maintained by terror and by military coercion, and any peasant who traversed the frontier was deemed a fugitive, a traitor to his prince, and a rebel.

It was even compulsory upon the nobility to dwell in the walled towns, on account of their dependence upon the petty princes by whom they were swayed; their estates, and even the very rank they enjoyed, depending upon the dubious tenure of the favour of those princes whose vassals in effect they were. The princes, again, were no more than the mere vassals of the potentate whom universal Russia acknowledged for her ruler.

Peter, at his accession in 1689, comprehended at a glance the degraded position of his subjects, as well as their capabilities and those of his dominions. His prime object was to divest them of their Asiatic character, and to impart instead the advantages of European intercourse, and its necessary concomitant—civilisation. His noble efforts were for a length of time thwarted and opposed by all ranks of his people; numerous conspiracies were formed against his person, but his indomitable energy overcame all opposition, and the veneration in which his memory is held by modern Russians is the best evidence that can be adduced of the value of his services:—

He was always in good-humour while tracing the progress of those works which his genius was creating; nothing of the tyrant was then conspicuous in him, much less of the sanguinary sovereign; but, by an easy familiarity with the people, he won not only their confidence but their attachment, and never was master more beloved by those employed by him. His views for aggrandising the empire were on a grand scale. He sought to convert a barbarous people into a great and civilised nation; he attempted to open commerce with India, by the Caspian Sea to Bokhara; he sent Behrens to discover a north-east passage, with instructions written by himself: he sent a mission to China, by which to traverse the wild regions of Siberia. Nothing seemed to escape the grasp of his great mind; and, in the meanwhile, he was preparing for war with his formidable antagonist, and contemplating those conquests which were so necessary to his ambition—that of having a free and uninterrupted communication with the great ocean.

St. Petersburg may be deemed the most daring effort of Peter's genius. Here he concentrated all his mighty powers, in contempt of the opinion of others, and seemingly in contempt of Nature herself. The Boyars urged their objections to the barren and swampy soil, at the extremity of the Gulf of Finland. Opposite are three islands, formed by the Neva, which were formerly occupied by a few fishermen's huts. These islands are now crowded with public buildings and large establishments. To effect this great work, forests were broken through, morasses dried up, and banks raised before the new city could be built; and it is computed that not less than 10,000 men perished in the morasses during these operations, where they could neither find food to eat, nor shelter to cover them. They were pressed to the work from all parts of the empire, even from Astracan and Kasan. More than 40,000 men were employed, consisting of Cossacs, Kalmucs, and Russian peasants. Their number was successively augmented by the prisoners of war, whom Peter turned to good account, not following the example of his rival Charles, who put many of his prisoners to death.

More than forty thousand men were here employed, and in the short space of five months the fortress was completed, the plan of which the Tzar drew with his own hand, and under every difficulty of the want of tools. For wheelbarrows they substituted bags, or their shirts, in which to carry the earth; thus out of the midst of an almost inaccessible marsh sprang this fortress, surrounded with a wall of earth, having doors, and six bastions, defended by 300 pieces of cannon.

In order to accelerate the works, the Tzar took a part in them personally, aided by the first nobles of the court. Shortly after, a great number of houses of wood were built, with a large church in the centre, and all the plans were said to be drawn up by the Tzar himself; he assisted to build the first house at St. Petersburg, which consisted of a small hut, raised with planks and joists, to shelter the Tzar from the weather whilst he superintended the works; and he lived for some time in this cottage, which consisted of a dining-room, a bed-room, and a sitting-room. The little dwelling is most religiously preserved by his descendants

In addition to their other objections to the spot which Peter had selected as the site of his new capital, the Boyars dwelt upon the inhospitable and inclement climate, where winter reigned for eight months of the year—where rye was an article of garden-culture, and where vegetation could not be forced—where the Neva was blocked up with ice for four whole months, and the river was of such unequal depths, that ships launched at St. Petersburg could not descend it without the aid of machines to float them over the shoals (nor could merchant vessels ascend it without being towed) —and lastly, the port, though capable of containing three hundred vessels, yet the egress from it was impeded by sand-banks and other dangers; furthermore, that a storm of some hours' duration from the west, by driving back the waters of the Neva, would be sufficient to swallow up the city, built upon piles in a bottomless marsh.

But Peter set at nought all these various and reasonable objections; he was not a man to be deterred from his purpose by difficulties; it was necessary for him to open a road to the activity and industry of his subjects with Europe. Nor would he listen to their complaints with respect to the

remoteness of the situation which he had chosen for his new capital, which could not fail to occasion a ruinous tardiness to all administrative and judicial communications. In reply to all objections, the Tzar only hastened on the works the more strenuously, and the new city began to assume some importance. He ordered the priests from Moscow to perform the duties of their office at the new church, and directed merchants and trad·speople to repair to St. Petersburg and exercise their several trades and professions. A large hotel was built for the accommodation of the foreign ministers; and shops and warehouses, all of wood, were soon opened, which gave the rising city the appearance of a large town. The lakes and rivers were covered with vessels of every kind, which the Tzar demanded from all classes of his rich subjects, resolved that his people should be made sailors and pilots; for which purpose, and to render maritime an inland people, he would never throw a bridge over the Neva, so that the new inhabitants of its banks should cross it in sailing-boats, the art of guiding which he knew they would soon learn when their lives were at stake.

The opposition to building the new city was so great, that none but the most despotic measures could have enabled him to carry it into effect. The people regarded it with terror, from the great mortality which it had already occasioned; they broke out in loud complaints of the Tzar's long absence from Moscow, and with the greatest difficulty did he induce the inhabitants to emigrate thence to the bleak and dismal islands of the Neva. He employed several Dutch architects and masons, and adopted Amsterdam as his model for the new city: to one of the islands he gave the name of New Holland, as an acknowledgment of the obligations which he owed to that country. The extraordinary rapidity with which he hastened on the buildings met with complete success; and Prince Menzikoff was appointed the governor of St. Petersburg.

Mr. Fowler has given a spirited and yet faithful sketch of the Czarina Catherine, whose influence over her spouse had so marked an effect not only upon his subjects, but over the destinies of his empire. We have not space to extract this portion of the book, but we cannot forbear giving a brief and curious account of an entertainment given by the Princess Natalia, the sister of the Czar, to himself, his Czarina, and their principal nobility.

It strikingly illustrates the mode in which festivities were conducted at St. Petersburg amongst even the highest orders little more than a century ago:—

Immediately on their arrival, a small cup of brandy was presented to the guests by the mistress of the house; and she saluted them all with a kiss. The first course was then served up, consisting of cold meat, hams, sausages, jelly, broth, and divers sorts of dishes, dressed with olive oil, onions, and garlic. The second course consisted of soups, roast meat, and other hot dishes, and then followed the dessert. The healths were drunk at the beginning of the meal in large cups and glasses in the form of bells. Amongst people of high rank no other wine was taken than that of Hungary, which was deemed a mark of distinction. The ladies are described as having copied the French dress of the hooped petticoats, which sat rather awkward upon them; and as having very black teeth, it being the conviction amongst the old Russians that white teeeth more became monkeys than men.

And here we must, for the present, take our leave of the "Sovereigns of Russia," congratulating Mr. Fowler upon the very creditable manner in which he has acquitted himself of this portion of his task, and looking forward, as we shall, with pleasing anticipations for the completion of his very useful and interesting performance.

Pictures from St. Petersburg. By EDWARD JERMANN. Translated from the original German by FREDERICK HARDMAN. Longman. 1852.

A VERY readable account of the Russian capital, and a laudatory comment, in almost every chapter, on the rule and character of the present Czar. Whether Nicholas deserve these panegyrics or not, our readers should judge from the book itself. There seems no reason—but the policy of the Russian court is often inscrutable—to suppose that Jermann was a bribed flatterer of the Emperor, who appears not to have patronised him when he managed, unsuccessfully, a German theatre in St. Petersburg; so of that again we can say nothing, except that, if Jermann be an honest chronicler, he is very disinterested indeed. No doubt we are too apt to view the conduct of the great Autocrat with especially English eyes, and the author of these "Pictures" complains that his countrymen also judge their powerful neighbour in a clouded German spirit. "It is but the few," he says, "who know to what extent the bounteous hand of the Czar pours healing balm into the gaping wounds of his country; and, of those few, but a very few are open to conviction of the fact." This seems nonsense, for, if the few *knew* the "extent of this bounteous hand," how could they escape conviction?

The author gives a pleasant and unpedantic account of the palaces, the theatres, the police, and the serfs of Russia, although he appears to have been familiar only with its northern capital; but his favourite theme is the Imperial family. He gives his anecdotes of the Czar, some of them not very novel to the English reader, and they generally tell well for Nicholas I. His Majesty, for instance, meets two idling young Russians, who do not salute him, and excuse themselves, reasonably enough, when taxed by him with disrespect, by saying they do not know who he is. The Emperor, on the strength of the general's uniform which he wore, sends them to await for orders in the Winter Palace, adding, "there you will find out who I am." The young men do as they are bid, and wait hungrily for hours, their request to be allowed to send out for a loaf being harshly rejected. At length the Emperor, as if he had read "Lady Mary Wortley Montague," sends them "champagne and a chicken at last," and bids them remember him in future! This really reads like a freak of Haroun al Raschid.

Solomon's Temple. By JAMES ELMES, Esq. 1852.

THE subject of this essay (originally published in Dr. Kitto's journal, but which has since appeared in a separate form), however frequently and copiously it may be discussed, can never cease to be one of the highest interest to the Biblical student, and to every Christian. Nor to these alone, but also, in scarcely a less degree, to the worldly philosopher, who, with all his philosophy, cannot blind himself to the conviction that in the Temple of Solomon was set forth a glorious embodiment of that great and eternal truth, the unity of the Godhead, revealed to the Israelites alone, and of which they continued the sole depositories, till the Day-star from on high arose, to shine from Judea over the whole world, and to shed the light of truth upon those who had hitherto sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. While all other nations of the earth imagined a multitude of gods, and worshipped them in as many temples, under gross earthly forms, the Tabernacle, and subsequently the Temple, the one centre to which all worship was to be directed, enshrining the one Holy of holies wherein dwelt the ineffable brightness of the one invisible Deity, preserved among the chosen people the knowledge that the Lord their God was One God, and his likeness not to be graven by art or man's device. This all-important fact, as connected with the history of the Tabernacle and the Temple, is dwelt upon by our author, in the opening of his essay, appropriately and impressively. He then briefly reviews such points in the Jewish history as lead to and illustrate the building of the Temple; and proceeds to the main and most difficult point,—the consideration of the details of the structure, and all its architectural arrangements; taking for his basis the text of Scripture, and the treatise, "Der Salomonische Tempel," of Dr. Carl Bahr, for whose views he has evidently a high respect. The theory in which Dr. Bahr delights, and which has the concurrence and support of Mr. Elmes, is, that many of the leading characteristics of Egyptian architecture were conspicuous in that of Solomon's Temple; Herodotus, Strabo, and others being referred to as the authorities for this assumption. Now, we search Herodotus in vain for any particular description of the Egyptian temples. The pavimentum, propylæon, colonnades, and adytum or cella, of Strabo, may appear partially to correspond with the courts, the columns, the sanctuary, and the holy place of the Temple, but are wholly insufficient, in our opinion, to warrant the inference sought to be adduced. Mr. Elmes, indeed, draws a well-imagined and forcibly-expressed distinction between bold imitation and servile copying; and, in modification of Dr. Bahr's view, contends that the Hebrews can be said to have imitated their Egyptian masters only in the same sense as Virgil imitated Homer; and are no more to be deemed copyists than the great Roman poet a plagiarist. We, however, regard with suspicion and aversion this notion, even when propounded with a qualification, it being the forge whence infidelity draws one of its favourite weapons. Voltaire and his followers flatter themselves that they most effectually invalidate the authority of the Old Testament Scriptures by making it appear that no Divine revelation was made, as there recorded, to the Israelites,—their ecclesiastical structures and vessels, together with all their religious rites, ceremonies, and observances, being derived from the Egyptian model, as the natural and inevitable result of their lengthened abode in Egypt, where they had developed themselves from a single family into a mighty nation. Take, as an instance, the rite of circumcision, the sign of the covenant between God and his chosen people. This they represent as adopted from the Egyptian practice, in direct defiance of the sacred record, from which we learn that it was ordained to Abraham and his descendants many centuries before the visit of Israel and the patriarchs to Egypt. That there were many points of similarity is indubitable; more remarkably in the religious traditions and typical ceremonies of the two nations. Among these it will suffice to specify, first, the Egyptian tradition, that Orus, the deliverer, the son of Osiris, the supreme deity, overcame Typhon, the spirit of evil, and rendered him powerless* (Herod. Enterpe, 144); secondly, the peculiar ceremony of laying the people's sins upon the victim, heaping imprecations on its head, and praying that whatever evil menaced those who sacrificed, or Egypt in general, might fall upon that head (Euterp. 39); thus presenting a striking affinity to the scape-goat of the Mosaical dispensation. Finally may be instanced the law, uniformly observed with the utmost strictness, that the sacrifice offered should be without blemish. These and such-like parallels, however, are far from justifying the inferences which the cavillers at Holy Writ would deduce from them; for we are taught that, even as regards the most idolatrous and benighted nations, God never left himself wholly without witness; but, having made all nations of men of one blood, He was never far from any one of them. Thus to the Egyptians, as also to the Greeks and other nations of antiquity, was vouchsafed in their degree a shadowing forth of the truth,† and of the

* This is the true force of κἀλασσωσας, "having reduced him to inaction;" not "having expelled him," as in Beloe's translation.

† The uncertain light that beamed on the greatest heathen philosophers is seen in the case of Plato, who closes one of his sublimest discourses on the immortality of the soul, and

Divine designs in the government of the world, by means of certain types and devotional forms, which were more fully and directly revealed, through their inspired legislator, to the chosen people. Albeit, therefore, nothing is gained to the cause of infidelity by these analogies between the Israelitish institutions, ordinances, and customs, and those of heathen nations, it is, nevertheless, injudicious to seek to extend them beyond certain limits, nor would we willingly admit them where a distinct necessity cannot be shown. The Temple of Solomon seems to present to us no such necessity; and ably as Mr. Elmes argues his view of the question, we confess our preference for the opposite theory of Mr. Hakewill, who, in his very learned treatise on "The Ark, the Tabernacle, and the Temple," applies himself to the task of demonstrating the correspondence that existed between their structure and that of the Greek temples. In working out this theory, he does not suppose, for a moment, that the correspondence in question arose from any imitation by the Greeks of the Israelites, or *vice versâ;* but that the style and form of the architecture in both instances is traceable to that of the Ark of Noah. It is not our province here to enter into the very ingenious and erudite train of reasoning which he brings to the elucidation of his problem—we will content ourselves with adverting to the fact that his profound knowledge of the history and the science of architecture leads him to adopt certain conclusions which prove to be fully borne out by the sacred text, not, indeed, as rendered in our perplexed version of the 6th and 7th chapters of the First Book of Kings, but as it really and truly stands in the original Hebrew. Taking the text as we have it, neither Mr. Elmes, nor any other commentator we have met with, attempts to explain the narrowed rests, the chambers round about, the narrow lights, the ranks of light, the multifarious windows, &c., none of which have any existence in the original, and therefore inextricably bewilder the reader. They evade all these difficulties, and take refuge in generalities. Not so Mr. Hakewill, who faces them boldly, and ultimately succeeds, by establishing the true sense of the original text, in exhibiting them as appropriate parts of an harmonious whole. Like most clever men, Mr. Hakewill will not take more credit to himself than he is fairly entitled to. Happening not to have had time to study Hebrew for himself, he candidly acknowledges the assistance he has received from friends in that department, "especially from one, he adds, who with equal patience and kindness placed his knowledge of Hebrew at my disposal." Mr. Elmes laughs heartily at this, and declares that it brings irresistibly to his mind's eye Hogarth's ludicrous representation of the elder Richardson, the graphic critic, reading Greek *through* his son. If, however, Mr. Hakewill be deemed a legitimate subject for ridicule on this account, he may console himself with the reflection that he is in the same boat with the eminent Professor Sedgwick, who, in his world-famous Bridgewater Treatise on Geology, is not ashamed to avow his obligations, as regards the Hebrew, to Dr. Pusey, the Regius Professor. We suspect that, critically speaking, Mr. Elmes is not very well "up" in the Hebrew himself, since, in his opening observations, he speaks of the Israelites leaving the land of the Pharaohs "enriched with the *loans* and spoils of their oppressors," thus sanctioning the grievous misapprehension of our translators (Exodus iii., 22; xi., 2; xii., 35, 36), whereby Moses is represented as authorising, by command of God, an act of unmitigated fraud. It is familiar to every Hebrew scholar that the verb shaäl, rendered in these three passages "to borrow" and "to lend," very rarely, if ever, conveys such meaning; the true and well-known interpretation in the numberless passages in which it occurs being "to demand" as a right, or "to request" as a favour; either of which would be suitable in the examples before us, and rightly express the sense of the sacred writer.* Mr. Elmes' zeal in the cause of Egypt versus Greece leads him to attack Mr. Hakewill on another point, and here he appears, at first sight, to "have him on the hip." The *four* rows of pillars mentioned 1 Kings vii., 2, do not square with Mr. Hakewill's scheme of the Temple. He therefore, with his usual well-judged confidence, alters the "four" to "three," saying "an arithmetical necessity obliges me to consider that the 'four rows' of pillars here described should be read 'three rows,' and with this correction we have no difficulty in laying down the plan of the house of the forest of Lebanon, which was probably the east gate." Hereupon Mr. Elmes indignantly asks—

Does Mr. Hakewill see where this begging of the question tends? We think not. Give him his arithmetical necessity to make the sacred penman bend to his classic plan, and then comes a geological necessity, a chronological necessity, a geographical, a rational, or any other necessity; and the sacred text is jumbled into a gallimaufry such as would make a German critic stare if any one dared to take such liberties with either the metamorphoses of Ovid or the mad metaphysics of Lucretius.

This is very smartly said, and would be conclusive against the presumption of Mr. Hakewill in making so free with the text, but for the next verse, the third (which escaped the critic's notice) where we find it specified that the pillars were forty-five in number, and arranged fifteen in a row. Unless,

the future life of the virtuous, with the words, τουτο μεν ουκ αν φαιην διϊσχυρισασθαι, "this, however, I would not altogether confidently affirm."

* Neither the Septuagint nor the Vulgate countenance our strange translation, the former using the verb αἰτεω, the latter the verbs *postulo* and *peto*.

then, we set at nought the rules of multiplication, an "arithmetical necessity" is evident for reading "three rows" in the preceding verse instead of "four." Accordingly, on turning to the Septuagint (which in many cases seems to have been translated from a more correct copy than ours), we read "*three*" rows, as obviously required to make the two verses correspond with each other.* Taken as we are with the elegant theory of Mr. Hakewill, and entirely approving it, we could not refrain from stepping aside from the matter immediately in hand, to vindicate him against these collateral assaults; but, in so doing, we are far from seeking to disparage in any way Mr. Elmes' labours. On the contrary, we rather applaud, than otherwise, that enthusiasm for his subject which carries a man a little out of bounds when he finds an opponent in his way. We much admire the evident love of our present essayist for his subject, and the acumen with which he investigates it, qualities which we recognise as distinguishing also his more elaborate work on the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Wren. We may safely recommend the treatise before us to our readers, as one the perusal of which will be attended with equal pleasure and profit.

Ceremonial Usages of the Chinese, B.C. 1121, *as prescribed in the "Institutes of the Chow Dynasty, strung as Pearls;" or, Chow le Kwan choo.* Translated from the original Chinese. By W. R. GINGELL, Interpreter to her Majesty's Consulate, Foo-Chow-Foo.

THE great wall of China, 1,500 miles long, of a breadth to carry six horsemen abreast, composed of an amount of material sufficient for all the dwelling-houses in Great Britain, or to form a wall of moderate height and thickness round the world,—this stupendous bulwark, erected against the incursions of the Tartars, is but an inadequate type of that impregnable moral barrier which Chinese prejudice and jealousy has hitherto opposed to political and social intercourse with other nations. Their vast material fabric presented no effectual obstacle to the savage Tartar hordes, who penetrated into the heart of their country, and subverted the empire; but the tide of civilization, ever rising higher on all sides, vainly seeks to overflow the huge embankment of superstition and distrust, behind which they entrench themselves. Hence, notwithstanding the numberless bulky books that have been published concerning them (among which may be noted, *en passant*, the thirteen volumes quarto of "Father Mailla, the Jesuit Missionary"), the subject may be said to have been only elucidated into obscurity, for none of the narrators having been permitted to penetrate more than a few miles into the country, they were obliged to content themselves with little more than such information as they could gather from their own limited means of observation, or from the communications of any intelligent and good-natured Chinese they might meet with in the coast-towns. Those even admitted within the walls of Pekin, on special occasions, had few better opportunities of informing themselves, being confined, in their transit, to one line of road, canal, or river, according to the Celestial behest, and being, moreover, strictly supervised throughout the journey. The complaint of Mr. Ellis, who accompanied Lord Amherst on his mission to Pekin, might be made by all similarly circumstanced:—

> The state of surveillance under which we shall travel will be a complete bar to enjoyment and research. For my part, I had rather again undergo fatigue and privations among the Bedouins of Arabia, or the Eeliats of Persia, than sail along in unchanging comfort on the placid waters of the imperial canal.

In consequence, therefore, of the impediments thrown in the way of obtaining precise information, whatever has been written respecting China is so unsatisfactory, that few satisfactory ideas are to be gleaned from it. Not long since, indeed, both Le Comte and Du Halde, two very shrewd expositors, thought it necessary to assure their readers that the Chinese were by no means so grotesque as their cups and saucers would indicate! Among other theories relative to the origin of this singular people, it was formerly maintained, particularly by certain French *savans*, that they were descended from a colony of Egyptians. Voltaire, in his "Dictionnaire Philosophique," humorously represents the principal argument for this opinion to be, that the Egyptians, on certain religious ceremonies, lighted a multitude of torches, and the Chinese have their feast of lanterns—*therefore* the latter must needs be a colony of the former. The character of the Chinese was also a matter of endless dispute, the most opposite opinions being entertained respecting it. The learned Isaac Vossius was so enthusiastic in their favour as to assert there was nothing valuable on earth that was not to be found in China, and he lamented exceedingly that he himself had not been born a Chinese. Others, again, as the Abbé Renaudot, represented them to be utterly deficient in science, and totally devoid of every moral principle—hypocritical, mean, and systematically dishonest. The prevalence of this latter opinion is nevertheless far

* A precisely similar error is observable in Genesis ii. 2, where the received text, followed by our translation, has "on the *seventh* day God ended the work that he had made," —a palpable corruption. The Samaritan version and the Septuagint read correctly "on the *sixth* day."

from conclusive, being mainly traceable to the constant disputes arising from trading operations. They may be guilty, no doubt, of those ordinary tricks from which our own traders are not altogether free, but an acquaintance with the interior would probably lead to a far more favourable estimate of Chinese morality. In the mean time we must accept, with the best grace we may, any authentic information respecting their ancient state and characteristics. This we have in the volume before us, which is a decided curiosity in its way. The Chow Dynasty — whose Institutes are here exhibited "strung as pearls" — reigned over China from B.C. 1122 to B.C. 249, having succeeded the Shang Dynasty, the last sovereign of which expired like Sardanapalus—on a blazing pile fired by his own hands. In these Institutes we find no scheme of government, no enlarged nor profound philosophical views, only a series of minute details of ceremonial observances and regulations, such as we might expect to characterise a very rude state of society. These details are accompanied by quaint and fantastic views. The first pearl refers to the erection of the King's palace, the site chosen for which, with much deliberation, is described as

Te Chung, centre of the earth, where heaven and earth united, where the four seasons blended, where the rain and wind met, and where the superior and inferior principles of nature, male and female, harmonised.

After a description of the palace, the officers of state are enumerated; these are considered "the abstruse ceremonies attendant on eating and drinking, of dress and of charioteering; remissness on any one of these matters was not tolerated." At the ordinary royal dinner, we are informed there were provided of "*Seu*," savoury viands, 120 dishes, and of sauces 120 jars. There were twelve tripods, and everything had its "*Tsoo*," block, on which the meat, &c., was cut up.

The celestial notions of fasting were curious, and very convenient:—

"On fast-days there were three "Keu," or principal meals, in order to rectify the state of the heart; for in intercourse with the gods, before whom nothing is dark or obscure, it was highly necessary a change should be made, and an increase to the ordinary quantity, that the body might be supported."

Then follow regulations for the five sacrifices, to the generations of former kings, to the spirits of the hills and streams, and the gods of the land and grain, with the vestments to be worn on the occasion. As regards religion, these Institutes accord with other similar records in showing that of China to be a species of Pantheism; thus the Decree of the Sorbonne, in 1700, mentioned by Voltaire, declaring heretical the proposition that the Emperor of China did not believe in God, is scarcely borne out by the fact. The principal remaining pearls, strung together in the Chow Institutes, are, the king's table, his royal robes, his carriages, and banners; the formalities at court receptions, very elaborately described; the royal progresses through his dominions. Here we learn that—

When the king halted, he performed the ceremonies of ascending the central eminence, and sacrificing to the spirits of the distant hills; then followed the ceremonial of laying before him the poetical effusions of the officers of the place, and an account of the price current.

A somewhat strange melange this. We have then rules for the intercourse of the nobles, their visits of ceremony, and embassies to foreign states; regulations respecting husbandry; laws of the markets, among which was one that "if princes of a state went to the market, all criminals had their punishments remitted; the employment of the poor by the state; modes of relieving them in times of distress, the most effectual being, that "if the country were afflicted by famine, the king's officers gave directions for property to be shared in common, and punishments were withheld for a time." Then follow the duties of the public officers of education; a treatise on music, not much in accordance with our present notions; a treatise on archery; method of levying imposts on articles of production; trials of criminals and their punishments. On this point we learn that the punishment of marking with characters was applicable in 500 cases, cutting off noses in 500, secret mutilation in 500, cutting off the toes in 500, and beheading in 500 cases. What these 2,000 different criminal cases were is not specified. In treating of medical practice it is asserted that "the sickness of men constantly arose from unguarded indulgence in meats and drinks. Hence there were "Shih-e," who had charge of regulating the king's six kinds of diet, six kinds of drinks, and the component parts of rare viands." Divinations, of course, are not forgotten, and many strange methods are set forth of divining by the atmosphere, the reeds, and six kind of tortoises. The various subjects are illustrated by outline sketches, which present us with the forms of musical instruments, weapons of war, armour, banners, habits of ceremony, regalia, carriages, drinking-cups, domestic vessels, &c. All the official, domestic, and other peculiar terms are exhibited in the Chinese character, and are so numerous that an attentive study of them would afford any reader having sufficient leisure, a considerable insight into the Chinese character and language. The volume is altogether very neatly got up.

Blondelle: a Story of the Day. London: Bentley. 1852.

"SONDER les plaies de la société," is a very fine phrase, which has been the apology for many an extraordinary work, and the excuse for many an unenviable success. The French have a proverb that "il y a des hommes qui ne demandent que plaie et bosse."

This Blondelle is a smart hot-pressed volume, in a red binding, with an innocent name and an anonymous author. Its appearance is suggestive only of gentle dulness softly prattling an eventless tale, quietly compulsive to light slumber. A young maiden during her morning drive would pick it from a dozen lying on the counter before her for the prettiness of its cover; her maid would recommend it for its lightness and easy portability, and for its singleness of volume. Charming dear little tome! Its silvery name and wooing aspect engage at first sight. It *must* be the very thing to take home as a new friend to the boudoir, to be made the confidant of young sighs, the witness of warm, trickling, painless tears. If *we* (harsh unromantic word!) had been a soft-hearted tender maiden—but people will not believe the possibility, so we may as well confess at once that never did we less expect to be interrupted by a sensation, than when we began listlessly to cut and read this volume.

The listlessness did not continue beyond some score of pages, and the unexpected sensation came very soon. First, we turned back in a little fright to the title-page, and being reassured by the respectable name of Mr. Bentley and the New Burlington-street address, which ensured the identity, we recommenced and read on and on, in a state of uncontrollable wonderment; arrived at the word "end," we took another look at the title-page, to make quite sure, gently laid the volume down, and passed a quarter of an hour in rather bewildered meditation.

The subject of this meditation was, we confess, whether it would be right to say one word about this book, or to do aught to help it into notoriety. Such scruples were soon removed when we began to speak of it abroad. It was evident, upon mentioning its name, that it had already become fully known, that it was *the* successful book of the season, and no secrecy was affected that the author was a young attaché with some hereditary title to talent, and also to audacity, who has not yet sown his wild oats, but who, although he probably threw off the story in the intoxication of the bubbling passions of youth, has at least had the grace to keep *his* name off the title-page.

It is impossible to ignore the work; we must proceed, therefore, soberly and steadily to review it.

Perhaps it may a little astonish the remote reader to learn, that the plan and purport of the tale is to contrast, no, to compare, the lives of the impure and the pure of the fair sex. But let us first introduce the author. Of course, his anonym is sacred to us; he may nevertheless be allowed to describe himself—

> We unfortunately do not seek for the society of the pure damsel. We admire her beauty, we are won by her innocence, and we look upon it as a thing at a distance, as a deity to be reverenced but not approached; but such is our opinion of ourselves, that after severe self-examination we do not feel ourselves warranted in coming near her too familiarly. We are too human to enjoy her society; we feel ourselves as much out of place with her as a dancing-master must feel at a Moravian love-feast. Our talk, alas! smacks too much of this world, and we admire the more pungent conversation in which only a married woman may indulge. We would not touch the goddess with an unclean hand, and once we have found that being sent to purge ourselves in the stream of holiness, another already clean has offered the sacrifice. We found, though we felt ourselves superior to our rival in wit in this case, to our cost, the truth of the saying of Sadi of Shiraz: "The scent of onions from a beautiful mouth is more fragrant than the odour of the rose from the hand of one who is ugly."

Such is the gentleman who applies himself to the task of depicting English society. But to the tale—

Emmeline and Blondelle Brooke were twin-sisters, the daughters of an old debauchee father, and of a woman-of-society mother, but educated in all purity by a devoted aunt. Charley Dalrymple was an almost penniless young attaché, clever, winning, and superficial, very sensitive, much of a coxcomb, and a cousin. Emmeline suddenly finds out that she is in love with Charley, while she and he are alone in a carriage together. Charley has fainted, the result of a previous horse adventure, and Emmeline the pure, *while she is kissing him* (our author takes pains to justify his own description of himself), discovers that he wears the portrait of her sister Blondelle. Thenceforth Emmeline stifles her love, and, like a good twin-sister, becomes the confidant of the enamoured pair.

But Charley is poor, and the parent Brookes' have this peculiarity, that they prefer a wealthy son-in-law to a poor one.

There is a certain Sir Guy Trevethen, a rich, coarse, ruthless reprobate,—a Sir Mulberry Hawke, as Sir Mulberry would have been had he had a large fortune. Throughout the volume Sir Guy's money is matched against Charley's coxcombry, and, although the fair are represented as preferring the latter, they always fall *first* to the former.

As to the other characters of the book, we must really leave them to the author. The reader will observe that the writer imitates at second hand those apostrophes to the reader which, delicately used by Sterne, were one beauty the more in the "Sentimental Journey"—which, when copied and recopied and much exaggerated by Thackeray, become a mannerism in the hands of that clever novelist—but which, awkwardly used by a tyro, smack strongly of impertinence unsustained by wit. Now to our author's characters:—

In your drives, Madam, in the various outskirts of London, you have doubtless observed small detached houses luxuriating under some aristocratic title, such as Clifford Villa, Cavendish Cottage, Seton Lodge. These houses are built in an attractive form, are often possessed of a small conservatory, generally of a garden, and the oriel window, bedecked with choice flowers, offers a prospect of comfort and elegance.

Who do you think, lady, lives within these picturesque little houses? Who is it reads the Illustrated Byrons, and the gilt "Scott's Complete Works,' that lie upon the rosewood tables? Who plays upon the little piano? To whom belong the canary and the piping bullfinch in the fantastic cages? For whom does the chimney smoke and the geranium grow? Is it for one of yourselves, ladies, whose names are daily blazoned by reporters and nightly by butlers? No. Within those small Elizabethan walls dwell women, of fair form, gentle manners, and often of cultivated minds: of benign dispositions and kind hearts; but who from the pressure of circumstances, the infatuated first love of woman, or even the love of conquest, have precluded themselves from appearing on equal terms with those who perhaps only outwardly are their superiors in conduct.

Such were Lais and Aspasia, the counsellors of statesmen, such were Gabrielle d'Estrées, Agnes Sorel, and Madame de Pompadour, though with a more glorious pageantry of vice. Such were Mrs. Elizabeth Killigrew, Mrs. Catherine Peg, Mistress Lucy Walters, Mistress Eleanor Gwynne, and others, ancestresses of our proudest nobility. Such have altered policies and made laws, and such, for a livelihood, have sometimes to bear with the tediousness of those brave defenders of the soil who dwell in the metropolis, or occasionally more fortunate, solace the leisure hours of statesmen and of jurists.

Think us not a libeller. We have seen privy-councillors enter the houses of courtesans, some of those who rule the destinies of Britain are not ashamed likewise to be seen in their company.

Many years ago a lady of the class we have just mentioned took a house in one of the streets leading into Mayfair, living privately, and under the tutelage of a distinguished guardsman, Colonel Trevor.

Her career had not been like that we have lately related, for she had not always occupied a high rank in the "profession;" but from humble origin and low habits had raised herself to the exalted position she then held. The tact of woman had been greatly exemplified in her case, for by contact with gentlemen whom she had met in places of somewhat low resort, and the society of ladies of her own class whom she had met subsequent to her rise in the world, she had acquired the ease of manner and tone of voice and conversation which please men of refinement.

Let it not be thought, however, that these qualities had been obtained without hard study and perseverance. At first she was content to keep silent in society, till she felt herself mistress of those trifles which constitute the harmonious whole. She had been content to be considered stupid and sullen in the midst of gay trivialities, and though the brilliant talents she really possessed were striving for a vent, she suppressed them till the moment should come when she could display them without any marring vulgarism or exhibition of ignorance.

Day and night when alone would she thump and labour at her piano, or read works far above my capacity and perhaps, Madam, above yours. She felt her youth, her genius, and she bided her time; but at length the hour arrived for her talents to come forth in their full effulgence. She was invited to dine with a lady, the friend of a brother officer of her protector. The lady was a stranger to her, and after dinner she sat silent as was her wont, her magnificent form arrayed in the choicest of dresses, but simple and without ornament. Colonel Trevor was standing near looking at her silently. Already was he beginning unconsciously to tire of her. He had more than once said to himself that beauty was not everything, and that he would like a woman who knew something beyond the art of dressing herself well. Ada divined his thoughts, and she had murmured to herself that ere long he should worship her again, that a net should be drawn around him more strong than ever, and that if either, *she* should be in the position to reject, not he. She loved him also. He was a man of talent and of cultivation, and she appreciated both.

Mrs. Darling, the hostess, asked Mrs. Trevor to sing. No one else would have asked the shy, retired woman to sing. No one gave her credit for the power. She was pitied and all but contemned by her friends. Mrs. Darling asked Mrs. Trevor to sing, and Mrs. Trevor rose to comply.

The guardsman trembled, for he feared a failure and an *exposé*. Vain fear! He knew not of his lady's studies and her diligence, neither of her power and her voice. The moment had arrived, and certain of success she sat down to the piano without compunction. She sang, and her position was attained.

"Why did you never sing before, Ada," inquired the Colonel.

"I was never asked," she answered with a smile.

A great writer on morals who happened to be present at the entertainment, led her to her seat amidst the consternation and astonished looks of ladies round, who had before the performance good-naturedly given significant glances to Mrs. Darling not to expose poor Mrs. Trevor. A humorous writer present pronounced her conversation the best he had ever heard. She talked, and stores of information studiously collected and hoarded, poured forth on the ears of the rapt Trevor and the other male guests. No one thought of the other ladies save one or two young officers of the household troops, a body of men rather distinguished by birth and good-nature than brains and intelligence. A knot of men assembled round her, and she shone. Heavens! What a triumph! And what triumphs awaited her hereafter. Her gifts, her talents were spoken of everywhere. The halls of the high world rang with her charms. Dames of high degree could no longer ignore one of whom all spoke.

When her equipage, artistically modest, appeared in public, men, unabashed, bowed to her, and rode up to greet her. Men against whose name there was not a breath. Ladies whispered to each other and looked at her. Trevor, inspired by her, shone in the senate.

Duchesses would postpone their routs if Ada gave a reception the same evening. It was useless to compete with her. All the men flocked to her house honoured with an invitation. A triumph! One who lay under a social ban, eclipsed all those who had every worldly advantage, but who could never arise beyond the mediocrity that enshrouds their class. The Pariah had triumphed over the Brahmin.

But Ada is only the mother. The daughter is the real heroine of the book:—

And may we, Madam, enter into the history of the child and briefly trace her course? May we show you how her mind grew with her form? It shall not be tedious, and perchance it may teach you and others whose soft hearts forgive any crime but one, to look with kinder eyes on even that one fault, and to endeavour to prop the bruised plant tenderly rather than hasten its fall, and then tread it under foot.

The girl was named Mary Archer. Whence the surname who can tell? Thus was she named.

Her early recollections were men with moustaches giving her sugar-plums; men without, whom her mother seemed to regard with deference, playing with her kindly. Ladies, aye, *ladies* speaking to her in her walks, and endeavouring to worm from her secrets of her mother's mode of life. Ladies, not of an exalted rank perhaps, taking her to drive in London, to beautiful places in the country; her mother also taking her to the sea-side and showing her shells and seaweeds, and in kindly accents teaching her their classes and their properties.

Then she grew older, and a soft voice taught her to read and write, though the owner of that soft voice could not play the hypocrite and teach her to read aught but books the work of men's hands. And her mother, whom she adored with romantic devotion, taught her other things. She taught her to draw sweet sounds from instruments, to represent nature on canvass, to speak soft southern tongues, and the child grew, and the mother watched her growth. She was dressed, and fed, and lodged in luxury. Every want was anticipated, for Colonel Trevor, who loved her, grudged her nothing. She was lovely as she grew. The pensive look had deepened on her face, the skin was still white, the teeth were still regular. The hair had darkened to the glossy brown, and her appearance could only be likened to that of the Madonna

"La riche Angleterre
Plus d'une fois dans l'eau jettera son filet,
Avant d'y retrouver une perle aussi chère."

Colonel Trevor died suddenly, when Mary was seventeen, intestate. Her mother, whom the shock nearly annihilated, shortly followed, leaving her all she possessed; a house, its

furniture, and some jewellery. Thus at an early age was Mary left an orphan and her own mistress. The sale of her mother's effects realised sufficient to give her an annuity of about one hundred a year, a sum less than that which had hitherto been spent on her dress alone. A friend of her mother, also a Pariah, gave her a home, but with the understanding that it was to be only a temporary asylum for her. She was expected to do something for herself.

Having only a hundred a-year, it became evident, according to the morals of this book, that Mary Archer must sell herself to shame. Mary is clearly of that opinion, after sober reasoning:—

Even the men whom her male companions looked upon with contempt, attorneys, surgeons, or first-rate tradesmen, would probably have rejected an alliance with her with contumely.

Those visions she had conjured up, like other girls, of love and happiness were torn from her eyes too suddenly, too roughly. She was not even able to give way to her love uncontrolledly. If a man paid her attention and she listened to words that sounded cheerily in her ears, how soon did she discover that the affection proffered was not what she could accept—who could think of offering ought but love *par amours*. She must not yield her virtue, it was daily impressed upon her, save to one who could pay for it.

Trusting to luck, she knew not of Providence, that some one she liked might take her with the settlement her friend (Mrs. Darling by the way) should consider sufficient, she informed that lady that she was open to the first eligible person who should present himself.

"That's a good girl," answered Mrs. Darling, and the still innocent Mary was pleased with the praise; yet, poor girl, she repented her misdoings. What she was about to do went against her feelings—not only against her inclinations, but against her sense of right. She knew not why, but it did so. Yet she could not change her determination, and the day of her fall was nigh.

Sir Guy Trevethen is the purchaser. Sir Guy—

Hide your diminished head, if to you is unknown: how at Oxford, Trevethen, surrounded by the sycophants whom he employs his wealth in collecting, braved the fury of the cloud-compelling bargeman; how at Kursaalhausen he broke the banks at trente-et-quarante and at roulette the same night; and how royally he entertained at one and the same time, in two villas in the neighbourhood of London, the Italian soprano and the first representative of the French soubrette. Have not his horses won races? Have his tenants not been racked? Have not his debts, contracted during his minority, been paid by his mother, still living on a moderate jointure, who will not suffer the name to be disgraced? And can this be unknown to you, friend Jackson, the orgies at Trevethen Castle, where priests and maidens pure have prayed, and where marshals have worn their laurels? The dark, wild, frenzied orgies, when the chapel was changed into a saloon; the revels, where only a select few were admitted, when, for three days and nights, candles were burning where the altar once had stood, and heaps of cards strewed the floor where worshippers had knelt.

But Mary Archer soon "grew bent on loving and being loved," and "Charley" fell in her way. Sir Guy had paid in money, "Charley" paid in sentiment, and the genuineness of the article was certainly on the side of Sir Guy. Sir Guy, by the way, appears to us an ill-used individual. He is a mere animal, who makes his money minister to his instincts; others are more intelligent debauchees, who (always excepting the twins), without being one whit less coarse, had the shallow Rousseau-like talent to throw a gauze of sentiment over their orgies. Charley woos Mary, and—we are obliged to look once more at the title-page before we mark it for quotation—this is the result:—

It was a bright day at the commencement of autumn, and Mary had been sailing gently down the Thames with her young lover. They had walked home together arm in arm as the sun was descending, and they both felt the crisis was arrived. Arrived at the cottage, they found a dinner awaiting, of which, though cooked in the most approved style and served up with every concomitant luxury, they partook but slightly.

As though by an agreement, they both rose after the repast and adjourned to the little conservatory. There was the Cape jasmine and the passion flower; the rich fruit lay on the table, and Eastern confectionery, but nought was tasted beyond the few glasses of wine that Charley occasionally took, to keep up his courage till it should carry him to his declaration. "Si la jeunesse savait," how little time would be lost!

They sat side by side and spoke not. The sun sank lower and lower, the stars and the pale moon shone in its stead, but neither spoke a word. They sat and gazed together on the distant river, and sat in silence. The boy, inwardly cursing his bashfulness, could not summon up courage to say a word; but they both felt happy.

The stars and moon had for some time maintained their position. The youth extended his hand, and allowed it carelessly to hang on the back of his companion's chair. By a half-involuntary, half-designed action, she leant back, and the hand touched the ivory neck. Swift as lightning it passed round her waist; it pressed her to him, and in inarticulate sounds he gasped forth his feelings. The dream was embodied, the moment had come—and Charley had fulfilled the part allotted to him to a letter. Mary's head sank upon his shoulder, her eyes gazed into his,

"And their spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

* * * *

Will the reader tolerate one other passage?—

What then was Mary Archer's conduct on discovering that she no longer held the undivided affections of Charles Dalrymple? She made no scene; she did not weep in his presence or reproach him. She made indirect inquiries as to the prospects of his relatives, for she had recognised the likeness, having once seen Dalrymple with Blondelle in public. She heard that eventually the Miss Brookes would have money, that their father had influence and friends, and she determined to leave no stone unturned until *her* lover should be the husband of the other woman that he loved.

And one morning she told him this: she told it him with a quivering voice, a moist eye, but a smiling lip. She bade him always consider her as his friend, his counsellor, as his true, devoted friend, but never more in the light he had hitherto regarded her. She told him that a woman could best counsel in affairs of love, and that he *must* consult her in this one. And gradually her strong will led the ductile boy to her way of thinking, and almost daily he visited her and asked her advice on some matter relating to his love, or to any other of his private circumstances. No secret was unrevealed to her: and she was indeed a friend.

One day he had by accident dropped an open letter in her room on leaving it. It was a peremptory demand for a considerable sum of money, and he was hastening to procure it at usury. Having obtained it, he proceeded to the bank into which he was to pay it, and found that the debt had already been discharged. Who had paid it? The clerk, grinning, described a lady who had brought the amount, her attire, and her carriage. It was Mary, and having first denied the fact in tears, she took the money from the boy.

Was Dalrymple then wrong in confiding in this woman? No, dear Madam, with all your high moral notions and strict sentiments, you cannot say he was. We will not defy you to say so, for it would be rude to defy a lady; but we repeat, that, had he not behaved kindly to her, you would have condemned him and probably considered him "a beast!"

We believe there are "Charleys" who do make confidantes of "Mary Archers," and tell them the secrets of their families, their wives, and perhaps, though more rarely, of their sweethearts; but luckily these "Charleys" can always be recognised. Of course no man of fine feeling does this—of course no man of sense does it. When we have extricated all gentlemen and all sensible men from the accusatio

of being Charley Dalrymples, we have not a word to say more. There are certain culinary qualities that generally go together. We never met a youth who was a "spoon" and who was not also a "sieve."

Sir Guy also buys Blondelle, but this time the bargain is struck before the face of society.

Blondelle's misery as the faithful wife of Sir Guy is contrasted, not without some artistic skill, with the happiness of Sir Guy's unfaithful mistress. At last the six weeks' bride can endure no more; returning unexpectedly from her sister's she finds her own apartments the scene of an "orgie," wherein her father and her husband, with two others, are engaged in the task of inebriating four French women. She stands in the ante-room, beholds the scene, and hears a song, which not ten re-assuring glances at the title-page of this book can induce us to copy. We have searched Catullus and Tibullus through, for some parallel passage that may make the sense harmlessly intelligible to male eyes—but in vain—even those licentious poets are more reserved.

We have been very careful to let our readers judge this book by sample, and not to pass any judgment upon it ourselves. We feel that if we owe an apology for what we have quoted, we deserve thanks for what we have suppressed. We hesitated for a moment, but reflection convinces us that it is our duty as critics not to allow this book to circulate without letting "Parents and Guardians" know what manner of book it is. Had its name or exterior given any warning, the necessity would have been less stringent.

The Belle of the Village. By JOHN MILLS, Author of "The Old English Gentleman," &c. In Three Vols. Colburn and Co.

MR. TOBIAS WOODBEE comes before the reader as *Squire* Woodbee, a full-blown country gentleman, with a very "landed" air. He had passed a severe commercial probation in the great London house of Shave, Paring, and Co., and duly came to be the head of that long-established firm. He made an immense fortune by giving just weight, even to the twentieth part of one poor scruple, in his groceries; paying rent, rates, and taxes with a virtuous regularity; keeping a gig, and being universally hailed as respectable. The just weight, however, was eked out with chicory, which as Tobias believed, enhanced the salubrity of coffee; while birch brooms, chopped fine, and a liberal admixture of aloe-leaves, constituted an indigenous substitute for tea. Tobias prospered, and became popular in his ward; he longed, however, for place and power, and his longing was but partially gratified:—

When his gains were known by their reputed amount—for the world is not illiberal concerning the ways of men's means—and Tobias Woodbee fed with prodigal hand the widely-diffused and increasing circle of his friends from viands, rich, rare, and dear; he seemed to possess a magic spell, and virtues were at once discovered in him, and capacities confessed which, if in existence, at least, had remained dormant from the hour of his birth. If not born to honours, honours were now thrust upon him. It seemed, indeed, as if a struggle was continually going on, and each admirer strained his best energies to be in advance in the race of his fellow, and lay at the feet of Tobias Woodbee the humble tribute of his praise. Public assemblies toasted him as "the liberal patron of their noble institutions." On the hustings, his name was shrieked as "the friend of the poor and of civil and religious liberty." Testimonials were presented to him by smiling deputations, and mounting on the wings of favour, he at length sat robed and chained in the majesty of justice to expound the laws to evil-doers, and shake his respectable head with virtuous indignation at the revealed dark tales of crime, want, and misery.

The soundness of the case, however, is generally estimated by its success; and as Tobias Woodbee had risen to so proud a pinnacle, envy itself was silenced. There he stood—as he often said—"a fair example of what might be done by industry and thrift."

Tobias became connected with "the great man on 'Change," whose reputed thousands, however, were as fabulous as the gold which was hard food for Midas. The "great man" needed assistance, which Tobias rendered. He wanted more, said Mr. Woodbee, in a confidential mood, to an "Oxford double-first prize man," Dr. Starkie: "He wanted more; I gave him more; and, not losing my own depth, the great man on 'Change was under *there!*" and Tobias struck a thumb on the edge of his seat, and pressed it until the blood faded from the nail. The great man on 'Change lived in almost regal magnificence, of which, when ruin stared him for years in the face, he abated not one jot; the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide, and Woodbee became his sole prop and stay; he was the great man over the great man on 'Change. This princely merchant on 'Change had two fair daughters; Ellen, the elder, was one evening about to join in the dance with Lieutenant Somerset, at one of his father's gorgeous entertainments. Woodbee, envious of the young officer's air and grace, rudely and unfairly demanded the young lady as *his* partner. "I am not entitled to that honour," said the proud beauty; but the interference of her father compelled her to accept the hated hand of Tobias in the dance. In a short time, her father, showing that refusal would be ruin, induced Ellen to consent to a marriage with his "old and best friend," who thus speaks of his betrothed, and his future father-in-law:—

While he was gradually sliding towards the pit yawning to swallow him and his magnificence, I took care that what was ruin to him, should be productive of profit to me. By degrees the best of his possessions became mine, and, almost imperceptibly, I took the place, as if to realise my dream, which he once held. He still, however, remained the great man on 'Change.

Few like me attach themselves to falling fortunes; but

the rats leave before the ship sinks, Starkie. If there be anything beyond the frothy romance of full-grown children in that hackneyed sentiment, so commonly denominated love, I never knew what it was, and therefore in saying, that I wished, designed, or intended to make the eldest daughter of the great man on 'Change my wife, it must not be supposed that I was in love with her. She was beautiful, and being so, I admired her; but the great attraction—the loadstone to my heart—was the making her mine against her will, the winning her all the world to nothing; Caged birds sing, Starkie, after a while.

On the morning appointed for the marriage a messenger, pale and breathless as he who drew Priam's curtain, roused Woodbee at day-break, and summoned him to the bridal mansion. The great man on 'Change was in utter despair; Ellen had eloped with Somerset, but the philosophic Tobias was cool and suggestive. He proposed a "transfer;" Alice, the younger sister, should assume Ellen's bridal paraphernalia, and be married in her stead! In three hours after that the clergyman pronounced Alice one whom God had joined to a husband, and no man should put them asunder. A month after the pretty and gentle Alice became Mrs. Woodbee, her father died, and was thus saved from the fall which he dreaded more than death.

Tobias now scorned a citizen's mercenary career, and bought "the Oaks" at Grundy's Green, a noble estate on which stood a fine old mansion, and to this patrician domain he and his wife and their only son had retired, when the business, so to speak, of the history of the "belle of the village," may be said to begin.

An invalid lady—a stranger—pale and an invalid, wearing widow's weeds, accompanied by a young daughter, came to the village, and inquired for furnished lodgings. Grundy's Green was startled from its somnolent propriety by so unprecedented a request. Furnished lodgings! Such an application had never before been heard in all that primitive community. The poor lady had an objection to stay, even temporarily, at an inn, and began to fear that she and her child would be houseless, when the "general dealer" of the place, a rich fellow enough, stepped forward to her relief. Mr. Mills is fond of sketching the personal appearance of all his more grotesque or unamiable characters, leaving the beauties chiefly to the reader's fancy; indeed, for many men who can describe an ugly face, very few can describe a pretty one. Here is the portrait of

JACOB GILES.

Jacob Giles was as mild a little man as ever craned a long thin neck over a little white wisp of a cravat. His hair, always a poor crop in his sunniest days, looked like thistle down gummed in patches upon a pink scalp; while, as if his system was denied the usual qualities of nutrition, he was completely devoid of eyebrows, eyelashes, and whiskers. Nothing, indeed, could present a smoother surface than Jacob's countenance; more particularly when, with a bland smile, he rested his knuckles on the counter of the general shop, and leaning slightly forward, said, "What may be the next article, Mem?" Just above the tape, however, which held the sweeping white apron round his girdle, as soft, tender, and easily-melted a little heart throbbed, as ever beat within the confines of a human bosom. It was as easily moulded to the slightest touch of want or suffering, as a pat of fresh butter to the dairymaid's stump.

After some friendly negotiations, the widow and her child are domiciled in Mr. Giles's "snuggery," as a favourite apartment was called. Corporal Crump arrives, and is of course an important personage, as novel-corporals often are and have been from Sterne's "Trim," to Bulwer's "Bunting." The Corporal tells Jacob a few secrets concerning his present mistress, in the course of his narrative sketching the battle of Waterloo. This is, in our opinion, a very needless part of the book, and is hardly in keeping. The village tradesman, like many small, puny, quiet men, has strong martial aspirations, and loves to hear of the glory of his country. *He*, therefore, must have heard that the Duke said, "Up, guards, and at them;"* and that there was bloody work at Hougoumont; and that Ney was in the action and had a horse shot under him; and that the man who now has had his apotheosis, if not something more, in France, fled soon and rapidly. All these things, however, and much more, with as little gilding of novelty, are mercilessly inflicted upon the reader, almost inducing him to imagine that it is an ancient chronicle rather than a recent novel he is perusing. But the great battle had a bearing on the fortunes of the belle of the village and of others. One man, only *one*, was absent from his post in a regiment during the whole fury of the strife. This one man was Lieutenant Somerset! He was summoned to take charge of a troop, but at that moment his wife was in the throes of travail. Brussels was all excitement, all exultation, or expectancy, or fear. No help was to be had—none; no surgeon's instructions, no woman's care. Robert Bruce, before his well-omened spider appeared, stopped his small retreating force to give aid to a poor wayfarer in her extremities of child-birth, but Somerset *dared* not leave his young wife, he could not be deaf to her entreaties that he should "stay, stay." He stayed with her because he thought her dying; she revived, and he was soon virtually cashiered. The tale runs that the Duke read a list of the absent officers when Waterloo was fought and won, jotting their names in the tablet of his memory; then he tore the list into small fragments, and said: "There *can* be no cowards in the British army: the absent are to be condoled with."

Somerset was ill, prostrate, and sought change of air in a small cottage by the sea side of his native county. Days and days passed into years, and he would sit silent under his one maddening misery; and then he died; blessing his child and his wife.

* Mr. Jerdan, however, in his autobiography, asserts that F.M. the Duke of Wellington in his presence positively denied ever having made use of the expression.

The intelligent reader, we write of course for none other, will at once perceive that the invalid at Jacob Giles's was the sister of the lady of the Oaks, but her whereabouts was kept secret from the sententious Tobias. That favourite of fortune had by this time determined that his son, a tender, shrinking lad, should surpass his own eminence; for scholarship along with hereditary care should elevate him not only to the senate, but even in the cabinet; and Tobias had the candour to acknowledge that the want of lore, to be acquired only from the erudite and their colleges, had kept himself back from political power. Dr. Starkie was, therefore, appointed young Leonard's tutor, and his kind-hearted governess, Miss Baxter, one of the cheeriest of old maids, for an old maid is ever loveable, was abruptly dismissed. Mr. Mills is artistic in his portraiture of

DOCTOR STARKIE.

The doctor appeared just turned on the shady side of forty, possessing a lean, straight figure, invariably decked in a sable costume, and looking like a large stick of black sealing-wax, or an undertaker of strictly abstemious habits. His coat was single-breasted, cut with a sharp angular collar, and a black silk waistcoat, buttoned closely to the throat, looked a tight, rigid, and uncomfortable garment. Round his throat was a narrow, white cravat, stiffly starched, and his lank, long jaws, were cleanly shaved, and as smooth as the back of a lady's hand. A wide, lipless mouth stretched across his face, and from a habit which he possessed of drawing the corners back, it formed a sort of large parenthesis. A long, sharp nose, tapering downwards to a point, had a decided tendency to meet a slightly turned up chin; while a pair of little bright, black eyes, set behind two projecting cheek-bones, glistened like an angry ferret's. To these far from favourable points in the "human face divine," according, at least, to the received and standard rules of physiognomy, Doctor Starkie possessed a brow which gave the observer an impression that the double-first prizes had not been awarded to a man devoid of brains. It was not lofty, but there was a width and squareness in its formation, leaving little doubt of the capacity and nature of the soil in which a most extensive crop of classics had been drilled, ripened, and harvested with care.

The character of this man is well-drawn and well-preserved. He was an unredeemed scoundrel; a philosophical unbeliever in the creed he taught, and a man who would sacrifice everything to gratify his malignant and sensual passions. With a well-worded morality, he tyrannises over and terrifies the very soul of young Leonard Woodbee, in order that his little-cared-for mother, the Alice of the story, might listen favourably to the suggestion of dishonour which this pedantic tutor whispered calmly in her ear, and then the child should be kindly treated and taught She knows that to complain to her husband were idle; he was infatuated with the silver-tongued Starkie; so she flees, under the corporal's captainship, to Bill Stumpit's. Bill was a fellow-soldier with Corporal Crump; he had a wooden leg, or, as he termed it, "a slip of British oak," and an iron hook of a hand; and a grateful country rewarded the amputated veteran, known among his intimates as "the Peninsular," with an honorarium of sevenpence a-day. Bill occupies a Hampstead cottage, for Hampstead then had many small cottages, and he caught and bred birds, and cultivated a garden, and was a merry man. He received the fugitives as a boon, they abide at Paradise Lodge, his cottage, and young Leonard improved in health, spirits, and strength. The serpent Starkie finds the fugitives in Paradise Lodge, bows his head to the dust in professed penitence, and persuades Mrs. Woodbee to return to her husband. She is well received, but when she meets her husband, after a *tête-a-tête* of an hour's silence, she reveals to him Starkie's wickedness. Tobias falls apoplectically and suddenly, for her words were true, and carried conviction. Starkie renews his importunities to the wife of his sick patron, and offers violence; Alice's piercing screams rouse even the apoplectic man from his bed; he rushes to her boudoir as from the grave in his shroud, and knocks down Starkie, "as butcher felleth ox." Starkie recovers, and hastens to Italy, where he becomes a Jesuit, and is poniarded.

Time rolls on: Mrs. Somerset dies, and Woodbee recovers partially, and repents fully. Clara Somerset, the Belle of the Village—concerning whom less is said than perhaps about any novel heroine—marries, of course, her cousin Leonard, and all ends merry as a marriage bell.

There are other characters, whom we have not space to delineate. A Doctor Grimes, for instance, who, after many, many years of the bitterest curtain lectures, plainly enough told, storms and revolts, and his Margaret then softens from all asperity of speech; so, at least, says the book. The Corporal marries a buxom widow landlady, and presides over the Rollicking Club, and so, smooth flows the sequel.

The Tide of Life. By Miss LAURA JEWRY. 3 vols. Newby.

THIS remarkable narrative opens in the year 1658, a period at which there still existed in undiminished bitterness those ill feelings that characterised the great Rebellion — one of the most striking and lamentable fulfilments of the prediction that the evil passions of mankind would pervert the gospel, and bring, not peace on earth, but a sword. The prolific field offered to the novelist by the social dislocation of those times, our present authoress improves by some boldly-devised portraitures, worked up with no small degree of power. Many readers, indeed, might pronounce them considerably overcharged; nor could we undertake, in such case, unreservedly to defend her. Foremost among her notabilities stands the Puritan labourer John Perry. Supplanted in love by his brother Richard, a raging

phrenzy takes possession of him. We are first introduced to him in the midst of a terrific storm, clinging to a withered oak, and calling upon the lightning to destroy him. Being rescued from this peril, he continues to imprecate curses upon his rival and meditate revenge upon him and his bride, till another occasion opportunely arises of ridding himself of the burden of life. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, Algernon Carew, having been waylaid, plundered, and left for dead, John Perry suddenly proclaims himself the murderer, irresistibly impelled to the deed by Satan; and this not in a moral, but in a physical sense. We cannot do better than let him speak for himself:—

"Satan stole upon me in the darkness, I saw his red eyeballs glaring at me, and heard his terrible, hissing voice on the wind. First he whispered that I should set fire to my brother Richard's cottage, and burn them all as they slept, craftily telling me that men would think the lightning did it. I spurred on my horse, and fled fast, but I could not flee from *him*; he kept close beside me—whispering and whispering—and then that ungodly malignant, Master Carew, rode by us, and the fiend said, 'slay *him*.' I would have done his bidding, but the shed blood cried from the ground aloud to heaven—I heard it, broke from Satan, and fled."

This wild tale was uttered with great volubility, and with a hissing, eager accent, and Mr. Harrison, by no means superior as we have said to the common superstitions of his age and sect, was greatly alarmed and horror-stricken—not at the manifest insanity of the speaker—but at this new proof of the power of the spiritual destroyer. One of the men who had assisted in carrying in the body of Carew, and had followed Perry into the room, having overheard this confession, at once advanced.

"So please you Master Harrison," he said, "I am a constable, and I think it my duty to take John Perry into custody at once; I only wish I could catch his 'complice Satan too; I would stow him in the same cage."

"Fie on thee Peter Lucas! talk not so lightly," said the agent, "rather dread and pray against the wicked one, of whose power thou hast here such a fearful example."

"Truly," replied the constable, who feared nothing, material or fiendlike. "Being a churchman I see no cause to reverence Old Nick, your honour! I spit at him and defy him."

Carew, on recovering his senses and hearing this marvellous story, invalidates it by the simple statement that the attack was, in fact, made upon him by three ruffians, who fled on the approach of John Perry to his assistance. Perry, on this, is hard put to it to maintain his guilt, as will appear from the following portion of his examination:—

"We have just left Master Carew, Perry," said Mr. Noel, as they took the seats the turnkey bustlingly presented, "and you will, I am sure, be glad to hear that he is recovering. He assures us that he owes his life to you, as your sudden appearance startled the robbers, who attacked him, from their prey. Now we are come to learn, wherefore you have falsely accused yourself of being his intended murderer."

There was an instant's pause, then Perry answered slowly—

"Another cunning device of Satan. Truly the old serpent hath the power of taking all forms, even that of an angel of light."

"Do you mean to assert," exclaimed Mr. Noel, half angrily, "that Master Carew's belief that he was set on by three ruffians is a delusion, and that you alone were his assailant."

"Master Noel, it is even so. There were but *two* of us, and though the fiend counselled and aided, and gave strength, to this weak arm, that it might overpower and slay the strong and armed malignant, Algernon Carew, he did nothing himself, save lighting me with his fiery eyes."

"What, then, did you with the purse of gold, and the jewellery you took from the unfortunate gentleman?"

Perry looked bewildered.

"Money, jewels!" he exclaimed. "I saw them not. The fiend said 'kill,' not 'steal!'"

John Perry's master, Mr. Harrison, an unmitigated Presbyterian, implicitly credits both the murderous assault and the bodily participation therein of the arch-fiend. "Though an excellent and conscientious man," says the authoress, "he was prone to that strange belief in the almost omnipotent power of the Tempter which insulted the goodness of Divine Providence." He therefore pities rather than condemns him, ascribing his subjection to the powers of evil, to his having embraced the opinions of John Kelsey, one of the wildest fanatics even in that period of unbridled fanaticism. Notwithstanding the view thus taken by Mr. Harrison and others, general opinion exculpates John Perry. Suffered to go at large, his vindictive feelings against his brother Richard, and the girl Grace, whom he accuses of betraying him, continually increase in acerbity. He is their evil genius, ever haunting their peaceful abode, and disturbing their repose with words of fearful augury; ever brooding over schemes of vengeance. The long-desired opportunity at length presents itself. Mr. Harrison mysteriously disappears, and various circumstances lead to the conclusion that he has been murdered for the sake of a large amount of money he had about him as agent for the adjoining Campden estate. John Perry, by dexterously combining and adapting these circumstances, contrives to fix the guilt not only on his brother, but on his mother also, whom he looks upon with an equal degree of hatred. Hoping to satiate his revenge by gloating over their execution, he endeavours so to arrange his criminating evidence as to avoid implicating himself. Failing, however, in this attempt, condemned as participating in and abetting the crime, and sentenced to share the fate of his victims, he consoles himself with contemplating the misery that awaits the unhappy Grace and her infant child. The demoniacal spirit holds undisputed sway over him to the last. After witnessing the death-struggles of his mother and brother, he, "with a voice of unearthly shrillness," proclaims their innocence and his own in the ears of the horror-stricken crowd:—

"They were innocent as I am; and I know no more of what hath become of Master Harrison than ye do." Then, turning for a moment to smile like a fiend upon the corse of his murdered brother, he flung himself desperately from the ladder."

Edward, the son of Master Harrison, is a character scarcely less remarkable than John Perry, though in the opposite direction of weakness and irresolution. Master Harrison, the father, though a staneh Roundhead, bears so good a reputation for honesty and fidelity that he is retained by Viscount Campden

in the agency of his estate after the breaking out of the civil commotions. The gallant Viscount, in his zeal for the royal cause, commits his mansion to the flames rather than suffer it to fall into the hands of the rebels, and subsequently seals his loyalty with his life. The credit, however, of Master Harrison with Cromwell, saves the estate from sequestration, and the heiress being awarded in marriage by the government to a Mr. Noel, a city Puritan, all parties concur in maintaining Harrison in his office of agent. His acknowledged probity has induced another Royalist, who shortly after loses his life at Marston Moor, to confide his daughter Henrietta to his care on the promise that he would rear her in the tenets of the Church, and in strict principles of loyalty:—

The fulfilment of this promise was somewhat difficult, considering the faith and political opinions of the guardian; but he managed to keep it with his usual honesty, through the assistance of the ejected rector of Campden, Dr. Shirley, who still dwelt near the scene of his former labours, and to whom the agent committed the entire mental education of his ward.

The familiar intercourse of Edward Harrison with Henrietta, under his father's roof, produces its natural result. He becomes deeply enamoured of her sprightliness and beauty; but on his declaration to that effect, is naïvely informed that he must rest satisfied with a sisterly affection on her part; firstly, because she could never reconcile herself to marriage with a Roundhead; secondly, because Edward's father, the honest Master Harrison, had issued his veto against any matrimonial engagement below her rank. With these unfavourable prospects, Edward is sent to London to pursue his legal studies at the Temple, where he falls in with one Oliver Wrenshaw, a strong-minded but unscrupulous man, who quickly acquires a thorough ascendancy over him; and reckons on finding in him a pliant instrument for the furtherance of certain designs he has in hand. Nor is he disappointed in this anticipation. Edward having confided to him his love affairs, and the obstacles that impede their progress, the acumen of Wrenshaw soon perceives that, while professing to serve his newly-made friend, he may materially forward his own objects. These objects are wholly selfish. Wrenshaw is engaged in the Royalist plot, led by Sir R. Willis, not upon principle, for principle he has none. As the authoress well expresses it,—

Oliver Wrenshaw was one of those whom the narrow-minded bigotry and hypocrisy of the Puritans, and the godless licence of the Cavaliers, had driven to the miserable refuge of deistical indifference. The profane want, or the hideous caricature of religion, which the times, and unhappily his own family, had presented to him, had excited the contempt and the aversion of his powerful intellect. He laughed mentally at patriotism, as a specious pretence, or romantic folly; at loyalty, as an insane absurdity. His own interest and pleasure were his idols, their gratification the motive of all his actions.

He joins the Royalists simply on the conviction that neither a republic nor a military despotism can open to his ambition any profitable field, whereas a bright vista of court favour is revealed to a prominent advocate and promoter of the restoration of the king. Having already exhausted his own resources in the cause, he looks to Edward to supply the sinews of war, and for this purpose represents to him, that, by joining the Royalists, and taking an active part in the conspiracy, he will effectually obviate the most serious objections alleged against him by the fair Henrietta. This style of argument is conclusive with Edward, who is persuaded to draw largely on his father under false pretences, and to hand over the proceeds to Wrenshaw. He has, at first, his scruples as to Henrietta's approval of this fraud, but is silenced by Wrenshaw's "Tut, Ned! do you think a girl of her spirit would hesitate about using a little of a rebel Puritan's gold in the service of his lawful prince, when the poor Cavaliers have scarcely wherewithal to buy a pike or a leathern jerkin for their soldiers?" The Royalist plot fails; Wrenshaw and his friend Edward are arrested and imprisoned, and, in addition to this misfortune, find themselves overwhelmed with debt. Old Master Harrison, on learning this catastrophe, hastens to London, procures his son's release, through the influence of Mr. Noel with the government, and pays off his liabilities; but exacts, at the same time, a solemn promise that he will have no further connection with Wrenshaw. Edward gives the required promise, but is greatly perplexed how to make known to Wrenshaw the necessity he is under of abandoning him. His embarrassment and shamefacedness in the interview he has with his friend for this purpose is forcibly pourtrayed; as is also the cold, calculating shrewdness of Wrenshaw, who affects an appreciation of Edward's difficult position, and a generous forbearance from reproach, which he is well convinced will secure to him, on any future emergency, a more complete command than ever over his weak-minded associate. On this conviction he is shortly afterwards enabled successfully to act. Liberated from durance at the Restoration, but failing to obtain any recognition of his supposed devotion to the royal cause, he finds himself reduced to extremities, and compelled to take refuge from his creditors in the Sanctuary at Westminster. After a time, he ventures from his hiding place, and seeks out his friend, Edward Harrison, who has returned to his father's house in Gloucestershire. On arriving there, he summons him to a secret interview, wherein he represents to Edward that he believes himself to have claims on the Campden property, in order to substantiate which it is essential he should obtain possession of certain title-deeds in the custody of old Master Harrison, agent of the Campden estates. He urges Edward to abstract these papers from his father's box, and suggests, as the only security against detection, that an opportunity shall be taken of seizing upon the

person of old Harrison, and conveying him, for a time, out of the country; leaving all persons concerned to consider him waylaid and murdered. He enforces this bold project, from which Edward in the first instance shrinks, by pressing upon him the argument that the execution of it will be equally serviceable to himself; inasmuch as, his father being out of the way, and supposed dead, the sole remaining objection on the part of Henrietta to her marriage with him—the constant opposition of his father—would be at an end. Thus beset by a vague notion of gratitude due to Wrenshaw, and the hope of accomplishing the long-deferred marriage, the inapt and weak-minded Edward yields to the master-spirit, sanctions the deportation of his father, and performs his share in the nefarious undertaking. The judicial investigation into the circumstances attending Master Harrison's disappearance, the conclusion arrived at, that he had been murdered, the accusation brought against the innocent Perrys, and their death on the scaffold, we have already alluded to. As regards the discovery of the guilty agent and his employer, the picturesque but appalling fate of Oliver Wrenshaw, the strange adventures of Master Harrison from the period of his abduction to that of his restoration to his family, and the general filling up and *dénouement* of the narrative—these matters our readers must ascertain for themselves, if they be so inclined, as probably they will be. The authoress assures us that the main incidents of this strange tale were of actual occurrence at the time specified. If so, the interest of an intrinsically interesting and well-told history is thereby much enhanced. We cannot dismiss it without referring to the striking episode involving the fortunes of Captain Wrenshaw, brother of Oliver, in the search after his father, one among the many ill-starred Royalists who, as the authoress informs us, having been taken prisoners at the battle of Worcester, were, ten days afterwards, publicly sold in Tothill-fields, as slaves, to merchants of Barbadoes, by order of the victors, and forthwith shipped off to the plantations by their purchasers. Stung to madness by this gross outrage upon all laws, his son, the gallant captain, resolves, in his turn, to set law at defiance; fits out a vessel with a daring crew, makes repeated descents upon Barbadoes and the adjoining islands, and, in default of finding the object of his search, fires the plantations, and puts the planters to death; while, in intermediate voyages, he acts the part of a buccaneer, attacking the merchantmen, and enriching himself with their spoils. The plain, straightforward, sailor-like style in which he defends these doings against the reproaches of his gentle sister, are highly characteristic. They are, indeed, the excesses of a warm and noble disposition, and our authoress forgets not the compensating moral. The great aim of his existence, the recovery of his father, once attained, "the filial love which first betrayed him into crime, availed by its holy power to win him to a true and sincere repentance." The collateral history of the gentle Barbara Wrenshaw, daughter of him sold as a slave, left forlorn and desolate, delivered from her destitute condition by her cousin Oliver, but resolutely flying from his love, is a well-drawn and touching picture. On the other hand, in the contrasts instituted by the authoress between the Royalists and Puritans, there are many sly and humorous hits at the peculiarities of the latter. Upon the whole, Miss Laura Jewry is fairly entitled to take rank among the leading novelists of the day.

By the way, she really ought to look after the professional delinquencies of her printer. Typographical errors are so rare, now-a-days, that we regard them as we would unnatural monsters. What, then, are we to think of such specimens as "certain matrimonial views entertained for her daughter's *wheel*" (vol. ii., 159), which, unless the wheel of fortune be intended, baffles our comprehension; and "the corruptness which *prevades* in the naval service" (iii., 345), on which we offer no suggestion. We further observe that Mr. Noel, the Puritan husband of the Cavalier heiress, is once, and only once, designated Baptist Noel. There being no indication of any design to draw a parallel between the imaginary and actual bearer of that name, we are driven to the conclusion either that it is due to a slip of the authoress's pen, or that her printer is at his tricks again.

Professions. 3 vols. By FLOYD TAYLEURE. Newby, London. 1852.

WERE marriage the sole aim and end for which women are sent into the world, we should receive with gratitude and delight such a book as the one before us, for it would be difficult to meet with a better digested or more agreeably expressed practical illustration of the duties and obligations of the marriageable daughters of England. But as we are disposed to take a more enlarged view of the position which women are destined to fill, we doubt whether it be in any way politic to perpetuate the endeavour, which has already too long prevailed, to insist that, money or no money, every boy and girl shall get married. We do not positively advise that the bow should be forcibly bent in the opposite direction, though there is little question but that many of the ill-assorted and unhappy unions which are so con-

stantly taking place would be escaped, if sometimes more prudent objects of life were placed before the young of both sexes, and painted in equally glowing and attractive colours.

Why novelists should take so much pains to impress upon the plastic and susceptible minds of young girls, that matrimony is the goal to the attainment of which all their best years are to be devoted, and all their most vigorous energies directed—representing it as an object to compass which no sacrifice is too startling—is a mystery we have never yet been able to fathom.

Indeed the course they pursue possesses so much disinterested zeal that we have always been surprised some speculative author has not availed himself of the general weakness to start off in a new direction, carrying away with him the whole class of novel-readers, who must by this time have had enough of the old system, and who would eagerly catch at anything *really* novel.

Now in the story before us, the authoress, while *professing* (albeit her satire is directed against the *professions* of others) to be aware of this objectionable state of things, in a very short time loses sight of her premises, and falling insensibly into the established routine, proceeds most systematically to mate her couples, an operation which is only accomplished by the end of the third volume.

Here a parson is the lover, The lady has selected a full-grown M.A., in priest's orders, for the very lovesick swain, who may be considered the principal hero among the legion who figure before us.

In truth he is more mawkish than a country rector could find time to be, if he fulfilled his parochial duties as he ought; for as to filling up his unprofitable leisure with visiting his people, or even theological reading, such a thought never seems to have entered the head of the interesting youth; though we are told Mr. Clive was exceedingly charitable, "and *frequently* gave his money and his time *too* to those *recommended* by Mr. Melbourne as being worthy of the one or requiring the other."

Of course he indulged too many day dreams about Lady Agnes Scott at one time, and about Miss Helen Murray at another, to find either energy or inclination for active inquiry for himself into the spiritual, moral, or even social condition of his flock.

We do not for a moment intend to deny to the fair writer full credit for the very able manipulation with which she weaves and then unravels the intricacies of her narrative. Indeed the number of the dramatis personæ to whom she introduces us, would be quite bewildering but for the clear and masterly precision with which she portrays their distinctive characteristics.

The parvenu attorney, "John Brown," with his unrefined wife, manœuvring daughters, and awkward sons, are well drawn though exaggerated types of a numerous class, with some members of which, nearly everyone must have met in the course of his life.

With her delineations of high life our authoress has been somewhat less successful. It is not usual for noblemen to be My-lording each other every time they speak; neither do they request their male guests to "take out" such a lady to dinner; a form of diction neither elegant nor expressive, and savouring too much of the idea of "*trotting* her out."

However, we are more disposed to pardon such oversights as the foregoing, with occasional *lapsûs pennæ* in the way of grammar, than the incessant love-making which is carried on somewhat too unreservedly in public to square with our ideas of delicacy and good breeding, or even of ordinary *savoir vivre*.

Some of the incidents not only border on, but actually amount to the impossible. But, though improbabilities of the most glaring description become the hinges on which the plot mainly turns, the interest is well sustained throughout, and there is much feeling as well as much vivacity to entertain and enliven the reader. The following occurs during a pic-nic:—

> Augustus, the younger son of the Browns, a fine, handsome boy of eighteen, was amusing himself by sketching one or two of the above-mentioned groups. This he did in exquisite style, allowing his pencil to indulge in the ridiculous to the full extent of its power. Leaning over his shoulder, with his eternal smile and advanced chin, stood Mr. Downes, ever and anon exclaiming, "Capital, Augustus. How like Beard, even in its exaggeration. Your mother, too, exactly, and not much overdone, either." And when Archer appeared on the paper, down on his knees imploring, as it were, for his life, Downes burst into a loud laugh, and held his lean sides as though fearful that the continued shaking would dislocate his ribs. This merriment roused the different parties, and served to collect the stragglers in the distant parts of the wood, and to remind the nearer groups that they possibly were observed.
>
> * * * *
>
> She threw herself on the grass beside the yawning Jack, who had been aroused from his slumbers by the laughter of Downes over the caricatures of Augustus, who still went on sketching, and portrayed to the life the whole assembled party. Downes never wearied of seeing his friends made ridiculous, and he determined, in his own mind, to get possession of this sketch-book, as he knew a chosen few who would chuckle with himself at this ludicrous display of people whom they really did not like, though they were in daily habits of professed intimacy with them. However, Mr. Downes was at last arrested in his career of ill-natured mirth, for, as he was intently watching, with extended features, the outlines of the next figure Augustus Brown was bringing out on his paper, he did not immediately perceive who it was intended for. But the tall, lank figure sent one pucker from his forehead—the short face dispersed another—the full eye seemed to watch the disappearance of a third—and the up-turned protruding chin dispelled the last furrow; and, as Downes looked on the portrait, if he had then been inclined to doubt who it was meant for, the four or five last touches given to the forehead proclaimed that wrinkled brow his own. He slunk away from the clever young artist, and wandered into the wood in search of serenity. He found it in the shape of Miss Maxwell, who, with another young lady of the party, had lost their way. Mr. Downes poured out his wrath to his friend Louisa—denounced the Browns as the most vulgar, disagreeable people in the world, and Augustus as a pert puppy, who ought to be whipped, put into the office, and kept at the desk till he knew how to behave himself to those in every way his superiors.

Perhaps the most original, though perhaps the least probable idea in the book, is to be found in the long series of qui-pro-quos arising from the accidental misinterpretation of an overheard conversation which occurs very early in vol. i., by means of which the various couples of inamorati who are brought on the scene become ingeniously mismatched; but finding themselves discarded on the one side and brought together on the other, they forthwith take to one another, and the courtships proceed in their new channels to the very verge of matrimony, when by the unexpected intermediation of a most fortunate sudden death or two, reprieves necessarily occur, and, time being gained, the several errors are respectively discovered, and the parties are restored to their original owners by way of a satisfactory conclusion.

Not, on the whole, an inapt proof of the emptiness of "*professions.*"—Q. E. D.

The Beauty of Amalfi. An Italian Tale. Smith, Elder and Co. 1852.

THE author of this little volume has something of the poetic spirit about him, as appears from the love-passages in which he indulges, and his sketches of Italian scenery and peasant manners. In the tact, however, requisite for the construction of a story, he is manifestly deficient. There is a certain pathos investing it, but not a particle of strength. Pietro, a fisherman, and Mariano, a "cultivator," are neighbourly neighbours in the village of Amalfi, near Naples; their wives, on the contrary, are always at feud. In course of time a daughter, Lucia (who becomes the Beauty of Amalfi), is presented to the latter by his spouse Angiola, and the jealousy which this circumstance evokes in the breast of Gioconda, the wife of Pietro, is shortly afterwards mollified by the acquisition of a ready-made son, four months old, left at the door in a basket with a bag of gold at his side, and a peculiar reddish mark on his breast (according to the approved fashion in such cases). Him they name Salvatore. The boy and girl being constant playmates, the youth and maiden duly fall in love with each other, and all goes smoothly till the appearance on the scene of a Zingara, or gypsy, who reveals to Salvatore that he is of noble birth, and will shortly be blessed with wealth and the knowledge of his parents. Instead, however, of realising the expectations thus excited, she urges him to hasten to Naples for the purpose of taking part with Masaniello in the insurrection. In one of the affrays he is desperately wounded, and accounted dead, on learning which catastrophe Lucia becomes insane. In the mean time he is conveyed home by his companions, and there hidden from the pursuit of the Viceroy's soldiers. By slow degrees he recovers his strength, and Lucia, in like manner, her senses; but while, in fancied security, they are renewing their vows of love, they are surprised by the sbirri. A conflict ensues, Salvatore falls mortally wounded, and Lucia expires upon his body. Of his noble birth we hear nothing more. It will be seen that the thread of this story is exceedingly slight, nevertheless many a writer, aspiring to the fame of a novelist, would have spun out into three volumes materials not a whit more substantial. To have confined himself to one, argues at least sense and judgment, and these combined with certain other good qualities which he undoubtedly possesses, lead us to anticipate favourably for his future efforts.

The following description of the snow-harvest at Naples may be new to some of our readers :—

> The lofty form of Sant' Angelo, the monarch of mountains in this region, rises behind the town of Castelamare, overlooking, on one hand, the Neapolitan Bay, on the other the Gulf of Salerno. It is well provided with caverns, pits, and deep rifts, girt with shady trees, which form the fittest places for storing up the summer luxury, and being but a few miles distant from the capital, the snow is removed from its recesses with little loss.
>
> When the blue vault above is clear and sparkling, and the loud breeze blows sharp and strong, and whilst the sun shines warm upon plain and water, a halo of silver and golden cloud settles upon Sant' Angelo's majestic head; then the wise in such matters know that the last spring fall takes place. Anxious to secure as much of it as they can, all hands are in immediate requisition; they hasten to the mountain, wheeling along their implements, spades, rakes, iron-shod poles, and rush mats, toiling up the steep, precipitous roads, with an alacrity which no other occupation would induce. Arrived at the spot, they separate into groups, some making balls of large size, others guiding them down the steeps, some depositing them in the pits, and others pressing the material with their feet, or covering it with leaves, fresh boughs, straw, and matting, to preserve it from the external air. Meanwhile an universal jollity prevails; they sing, they jest, they become animated into displaying the strangest antics and buffoonery; they shout and laugh, as if snow never falls save on saturnalian days. And having amply stored their magazines, they return home gladly, foretasting what pleasure the cool, sparkling draught will afford when the languid body sinks in the still heat of the summer's night, or the poisonous breath of a sirocco day.

The Lost Inheritance. A Novel. 3 vols. Colburn and Co. 1852.

ONE of those novels which are read with difficulty, and forgotten without it; one to be speedily consigned to the limbo of street book-stalls or waste-paper collectors. The author, a nameless man throughout, has complicated his task strangely. He sets out in the *first* person, and, without a reason assigned, jumps into the *third*, but still with intervals of the first. He is not "magna pars" of the story, nor, indeed, any part at all, except that of an occasional looker-on; and by the want of a link between the "I," and the "he, she, they," all impression of reality is injured or destroyed. He drops the biographer and assumes the tone of the historian—if such terms may be applied to such a tale of fiction—

nd does not make the two assimilate. The novel is intended, we presume, for a fashionable novel, as the author rarely stoops, in either of his "persons," to anything less patrician than the fine lady or gentleman of the day, all his characters being Stanleys, Harcourts, Vernons, Seymours, Murrays, and other "Court Guide" names.

We may repeat that the clumsy arrangement we have pointed out, injures or destroys all feeling of the life-like, or the real, with which great novelists inspire us. Scott's Francis Osbaldistone tells all that he himself heard, or saw, or thought, or felt; while in other novels written in the first person, a letter from a friend, a diary opportunely brought to light, or a confidential conversation unavoidably overheard, keep closely together the facts which may form a history within the narrator's cognizance.

The "Lost Inheritance" is not a story of conflicting claims to some noble domain, claims determined by learned judges on their judgment-seats, and by puzzled jurors in their box, as in "Ten Thousand a Year," which was founded on the alleged rights of a poor printer in Northallerton, to the Yorkshire estates of the Gascoignes: neither is it a tale of loss of rank and lands in civil war, repaired by a marriage, or by the deprived inheritor being proved, somehow or other, heir to the defunct usurper of his halls, parks, pheasants, and partridges; it is far more common-place. Mr. Stanley, sen., a quiet country gentleman, has been persuaded by his neighbour, old Ford (concerning whom there are not a dozen lines), to join as a partner in a banking firm, long established and highly respectable, as many country town banks are, until a crisis arrives. The crisis arrives at the country bank of Rivington, and is a "crash." The partners, unknown to the passive Mr. Stanley, had speculated madly in railways, and were bankrupts and beggared; their schemes a failure, and not an honest failure; while its effects were terrible. Private and public interests

> — in confusion hurled,
> And now a *bubble* burst, and now a world;

a provincial world of traders and farmers, a world of consanguinities and intermarriages, and a community of constant association "at church and market to be seen," all partially or wholly ruined! Young Stanley, an only child, bravely sustains the chastening hand of adversity, though he has lost all, for the wreck follows by a day or two his father's death. He is a romantic youth, albeit a rising barrister, and is the accepted suitor of Marion Harcourt, the best delineated character in the novel. She clings to her troth, despite the remonstrances of parents and friends. Would she wed a beggar? Would she waste her youth and beauty in waiting, in unladylike fashion, until a youth had outstripped a host of competitors at the bar, and made a fortune? Would she wed with grey hairs? Stanley had a sorry opinion of women, and some idle club-gossip makes him rate Marion roundly before he relinquishes her for ever; but she answers him so gently, in such a womanly, ungirlish way, that she appeases his captiousness, and his penitence causes the love-pact to be renewed. He studies and toils in his Temple chambers; he becomes famous in the courts; the alpha and omega of law profundities are familiar to him; and then he is returned to Parliament by his late father's neighbouring borough of Rivington, the voters being grateful that the young squire gave up all to the creditors, when he might have saved much for himself; while the present possessor of the Stanley mansion and estate, his hustings opponent, was but a Mr. Jenkins, a "man of the people," and a nobody. Soon the prestige of Parliament lifts the new member into increased fame and practice, into wealth, and a marriage with Marion, and he becomes the purchaser of his ancestral domain of Langston.

There is also a Captain Vernon, who marries the beautiful and brilliant Adeline Harcourt, the sister of Marion, who is rather heartless, and a good deal of a coquette; but she and her "Fred" get on pretty well together. There is, too, a Mr. Murray, who moralises much and flirts much, and ends by marrying, he can't tell why, a silly and pretty girl, also a flirt, London and continental; and—and—and that is all.

There is one peculiarity in the style of this work, which demands a few words—it is most redundant of epithets. The author must have compiled an English "Gradus ad Parnassum" of his own. Here is an example:—

> There is to me unflagging interest in gazing on the young as they step out from the hallowed sanctuary of home, and mix in the whirling scenes of society, bringing their pure feelings and warm impulses into the world's rushing excitement.

The following is still more epithety:—

> The gorgeous skies, which almost seem to connect this queen of watering-places with more southern climes, were to Marion the only redeeming point about it; and it was with unfeigned delight that she gazed upon the brilliantly-tinted sunset clouds, and rich glow reflected upon the sparkling ocean, and on the hazy outline of the coast which bounded the bay; at the sharply-defined shadows of the fishing-boats in the purple and golden waves, or turned towards the east, and saw the white cliffs rising with dazzling brightness against the blue heavens.

There is neither wit nor humour, nor a villain, nor a fool, in the work, which is almost everywhere grave and sententious; but there is one attempt at a jest or pun, and that not original. It is when *Captain* Vernon's attentions to Adeline have become particular:—

> "You have made good use of your time, Miss Harcourt," said Mr. Burton. "What have you been doing, Adeline?"
> "I have been roaming in the woods, gathering the flowers, and looking for nuts."
> "Have you found any *kernels*, or do you content yourself with less exalted discoveries?"

Hutspot: a Tale for the Nineteenth Century. By CHARLES FRANCIS TROWER. Longman. 1852.

WE learn from the very title-page that "this word (hotchpot) is in English a pudding; for in this pudding is not commonly put one thing alone, but one thing with other things together." The authority cited for this definition is "Littleton, sect. 267;" while Coke upon Littleton, 177a, avers that "Hutspot is an old Saxon word, and signifieth so much as Littleton here speaks." Hotchpotch is, if we mistake not, a soup, or brose, in Scotland, composed chiefly of green peas, mixed with savoury herbs, and mincings of veal, &c. Be all this as it may, the author shall tell why he has been pleased so to entitle his book. He would not, he prefaces his tale for the present century, write a mere Love-tale, nor a Sporting-tale alone, nor of grave Politics alone, and yet he would fain discourse of each, and hence comes it that his tale is many-webbed.

Therefore (he says) have I wove a web of Love, seeking to enlist loving hearts. Therefore have I wove a web of Sports, trying to catch keen sportsmen. Therefore have I wove a web of sterner stuff, hoping to win sterner minds. And thence rightly my Tale is surnamed "HUTSPOT"—a pudding. Yet hath my title, to those who will more closely company me, an esoteric aptitude. For, whereas the ingredients of a pudding, that had each, before such confection, a several essence of its own, straightway partake of the nature of that wherein they are incorporate—merging their separate identities, and blending in a new result their divers excellences—so, too, is the moral of my tale an Union—nay, more, an Unity: a symphony of discordant instruments: an uniformity of multiform particulars: a confederation of antagonistic elements: a reconcilement of conflicting heresies.

Such then is, or was purposed to be, "Hutspot." It is, indeed, a tale of law, and love, and of Scottish sport on the moors, in the forests and haunts of the red deer and the roebuck: the rivers and lakes, too, yield their share of prey—we should say of sport. There is sport, moreover, among other creatures—"mallards, and teal, and widgeon, curlews, and coots, and divers of all sorts, kittiwakes, and gulls, and herons, and snipes, and geese, and swans." A prominent sporting character, as regards gun and dog, is very different from the man in the play who sings of such fellowship. This is Mrs. Fowler, who shot—aye, and shot well; her gun weighed but 5lb. 5oz. (hear it, ye Eggs and Lancasters), was a wonderful killer, and called "Little Charmer." The lady is shooting teal with her husband, Major Fowler, and with Harold St. Just (no Frenchman), the hero of the piece. The gentlemen's guns have done little execution, and this leads to a

SKETCH OF THE SPORTSWOMAN.

Then followed "Little Charmer;" with what effect, the following appeal to the Major's favourite setter soon disclosed: "Seek lost, Sambo; seek lost, there's a *good* dog. There; *good dog; bring* it then. Now drop it: *drop it, I say, Sir.* Wiped his eye, Fowler." And a blow on the poor bird's occiput, with all imaginable sang froid, against Little Charmer's butt, finished its death struggles.

There is something in Thomson condemnatory of the horrid joy of fierce sport staining "the bosom of the British fair." What is meant by staining their bosoms—unless it be from the blood of the shot birds—we do not know, and as, in all probability, Thomson never fired a gun in his life, and lived before percussion caps, let that pass.

This, then, is a sketch of the web of Sport. The webs of Love and Law are woven in the same style, often spiritedly, at others rather incomprehensibly, and too often too grandiloquently. Law Reform is the hobby of the author; it is sometimes well ridden, but is frequently o'erladen with details of political and party struggles. At last this reform is passed, and then comes

THE LEGAL MILLENIUM.

Law was no more a hidden art, profitable to the very few, and ruinous to the very many, but an unconditional and catholic blessing. Open in part to the comprehension of the meanest, yet affording for those who studied it, in its whole length and breadth, rich mines of knowledge, which the longest life of the most learned failed fully to fathom.

Helen Talbot. A Novel. By Miss PENNEFATHER. In 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

A VERY sentimental novel, and one which ill depicts the joys and sorrows of real life. There is not now a Minerva press of the olden time; A. K. Newman's occupation is gone; but "Helen Talbot" is a novel of a class a few steps only in advance of Leadenhall-street.

The first volume, contrary to precedent in works of sober mediocrity, is decidedly the dullest; indeed, none of the three volumes can be called lively, although some of the incidents are startling. Miss Pennefather seems ever and anon aiming at effect, and missing her aim broadly or narrowly. The style improves, however, as the story advances; at least we have nothing equal to this passage from an early chapter in the subsequent portion. Helen Talbot sentimentalises in this style in a long "talk" with her first love:—

It seems to me that there is a part of *one's* being that grows and is strengthened by the constant contemplation of the beautiful. And what *is* (?) so beautiful, so grand in nature, as mountains? They chime in and harmonise with every feeling of *one's* mind; they seem to think with *one*, and, at the same time, to draw *one* out of *oneself*. *One* leaves them for a time, and on *one's* return they seem to look at *one* as they had been keeping watch, untiring watch, for *one* the while; and as *one* gazes on them, or wends *one's* way over them, every scene in *one's* life that has passed near them, within sight of them, is recalled, as though it was a thing sacred to them and *oneself* alone.

All this may be true in sentiment, but we have heard young ladies discourse in a far better strain.

The story runs thus: Sir Reginald Talbot, a general, has three beautiful daughters, Helen, Madeline,

and Alice, nearly faultless. All have passed through the bright days of girlhood, except Alice, the youngest, and she is budding into womanhood. They have one brother, Reginald, a soldier. His guide, philosopher, and friend, is Lord Montague, a brother officer. His lordship falls gradually in love with Helen, and Helen with his lordship. He proffers his hand with his heart in it, and an earl's coronet in prospect. Helen hesitates, yet is *not* lost. She loves Montague, but feels it her duty not to leave her father until Alice is married. Sir Reginald was a stranger to these love passages, and Lord Montague continues to press his suit, apparently in the belief that the young lady's "nay" may not be a scriptural "nay." His lady-mother hears of his love; she writes to him, sternly refusing *her* consent, and—as if a natural consequence—her noble husband's, the Earl of Ellesmere's, for the authoress seems fond, and without good reason, of giving real titles to her suppositious characters. My young Lord Montague must ally himself, for political connections, he is told, with higher rank than his own; but in what way the daughter of a baronet of honourable family, and of high military position, is not a fit match for his young lordship, is not explained. The dutiful lovers—Moore would have stigmatised them as undutiful to the sacredness of true love—wail together, both determined to submit to circumstances, and they absolve each other from their vows. Lord Montague is to be for the future as Helen's brother, and a bracelet with which he presents her binds the Platonic agreement. The young lady's remarks are certainly original. Both talk metaphysics, apropos to nothing. "I do not think," says Helen, "that however high our nature may be, and however it may be cultivated, that it has the power of renewing the spiritual life that was lost at the fall of Adam." As philosophy is silent on this question, we will not grapple with it.

The lovers breathe mutually a long farewell, and Helen faints—indeed she is rather addicted to fainting—and Lord Montague kisses her: "Again he knelt beside her, and, in misery not to be told, he—kissed her once more."

He and young Reginald sail to join their regiment in India, and Madeline and Alice marry, and marry happily and well. Helen, first to please her father, and then, it seems, to please herself, after much maidenly pondering, listens to the suit of a young barrister, Mr. Henry Addington (the name, by the bye, of the late Lord Sidmouth), whom in the first instance she had refused. He is nephew and heir presumptive to a rich old peer, Lord Lomond. But his noble uncle, who lived much abroad, married abroad, and without the cognisance of his family, a sort of housekeeper, and has an heir apparent. This makes Henry Addington so far a beggar that he has nothing but a slight practice at the bar to depend upon. Helen had shown her truthful second love, for when she and Addington plighted their troth, and she told him of her former love, she kissed him as he did not kiss her first, being awe-struck. She will now marry him and his poverty.

News comes from India of young Reginald's death, and his father pines and dies. Helen's engagement with Mr. Addington was then broken, because a new calamity has fallen upon her. Her fortune was invested in a West India plantation which became valueless, and the unhappy lady is penniless. She meets poverty gently, and, without consulting with any of her family, becomes the "companion" of a lady in Ireland. She is next the governess of a rich merchant's only child, but Inez Hastings droops and dies, and her father expires pressing the hand of this dead girl. He left his large fortune to Helen, and he had purchased the house and estate which were Sir Reginald's, which had been sold after the West India failure. She meets Lord Montague, who is married to a "youthful and lovely creature," also Addington, who is now Lord Lomond—death having removed the housekeeper-countess, her child, and her fretful spouse—and he is married too. The good and beautiful Helen, the wise in vain, for she was still unhappy, is left unwed.

What interest there is in the book is centred in Helen, who is never lost sight of. "Poor thing," said an Irish woman, whom the Talbots had befriended, "she has supped only sorrow out of her silver cup."

Upon reviewing our first impression of this novel, we think we owe Miss Pennefather the justice of adding, that there are under-currents of graceful feeling and womanly sentiment, which, however now obscured by the want of practice in depicting the creations of her fancy, may hereafter enable her to produce a work that we shall be glad to praise.

Adventures and Recollections of Col. LANDMANN, late of the Corps of Royal Engineers. 2 vols. Colburn. 1852.

Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America. By EDWARD SULLIVAN, Esq. Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1852.

Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam. 1852.

WE have classed the first of these books with the two succeeding, because, although consisting of reminiscences of the author's professional career, the greater portion of the two volumes is filled with adventures in Canada, which convey a graphic illustration of life and manners in that portion of North America half a century since.

The introductory part of the book is not unamusing, containing, as it does, a variety of anecdotes of many of the notables of a generation the last remnants of which, are fast passing away from amongst us. In January, 1796, young Landmann, having completed his education at Woolwich, and being then at Plymouth, greatly distinguished himself by the manner in which he seconded Lord Exmouth (then Captain Edward Pellew) in his noble exertions to save the crew and passengers of the Dutton East Indiaman, driven by a violent gale upon the rocks under the citadel. Captain Pellew obtained a baronetcy for his gallantry, but poor Landmann was obliged to rest contented with the bruises and injuries he sustained on the occasion, and these were so severe as to confine him for many weeks to his bed. The governor of the citadel, however, Captain Campbell, paid great attention to the young hero, invited him frequently to dinner, told him stories of the wars, besides a variety of strange adventures. From these we shall select one illustrative of

THE EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY OF A GOAT.

You have all, no doubt, observed that I have a good many goats, running about the works, and that they are fond of walking round the outside of the walls on the "*cordon*," a small semi-circular projection of stone near the top of the escarp, about one foot wide, and above which the revetment of the parapet rises, perpendicularly, four or five feet.

"Now it happened one day," he continued, "that two of my goats commenced their rounds at the same point by leaping out of one of the embrasures, but started back to back, and, consequently, ultimately met at the opposite side of the citadel face to face. Neither could proceed any further, for they could not pass each other nor turn. They remained motionless for two hours, their eyes fixed upon each other; and just as I thought I could perceive a disposition in one to retreat, for it had taken three or four steps to the rear, the other laid down, with its head as low as possible; the first then sprang forwards at a canter and leaped over him."

Colonel Landmann interlards his memoirs with numerous instances of the reckless way in which sailors during the war were in the habit of getting rid of their prize money. One who had taken £500, and was only allowed a week to spend it, actually hired three post-chaises and four from Plymouth to London—one for himself, one for his hat, and the third for his cudgel. This style of travelling, with £200 for "road expenses," left him in a few days nearly penniless! Another whose hard services had been requited with as many guineas as filled a pewter pot, having in vain solicited permission to go ashore, threw the measure and its contents into the sea, and, thus effectually relieved of his anxiety, returned cheerfully to his duty!

In the summer of 1797, our author received orders to proceed to Canada. Upon his arrival at Halifax, he paid his respects to his Royal Highness Prince Edward (afterwards Duke of Kent), who, after showing him much attention, directed him to join his corps with the least delay. On his way thither he passed through New York, which had recently been devastated by the yellow fever. He there saw General Washington, whom he describes as being upwards of six feet two in height, "very reserved and polite, clear and quick-sighted, with an aquiline nose, and high forehead, falling back."

We must refer our readers to the book itself for the author's numerous and very amusing adventures in Canada, as we have only space for a few brief extracts.

A curious custom, it seems, exists amongst the Indians of "exchanging dreams." The following is an illustration of the practice. An Indian chief, coveting the gorgeous uniform of Sir William Johnson, thus accosted him:—

AN EXCHANGE OF DREAMS.

"Ha, Sir William, me dream wit you last night." "Indeed," replied the General, quickly understanding that the chief was about to ask for some present, a common mode of begging with those people, "Well," replied Sir William, "what did you dream?" "Oh, Sir William, me dream you give me dat fine coat you had on yesterday." Sir William was not much delighted at being thus obliged to part with his very costly coat, but he could not refuse without giving offence. "Oh, my dear fellow, the coat is yours;" and in an hour the Indian chief was seen walking about, as proud as Lucifer, with the General's full-dress coat on his back, whilst he had no other article of clothing but a pair of leggings.

Sir W. Johnson was not the man to submit to his loss tamely, and on the following day, seeking the opportunity, he said to the chief, "How do you like your new coat?" "Very much, very much," replied the Indian. "Well," continued Sir William, "do you know I dream with you last night;" and the Indian king began to look very serious, for he instantly perceived he would have to pay for the coat. "Well, and what you dream, Sir William?" "Why, come here," taking the Indian by the arm, and drawing him up to this elevated spot, "and I will tell you my dream. Now, I dream last night you pull me by the arm, and dragged me against my will to this place; and then you say, 'Look, Sir William Johnson, all round you, I give you all the land you can see from here,' which surprise me very much! and I said 'Thank you, my good friend,' and I accepted the present!" The Indian, greatly astonished at his own liberality, exclaimed, "Ah! that was very great dream—well you must have it; but, Sir William, me never dream any more with you." Sir William was not sorry to hear this resolution, and soon after obtained the formal grant. The government took

effectual measures to prevent any individual from acquiring property from the Indians in consequence of this event.

Another chieftain—one Cawgawguichin (the Little Crow)—took a great fancy to the young engineer officer, and requested permission to adopt him as his brother. The requisite ceremonies having been performed, Lieutenant Landmann, after an imposing ceremonial, duly became Manitouwin (the Little Spirit). Some time after he received from the "Little Crow" a variety of

MUNIFICENT PRESENTS.

These consisted of about one hundred bushels of Indian corn, five hundred weight of maple sugar, twenty beaver skins, and two beaver blankets made out of the skins of young beavers; the leather beautifully dressed and white, and painted with Indian battle scenes, eagles and manitous or spirits usually represented by the figure of a man with an eagle's head, and also by eagles darting forked lightning in various directions; buffaloes hunted by Indians on horses are also frequently introduced. Each blanket is composed of nine skins measuring two yards each way. Besides these there were several dozens of mocassins splendidly worked with porcupines' quills dyed in very bright colours, a pipe of peace, and a wampam belt.

On one occasion, during a travelling excursion, our author had the satisfaction of saving from a cruel death an Indian woman and her child. Observing an unusual stir in a native camp, he soon perceived that something more than ordinary was in agitation.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

A much larger fire than usual was burning, the kettle was suspended over it, and there was an air of solemnity throughout the whole of the community I had not on former occasions observed.

In walking about the wigwams, I observed a woman sitting on the ground with an infant at her breast, quite apart from the huts. She was stripped naked to her waist. I soon perceived that on various parts of her back and arms were pieces of pine-wood, about the size of a skewer, sharp-pointed at one end and frizzled at the other. Several boys and men were round her, sticking the skewers into her flesh, of which she took no notice, nor did she flinch or shrink in the slightest degree.

Upon inquiry into the motives for this preparation, one of the Indians replied that the woman was a prisoner—I believe, a Pawnee—and that they were about to burn her and her child, directing my attention to a heap of faggots, or small wood, prepared for that purpose. The sticking into her flesh of the skewers was suspended for a short time whilst the explanation was proceeding.

I was perfectly horrified at beholding such intense brutality, and I expressed myself accordingly in strong reproaches. The Indians treated my remonstrances with contempt. I inquired if the destruction of this woman would enrich them, or give them any *schooty-wabo* (rum).

"No," replied the Indian, "she is not worth it."

"But," said I, "if you will sell her to me, I am willing to give you some rum for her."

"*Tawaw, tawaw*," an expression indicating some degree of surprise, "if you have taken a fancy to the *animouse* (dog), we can be satisfied with *schooty-wabo* instead of the festival of seeing her burnt; but do you want the child also?" the Indian looking at me with an air which convinced me that I would not be troubled with it; "for," said he, "we can burn the child, which would do as well, and perhaps be more to your liking."

"No, no, I must have both," cried I, rejoiced to find that there was a chance of saving their lives. A negociation was immediately commenced, and it was agreed that in consideration of my handing them six bottles of rum, that is two of rum mixed with four of water, they would transfer their rights and titles to both the woman and child to me. Through the medium of one of the Indians present, who spoke the language of the prisoner, it was explained to her that her life was saved, and that she was now my property. She received the information with an air of the utmost indifference; and although I hastened to pluck out all the skewers to the number of at least twenty or thirty, and assisted to wash the blood from her skin, she uttered not one word of either sorrow or pleasure.

Those who take up these volumes for entertainment, will experience no disappointment, and will, besides, derive much useful information from their contents. The second volume closes with the summer of 1805, so that, in all probability, Colonel Landmann may intend at a future time to give to the world another collection of his reminiscences during the past eventful seven and forty years.

Mr. Sullivan evinces much cleverness and humour in the recital of his rambles.

He had performed a trip to Spain and the East, in the early spring of 1850, but meeting with a quondam college friend, he agreed, at his request, to accompany him and his brother on a trip to the "Far West." They accordingly crossed the Atlantic in an emigrant ship, between the decks of which five hundred of the lowest Irish were stowed. They were huddled together like swine, in every stage of filth and wretchedness. On the 30th June, after a somewhat disagreeable passage, our author landed at New York, a city which, with its hotels, inhabitants, and accessories of all kinds, has been so frequently described, that it is needless to dwell upon the subject here. Boston, in the same way, is also tolerably well known. Mr. Sullivan informs us that it is a clean, puritanical-looking, neat, little town, where smoking, drinking, or selling liquors in the streets, are alike forbidden,—laws, however, which are much more honoured in the breach than in the observance:—

AMERICAN LADIES.

The Boston ladies are excessively pretty and fascinating, and rather more *embonpoint* than their New York rivals, and you often meet with a complexion so transparent as to be quite startling. From the intense cold of the winter they very seldom leave their houses (which are heated with stoves) for months together, and to this circumstance I imagine a good deal of their delicate interesting appearance is to be attributed. There is a great difference between the Boston and New York ladies. The former are inclined to be *blue*—attend anatomical lectures and dissections—prefer a new theory of geology or religion to a new fashion of dress or crochet-work. The New York ladies, on the contrary, have no tendency to blue-stockingism, and quite dread the character, wishing to be supposed capable of no more serious thought than that involved in the last new polka or the last wedding, and professing that there is nothing worth living for but balls and operas! The fair denizens of both cities, however, agree to dress in very good taste and style, and make the most of that fleeting beauty which is so fascinating for a time, but which so soon passes away. They adopt the French fashions completely, but they *Americanise* them rather too much, sometimes giving them the appearance of being *overdressed*—a mistake a French woman never makes—and the habit of wearing short sleeves (or rather no sleeves at all, but only a shoulder strap), at an early dinner, at two o'clock, is very unbecoming.

Religious excitement runs very high amongst the Bostonians, and often carries its professors to absurd lengths:—

A FALSE PROPHET.

Two years ago a Mr. Millar appeared, who said that he had had a revelation that the end of the world was at hand,

and that on the 15th of the next month the pick of the faithful would be taken up into heaven; many believed, and supplied themselves with ascension clothes, and settled their worldly affairs, though it is whispered that some lent the money they had raised by the sale of their goods at a good per cent. per annum. The young ladies had their ascension clothes made long, that their flight might be conducted with all due regard to decorum, and that they might not display too much ankle to the miserable sinners upon earth. One young lady had her sofa placed near the window, to avoid the chance of deranging her hair, by going through the ceiling. At length the 15th arrived, the faithful waited in their ascension clothes for the glorious moment, till their regular tea hour, when getting tired and hungry, it was determined to ask an explanation of Mr. Millar, when, alas! it was discovered that he had departed—not to heaven, but by the railroad, with a lady, who, being fully convinced that her husband and family were going to ascend on that day, and feeling herself not quite worthy such a sudden elevation, thought it no wrong to take unto herself a fresh spouse.

Our traveller found Niagara very much what others have described it, and the Yankee steamers as explosive as usual:—

STEAM-BOAT ACCIDENTS.

During a fortnight's residence at Niagara one Yankee steamer was blown up on Lake Erie with a hundred and fifty passengers; every soul lost but two, who escaped by diving under the sinking mass of passengers (who stuck to each other like frog-spawn), and swimming half a mile to shore. One of the two had lost mother, wife, and five children, so had to begin life quite afresh. Another steamer burst her boiler, killing eight outright; other ten were drowned, and thirty were boiled, scalded, and skinned, in such a way they were not expected to survive. Another steamer ran on a rock in Niagara river, and sank in twenty feet water; her passengers were saved by another steamer. Tremendous fires, that consume three or four square miles of buildings, as at Philadelphia, three or four hundred lives, or three or four millions sterling, are mentioned quite as matters of fact in American papers, and do not call for any larger type or "latest particulars" from the editor. Inquests on persons killed by accident (even when notoriously caused by gross neglect), or the responsibility of the directors and proprietors of the public means of conveyance, are quite unknown. These accidents I have mentioned were predicted last year at Buffalo: the season had been bad, and the proprietors of the vessels said they could not afford to examine and replace the worn-out boilers.

At length the author arrived upon the open prairies, burnt and blackened as far as the eye could reach, with here and there heaps of smouldering buffalo bones, where some unfortunate herd had been overtaken by the flames:—

INDIAN SAGACITY.

For two or three consecutive days we "racked" along as fast and as well as our horses would carry us, most of the time through burnt prairies; the weather was bitterly cold, and it had snowed more or less every day since we left Lacqui-Parle. The excitement of the Indians as the tracks of buffalo became fresher was very great. At last, one morning, we came upon the gory remains of several bulls and cows that the Indians had killed a few days before. Soon after we saw the Indians, who had pressed on before, on the top of a slight eminence that commanded a view of the prairie for many miles in every direction, waving their buffalo robes, and galloping about like wild demons. On joining them we found them in the greatest state of delight. They pointed out something to us at a great distance, but we could see nothing. At length, after some time, we saw a sort of flash of the sun, as if a reflection from water. On our guides coming up they told us that what we saw was some Indian sent out from the village to meet our friends, to give them good tidings of the buffalo; that although we could not see him on account of the distance, he could see us, being on an elevation against the light, and had flashed a looking-glass to attract attention. It is a plan always pursued by the Indians, and they say they can see it at a distance of ten miles. It is a fact that the sappers surveying from the summit of the Big-Cheviot saw with distinctness the reflector of another party surveying on Ben McDhae, distant more than one hundred miles. I have heard old prairie hunters affirm, that on a dark night a flint and steel well struck can be seen fifteen or sixteen miles off; and that, on a still night, when there is no wind, an Indian, by putting his ear to the ground, will hear a man or a buffalo breathing at the distance of three miles—rather a long distance certainly, but I believe anything of the natural gifts of a savage, who, both for his safety and means of subsistence, is so entirely dependent upon them, that by constant practice they are brought to a pitch of perfection of which we have no idea.

* * * * * * *

The prairie Indians are most completely dependent on the buffalo. Everything that supports existence is derived from them; lodgings, beds, robes, mocassins, leggings, saddles, are all made from their skins; powder flasks are made from their horns, needles from the small bones, their ribs make bows, and the arrows are tipped with bone. When they are plentiful the Indians live in clover, and when scarce they starve. No wonder they think and talk of nothing else from the time they can first prattle till they are veterans.

* * * * * * *

Some young men had been sent out in the morning to find out the exact locality of the buffalo, and what direction they were taking, in order that the movements of the village might be directed accordingly. They had strict injunctions not to hunt or be seen by the animals, lest they might change their route. However, one young fellow, thinking nobody could see him, and having tender recollections of buffalo tongue and tender hump, did hunt and kill a cow. This performance having come to the ears of the chiefs in the evening, the warriors or soldiers of the tribe, who are bound to enforce the laws of the small republic, went to the young man's lodge, and slit it all to pieces, broke his gun, and in fact brought him and his whole family to great grief and dolour—very pleasant on a winter's night, with the thermometer below zero.

* * * * * * *

In the afternoon two bulls came right into camp, and were killed in most slovenly style with bows and arrows by the Indians, each getting, I should think, twenty or thirty arrows. One poor brute in particular would not die; the Indians kept firing at him at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards, and the arrows entered the flesh about three inches. Every time he was struck he gave a kind of plaintive bellow and tried to charge, but was too weak. He would have been a long time dying, if N—— had not gone up with his "two-shoot gun" and put him out of his misery. It is a painful sight watching a buffalo on his last legs. He seems to get angry with the weakness that is creeping upon him, and stamps impatiently as if trying to shake it off. He never lies down when badly wounded, but stands till he drops, and when once down never rises again. Directly this unfortunate beast was down, the cowardly savages, who a few minutes before dared not approach within twenty yards, and rushed away at the slightest attempt at a charge, sprang upon him, and kicked him, and stuck their knives into him with savage delight. (I could quite imagine them doing the same to an enemy whenever they had a chance.) The butchering was done in masterly style, but was disgusting in the extreme. His tongue was out before he was dead, and they were chewing his kidneys almost before his heart ceased beating! Altogether the proceeding, in barbarity, reminded me of an Andalusian bull-fight, although there is even less excuse for the enlightened European than for the wild Indian.

On arriving at Fort Snelling, Mr. Sullivan and his companions were very hospitably entertained by the officers quartered there, with whom they passed several days very agreeably. Some interesting information was elicited upon this occasion on the subject of the American army, and our readers will perhaps be surprised to hear that the only available force of regular troops to garrison all the forts in the Union, and to maintain an Indian frontier of near 3,000 miles, is 7,000 men.

The privates throughout the whole service are *all* foreigners to a man, Germans, English, Scotch, and Irish deserters, Poles, Hungarians, &c., but not a single, native-born American is to be found in the ranks.

To our idea there seems to be room for improvement in the mode in which justice is administered in some parts of the United States:—

AN AMERICAN COURT OF JUSTICE.

The Chief Justice of Minnesota was holding his sessions at St. Paul's. The bar of the hotel was the court-house. The judge was sitting with his feet on the stove, on a level with his head, a cigar between his lips, a chew as big as an orange in his mouth, and a glass of some liquor by his side. The jury were in nearly the same elegant position, in different parts of the room, and a lawyer, sitting across a chair, leaning his chin on the back of it, was addressing them. The prisoner was sitting, drinking and smoking, with his back turned to the judge, and looked the most respectable and least concerned of the whole party. Altogether it struck me that there might be a great deal of justice, but very little dignity, in the application of the law in Minnesota. The fact of the judges being elected by a majority in the Houses of Assembly of the different states, and changed every year, is a circumstance that does not enhance the dignity of the judgeship, and must interfere with the independence of his position. Instead of its being, as with us, the reward of experience and approved integrity, it is very frequently turned into a political appointment, and the dignity of the position sacrificed to the interest of the individual.

It would perhaps be well, too, were the Government to take strenuous measures for putting an end to the barbarous system of carrying arms so common in some of the Southern States. The bloodshed and habitual conflicts to which it leads can be stayed in no other way.

A YANKEE DUEL.

A regular fighting man and bully insulted a young man and challenged him to fight; the novice refused to fight, except in a perfectly dark room, which was agreed to. The two men were put into a dark room, armed with bowie knives and revolvers, and the seconds were not to open the door for half an hour. At the end of that time they did so, and found the young man sitting at one end of the room smoking his pipe, and the body of his antagonist lying on the middle of the floor, with the head completed severed from the body and placed on it, so as to face the door! The young man said they had followed each other about in the dark for some time without meeting, at length he drew himself up in a corner quite close to the wall, and judging of his opponent's approach by his breathing, made a blow at him and killed him on the spot.

* * * * * * *

There is hardly one man out of fifty from St. Louis right down south, that does not always carry a bowie-knife or a revolver. A very agreeable man, at whose house we spent more than one evening, had shot a man dead a short time before in the middle of the day, on the steps of the planters' house in the main street of St. Louis. He had been steward of a ball, and in that capacity had thought it his duty to refuse admittance to some individual of whose character he did not approve. The man swore vengeance, and declared he would shoot him the first time he met him. This happened a few days after, when he met my friend standing on the steps of the hotel: he immediately drew out a revolver and fired six shots at him, advancing as he fired. My friend received his fire without moving an inch, but directly the man had finished he drew his pistol, and walking towards him, gave him two shots, killing him on the spot. It certainly was a "case of justifiable homicide."

Mr. Sullivan's remarks on slavery are sensible and cannot be refuted. We would willingly have given them *in extenso* had it been practicable.

Having brought his rambles in Northern America to a conclusion, our traveller proceeded to visit several of the West Indian islands *en route* to the Southern Continent. He speaks in high terms of the opera house at Cuba, which is nearly as large as the Queen's theatre in the Haymarket, being capable of accommodating 6,000 persons:—

A CUBAN AUDIENCE

is the most enthusiastic I ever saw, applauding and encoring in the most reckless manner. They throw pigeons decked with ribbons without end on the stage to their favourites, and as most of the pigeons have doubloons tied under their wings, the attention is appreciated. It used to be a great amusement, sitting in the boxes and watching the swells in the stalls with their baskets full of pigeons. I have seen as many as twenty or thirty on the stage at once. One night I was very much amused with watching the manœuvres of two young dandies; they were sitting quite close to the orchestra and had a great basket between them, of which they seemed to take particular care; the lid was continually rising and falling in a most remarkable manner, and the whole basket seemed every now and then to be convulsed with throes of violent agitation. I wondered what it could contain, not supposing pigeons were strong enough to agitate the whole basket, or that they could have enough to fill a hamper. At length, after some wonderful pirouetting on the toe from an active wiry old lady who was dancing, my attention was suddenly attracted by a great commotion in the neighbourhood of my two friends below: both were on the floor, and I thought at first they were fighting; they were both struggling violently with the hamper, which seemed in a most strange state of internal convulsion, when at length what was my astonishment to see a huge peacock extracted with great difficulty from the hamper, and then launched forth, flapping and screaming, towards the stage; either the bird was nervous at thus appearing suddenly before a crowded house, or else it must have carried a great weight of doubloons, for instead of reaching the stage, where I suppose it was intended to expand its tail, and strut about emblematical of the grace of the lady that was dancing, the original motion imparted to it when launched into space ceased short of the foot-lights, and it fell in the centre of the orchestra, nearly driving the French horn down a stout musician's throat who was puffing a solo, and half smothering the big fiddle, who was playing the accompaniment; this of course stopped the performance for some time, and drew the attention of the house on the owners of the peacock; they at first seemed rather proud of their performance, but on the big fiddle jumping up from his prostrate position, and shaking his bow at the authors of his discomfiture, amidst the roar of laughter of the whole house, they began to look rather sheepish.

Here we must take our leave of this amusing writer, whose book, if appreciated as it deserves to be, will unquestionably be widely circulated, both in this country and in America.

Mr. Casey's lucubrations are not altogether unworthy of attention. His remarks are occasionally sensible and shrewd, though we certainly do meet with statements and expressions affording evidence that his education has been somewhat superficial. The following passage, for instance, displays as much sophistry, ignorance, and absurdity, as can well be conceived. Speaking of the nobility of England, the author says:—"One can easily fancy how they look upon that *strict course of reasoning* which the Chartists are ever treating them with, reminding them that, as the *descendants of a horde of chivalrous freebooters*, who killed the occupiers, and took possession of the broad acres of England, they have *no right* to the said lands and revenues; and, *although*

this is true and trite enough, we do not see one of these nobles assign his demesne and rent-roll to the public. (!) Yet do we see that they will, with certain feelings of the Pharisee, preside and contribute to the spoliation of their neighbour's estate, and write themselves virtuous and consistent withal." One ought to receive with considerable caution the observations of any man, upon a country in which he only dwelt two years, when we find him gravely uttering such ridiculous nonsense respecting the institutions of his own country.

On another occasion Mr. Casey tells us, after a day's shooting, "The result of my *batteau* (!) was a chamelion (alive), and a mocking-bird (defunct)." He invariably spells counsel, *council;* and his poetry, of which he is fond of giving specimens, is not, we can assure him, likely to enhance his literary reputation.

Our readers, both at home and in America, will estimate for themselves the amount of truth in the following expression of opinion on

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

It is impossible to mix in general American society and fail to observe that there is a feeling of implacable hatred to England, as a nation, pervading it. This is reasonably accounted for on the grounds of history and tradition, but more particularly from the fact that there is less of human kindliness displayed by either nation toward the other, than their mutual profession of Christianity, and the cause of friendship demand. The animosities of both are mainly traditional, and by both exaggerated by the nursing. America talks of the tyranny and injustice of England, and England quotes the rebellion, ingratitude, and contumacy of the colonies; and so the wheel revolves, and the hatchet, though buried, may at any time be dug up in a day, for it is buried deep. And this is a consequence of that old and deformed human error which holds the present generation responsible for the actions of their ancestors. England, strong, rich, and proud in the memories of a thousand years, displays on all occasions that exacting haughtiness which infallibly begets in an inferior power, hatred, and in an equal power, resentment! The one feels it as a wrong, the other as an insult. Moreover, she does not even do by others as she requires others to do by her. And in this fatal error of acting as if might were right, lies the germ of her injustice and the seed of her decline.

America, the marrow of her bones, the strength of her loins, her counterpart in manhood, and superior in energy, her gigantic offspring, which for upwards of a century has strengthened its sinews from the most energetic of the nationalities of Europe, is not now, in the dawn of its strength, disposed to submit to the antiquated airs and dictatorial manner of her ancient mother. And moreover, she remembers, and feels confidence from that memory, that (while yet an infant) she measured strength with her, and cast her down; and knowing this, it is but natural to find her returning the Old World swagger with a liberal addition.

Hunt's Yachting Magazine. **No. I. August, and No. II. September, 1852. With Illustrations by T. G. Dutton and G. F. Bonner. Hunt and Son, 6, New Church-street, Edgware-road.**

THE appearance of the first number of this periodical, coupled with the vast yearly increase in the number, the speed, and beauty of the vessels belonging to the various royal clubs, afford the best evidence that can be given of the increasing interest taken in yachting. Nor is this interest by any means disproportionate to the importance of the pursuit, as recent events have in more than one instance satisfactorily proved.

In the first place, in our acceptation of the term, Yachting is purely and exclusively of English origin: of yacht-sailing other nations, except as copyists, have but a very vague idea, and there is scarcely perhaps any trait in the British character so puzzling and so unaccountable to foreigners as that strange, that inexpressible delight which so many of our countrymen take in the element by which their island-home is girt. It is not, perhaps, too much to assert, that the true-born sons of Britain may be known all over the globe by this striking and innate peculiarity. Let the passion be curbed, checked, or thwarted by the accidental circumstances of education or position, it is rarely, if ever eradicated. It would seem as if it were implanted in the youthful mind to promote, as it has undoubtedly done in no unimportant degree, the pre-eminence of this country in the scale of nations. It would of course be absurd to say that the instinct, innate in many instances though it certainly appears to be, is anything like universal; but we do not hesitate to affirm that, where it exists, it exercises a marked and singular influence over the individual whose destiny it seems often to direct.

We appeal, indeed, to many of our readers whether, if they themselves happen to be exempt from the feeling in question, they have not frequently observed its rise and development in others, and in the majority of such cases, at least, if they have not noticed that, where every possible means have been adopted that ingenuity could devise, the indomitable passion has not survived every effort made to subdue it.

For our own part, though now in the sere and yellow leaf, and though chequered has been our career in life, yet readily can

We track
Our many years of memory back,

and recall those days of our infancy when the only toys in which we delighted were such as denoted then the early existence of aquatic tastes. In boyhood and in youth, though certainly no means were left untried to dispel this folly, as it was perhaps too harshly termed, still no change was in reality effected; and as the young plant, notwithstanding any measures that may be taken to avert it from the light, and to alter the direction of its growth, will unremittingly turn towards the orb of day, so were all our energies bent towards the accomplishment of

one object, the fulfilment of one fond hope. Numerous were the mininture models which we constructed, rigged, and launched; indeed, almost any log upon which we could lay hands, was pretty certain to be appropriated, to be carved into the semblance of a ship, to be excavated with infinite toil, and, when tremblingly committed to the surface of a neighbouring lake; anxious then, indeed, were the moments, and breathless was the suspense endured, until the diminutive bark, with her tiny helm carefully lashed, reached the opposite shore.

Nor need we be ashamed of this avowal, since it is well known that in a similar manner would the most deep-thoughted, wildest, yet most inspired of our modern bards, often beguile a leisure hour. Aye, the immortal Shelley himself would for hours hang in breathless contemplation over the margin of a mountain loch, watching with the most intense eagerness the fragile similitude of a boat, to the mast of which, on one occasion, for want of a more suitable sail, he actually attached the only bank-note in his possession, to waft his vessel to the opposite shore!

Well do we remember the rapture of that day, when, by dint of patient economy, we found ourselves possessed of a beautifully constructed model of a schooner, long ardently coveted; and although, since that happy period, a quarter of a century, with all that it has brought and all that it has taken, has rolled away: still looking back, through the dim vista of departed years, can we recall and regret that the sensations then experienced have since been rarely equalled; not even when, at a maturer age, we trod for the first time the deck of our own gallant, well-appointed yacht, and with a chosen crew under our command, stood over to a distant land.

Day by day, too, at that time we pored in all earnestness over the pages of the early voyagers, sympathising in all the hardships they endured, and only regretting that it had not been our fate to share the adventures which the quaint but graphic simplicity of their narratives brought so vividly to view. This course of reading was varied by the perusal of our naval history. To that we could ever revert, not only without weariness, but with the most unalloyed satisfaction, pondering again and again upon the details of every well-contested fight, until at length the incidents of each became so indelibly impressed upon the mind, that we could have given from memory the narrative of almost every recorded battle that swells the triumphant annals of our victories on the deep.

Such were our sentiments in days long since gone by; such, too, are they now. Are there not, may we ask, among the readers of these pages, many who have been similarly actuated? To such the new Review is more particularly addressed. Their feelings will be in unison with those of its promoters. They are kindred spirits, English to the core; and as such we hail them as brethren, we hold out to them the hand of amity. They can appreciate the fervid, the sublime eloquence of that stanza, which embodies all, nay far more than all, that we have expressed, and which, if the author had written no more, would have entitled him to rank among the noblest of the poets of all time:—

> And I have loved thee, Ocean! And my joy
> Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
> Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From a boy
> I wantoned with thy breakers,—they to me
> Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
> Made them a terror,—'twas a pleasing fear,
> For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
> And trusted to thy billows far and near,
> And laid my hand upon thy mane ——

We sincerely hope that the appearance of the "Yachting Magazine" indicates the dawn of a new era, and that now that yachting men have an organ for the interchange of ideas, and for recording matters connected with their noble pursuit, they will patronise it as it deserves, and aid in every way the proprietors in promoting their spirited undertaking.

The price is marvellously low, and no objection can possibly arise on that ground; while the amount of useful and entertaining matter presented in the opening numbers, recommend them to a large class of even general readers.

History of Adult Education. By J. W. Hudson, Ph.D. Longman and Co. 1852.
School Economy. By Jelinger Symons, A.B. J. W. Parker.
The Christian Student. Whitaker.
Public Schools for the Middle Classes. By the Rev. N. Woodard. Joseph Masters.
Hints on Education. By J. Willasey. Simpkin and Marshall.

These volumes have been before us for some time, and we had meditated, *à propos* of them, to enter into the whole subject of public and private education, avoiding, as far as possible, the points of difference on this very delicate topic. The topic, however, is too vast to be treated shortly, and too important to be dealt with hastily. We must content ourselves for the present with saying of these books, that Mr. Jelinger Symons is one of the Government inspectors of schools, and takes the anti-secular and rather Evangelical than High Church view of the subject; that Mr. Hudson has compiled a book con-

taining useful statistics, and a list of literary societies, which we have referred to in another article; that "The Christian Student" is a periodical produced at the College of the Rev. Henry Monro, who is now employed in educating thirty youths, the sons of labourers, and fitting them for colonial missions; and that Mr. Willasey's little work is a modest, yet, at the same time, comprehensive, treatise on an improved system of national education, adapted to the present state of society, and calculated to "discover and encourage the rising geniuses of the realm." Mr. Willasey proposes that—

1. Infant schools should be established for boys and girls, and classed as low, middle, and high schools.

The separation of the sexes, after infancy, seems distinctly indicated by the different nature of their studies, and would tend greatly to improve their general conduct; therefore schools should be appropriated for each.

2. A low class school for boys, whose parents pay no rate, and who intend them for agricultural or mechanical pursuits.

3. A middle class school for boys, whose parents pay the low rate, and who design them for commercial, or mercantile business.

4. A high class school for boys, whose parents pay the high rate, intending them for the learned professions; and for such as are subsequently to proceed to the colleges or universities.

5. Girls' schools to be established similarly constituted as the boys: in low, middle, and high class schools.

Each of these schools might be established in towns, villages, and places where they are required; but if any single one alone should be desired, permission ought to be granted, after assigning sufficient reasons. In large towns, the number of each class of schools may be increased, according to circumstances.

Mr. Willasey is desirous of effecting an entire separation of secular from religious tuition, and would assign each branch to distinct denominations of instructors.

Poems. By the Hon. JULIAN FANE. London: Pickering. 1852.

POETRY has, in a small way, made a dash to regain her ancient importance, but the attempt has been respectable rather for its gallantry than for its success. Foremost in this desperate *sortie* has been the Hon. Julian Fane, to whom we offer our most unfeigned felicitations, for he has done what Byron could not do—he has attracted the town to a volume of juvenile poems. The probability undoubtedly is, that this is the only poetic point of view in which Lord Byron and Mr. Fane will ever be named together, but we must honestly confess that, if the "Hours of Idleness" and the "Lay of Bragi," and the third canto of "Childe Harold," were put into our hands, and we were required to prophesy which of the authors of the two first-named verses would become the author of the last-named poem, we should be excessively puzzled to choose; not that the merits of the two are so even, for we think Mr. Fane's poems are altogether better than the "Hours of Idleness," but that the indications of a mighty poet are in both so utterly *nil*. However, as Archilochus was, by being crossed in love, sent raging into Iambics, and as Byron was, by an article in the *Edinburgh*, stung to fury that found voice in an immortal satire, so do we hope that Mr. Fane may be so struck by the few cold words of truth which we shall address to him, coming, as they will, after the warm-bath of eulogy in which he has been recently immersed, that he will betake himself with vigour and energy to the task of proving that his flatterers were right, and that we are very wrong.

In the first place, then, we must say, with respect to by far the larger portion of this small volume, precisely what the truculent *Edinburgh* reviewer said of the whole of the "Hours of Idleness"—"It happens in the life of nine men out of ten who are educated in England to write verses, and the tenth man writes better verses than Mr. Fane." For instance, the "Epistle ad Amicum"—

> Still wilt thou not confess? Well, be it so;
> Discretion wise all prudent lovers know;
> Yet all in vain, what thou has close concealed
> The observant muse hath for herself revealed;
> Tells thee thou lov'st—and, in thy rash reply,
> Hears the low murmur of a gracious lie!

might, with a little superadded courtesy, have been written, and rather better written, by two out of every five freshmen who have just sworn to observe the statutes of alma mater. The verses to Nuneham might have been verses to Hyde-park or to Kensington-gardens with equal propriety, for there is no local stamp upon them to show whether Nuneham is a house, a park, or a greyhound, except that there are trees, it seems, in that neighbourhood, for

> On the smooth bole, whose branches wide dispread
> O'ercanopied his head,
> The happy date he carves with rudest art.

We would venture to risk all our hopes of becoming Archbishop of York upon the chance that any one of the nine undergraduates who form the crew of the next eight-oar that rushes down the Isis with its hamper of cold meat and champagne, and deposits its burden in Nuneham-park, will write much more readable verses upon the day and the voyage, than Mr. Fane has here printed.

But had these been the only observations that occurred to us upon this volume, we should have suppressed them; for we have no pleasure in fault-finding, and we hold in especial horror the two opposite vulgarities of unduly eulogising or unfairly censuring the literary amusements of a young man of rank. We have found, however, among much that is but graceful feebleness and unfinished mediocrity, evidences of a mind which, properly stirred, is capable of great things. Kathleen is probably but an

image, a myth, an imagined sentiment; but love for a mother is an universal and an earnest reality. This young man's soul can kindle when his heart is in his song; and we should be sorry to speak slightingly of an intellect, or doubtfully of a heart, which can produce verses like those addressed to his mother upon her birth-day. The early lines are somewhat confused and obscure; but we think our readers will not turn away from those we quote:—

AD MATREM.

But Time himself proclaims his power,
And will not pass unheeded by:
At every turn his ruins lie,
I track his steps at every door;
Or, musing with myself, I find
His signet borne by every thought,
From many a moral blemish wrought
By more of commerce with my kind;
Who am not armed, as thou in youth,
To bear unhurt the brunt of Life,
To battle with the foes of Truth,
And issue scarless from the strife;
Not pure, as thou, to pass unscared,
Where knaves and fools infest the ways,
By their rank censure unimpaired,
And spotless from their ranker praise.
And thus the slow year, circling round,
Mars with no change thy soul serene,
While I, though changed, alas! am found
Far other than I should have been,
And only not at heart unsound,
Because thy love still keeps it green;
Oh! therefore, from that worst decay
To save me with Love's holiest dew,
Heaven guard thee, dear! and oft renew
Return of this thy natal day:
And teach me, with each rolling year
That leaves us on a heartless earth,
To love thee so, that love may bear
Fruits worthier of thy perfect worth.

The youthful poet who penned this, cannot fail of great achievements, unless he be spoiled by adulation, unnerved by carelessness, or rusted by idleness.

Links in the Chain of Destiny. A Poem in various verse. By RONALD CAMPBELL.

THE ten sections (so the author calls them) of this poem can be compared to nothing more appropriately than Turner's masterly, but lawless and disappointing pictures. We recognise in them the same power of colouring, now attracting the eye by its brilliancy, now by its tender hues; the same deep tone of feeling, the same breadth of effect, and, finally, the same vagueness, indistinctness, and perplexity. The intent of the author appears to be, to recount certain incidents of his life, with the reflections and emotions to which these reminiscences give rise. He, however, affords us but little insight into the events themselves, which he may be said rather to allude to, than describe; thus assuming the reader to have a previous knowledge of them. It is as though we were straining our ears in listening to an animated conversation or earnest debate which, from many expressions that we catch, we conclude involves some matter of considerable importance, but being unacquainted with the premises, are unable to arrive at any satisfactory idea as to the essence or the merits of the subject. In the third section, for example, we have a vision of his being constrained to quit his dwelling on the command of a mysterious individual of whom he says:—

I knew the face,
It was a mortal Being's:
But I hardly felt
That it was mortal."

He sets forth from his home in company with a friend, and after rejecting with indignation some insulting proposal made to him by his enemy, closes a long, and, as far as appears, an aimless journey, like Childe Harold, on the sea shore; or rather, we should say, like Monte Christo, embarks and sails away none can tell whither. Again, in section ix., he appears to complain of having become the victim of prejudice and slander on the occasion of some terrible crisis in his life, when beset by overwhelming difficulties he extricates himself from them by some desperate resolution; so at least, not being willing to suppose him guilty of arson, we interpret the description of his mansion in flames, his escape by rushing through them, and his condemnation by the general voice as an incendiary. Far be it from us, however, to pronounce positively on this or any other similar examples; for when, in perusing these narratives, if so they may be designated, we appear to be arriving at something tangible, a mist supervenes, the view dissolves, and something else emerges to fade away in like manner. Notwithstanding this wildness, there is as we have said, much of power, pathos, and poetical feeling in these effusions; as, in the concluding section, the touching picture he draws of reconciliation with a friend after an estrangement the result of misapprehension; his earnest warning to another, in sections v. and vii., of the perilous position in which sin has placed him; an impressive reproach, section vi., to one who, laying aside his former sincerity and open-heartedness, deals only in formalities and empty courtesy; add to these his picturesque rambles, solitary or in company, wherein he has an eye and a pen for the beauties of nature and her everchanging aspect; the address, sect. ii., to the fitful wind, varying from zephyr to tempest, merits especial notice. Our author, in his title-page, intimates that his poem is "in various verse." Various, indeed! We can make allowance for, and even admire, the enthusiasm of a poet, which occasionally leads him to disregard ordinary rules, and to a certain extent are willing to admit the "*quidlibet audendi potestas*" claimed for his tribe by Horace; but there are limits which must not be overleapt; and we cannot but wish that the "chain

of destiny" had kept our author a little more under restraint. Now and then we find ourselves on the smooth road of blank verse, but rarely during more than ten or a dozen steps; after which a sort of metrical earthquake occurs; the lines are shivered into fragments, and fall about in all directions, presenting no particular metre, but all lengths, from a monosyllable to eight syllables. If, in this general disruption, a rhyme happen to turn up, well and good; if not, our author philosophically dispenses with it. The rhymes, indeed, are few and far between, yet, strangely enough, they sometimes appear forced, words being coined for the emergency, as—

Anon with rushing sound,
And congregated *blore*,
The swelling notes resound
With wild, unmeasured roar.

and again—

The evening's silent hour allured us out,
Like owls or bats that wheel around the walls
Of some old crumbling ruin's height,
Where they, until the dusk, are *pight*.

There is another word, "surquedry," which seems to be a favourite child of our author, but, as in the case of "blore" and "pight," we cannot boast the honour of its acquaintance. Seriously, we hope Mr. Ronald Campbell may be induced to favour the world with another specimen of his poetical powers, in which, by curbing his Pegasus, and condescending a little more to ordinary comprehensions, he will obviate the defects of the present poem. Since our readers may desire a short sample of its general manner, we conclude by subjoining one:—

There be a kind of benefits
That crush the mourner's heart
More grievously
Than all the dire extremities
Of bitter want!
Such have I known:
My loaded soul hath groaned
Beneath its domination;
Cast upon the mercy
Of a Merciless Succour!!
Like a struggling swimmer, weary and undone,—
Flung by remorseless waves, upon the breast
Of some cold rock,
Less comforting than death,—
But yet, compelled to greet its stony heart
With one sad smile of gratulation,
Where no other help appeared,
To save him from the ugly, bloody jaws,
Of grim Despair.

Boyhood; and other Poems. By JUVENIS. W. Shoberl. 1852.

THERE is a delicately-wrought pathos, combined with the most engaging simplicity, in these unpretending little effusions, which at once shows their author to be imbued with the true spirit of poetry. "Boyhood" is the narrative of one, the happiness of whose boyish days was marred by a sense of loneliness. Without parents, without a home, he is a stranger to those joyous anticipations by which his schoolfellows are animated; he feels isolated among them, and seeks in vain to participate in their buoyant gaiety. Thus does he picture that sympathy for which his heart was constantly yearning:—

The greatest privilege the heart can know,
The greatest boon that Heaven has given to man,
Is sympathy—how varied in its sphere!
How vast the fields whereon to practise love!
No child so young but feels its gentle power;
No man so old but owns its influence still;
In all degrees of men, in every rank,
We watch it, as a spirit, glide along,
Saving the shipwrecked heart, and cheering on
The timid voyager through the sea of life.
Bend down to love and kiss it, it is pure;
Rise up and bow before it, 'tis sublime.

The reader, at least, will acknowledge sympathy with the poet in all the scenes and feelings he describes, from the little love episode with the fisherman's daughter, to the meeting with his father, who returns only to die. His general reflections also, and retrospective view of his past life, are equally attractive specimens of didactic poetry. The whole is supposed to be addressed to a young friend who gratefully remembers his kind instructor's discourses:—

Often and often have I sat for hours,
Listening in silence to his varied tale
Of joys and fears, of hopes and deep regrets,
Each trifling narrative exciting much
Of interest; for every word he spoke
Possess'd a charm, I knew not why, that bound
The rivets of attention, as a song,
Rich in soft melody, enchants the ear,
That hangs enraptured on its lingering tones,
Till ruder sounds, unheeding, break the spell,
And drag the spirit back to earth again.

Towards the conclusion of the discourse, which is truly described as "a song rich in soft melody," he thus beautifully impresses upon his young listener the value of that heavenly boon in which himself, as we may suppose, has found compensation for the weariness and instability of his early life:—

The time will surely come,
When some bright flower of God, some maiden fair,
Shall teach thee how to love. Oh, prize the gift
Of woman's deep affection: it is pure,
Abiding, strong, and earnest! Yield thyself
To all the influence of her magic charms:
Know that no pleasure we can take on earth,
However great we deem its present price,
Is half so constant as the soothing love
Of one who leads, by soft and gentle ways,
The erring heart to own its foolishness,
And wonder that it ever took delight
In vain exciting scenes, whilst other joys,
More real, more beautiful, more precious far,
Were pass'd unheeded in the path of life.

Gladly would we cite, did space permit, the description of his boyish dream, wherein his mother and little brother, both lost to him, appear,

Such as they would have been if they had lived;

but here we must bring our extracts to an end; suggesting to our readers that they have in their own power the remedy for the deficiency of space we regret. "The Ivy Porch" is another very pleasing little poem, picturing rustic love and magnanimity,

and the hopeless results of an ill-assorted union. Among the minor pieces, some, as "The Three Sisters," and "The Two Paths of Life," are gems of thought and expression; but, upon the whole, they are not equal in merit to the two leading poems. Where there is so much to charm, we are loth to exercise the critic's office on minor points; yet must we record our objection to the occasional clipping of the participles, as "forgot," "hid," &c., — a laming of the Queen's English which may be permitted to the necessities of rhyme, but is so easily avoided in blank verse as to be there inexcusable. Thus, in the line (about the only faulty one in the book),

> For there in all its brilliance lies hid
> The gem I seek,

the slight alteration,

> For there in all its brilliance hidden lies,

obviates a double defect; and so with the few other similar instances. This *en passant*. A duty more grateful to us is to hail the rising of a star in the poetical horizon; and to exhort Juvenis, the freshness of whose tone and style persuade us he does not misname himself, to cherish the *vis divina* within him, and not suffer it to remain inactive.

Oswald the Enthusiast; Caiphas in London, and other Fugitive Pieces. By Madame Steinberg. T. C. Newby.

The subject of most of these effusions is the old story, the wrongs of Ireland. We really wish they would confine themselves to their appropriate arena the Rotunda, and such-like resorts of spouters, without intruding themselves into the chaste regions of poetry. Tenderness and plaintiveness are the attributes of the harp of Erin—it shrinks from the harsh and violent touch even of a female hand, and refuses to answer thereto. Madame Steinberg seems to forget this. Her enthusiast is so carried away by his enthusiasm, that it not infrequently becomes mere "sound and fury signifying nothing," or, at least, conveying no meaning that we can fathom. She culls profusely and indiscriminately the not very odoriferous flowers of agitation rhetoric, and tosses them recklessly into rhyme. The Irish, in her enthusiastic imagination, are a herd of "ignoble slaves;" "coward slaves;" "vile, degraded slaves;" "heartless bondsmen;" "wretched serfs;" "a martyred nation," groaning under "oppression's galling chain;" "beset by friends;" tyrannised over "by sordid despots;" "worthless hirelings;" "reptiles;" a "venomed breed," &c. &c. Truly, to listen to her denunciations of all tyrants and oppressors (commonly known as landlords, magistrates, &c.), one would suppose she must be that type of Irish female patriots, Kate Kearney, in disguise:—

> If you hate a black eye,
> Shun danger and fly,
> For the knuckles hit hard of Kate Kearney.
> Oh! she'll smather your bones
> With big paving-stones
> As you walk on the high-road to Blarney.

Not the Irish alone, it seems, but all who submit to live under monarchical governments, are no better than "crouching slaves." Her enthusiast

> * * * looks down with stern contempt
> From freedom's native monument
> On pigmies,—called by courtiers, kings;
> Those gorgeous, mighty, little things,
> Made potentates by right of birth,
> And sent by Heaven to scourge the earth.

Bravo! Madame. With such notions as these, we may expect your enthusiast to become the hero of a new campaign in a cabbage-garden. Put upon his trial for a little peccadillo of this kind, it seems there is no chance for the poor oppressed victim, inasmuch as—

> A judge replete with eloquence,
> A jury, and, of course, defence,
> Are playthings, men and laws afford,
> Before they smite you with the sword.

Bravo! again, Madame! To the same strange vision, the rioter, in presence of the judge, is "virtue before crime:"—

> With brow serene and air sublime,
> He stood as virtue before crime!

And his condemnation presents only the idea of

> A murdered youth, a noble cause;
> A bloody judge, and penal laws.

This is as good as the famous verdict of the Six-mile-bridge jury, and was perhaps suggested by it. Her sympathy, however, is not confined to Irish rapparees, but extends to criminals of every description, as appears in the "Essay on Capital Punishment," where the infliction of death for any crime, however heinous, is denounced as murder. The object of "the Muse," in this piece is

> To ask despotic man why he pretends
> To murder others for peculiar ends!

These peculiar ends, according to our female jurist, are, that the poor man may be invariably condemned, while the rich is as invariably allowed to go scot free. "The poor is guilty" in every case.

> The great is innocent—though bad his cause,
> His guilt provokes the magistrate's applause!

Eheu! jam satis! Madame Steinberg positively takes our breath away. Much more of this out-heroding Herod "looms in the distance," but we have not strength left to grapple with it. We must, however so far recover ourselves as to remark that there occur here and there, love passages and touches of pathos which speak the woman, and to such we earnestly recommend her to devote her pen for the future.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

RETROSPECT OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is undoubtedly the principal heroine of the imported American literature of this quarter. "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Negro Life in the Slave States of America," has been reprinted here in half a dozen forms; and we apprehend that, by this time, more than one-half of our readers have read it quite through. We are sorry to say that, in spite of its coarse cleverness, we are compelled to characterise it as a book undoubtedly vicious in principle. No one, we suppose, in this Christian England, needs now-a-days to be convinced that slavery as an institution is as clearly a national crime as patricide is a crime, although committed with impunity on the banks of the Ganges, or infanticide, although legal on the banks of the Howangho. Fortunately, we have in this country no second opinion on the subject; and we may therefore, talk of Mrs. Stowe's work of fiction as freely as we might if there were not a slave in the United States.

We object to controversial works of fiction *in toto*. There is nothing that might not be proved by such means, nothing that might not be disproved. Mrs. Trollope, in her "Vicar of Wrexhill," has *proved* the Evangelical clergy to be the most tyrannical, deceitful, and vicious of God's creatures. Any other lady or gentleman, with the same liberty of inventing their facts, may to-morrow *prove* the same thing of Mr. Bennett, Mr. Hook, or any of the High Church clergy. Mr. Johnson Neale has written a whole series of novels, to prove that Captains R.N. are much greater tyrants than the traders of the gold coast, and that a negro knows no such slavery as a "middy." The opportunities for tyranny offered by the articles of war, have afforded materials for the catastrophe of many a harrowing romance, while the prudent and natural desire of parents to see their offspring equally and happily mated in life has been denounced as sordid pride, and shown to be the cause of unnumbered woes, by every spinstress of genius, who spun her leisure into odes, or spent her intellect upon a novel. No doubt there are bad parsons, tyrannical captains and colonels, and sordid parents. But those fictitious imaginings do not prove the fact, still less do they prove that church establishments, army and navy discipline, and parental control in matters matrimonial, ought to be done away with. For all we can tell, Mrs. Stowe may never have seen a black man, or a black woman, in her life. It is quite consistent with her book that she never did, and it would, moreover, be consistent with the book that there is not a slave in all America. Mrs. Stowe professes to tell you, not what she saw or what she knows, but what she imagines might possibly be; and so she goes on fancying heart-rending scenes of the separation of husbands and wives, mothers and children, just as we, if we had an object in so doing, could describe the agony of starving Irishmen, at being driven by famine across the waste of waters, without a chance of ever seeing Kathleen again; or as we might imagine the despair of the young husband of an invalid wife, ordered to join his regiment in India, where it would be death to his spouse to accompany him. It is easy enough to "pile up the agony," to draw tears from sympathetic sempstresses, and to make old ladies of both sexes grow red with indignation. But the question is, are these things true? If they are true, tell them to us as truths. But don't let us believe in brutal man-jobbers like Haley, or in vindictive slave-owners like Harris, or in ebony-coloured angels of patience, resignation, and all other perfections, like Uncle Tom, and indeed all the other slaves, except St. Clair's major domo, mentioned in this book. These are the creations of Mrs. Stowe's fancy; they may have their being in the flesh, but this book no more proves that they have, than does Sir Walter Scott when he produces Richard the First in full plate armour some centuries before plate armour was invented, *proves* that plate armour was worn in the Crusades. From what we have heard the Canadians say of the refugee slaves who find freedom and protection under our laws, we should be inclined to think that Mrs. Stowe's narrative has not the merit of vraisemblance. But be it like or be it not, we do not rejoice to see that the most gainful of modern copyrights is a claptrap, a most illogical appeal to a

very fervid sentiment of benevolence. The Virginians, or Lower Georgians, by adopting Mrs. Stowe's plan of imagining facts, might make just as good a novel in favour of slavery as Mrs. Stowe has written against it.* There can be no doubt that it has done a great deal of harm in the States by embittering the hostile feeling that already existed between the slave-holding and the free states, and in our humble judgment it has tended to postpone that inevitable moment when slavery shall cease in America, and the benevolent scheme of Henry Clay, as sketched in his own will, shall be carried out.

The Blithedale Romance. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BLITHEDALE is a Yankee Harmony Hall, and is stated by the author to be "a faint and not very faithful shadowing of Brook Farm, in Roxburgh, which (now a little more than ten years ago) was occupied and cultivated by a company of Socialists." Among these experimentalists were Ripley, Dana (not R. H. Dana, the poet, nor his son, author of "Two Years' before the Mast," but C. A. Dana, of the New York *Tribune*), Dwight, Channing, Burton, Theodore Parker, G. W. Curtiss (the Howadji in Syria), Hawthorne himself, "with others whom he dares not name, because they veil themselves from the public eye." This work makes no pretensions to be—indeed, earnestly disclaims being—a history of that enterprise, or to be anything else than a pure creation of the author's own fancy. "His present concern with the Socialist community is merely to establish a theatre, a little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorical antics without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives." We are cautioned, consequently, against supposing that any of the characters introduced are intended to be portraits of his quondam associates, who put their hands to the plough, but *did* turn back, like wise men, and sought the old paths. A new moral world was a fine dream, but for ladies and gentlemen it turned out a very indifferent reality. As Hawthorne says:—

> While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualisation of labour. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward, and catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite so well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes, gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. But this was all. The clods of earth, which we so constantly belaboured and turned over and over, were never etherealised into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labour symbolised nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar—the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity—are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance.

Out of such reminiscences of a romantic episode in his history, mixed up with other curious developments witnessed of late years in New England, Mr. Hawthorne constructs his tale. He has made a desperate attempt to get out of the beaten track, and let his fancy rove in the realms of fairyland, and in terrestrial spheres not less fantastical, yet who ever read anything more real, or, in fact, more thoroughly Bostonian! The shadow of a temporary phantom, there is both soul and substance in the picture. Blithedale might have been pitched anywhere, and might have been the scene of any sort of extravagance on the part of witches, fairies, angels, or devils; but you feel that you are reading a story of yesterday, in which the characters are drawn from life, and reflect the sentiments current in the intellectual circles of Massachussets.

The form of the romance is autobiographical, which gives fine effect to the pictorial style, in which Hawthorne has attained a rare degree of excellence. His characteristics as a writer (and primarily as an observer and thinker) are happily hit off by himself in the remarks that come from Miles Coverdale, after Zenobia dropped the curtain, when he was reconnoitering from the window of his hotel,—

> As if such were the proper barrier to be interposed between a character like hers and a perceptive faculty like mine. For, was mine a mere vulgar curiosity? Zenobia should have known me better than to suppose it. She should have been able to appreciate that quality of the intellect and the heart which impelled me (often against my will, and to the detriment of my own comfort) *to live in other lives*, and to endeavour—*by generous sympathies, by delicate intuitions, by taking note of things too slight for record, and by bringing spirit into manifold accordance with the companions whom God assigned me—to learn the secret which was hidden even from themselves.*

With a faculty so fit for the work, the novelist sketches with an easy, graphic, and graceful pencil, the characters and incidents that figure in his picture—Zenobia, "the high-spirited woman, bringing herself against the narrow limitations of her sex;" Priscilla, "the weakly maiden, whose tremulous nerves endow her with Sibylline attributes;" Hollingsworth, "the self-concentrated philanthropist;" Miles Coverdale, "the minor poet, beginning life with strenuous aspirations, which die out with his youthful fervour;" and, as subordinate

---

* While this article is passing through the press, the observation in the text is strongly illustrated by the publication of several novels on the other side of the question. "Aunt Phillis's Cabin," by a pro-slavery lady, is said to have sold eight thousand copies in America on the first day of publication. The "White Slave" is another; and, doubtless, they are multiplying even as we write.

personages, old Moodie, with his red-tipt nose, and the patch over his eye, shrinking from the glance that might detect in the vestiges of his shattered gentility the records of his former history; Silas Josher, the farm-overseer, stout and stupid, linking mediæval barbarism to the millenial blessedness which had begun its reign at Blithedale; and Professor Westewelt, polished as a dancing master, but cool and calculating as the devil, with his "veiled lady," psychological lectures, and supernatural humbug.

These are the characters, and very curious characters they are, to begin the millenium with. Zenobia is queen of the company—and a right queenly woman, too—with pride and beauty befitting the name she bore! She is a lady of fortune, and of high intellectual culture—an advocate of the rights of women—a Transcendentalist—an authoress—and what not. She is the central figure of the story, and its interest turns upon her career and destiny, which is that of a woman crossed in love, drowning herself in a river. For, in leaving the old world and its ways behind them, they went to work much in the old world fashion, turning out the usual quantity of comedy and tragedy; for of the four chief characters—namely, Zenobia and Priscilla, Hollingsworth and Coverdale—the first, as just stated, committed a tragedy; the second and third perpetrated a comedy; and the fourth did neither the one nor the other, but remained a bachelor—a disappointed one, however, for he had a few qualms of poetic tenderness toward his Sybilline sister, though he was hardly conscious of the fact till some years after. Priscilla had been brought by Hollingsworth, who had rescued her from some impending danger, and to whom the girl clung with a gratitude which ripened into love. Ere long, Zenobia's affections began to flow in the same direction, and the unfortunate man had more love bestowed upon him than he well knew what to do with. He was but a rough, shaggy-haired blacksmith, but with a deep, strong heart, and a copious supply of magnetic power, which threw a spell over the high-spirited, imperial woman, as well as the weak girl. He had a ruling passion in the philanthropic line, which was to reform criminals by giving them board and lodging (as in our model prisons), in a huge penitentiary, which he wished to erect, and where he could bring them under training, proper to fit them for their place in society. Better have the "scoundrels" whipped, Carlyle would say. However, this was his scheme—his one idea—to which he would, and did, sacrifice truth, honour, and friendship, when they stood in the way of its accomplishment. He had come in no good faith to Blithedale. He did not believe in Socialism—it was not *his ism;* but, like others there, he was a disappointed man, and, in a fit of dejection, joined the community, carrying his scheme with him, and contenting himself with nothing short of appropriating the whole concern to his own purposes. Zenobia is won over to his plan, and places her wealth at his disposal. Some curious revelations, however, are made in her former history, and an unexpected reverse of fortune is at hand. The circumstances are too complicated to admit of condensed recital. Suffice it to say, that Zenobia and Priscilla are discovered to be half-sisters. The wealth of the former is transferred to the latter. Zenobia is deserted, and drowns herself in despair. Hollingsworth prefers the newly-dowered Priscilla, but, instead of building his penitentiary, is haunted by Zenobia's ghost, and passes his days in remorse and wretchedness. From his life is drawn the following moral:—

That admitting what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession, to be often useful by its energetic impulse to society at large, it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the heart, the rich juices of which God never meant should be pressed violently out, and distilled into alcoholic liquor, by an unnatural process, but should render life sweet, bland, and gently beneficent, and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same blessed end. I see in Hollingsworth an exemplification of the most awful truth in Bunyan's book of such,—from the gate of heaven there is a by-way to the pit!"

The moral of Zenobia's career is a legacy from herself, committed to the care of Coverdale, previous to the fatal plunge:—

A moral? Why, this:—that, in the battle-field of life, the downright stroke, that would fall only on a man's steel head-piece, is sure to light on a woman's heart, over which she wears no breastplate, and whose wisdom it is, therefore, to keep out of the conflict. Or this: that the whole universe, her own sex and yours, and Providence, or Destiny, to boot, make common cause against the woman who swerves one hair's-breadth out of the beaten track. Yes; and add (for I may as well own it now) that, with that one hair's-breadth, she goes all astray, and never sees the world in its true aspect afterwards!

This is a harsh moral, though a fit one for Zenobia's life. This was her experience, but we doubt whether it be a fair and faithful picture of reality. A lesson so extreme and unqualified appears on the face of it morbid and exaggerated. But this is characteristic of Hawthorne. He is a morbid and moody man, who seems to have got out of his proper orbit, so as "never to see the world in its true aspect" himself. He is in his element when dissecting a corpse, and smelling putrefaction. Always he gives you the dark side of humanity, and always paints it in such beautiful colours that you are charmed even by what is inexpressibly painful. Anguish utters no shriek but what is musical, and the voice of villany itself is melodious. Hawthorne could charm you into admiration of a dunghill. He has an eye for the beautiful, but only dim perceptions of the right, the good, and the true. Your moral faculties are unhealthily excited, when excited at all. This is a serious defect in a work of so much purity and power, and is the source of several artistic faults.

which would have been remedied by greater moral earnestness in the writer. It makes him timid, hesitating, and slow in his movements. With all his originality, there is no bold stroke of art, but only a succession of beautiful sketches, all on the same level, and often sprawling and monotonous, for want of that concentration of purpose and fulness of design which can only emanate from an earnest and even tumultuous nature. With the general effect, therefore, of this work, we are dissatisfied; with most of its scenes and sentiments we are delighted. Hawthorne is a painter, not a sculptor. He excels in pictorial colouring, not in correct harmony of design. Notwithstanding the ease with which he now handles his pencil, he has reached his present position by slow and laborious effort. His latest production is his best, and gives promise of something still better. In point of mere style, he stands at the head of American writers, and is one of the few among them who write for immortality.

As a specimen of his style, as well as of millenial life, take the following picture of

A MODERN ARCADIA.

Arcadians though we were, our costume bore no resemblance to the be-ribboned doublets, silk breeches and stockings, and slippers fastened with artificial roses, that distinguish the pastoral people of poetry and the stage. In outward show, I humbly conceive, we looked rather like a gang of beggars, or banditti, than either a company of honest labouring men, or a conclave of philosophers. Whatever might be our points of difference, we all of us seemed to have come to Blithedale with the one thrifty and laudable idea of wearing out our old clothes. Such garments as had an airing, whenever we strode a field! Coats with high collars, and with no collars, broad-skirted or swallow-tailed, and with the waist at every point between the hip and armpit; pantaloons of a dozen successive epochs, and greatly defaced at the knees by the humiliations of the wearer before his lady-love—in short, we were a living epitome of defunct fashions, and the very raggedest presentment of men who had seen better days. It was gentility in tatters. Often retaining a scholarlike or clerical air, you might have taken us for the denizens of Grub-street, intent on getting a comfortable livelihood by agricultural labour; or, Coleridge's projected pantisocracy in full experiment; or Candide and his motley associates, at work in their cabbage-garden; or anything else that was miserably out at elbows, and most clumsily patched in the rear. We might have been sworn comrades to Falstaff's ragged regiment. Little skill as we boasted in other points of husbandry, every mother's son of us would have served admirably to stick up for a scare-crow. And the worst of the matter was, that the first energetic movement essential to our downright stroke of real labour was sure to put a finish to these poor habiliments. So we gradually flung them all aside, and took to honest homespun and linsey-wolsey, as preferable, on the whole, to the plan recommended, I think, by Virgil—"*Nudus ara; sere nudus*"—which, as Silas Foster remarked, when I translated the maxim, would be apt to astonish the women-folks.

After a reasonable training the yeoman life throve well with us. . . . To be sure, our next neighbours pretended to be incredulous as to our real proficiency in the business which we had taken in hand. They told slanderous fables about our inability to yoke our new oxen, or to drive them a-field when yoked, or to release the poor brutes from their conjugal bond at night-fall. They had the face to say, too, that the cows laughed at our awkwardness at milking-time, and invariably kicked over the pails. . . . They further averred that we hoed up whole acres of Indian corn and other crops, and drew the earth carefully about the weeds; and that we raised five hundred tufts of burdock, mistaking them for cabbages; and that, by dint of unskilful planting, few of our seeds ever came up at all, or, if they came up, it was stern-foremost. Finally, and as an ultimate catastrophe, these mendacious rogues circulated a report that we communitarians were exterminated, to the last man, by severing ourselves asunder with the sweep of our own scythes!—and that the world had lost nothing by this little accident.

The working of their communitarianism, and the relation which it sustained to the old-world system, is clearly indicated in some of the incidental occurrences which were brought out now and then. As when Silas Foster asked: "Which man among you is the best judge of swine?" Or as when he told them, "We shall never make any hand at market-gardening, unless the women folks will undertake to do all the weeding. We haven't time enough for that and the regular farm-work, reckoning three of you city folks as worth one common field-hand. No, no; I tell you, we shall have to get up a little too early in the morning to compete with the market-gardeners round Boston." Whereupon follows this reflection:

It struck me as rather odd, that one of the first questions raised, after our separation from the greedy, struggling, self-seeking world, should relate to the possibility of getting the advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labour. But, to own the truth, I very soon became sensible that, as regarded society at large, we stood in a position of *new hostility, rather than new brotherhood*. Nor could this fail to be the case, in some degree, until the bigger and better half of society should range itself on our side. Constituting so pitiful a minority as now, we were inevitably estranged from the rest of mankind in pretty fair proportion with the strictness of our mutual bond among ourselves.

The Works of Daniel Webster. Edited by EDWARD EVERETT. 6 vols. 1851-52.

MR. WEBSTER is a very ponderous man; but if he is half as ponderous as his works, it is little wonder if his friends despair of elevating him into the Presidency. The present elegant edition of his speeches is, perhaps, the best testimony to his ability and worth that he could receive. Few men have spoken so much and so well; and it must be sterling merit which can give such enduring vitality and interest to what has been spoken. Much of the interest, doubtless, lies in the questions discussed, being chiefly such as have grown out of the sudden and enormous extension of the territory of the United States, and being, therefore, of an organic, rather than functional, character and importance. But, as regards aiding his election for the chief magistracy, this publication was worse than useless. The path to the presidency is cut out by easier methods. The man whose life and *works* fill six volumes, has no chance against the man whose life and *adventures* may be trumpeted forth in six chapters, and sold for five-and-twenty cents. That is the dodge now-a-days. Mr. Everett has prefixed a copious memoir of Webster's public life, which fitly closes with the noble Roman words of Cicero, who affirms, in his

treatise on the Republic, that there is nothing in which human virtues approach nearer the Divine, than in establishing and preserving states:—"Neque enim ulla res est, in qua propius ad deorum numen virtus accedat humana, quam civitates aut condere novas aut conservare jam conditas."

Greenwood Leaves: a Collection of Sketches and Letters. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Second series. Boston: 1852.

MISS GREENWOOD is one of the most charming female writers which America at this moment possesses. The "leaves" consist of tales and letters, originally published in magazines and newspapers. The tales are "short and sweet," in the best sense of the expression, and the letters are occupied with running notes of a tour through the principal cities of America. Miss Greenwood is at present, we believe, in England, sketching the literary characters of London, and sending her "leaves" to the *National Era*, the same paper in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first saw the light, and to which Mrs. Stowe is now contributing a series of "Letters from Maine,"—a style of newspaper furniture which, in America, consumes a vast amount of miscellaneous intellect and information.

The Laws of Life, with special reference to the Physical Education of Girls. By ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M.D. New York: 1852.

A STARTLING title for a lady, unquestionably! *Doctor* is masculine, and one of those words which probably never anticipated having a feminine prefix, and were never provided for such an emergency. Whether, therefore, they style Miss Blackwell Doctor, or Doctoress, we do not know, and are puzzled to conjecture. It is certain, however, that she has passed through a medical curriculum, won her medical diploma, and is now engaged in medical practice. This leaves Mrs. Bloomer far behind, and that lady will now require to pull up with some fresh novelty in the trans-feminine direction. If we are not mistaken, Miss Blackwell pursued her studies for some time in London, and was much esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. We most courteously wish her success. Her career must be regarded as an interesting and important experiment, and is the most sensible thing we have heard of, in connexion with "Woman's Rights." But while others have talked, Miss Blackwell has *acted*, and in such a deliberate manner, too, as to command our respect. The dedication is worth quoting for its directness and womanly simplicity:—

TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

These lectures were delivered to a class of ladies during the past spring. The wish of the class, and an earnest desire to call attention to a much neglected part of education, have induced me to publish them.

I present them as outlines of truth, and as indications of the right method of education, rather than as a full discussion of the subject.

They are the first fruits of my medical studies. I would offer them as an earnest of future work.

44, University-place, June, 1852.

The Works of Shakespeare. The text carefully restored according to the first Editions; with Introductions, Notes, original and selected, and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. E. HUDSON, A.M. In Eleven Volumes. Vol. V. Boston and Cambridge (U.S.): James Munroe and Co. 1852.

WE took occasion, in a former number, to express our opinion of the care and ability displayed in preparing this edition for the press. We have, upon the whole, little fault to find with the new volume which now offers itself as a candidate for our criticism; here and there, however, there are passages which deserve a comment.

Vol. V. contains "King Richard II.," the first and second parts of "King Henry IV.," and "King Henry V."

We open the book at the Second Act of the Third Scene of the latter play. A boy *loquitur*:—

Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men *would carry coals.*

To this passage we have the following note:—

As carrying coals was esteemed the lowest office in the ancient households, the term became a proverb of reproach, and meant much the same as pocketing wrongs, or putting up with insults. *Many instances in proof of this might be cited from old plays.*

Now we submit that the words, "carry coals," are in the text palpably used metaphorically, and the editor would have done well to have given some two or three passages from Johnson and Steevens, corroborative of this view. It is always advisable, when an assertion is made, to give an opportunity of testing its accuracy. The first line of "Romeo and Juliet" might, for instance, have been aptly cited:

"Gregory, o' my word, we'll not *carry coals.*"

It is always pleasant to find an author's meaning illustrated by his own writings.

Again, in the 4th scene of Act V. of Henry IV. occur these words:—

Host: Thou *atomy*, thou!

whereupon Mr. Hudson informs us, in a foot-note,

that atomy is the hostess's corruption of anatomy. Now here it would have shown care and research to have quoted the passage in Mercutio's well-known speech, in which the word "atomies" occurs, as it does in one or two other places in "As You Like It."

In another note, at page 204, we have of the two meanings assigned to the word "Mammet," one only, and that the worse, placed before the reader. The editor, who having been made acquainted with both, prefers rendering the mammets of Hotspur's speech by "dolls," simply because the word mammet occasionally bore that signification, cannot be said to have exercised a very correct judgment in the matter.

We might enumerate several other similar instances in which there is an apparent want of editorial acumen; but perhaps, for the present, these will suffice to remind Mr. Hudson that there are still some persons left in the world who dare to read and think for themselves.

Lotus-Eating: A Summer Book. By G. W. Curtis. London: Bentley. 1852.

The "Wanderer in Syria" has returned to the West, and now dreams of the rivers, lakes, and watering-places of his native soil, but he seems to be awaking from his luxurious slumbers. This summer book is written in a much more sober style than the Syrian romance which we reviewed in our last number. It has neither the mistiness nor the smartness of that work. It consists of a series of letters, originally penned for the columns of a newspaper,—a species of composition which tests the inherent power of a man much more effectually than writing a prose-poem in a turgid, fantastical style, which is only mistaken for sublimity inasmuch as there are, as we said in the notice above referred to, "so few people who will understand it; that is, there are so few who will find out that there is *nothing* to understand in it." That judgment is now confirmed. When Mr. Curtis condescends to write like other people, and ceases to attract attention by mere eccentricity, he dwindles down into respectable mediocrity. This is the position which he really occupies, and this he will retain,—we mean that he will not fall below it,—we should be sorry to predict that he will never rise above it. But in order to this, he must give less scope to his fancy, and, instead of elaborating superficial trifles, occupy his mind with a work of substantial interest. This recommendation, of course, involves the opinion that there is the capacity for higher things, hitherto wasted in literary dissipation, and weakened by feeding upon vapours instead of the pure nectar of the gods. The tone and tendency of his aspirations may be gathered from the following

WORSHIP OF SMOKE.

Two grander figures are not in contemporary biography than that of Coleridge, in Carlyle's Sterling, looking out from Highgate over the mingled smoke and vapour which buries London, as in lava Pompeii is buried, and that of Turner, in some anonymous, but accurate sketches of his latter days, at his cottage on the edge of London, where, apart from his fame, and under a feigned name, he sat by day and night upon the house-top, watching the sun glorify the vapours and the smoke with the same splendour that he lavishes upon the evening west, and which we deemed the special privilege of the sky. Those two men, greatest in their kind among their companions, illustrate with happy force what Wordsworth sang:—

> In common things that round us lie,
> Some random truths he can impart,—
> The harvest of a quiet eye,
> That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

The scenes and localities described in the volume are: the Hudson and Lake George; the Catskill, Trenton, and Niagara Falls; Saratoga, Nahant, and Newport,—the chief places of summer resort for the Americans. At Newport, which is the great watering-place of the country, he criticises fashionable life, and favours us with a dashing sketch of

YOUNG AMERICA.

We have carriages, and upholstery, and dinners, and elaborate houses, and the waistcoats of Young America blaze with charms, and it returns from "abroad" with a knowledge of Parisian tailoring and haberdashery, which would be invaluable in the first Broadway establishment interested in those matters. . . . From all this, spring the ludicrous details of our society. We dress too well; we dance too well; we are too gracious and graceful; our entertainments are too elegant; our modesty degenerates into prudery and bad taste; we are "smart," but not witty; flashy, but not gay. Young America is too young. Its feet are beautifully small, and the head is proportioned to them. Society is only a ball. The heels have carried it against the head; and why not, since the education and daily life of the youth fit him for little else than shaking his heels adroitly.

We dance because we are unable to talk. The novels of foreign society fascinate us by their tales of a new sphere. Where are such women, we say, where such men? We fancy it is the despairing dream of a romance, but it is really the fact of foreign life. We are very chivalric; no nation reaches our point of courtly devotion to woman as woman. But our chivalry is not entirely unfeudalised; our courtliness does not always indicate respectful intercourse. . . . .

The very exaggeration we have remarked betrays a tendency as well as a failure. When we have gone through our present discipline of French and English social bullying, from the shape of our shoes up to that of our opinions, we shall be the stronger to take the field for ourselves.

Witchcraft. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Cornelius Mathews. Bogue, London, 1852.

Though published in London, this is the production of a gentleman of New York. Much as our transatlantic brethren are engaged in commercial and trading pursuits, they are far from being wholly addicted to them. That the ethereal flame burns brightly in the United States, none can deny when Longfellow is named; and equally certain is it, that the Muses have there, many other worthy followers,

albeit the trumpet of fame has not yet sounded their praises in Europe. Among them Mr. Cornelius Mathews may fairly claim to be reckoned; and if this single work do not warrant us in placing him in the foremost rank, there is enough in it to prove that, notwithstanding the intervention of three thousand miles of ocean, he is a true son of that land over which the spirit of Shakspeare hovers. His drama, which, as the preface informs us, has been represented at various theatres in the United States, is founded on the extraordinary witch-phobia that prevailed throughout New England towards the end of the seventeenth century. According to the account given in the preface,—

> The first trials for witchcraft in New England occurred in 1645, when four persons charged with the crime were put to death in Massachusetts; it was not until the year 1688, that another execution took place, when a woman was condemned at Boston, after an investigation conducted with a degree of solemnity which made a deep impression upon the minds of the people. Suspicion having been thus formally aroused, the charges of witchcraft gradually multiplied, till at length there began, at Salem, that well-known persecution which rendered New England for the time a scene of bloodshed, terror, and madness.
>
> In the year 1692—and this is the period of the play—the frenzy reached its height.
>
> Persons accused of the crime of witchcraft were imprisoned, condemned, hanged, and their bodies left exposed to wild beasts and birds of prey. The lawyer who would not plead against the accused, and the judge who would not condemn them, were deemed accomplices, and shared their fate. Tender children were put to death; young women subjected to rude indignities, to discover marks of witchcraft on their persons; all infirmities and diseases were considered proofs of guilt; dreams, apparitions, prodigies of every kind were conjured up and believed in, to increase the general alarm; the prisons were overrun; the gibbets were left standing with their victims, and an appalling horror brooded over all.

The play opens with the lamentations of Deacon Gidney and Justice Fisk, that, whereas witches are being discovered and hung by the score in the neighbouring districts, their town of Salem has had hitherto no such glory to boast of. They determine therefore, to set their chief officer, Goodman Pudester, and others, to work, witch-hunting; and the Deacon congratulates himself that the devil is about to be raised in Salem,

> That, weak of spirit, we may put him down.

The interest of the drama, however, does not turn on the general foray, but on the persecution of one victim, the unhappy Ambla. Her husband is long since dead, having fallen in a duel with one suspected of being her paramour. A declaration by her, of her innocence would have averted the catastrophe, but false pride withheld her, and the demon of remorse ever afterwards pursues her:—

> A word from me had saved his life!
> I lived with cold disdain,—counselled with her
> In all my acts. * * * * *
> Frenzy and wildness seize upon my brain,
> And the gaunt shape of him I sacrificed
> To my most wicked pride, before me stands—
> Even now, dressed in the sanguine colours
> Of that dread hour! Shield, shield me Gideon
> From the awful form.

Thus does she disclose to her son Gideon the fatal truth; and reveals to him alone the source of those melancholy musings, self-colloquies, and solitary moonlight wanderings which are made the basis of the charge of witchcraft against her. To the terrible knowledge thus acquired Gideon alludes, seeking to dispel the prevailing superstition:—

> Night's ear hath many counsels of the dark;
> She hears the whispers of the self-reproached,
> And blacker grows.
> *Topsfield.* And this is witchcraft?
> *Gideon.* Tormented by the secret spirit of their crime,
> Poor aged women fly to woods and wildernesses,
> To be free of the oppressive eye of man,
> Speak strangely to themselves, and in the racking
> Of the guilty pang, cry out 'gainst who is nearest,
> They know not what!—And this is all their craft
> Of witchery.
> *Topsfield.* The business hath a guilty front,
> Howe'er you turn it.
> *Gideon.* It has, it has.—

Beset on all sides, Ambla still disdains to unbosom herself to any but her son. The coarse questionings of the Deacon and the Judge elicit from her only sarcastic exposures of their own selfishness and hypocrisy; and she maintains the same dignified demeanour in the face of the extravagant and ridiculous stories related concerning her by the superstitious peasantry. When all have been heard, and sentence of death is pronounced against her, she still rises superior to her fate:—

> Though but a simple, aged woman,
> Worn with grief, and frail with many cares,
> Above you all I lift myself, and from this height
> Of holy truth whereon I stand, far down
> Upon your wretched heads I look with scorn,—
> My spirit is not quelled, nor should it be
> By millions of such servile enemies.
> *Gideon.* With one fell stroke they should be swept from earth!
> *Ambla.* Be patient, in this time of trial, Gideon;
> You know your mother's heart, how she is racked,
> And what it is that pangs her.

The character of Ambla is sustained with force and pathos throughout; and there is much poetical feeling in the love of Gideon for Susanna, with the mysterious influence leading him to repel her demonstrations of love towards him. Our author possesses in a high degree the poetic temperament; but, hoping as we do to see more from his pen, we warn him against one obvious defect,—so obvious, indeed, that he can scarcely be unconscious of it himself; we mean the faulty structure of many of his lines. Possibly he may conceive that one, breathing the free atmosphere of the States is relieved from the laws and restrictions of poetry. If so, we would, in friendly spirit, remind him that the Muse abjures those who thus venture to trifle with her.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

RÉSUMÉ.

THE straw is stirring. The many small vanities of France that had been frighted into a state of torpor, and lay about unheeded, are beginning to give signs of revivification. The ten thousand Athanaise Robichons, who have each their "idea," and who have each their complete conviction that an individual with full plaited trousers and a heavy moustache, a cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his breeches pockets, is the only man who can save society, and who each will tell you, not very mysteriously or doubtingly, that that individual is himself—all these ten thousand Lycurguses are getting tired of oblivion. The partial amnesty, the toleration of Thiers, the recal of some of the exiles, have given them hope that they may venture a flourish or two. Like slaves on the eve of a saturnalia, they are calculating how far their master will allow them to take liberties with him, without losing his temper and calling for the lash.

These wretched creatures are the pest of France, the parasite vermin of Liberty that make her unwholesome and offensive until she can cleanse herself of them; they are, also, alas! the best excuse for tyranny: stung and tormented by these things, a nation may be almost justified in rushing to despotism or anarchy to rid itself of such plagues, just as the reindeer plunges into the sea to relieve itself of a similar nuisance.

Shallow personal vanity in Frenchmen, and want of an acute sense of the ridiculous in the people, make good government in France impossible. A fellow whom in England we should send to Bedlam, or whom even the "vilest" of Mr. Beresford's "rabble" would laugh out of a tap-room; in France becomes a prophet, a founder of a new system, a regenerator of the world—a St. Simon, a Cabot, or a Proudhon. Ignorant as a baboon, and impregnable by reason of his ignorance, conceited as a peacock, and concentrating his whole stock of faith upon himself, he steals some foolish paradox, sets it up in the market-place, and struts about it till he gathers a crowd. Our English mountebanks sell knives and patent medicines, watches, and sham-finery, but everybody knows that the cutlery won't cut, and the watches won't go, and the crowd assembled round the cart laugh only at the few yokels who buy. In France your mountebank sells specifics for universal idle happiness, and the crowd, instead of pelting him as a knave, draw him in triumph as a hero.

We scarcely know what manner of sign of the times it is that M. Proudhon* has been allowed to re-erect his stage. Does the French President think that it is just as well to let the bourgeoisie see that the doctrine that all property is a robbery, is not quite dead? Or does he feel so strong that he can afford to allow these people to play a few antics, just to show the world how free the French press is; as a strong-minded wife, secure in her supremacy, prudently allows her husband to have a club, and now and then to go to a bachelor's party, just to make manifest that he is not henpecked. Perhaps it is a mixture of these two motives which has induced Louis Napoleon to allow Paris to be enlightened by M. Proudhon. As to the author, his motives are transparent enough. A sane man would, of course, rather be silent than speak with a gag in his mouth, and an honest man would certainly avoid public teaching if not allowed to teach what he believed to be true. M. Proudhon is neither sane nor honest: he has a mad desire for notoriety, and rather than say nothing, he will say what the President pleases—hence this book.

Of course all the world is thinking only of M. Proudhon, and therefore he commences his volume by relieving their curiosity. "Why I return to Politics" is the title of the first chapter.

"I take for myself," he says, "this motto. 'I attack not the man who has the power to proscribe me.' Since it is so willed, I renounce all exercise of that veto with which the revolution of February armed the press to resist power. I declare at once that I have no word to say against the *coup d'état* of December—nothing against those who planned it, who wrought it, and who gained by it. I have

* La Révolution Sociale Démontrée par le Coup d'Etat du 2 Decembre. Paris, 1852.

nothing to say against the vote which absolved them by seven millions and a half of suffrages; nothing against the constitution of January; nothing even against that tradition (of the Empire, we suppose) which would appear to be now sought to be revived, whereof the people adore the vestiges that remain, and the memory of which is to them a religion of the heart. I neither recriminate, protest, nor accuse. I put up with the fact as it is, as the astronomer who fell into the well while gazing at the stars, put up with his accident."

This is bidding pretty high to be allowed to squeeze through the censor's narrow gate. It is a little different certainly from the language of the Letters to M. Blanqui on "*Qu'est ce que la Propriété?*" and from that of "*Le Droit du Travail et le droit de Propriété:*" still more perhaps does it differ from the "*Idées Révolutionnaires:*" but then *que voulez vous?* A man must live in the public eye or be forgotten. The President won't allow me to abuse him, so let us glorify the traditions of the Empire, and publish the verdict of the seven millions and a half as a good and sufficient acquittal. I have nothing to complain of. I have only to say that France has condoned the gentle violence of the Boulevards, and is eager for an emperor. Surely the censor would be a very grim being who would take offence at M. Proudhon in his new character.

M. Proudhon, therefore, is allowed to address Louis Napoleon's people, and he accordingly dances his old Socialist cancan right through, but with very mitigated gestures; is very civil to the President, but ventures to tell him that the train has not yet got to the terminus, but is only halting for a moment at a first class station, and reminds him, moreover, that *Le Constitutionnel* has admitted that he, M. Proudhon, is a prophet, and that, therefore, M. Bonaparte ought to believe implicitly in this very lucid and distinct prediction.

We are not going to follow this shallow propounder of dreary, hollow-sounding nothingnesses into his theories, or rather his mad crotchets. We have mentioned the appearance of the book only as a sign of the times.

M. Victor Hugo* writes from beyond the sphere of the censorship. He dreads neither Ham nor Cayenne, and he cooks up a mess of invective, very relishing and very hot. Eight books, and a conclusion in two parts, form a course of flagellations rather tedious to witness. We have "The Man," "The Government," "The Crime," "More Crimes," "The Parliament," "The Absolution by the Seven and a-half Million Voices," "The Absolution from Perjury," "What the Crime shall bring forth;" and then the conclusion, reiterating all he has said about the littleness of the tyrant and the debasing position of France—mourning for the present, hope for the future.

Victor Hugo is not the wisest, or the best of men. M. Bonaparte has done no more to Hugo than Hugo would have done to M. Bonaparte: perhaps much less. But Hugo is a man of genius, and a Frenchman; a politician on the losing side; a turned-out deputy, and an exile. He has, therefore, a full right to be in a rage. We cannot sympathise very warmly with him individually, nor avoid smiling at his picture of the majesty and inviolable sanctity of a representative (that majesty which he in a late notorious case so strangely exemplified—that inviolability of which he in that same case obtained the benefit), or at his grandiose language, in describing that unpractical, feeble, factious, and loquacious assembly, whereof he was a member. But we can listen to him for any reasonable time while he scolds, he does it so very well. After reading this volume, we believe thoroughly that there is not a word, a thought, a sarcasm, an accusation, an epithet, or a denunciation, that could possibly be brought to bear against Louis Napoleon, that is not herein printed. We must translate a few pages, although the idiom of French abuse is so very different from that of English abuse, that a great deal of the virus must necessarily evaporate from our version:—

PORTRAIT OF THE MAN.

Louis Bonaparte is a man of middle stature, with a cold, saturnine, and dull expression; looking ever as though he were never thoroughly awake. [M. Hugo must know to his cost, by this time, how deceitful this appearance is.] He rides well, and talks with a slight German accent. How natural to him is the part of a mountebank, appears from the display he made in the Eglinton Tournament. He wears a thick moustache, through which no smile can gleam, and he has the sunken, lightless eye of Charles the Ninth.

Judge him without reference to what he calls his "acts of necessity" or his "great acts," and you shall find him a person vulgar, puerile, theatrical, and vain. Those whom he invited last summer to St. Cloud received with their invitation an order to bring with them a full evening dress. He loves all the ridiculous vanities of trifles, trinkets, tufts of feathers, embroideries, spangles, great words, great titles, all that sounds and all that glitters, the beads and gewgaws of power. He fancies he has some relationship with the battle of Austerlitz, and so he dresses himself as a French General.

He cares nothing for real contempt, provided he can obtain the semblance of respect.

The man would disgrace the underplot of History; he sullies the page in which she portrays her full length characters.

Before the 2nd of December the leaders of the Right were accustomed to say of Louis Bonaparte, "The man's an idiot." They deceived themselves. True it is a troubled brain, it is a brain that has its flaws, but one may read upon it many ideas which have good methodical connection and an unbroken coherency. It is a legible book with a page torn out here and there. Louis Bonaparte has doubtless one fixed idea, fixed to a degree of obstinacy which is insanity; but such a fixed idea is very different from idiotcy. The man knows what he wills, and pushes on direct to that one object. Thither he presses, trampling on justice, trampling on law, trampling on reason, trampling on honour, on common honesty, on humanity, but still towards that object he advances, persevering and relentless.

The man is not an idiot. He is only a man of another and a past age. He seems mad only because he is unlike all we know or see around us. But transport him to the

* Napoleon le Petit, par Victor Hugo. Londres: 1852.

sixteenth century, and place him in Spain, and Philippe II. would understand him well enough; in England, and Henry VIII. would smile graciously upon him; in Italy, and Cæsar Borgia would embrace him (doubtless with the tiger's claw); or even place him in our own time beyond the pale of European civilisation, and put him in 1817 at Janina, Ali Tepeleni would shake him at once by the hand.

M. Louis Napoleon is not sorry to be thought a Socialist. He feels that there is something in that vague field of speculation which may serve his ambition. He passed his time in prison in achieving a sort of reputation as a Democrat. One fact shows the man. When he published from the fortress of Ham his work upon "The Extinction of Pauperism," a book which pretended to have as its sole and exclusive object to probe the sore whence the miseries of the people issue, and to indicate the means of its cure, he sent the manuscript to one of his friends, with a note, which we have seen; it ran thus: "Read this work upon pauperism, and tell me if you think it is the sort of thing *to do me any good.*"

But M. Bonaparte's grand talent is silence.

Before the 2nd December, he presided at a Cabinet of Ministers, who, being responsible, imagined themselves to be something in the state. He spake not a word; while MM. Odillon Barrot, Passy, Tocqueville, Dufaure, or Faucher spoke, he diligently employed himself in cutting out figures in paper, or in drawing caricatures on the files of papers.

Sometimes he breaks this silence—but only to lie. This man lies as other men breathe. If he declare an intention that would be honourable, start and stand upon your guard; if he affirm anything strongly, beware: if he seal it with an oath, tremble, for some catastrophe is nigh.

The spirit of Machiavel has begotten little Machiavels—Louis Bonaparte is one of them.

Thus does Victor Hugo go on through scores of pages, using the events of the revolution, or *coup d'état*, or usurpation, or by whatever name we may choose to call this bold enterprise of an unscrupulous man, only as little eminences in his journey, whereupon he may conveniently pause and turn, and lift up his voice in much execration and in many curses. We confess we are a little tired of the subject. If France were raging in her fetters, she would have all our sympathy; if she were in arms to recover her liberties, we should rejoice to swell the cry that would ascend from every hamlet of free England, and pass across the waters to animate and encourage her in the conflict; but while Frenchmen are content to sip their *eau sucrée* with smiling faces, and to stare at military spectacles and fizzing fireworks with a listless gaiety, we really do not see that we are called upon to be always exploding in indignation, and always insulting them with our reproaches. We think we may now patiently await the issue, and satisfy ourselves with wondering how long it will last. M. Hugo says that M. Bonaparte fancies he is walking onwards to a throne, whereas he is only marching blindly to a gibbet. Very well; if this be so, we can wait to see the end of his march. It is no business of ours to try to drag him upon a hurdle, or to offer to become his hangman.

Another Representative, a Mons. Schœlcher, has produced another history of "The Crimes of December,"† published also in London. But, we apprehend, our readers have enough of this species of French literature for one quarter.

We must not, however, omit to say one word upon

* Since the above was written we have received the authorised English version of this book, published by Messrs. Vizetelly. The translation is correctly done, but we perceive that the translator has laboured in vain against the difficulty we ourselves experienced in preserving the idiomatic pungency of French abuse. In the narrative parts he succeeds better. We give a specimen of his style of rendering M. Hugo's account of the massacre of the 4th December;—

"On the pretence that shots had been fired at the troops, the latter entered ten or twelve houses, at hazard, and despatched with their bayonets every one they found. In all the houses on the Boulevard, there are metal pipes by which the dirty water runs out into the gutter. The soldiers, without knowing wherefore, took a feeling of mistrust and dislike to such and such a house, closed from top to bottom, silent and sad, and which, like all the houses on the Boulevard, seemed uninhabited, so silent was it. They knocked at the door; the door was opened, and they entered. An instant afterwards there was seen to flow from the mouth of the metal pipes a red, smoking stream. It was blood.

"A captain, with his eyes starting from their sockets, cried out to the soldiers: 'No quarter!' A chief of the battalion, vociferated: 'Enter the houses and kill every one.'"

"Some sergeants were heard to say: '*Pitch into the Bedouins; hit them hard!* 'In the writer's time,' says a witness, 'the soldiers used to call the civilians, *Pekins*. At present we are Bedouins. The soldiers massacred the people to the cry of '*Give it the Bedouins.*'

"At the Circle Frascati, where many of the regular frequenters of the place were assembled, and among them an old general, they heard the thunder of musketry and artillery, and could not believe that the troops were firing ball. They laughed, and said to one another, 'It is blank cartridge. What a *mise en scene!* What an actor is this Bonaparte!' They thought they were at the circus. Suddenly the soldiers entered, mad with rage, and were about to shoot every one. The persons present had no idea of the danger they were running. They still continued to laugh. One of the eyewitnesses said to us, '*We thought that this was part of the buffoonery.*' However, seeing the soldiers continue to threaten them, they at last understood the true state of matters. '*Kill them all,*' cried the soldiers. A lieutenant, who recognised the old general, prevented them from carrying out their threats. In spite of this, a sergeant said: '*D—n you, lieutenant, hold your tongue, can't you? It is not your business, but ours.*'

"The troops killed, for the mere sake of killing. In the court-yard of certain houses, even the horses and dogs were shot.

"In the house next to Frascati's, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, the soldiers were very quietly going to shoot even the women and children, who were already drawn up in a heap before a platoon, when the colonel arrived. He stopped the massacre, and pent up these poor trembling creatures in the Passage des Panoramas. A celebrated writer, Monsieur Lireux, after having escaped the first balls, was led about, during an hour, from one guardhouse to the other, in order to be shot. The most miraculous efforts had to be made to save him. The celebrated artist, Sax, who happened to be in the musical establishment of M. Brandus, was about to be shot, when a general recognised him. Everywhere else the people were killed indiscriminately.

"The first person killed in this butchery—history has also preserved the name of the first person killed at the massacre of Saint Bartholomew—was named Theodore Debaecque, and lived in the house at the corner of the Rue du Sentier, where the carnage began.

"When the butchery was ended—that is to say, when night had completely set in, and it had begun in the middle of the day—the dead bodies were not removed; they were so numerous that thirty-three of them were counted before a single shop, that of M. Barbedienne. Every space of ground left open in the asphalte at the foot of the trees on the Boulevards, was a reservoir of blood. 'The dead bodies,' says a witness, 'were piled up in heaps, one upon the other, old men, children, persons in blouses and paletots, all collected pell mell, in one indescribable mass of heads, arms, and legs.'"

† Histoire des Crimes de deux Décembre, par Victor Schœlcher, Représentant du Peuple. 8vo. London: Chapman. 1852.

a series of biographies of M. Bonaparte's Senate.* Those who are curious as to the antecedents of General Achard, particular as to the fortunes of Baraguay d'Hilliers, anxious about the pauper speculations of de Beaumont (de la Somme), or careful as to the date when Boulay de la Meurthe published his "Histoire du Cholera Morbus dans le quartier de Luxembourg," will find it all set out in this volume. For our part, we have no great taste for reading the biographies of flunkeys, whatever may be their particular positions.

A very nice little work has been published by M. Girault de Saint Fargeau,† which, if it does not display any great originality, or depth of research, can, nevertheless, be recommended as a very useful little book of reference, and very good reading for young persons. It is less the literary history, which its title promises, than a literary dictionary. Every author of any reputation, whether he be an ancient or a modern, from Hesiod to Fenimore Cooper, and still higher up and still lower down, has his alphabetical place, and a short account is given of his works. We have read many of these succinct criticisms, and think them very fairly done. The book would bear translating.

The quarter has also produced a more pretending history of French Literature,‡ the fruit, as the author tells us, of long years of patient labour. M. Geruzez emulates the laurels of Girolamo Tiraboschi and Henry Hallam, commences with the origin of the Latin language, as the abavus of that of France, and carries his history down to the date of the first French Revolution, ceasing his narrative when the orators of that mighty epoch were sounding strange theories in the ears of the startled world, and when Mirabeau was haranguing, as our author thinks, with all the vehemence of Demosthenes, and often with all the vigour of reasoning of that great master of eloquence. To our English readers we shall only say that the latter is the more philosophical, but the former is the more useful of these two books.

In a former number of THE NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW, we noticed at some length a life of Dante, by Count Cesare Balbo.§ We then said so much of the Divina Comedia, that we can scarcely ask our readers to go over the same subject with us again. Le Baron Paul Drouilhet de Sigalas has produced a very thick tome upon the same subject, forming, as it seems, only one of a series which the Baron meditates upon the somewhat extensive subject of the history of Art in Italy.

Petre Chevalier,‖ with his motto of "*autres temps meme mours*," continues his "Revolutions d'Autrefois." His volume is a history of the Revolution, or rather the civil war, of the Fronde, wherein all his sympathies are against the Parliament.

A work more calculated to attract the attention of English readers is some sketches of scenes during the conquest of Africa, by Count Castellane.¶ The author is himself an old African, and, although naturally inclined to mitigate the atrocity of the scenes he depicts, says quite enough about them to make us shudder. For instance, he tells us that the soldiery were accustomed to success and booty when "Le General Changarnier" was their leader. After every razzia succeeded the amusing ceremony of counting the spoil, which consisted of the flocks of sheep of the unhappy victims. This counting was done thus: the soldiers were drawn up in two ranks, forming two sides of a triangle; at the point of junction the two last men held a ramrod between them. The sheep were driven into this pen, made of soldiers, and when pushed at the extremity, jumped, one by one, over the ramrod, and so were counted. In allusion to this scene, the old Africans judged their commanders according to their mutton-power, "*avec le Changarnier, cela sent toujours le mouton.*"

The author has a note upon this passage which we must translate, for it is of earnest interest at this moment to show the spirit of the French army. He says—

> The success of the numerous razzias made by General Changarnier was so great that the words quoted above had passed into a proverb among the troops. On the 13th of June, 1849, the sixth battalion of Chasseurs, who had long served under the command of this general in Africa, having received orders to attack the rioters, passed out towards the scene of the *émeute* laughing and repeating to each other the old African mot—"Cela sent le mouton." "This smells like mutton." The imprisoned African must have felt some pleasurable emotion when he heard of these razzias in the streets of Paris.

If we could afford the space we would dwell long upon this book. There is a little romance of the treatment by Abd-el-Kadir of Omar and his mother, a picture of the indignities suffered by the last descendants of a sovereign race, which sets us thinking about India, and Lord Clive and Warren Hastings.

Of a similar character is Captain Albert du Casse's "Memoirs of the Campaign of 1812 in Russia." We cannot be expected to go over this often-trodden ground, or do more than notice the appearance of

---

* Galerie Historique et Biographique des Membres du Sénat, par plusieurs Publicistes. Paris: 1852.

† Histoire Littéraire Francaise et Etrangère. Par Girault de Saint Fargeau. Paris. Lecon: 1852.

‡ "Histoire de la Litterature Française de Moyen Age aux Temps Modernes." Par E. Geruzez. Paris: Delalain. 1852.

§ "Dante Alighieri et la Divine Comédie." Par le Baron Paul Drouilhet de Sigalas. Paris: Firmin Didot, Frères. 1852.

‖ Chroniques de la Fronde, par Petre Chevalier. 12mo. Paris: 1582.

¶ Souvenirs de la Vie Militaire en Afrique, par le Comte P. de Castellane. 12mo. Paris: 1852.

the book. It contains many original letters from Napoleon to his brother, the King of Westphalia, which we believe are now first printed.

M. Martin, employed by the French Government to undertake in Germany a research into the national poetry of that country, has encased his report in an important volume entitled "France et Allemagne Litterature, Critique, Voyages." Par M. Martin, Chargé d'une Mission Litteraire en Allemagne. Paris: Renouard and Co. 1852.

Theophile Gautier has produced a little collection of gallant rhymes, with the title of "Emaux et Camées." He intimates in a poetical preface that a Frenchman has nothing to do now-a-days but shut his windows and write love songs.

Alexandre Dumas continues his "Comtesse De Charny" and his "Memoirs." These last have *only* arrived at the twelfth volume; the eleventh ends with the death of his mother and a sort of ghost story. Nothing happens to this great man in the ordinary course of nature. His father's apparition appears to him the night on which he died, and his mother's portrait suspended in his room falls down at the very instant of her distant death.

The usual supply of French novels is sadly diminished by the Copyright Treaty between Belgium and France. The Brussels pirates were accustomed to collect and reprint in volumes the Paris *feuilletons* as they appeared in the journals; the French author probably never reprinted them at all in volumes. The occupation of the Brussels publishers being now gone, the English public have no means of obtaining French novels except by reading them piecemeal in French newspapers. We have noticed "Le Refractaire" at length; the only other work of light literature which deserves a passing notice is "Les Maitresses à Paris—ce que c'est qu'une Parisienne," by Leon Gozlan. This is of the same character with that shoal of "Physiologies" which was encouraged by the success of Balzac's "Physiologie du Mariage," and which had their imitations in this country in the shilling books upon "Ballet Girls," and such like topics sometime since rife upon the railway book stalls, but now happily swept away by a healthier literature. This is witty and satirical enough, and gentlemen may look through it at "the club," or lounge over it in chambers with a cigar, but may just as well keep it out of the way of their sisters. Not that there is anything very wrong in it, but it has a strong colouring of the Balzac and Paul de Kock view of French manners.

Le Réfractaire. Par ELIE BERTHET. Bruxelles: Meline, Cans, et Compagnie. 1852.

AFTER perusing the first few pages of "Le Réfractaire" we became slightly refractory ourselves, and were inclined to lay it down as threatening to be a very dreary little novel indeed. We thought that, in avoiding *les fortes émotions* and the usual wicked style of French novels, the author was about to be minutely dull in description and of so tiresome a virtue as to afford some excuse to those writers and their readers who are not content with ordinary vice, as we find it in the "Newgate Calendar" or even in the "Causes Célébres," but must draw on their imaginations for horrors unknown to humanity, and insist on dissolving a scorpion in their draught of *aqua vitæ*. Virtue has no such enemy as dulness. We have always thought that Charles II., that merrie but evil monarch, was impelled to the excesses he committed after ascending the throne, by the fact that he was once delivered over to the tender mercies of the Scotch Puritans and bored to death with sermons as lengthy as they were uninteresting. Thus a dreary work of fiction is an aid to the school of which Eugène Sue was the first great originator. Thus too a sprightly, interesting, and amusing virtuous work of fiction, or narration of events, is a greater boon to society than we are generally aware of, even although no striking lesson of morality be taught, and no particular virtue advocated. In this manner we conceive that Dickens has conferred a benefit on mankind by exciting and pleasing so much, and yet doing no mischief. Yet the works of Dickens have in them no appearance of elevation; they illustrate no lofty, moral precept. The dull, good author, on the other hand, is positively prejudicial to the welfare of his species. He is not only a bore, but a sinner, or the cause of sin in others, for the mild author of a nice, good book sends a man at once in search of caviare.

Such a book did we at first imagine "Le Réfractaire" to be, but it is really a very pretty, interesting tale, which would afford a charming plot for a little three-act piece at the Haymarket or Adelphi. The subject is as old as the empire of Napoleon. We have seen something very like it in our boyhood at a semi-provincial theatre in France—we believe at Passy. We remember a pretty cousin, with blue eyes, crying at precisely the same *dénouement* as that of the "Réfractaire." Since that, the story has turned up, here and there, frequently. The conscript affords a *pièce de résistance* to the tribe of romancists in France, just as the smuggler, the poacher, and the pirate are properties in our English *répertoire*. We have the brave conscript who comes back with his "Souvenirs de jeune age," with scars, but not a wooden leg, and who sits down unknown in the bosom of his family. Then we have the conscript who becomes a great general, and lastly and

most frequently we have the conscript enamoured of the pride of the village, who is very much disposed to become a *réfractaire*, but for whom a rejected rival nobly offers himself as substitute, just as the band is striking up

J'apperçois le rivage,
Ou le Maure autrefois, &c.

This is just what we remember made our sentimental *cousine* cry, and it is precisely what furnishes the plan to the *nouvellette* which is the innocent subject of the present critical notice.

The hero of the piece is one Leonard Bonvet, who is desperately in love with Mademoiselle Victoire, *fille unique* of *le brigadier* Morin, *ancien militaire*, in fact *un vieux de l'Empire*, but at present head of the local *gendarmerie*. This character is well sketched. From a brave soldier, he has become a beloved and respected civil authority, and his daughter has softened down his military fierceness to such a point that he only swears a single oath. However, his soul is still with the army, both past and present, and he is interested in the conscription as far as a soldier can be who is *du temps de l'autre*. Leonard Bonvet has a rival, who has also served. He is described as a fine, handsome young fellow, but somewhat malicious and boastful withal. Of course Leonard Bonvet is drawn. To this he objects, partly from an objection to lions and Arabs, of which he has heard dreadful accounts from his rival, M. Theodule-Arsace Labourot, and partly because he cannot bear to leave Victoire. Both Victoire and her father, however, advise him to go, the latter making it the stern condition of a future alliance with his daughter, and he accordingly, being really no poltroon, takes leave of his family on the night previous to the departure of the conscripts, and also of Mademoiselle Victoire; which latter he manages by ascending a tree outside her window, whence he is accustomed to a kind of extremely innocent courtship, owl-fashion; but which he is aware would, if it were discovered, create great scandal in the village. In the midst of the lovers' farewell, just as the usual post-dated falsehoods of eternal constancy are being exchanged between them, comes Master Labourot, with two of his comrades of the *gendarmerie*, on the pretence of the alarm of thieves, but in reality to surprise the lovers, he having a pretty shrewd suspicion that Leonard would seek a farewell interview with Mdlle. Victoire. Leonard, fearful of injuring her good name, makes a desperate effort to escape undetected, which he does at the expense of a severe wound in the shoulder from a shot fired by Labourot. The next day poor Leonard is not forthcoming at the muster of the recruits, and is nowhere to be found. He is disgraced, proscribed, and hunted—but in vain. The stern *brigadier* Morin, with whom he had been a favourite, condemns his conduct as cowardly. The daughter alone, and Labourot, know the reason of his disappearance. Now the habitation of the parents of our *réfractaire* is in a queer place called *la Cannette*, a kind of amphibious domicile, by the side of the river, surrounded by osiers and willows, and in the winter liable to be flooded, like a sterile little Egypt, *sans* crocodile or pyramid. His family accordingly conceal him partly in this delightful locality and partly in the ruin of an old priory, almost inaccessible, and of course haunted. Thither it comes to pass that when her papa is on duty, or, rather, supposed to be so, Miss Victoire goes to see her lover with a heavy heart, a light foot, a basket of provisions, and his mother. Thither, also, does the *père* Morin, whom Labourot has made suspicious, follow his daughter, and thus discovers the retreat of Leónard. The *brigadier* does not take advantage of the discovery otherwise than to lock up his daughter,—a thing parents have done from the days of Danäe down to the "Willow-patterned plate," and never, as far as we have been able to understand, with the slightest final success. At last, Labourot, whose exertions to discover his rival are incessant, communicates to the *père* Morin that he has discovered a private code of signals at the *Cannette*, and that he can take him there some evening, when to a certainty the deserter will fall into their clutches in the centre of his family. Accordingly, one bitter evening the two *gens d'armes* start together. The night is dark, and as they approach the *Cannette* the waters are rising. A child meets them on the road, and warns them with shrilly voice not to proceed. This is one of the Bouvet, and they consider it a *ruse*. They gain the *Cannette*, and find it deserted. They conceal themselves to await the family. They put out the light in the cottage. In the meantime, the tempest increases, and threatening sounds are heard. Morin is puzzled at the absence of the family, and wishes to return home. Labourot will not listen to them. In the midst of this Leónard enters, and, after a struggle with Labourot, in which he overcomes that individual, surrenders himself to Morin. The deserter is pale, thin, ragged, and dripping with water. He bursts out into exclamations of regret at finding Morin there. They are surrounded by the flood! He is come to save the father of Victoire. He rapidly tells them the frightful danger they are in, and why the family have left. In a short time the waters will sweep over the roof of the *Cannette*. Leónard tells Morin he will save him. The latter is penetrated by his generosity, and asks him to save Labourot also. He refuses, but commences to make a raft. As they embark, Labourot is swept away by a tremendous rush of water. Leónard saves him at the risk of his life. "Tell that," he says, "to Mademoiselle Victoire." At length they arrive, after

hours of danger, to a place of safety. Labourot is insensible; but the *brigadier*, who has understood, from an accidental expression, how Leónard was wounded, wishes him to remain a nominal prisoner, certain, as he is, of obtaining his pardon. He refuses, and starts off again on the raft, to see if he cannot save the lives of some of the poor creatures surprised by it. He is rewarded by rescuing eleven persons. The end is easily guessed at. Leónard has to be tried, but is acquitted with honour. He is, however, ordered to join his regiment in eight days. On the eighth he is married to Victoire. When on the point of departure, a letter is read by the brigadier from Labourot, which does that gentleman infinite credit, stating that, under the circumstances, he had thought proper to offer himself as a substitute, and was accepted. He only stipulates that the first-born of the happy couple shall be called Theodule-Arsace. We must not forget to state, that the cross of the "Legion of Honour" is duly sent to Leónard, which gives M. Morin an opportunity of observing, that without being a soldier he had won the cross of honour, as well as found a bride in Victory!

Now, after all, this is a very simple performance; and we repeat, that we have only honoured it with so long a notice (for such a work) because it affords a contrast to that style of book which has been so long supplied to gratify the cravings of a morbid appetite in France. The tyrant of old, desired a new pleasure; the modern French novelist seeks only to depict a new vice. If he can imagine this, his reputation is established for the brief season of renown which is accorded to such fantastic productions. The height of his celebrity measures the depth of his oblivion, as certainly as that portion of an iceberg seen above water enables the mariner to form an estimate of the profundity of the ocean at the place whence it emerges; a comparison whose merit, if it have any, lies in its malappropriation, as that of a great many puns lies in their excessive badness.

Caprices et Zigzags. Par THEOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris: Lecott. 1852.

We English, with our strong anti-Gallican prejudices, are apt to chuckle very composedly over the persuasion that our neighbours on the other side the Channel are lost in a cloud of the darkest ignorance as to everything relating to England and the English; and that, in plain, sober truth, they know no more about our habits, manners, and customs than we do about those of the pigmies, or the Troglodytes, who live in caverns and wear their heads under their arms. Like all other sweeping condemnations, this is a very great mistake. The common orders of the French people are as perfectly, or rather as imperfectly, informed in the various branches of general knowledge—in ethnological and historical science—as the corresponding classes in this country. Indeed, we are not quite persuaded that, if the account were to be accurately taken, we should find the balance very much in our favour. It is quite true that the Parisian *bourgeois* has a very loose idea with regard to the political *status* of my Lord Mayor, that his information respecting our law of marriage is not of the most accurate description, and that his reading in our history will not commonly be found to have been very extensive; but take in return one of our regular shopkeepers, or even go a little higher and take your average City-man, reputable upon 'Change and with a seat in the Common Council, set him up on high and examine him upon French matters of a similar nature, and see if he will not display an equal, if not a greater, amount of ignorance. Ask him to define the duties and position of the Prefect of the Seine; question him upon the Code Napoleon and the working of that valuable tribunal Le Conseil des Prud'hommes; demand of him in whose reigns Sully and the great Colbert were Prime Ministers, and he will most probably be just as able to give you an intelligible answer as if you had asked him to repeat the letters of the Chinese alphabet. That all educated Frenchmen of intelligence are very adequately informed upon all matters relating to us, is a position which no one can dispute who has any right to give an opinion upon the matter; it was only the other day that the writer of these remarks overheard a French gentleman recounting to his son the circumstances of the gunpowder treason with an accuracy of detail and an extended knowledge of the circumstances and bearings of the case that most Englishmen might have envied.

These short observations have been called forth by the perusal of such parts of M. Gautier's book as relate to England and English manners. Allowing a little for the ornate style of the *feuilletoniste*, they will be found to contain very astute and impartial observations upon our national excellencies and foibles. We subjoin a few short extracts from these sketches, and cheerfully recommend the entire work to the perusal of our readers:—

MISERABLE APPEARANCE OF THE LOWER ORDERS.

The common people are much more miserable in appearance than the same order in Paris. With us the working classes have clothes made expressly for them—coarse, it is true, but of a distinctive style, and which have evidently belonged to them ever since they were new. The grisettes are always neat and clean, in spite of the extreme simplicity of their toilette; but in London it is not so: every man wears a swallow-tailed coat, pantaloons with straps, down

to the most miserable wretch who gains a living by opening the door of your cab. The women all wear bonnets and fine-lady dresses—so that at first sight one is apt to suppose that they are seedy-genteel people, who have once seen better days.

That there is much good sense in this observation no one can deny who has contrasted the Parisian workman, singing gaily, in his washable work-a-day blouse, with that miserable-looking individual the English artizan, displaying his rags through the elbows of a dingy cloth coat. The cause of this absurd incongruity lies in the love of the lower orders for cast-off finery and the leavings of the rich. A coat may be traced in regular degradations from the back of my lord duke to the shoulders of a crossing-sweeper, and the millinery of Belgravia may be found to pass through Cranbourne-alley in a downward current to the most miserable purlieus of Shoreditch.

Apropos of English taste, M. Gautier makes the following very severe, but sensible remark:—

THE FUTURE OF LONDON.

London may become Rome, but she never can be Athens. That place is reserved for Paris. In London may be found wealth, power, material development in the highest degree—a gigantic exaggeration of all that money, patience, and resolution can do—the useful and the comfortable—but never the beautiful. The English excel in all that is possible, sometimes even in what is impossible. They will invent steam-engines capable of spinning six hundred thousand pairs of stockings in a minute, and will even discover new nations to wear the same, but they will never be able to make a bonnet that a French grisette would put upon her head.

One more extract, and we have done with M. Gautier. Speaking of the enormous fortunes possessed by some Englishmen, he says:—

GOLD WORSHIP.

There is the reverse of the medal throughout all civilisation; enormous fortunes can only be explained by enormous misery: that the few may devour so much, the many must of necessity fast, and nowhere is this disproportion so manifest as in England. To have money is so clearly the only recognised merit, that the poor English despise each other and eagerly court the scorn and contumely of the rich. The English, who talk so much about the idols of the papists, ought never to forget that the golden calf is the most shameful idol of all, and that which requires the most humiliating sacrifices.

Ah! is not this true?

La Femme et l'Enfant; ou, Misère entraine Oppression. Par M. ALPHONSE JOBEZ. Paris: Michel Levy, Frères. Libraires-Editeurs.

THE writer of a late paper in Dickens' "Household Words," quaintly entitled "Boys to Mend," might be supposed to have studied one-half of this book, viz., that which refers to children. This book is sentimentally and statistically written with a great purpose, and the author seems to think it necessary to trace the various usages which have affected women and children from the earliest times. Of course, in attempting to do this, there arises an accumulation of curious, if not instructive, matter. We must confess, indeed, that we doubt whether much of the information, sound or at least questionable, contained in this book, tends towards the development of the somewhat enigmatically expressed purpose of the author. His purpose is to ameliorate the condition of those beings dependent, in great measure, on the wisdom or caprices of men; and we do not see, in the first place, how, by chronicling all the sexual paradoxes which historians and travellers have recorded since the world began, tends towards this great object. The number of authorities given is surprising; but we apprehend that very little discrimination has been employed in their selection. Instances are given without end of the brutality of the primitive races of mankind towards women. This work would be invaluable to a strong-minded lady, desirous of illustrating the sufferings of women in a series of lectures, intended to recommend the Bloomer costume. Now, we think, at any rate at present, that among civilised nations women have nothing to complain of, if we consider their sufferings and trials relatively with those of men. In England, France, and Holland, the numbers of the wretched women called "unfortunates" are excessive, and the pay of sempstresses miserable. But in these countries how many men are there who cannot maintain a wife? The happiness, then, of woman, depends on the happiness of man, where the light of reason has dawned. The object of our author appears to be to show, first, the miseries that have existed and still oppress the human race, especially the weaker portion of it, and to point out that the development of agriculture especially tends towards a social improvement. "We can," he says, "at least affirm that it is not permitted to any aggregate body of men to revel in the vast principles of the mind, to cherish the noblest inspirations of the heart, before creating the bases of material existence. Man must first compel the earth to yield the means of power, not with profusion, but sufficiently to supply necessities of a body which must eat, before undertaking the direction of a soul which thinks." All this is very trite, and, as far as it goes, very true; but the writer appears to us to finish the first part of his treatise (*de la femme*), if not with a prosy postulate, yet with the simple assertion of an undeniable principle. Moreover, what he asserts does not meet the whole view of the case. None get more out of the earth than the Chinese and Japanese, and yet of these people we have, in respect of their treatment of women, anything but a flattering picture in these pages. With

regard to the first, not to speak of squeezing their feet, it is adultery punishable by death or slavery for the face of a woman to be even seen in the street (page 42); while in Japan numbers of poor girls, we are informed, are set aside for the worst purposes by the State, under the name of *tékakies*. In China, with regard to children, infanticide and abandonment are the results of a Malthusian doctrine, which is the result of necessity, although the most is made of everything, either in earth or water, above or beneath the ground. It is evident, then, that something more is wanting. Education and moral culture are as necessary as high farming and manual industry. Civilisation, undoubtedly, in general, improves the existence of woman and child, yet there are instances of it, when the man of feeling, if not the philosopher, when the poet, if not the sage, casts a regretful glance at pictures of barbarian life. For ourselves we shrink from the attempt to solve the vast problem of humanity. Whatever be the Millenium we are driving at, or in vulgar terms, the happy time coming, we should be content with a hand-to-mouth amelioration, and we have no faith in wholesale regenerators. The author, however, winds up with something in the shape of a practical suggestion, that is, an indefinite proposition bearing a practical appearance. He advocates a grand governmental scheme, by which voluntary labourers shall be employed by the state in the cultivation of land. To divide the land, he says, in small sections leads to loss of labour, and impoverishment of the soil. On the other hand, in France they cannot have great landed proprietors, for that would lead to what he calls *substitutions aristocratiques*. How, then, is the scheme to be carried out? By a parental government. Thus, when population increases too much, the State can plant out workmen. Agricultural France must be a human nursery, with the Government for gardener. What is that government to be? We must confess the whole book gives us the notion of a grand Napoleonistic scheme. Is it published to prepare the way for something the President has in view? Or is it an enthusiastic hint intended for him? It appears to us a scheme, if we may use such a term, redolent of imperial feudalism. On the whole we pronounce this to be a dull book, struggling with a great idea of centralisation and apportionment, and abounding with evidences of research, displaying some industry, but very little discretion or judgment.

NOUVELLES PAR ARMAND BARTHET. *Pierre et Paquette.—Henriette.—Le Nid d'Hirondelles.—Les Saisons.* Paris: D. Girand et J. Dagneau, 7, Rue Vivienne.

M. BARTHET labours hard in the regenerated school of French novelists. But, if simplicity lack genius, the result is by no means so amusing as might be desired. The first of these stories is a kind of undeveloped "Paul and Virginia,"; unfitted alike for full-grown persons, children, and hobble-boys. It is, indeed, a most feeble performance. A notary's daughter and a youthful bumpkin pass their childhood together. "He loves her, and she loves him," until miss receives a boarding-school education, and marries a palpable "gent," whereat bumpkin plays the part of a male Ophelia, much as Bottom the Weaver might be supposed to interpret that character. He sings snatches of song and weaves garlands, followed by the children of the village. We are left in doubt as to whether the love-sick clodhopper takes a dip under the branches of a pendent willow—a tree to which our author seems much addicted. The moral of the tale is that Pierre during their childhood risks his life to save Paquette from the bite of a supposed viper. We fully expected, in consequence, that she was to be seduced by some gay young *seigneur*; but she is reserved for a more homely though a better fate.

The next and longer story, Henriette, is possessed of much more merit. It illustrates the incomprehensible manner in which some of the fairer sex are wont to sacrifice their happiness and self-respect, for no earthly reason that can possibly be assigned, by a kind of blind infatuation. Moreover, it cannot be denied that there is a freshness in its love scenes which carries back the mind to the happiest period of life, in spite of the inclination to deride himself and "go to buffets," which every now and then occurs to the reader when he is made aware that he has been made ridiculous by his sympathy with such day-dreams. We always thought it the boldest act in the life of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer to publish his "Henrietta Temple, or a Love Story." We wonder even now that some adroit Liberal, such as Mr. Bernal Osborne, does not roast him by alluding now and then to the honied bathos, the soft absurdities, the erotic commonplaces of that romance. Yet there are few who have not, own it or not as they may, some degree of pleasure in reading those namby-pamby revelations. We confess, then, that we were interested, in spite of ourselves, in this little tale of "Henriette."

Henriette is a *brodeuse*, and a very young man named Olivier, studying his *droit* at Paris, has a window opposite to hers. They fall in love with each other; but Olivier is a thousand

leagues from a declaration of his love, although their windows are so near. Suddenly the smooth current of his life is disturbed by a certain Hector de Vert Fontaine, a fellow student, a little older, a young fire-eater, who plunges Olivier in dissipation in a single night, and tells him that in love we must be audacious. Consequently he pays a midnight visit to his mistress *pour commencer*. All, however, is pure and innocent. After a few days his faithful servant informs an old canoness, a friend of his stern papa, and she separates the lovers, who are on the point of running off. They are only prevented by the scruples of Henriette at the last moment, excited by the prayers of Bénoit, the old valet of Olivier. So they are separated. Olivier goes to his father, a kind of fossil county-court judge in the provinces, and the canoness, with a delightful improbability, furnishes Henriette with a little fortune to start a shop—a thing more seldom done by canonesses for innocence, than by gallants for a *ci-devant* mistress. Hence, she aspires to be an opera dancer and becomes famous for her *audaces chorégraphiques* and her prudence, her *entrechats* and her virtue. Vainly do all the titled *roués* and sensual capitalists in Paris try to seduce the chaste *ballerina*. Withered elder and youthful profligate fail alike. A bracelet is useless as a bouquet, and a *billet de banque de cent mille francs* not more efficacious than a copy of verses. At last our friend Hector de Vert Fontaine, now a tried and gallant son of Mars, makes a bet he will succeed. No one knows how the *danseuse* employs her spare time. Hector finds that she repairs to her ancient apartment, whence as *brodeuse* she used to look out upon the window of Olivier. Thither follows the gallant Hector. He is at first indignantly repulsed. At last, he accidentally speaks of Olivier, and is allowed to visit the danseuse in her Trianon. Finally he offers her marriage, and she accepts. Indeed she rather leads him to the point. Why? In this wonderful inconsistency lies that truth which we have before commended. It was not because Hector was the last man in the world she ought to have married. That would have been a sufficient reason, according to the remark of Sheridan, which no one has presumed to contradict. She knew where Olivier resided, knew he was not married, she loved him still tenderly, and yet married his friend! It was just what many a French woman would do, instead of writing to him or taking her place in the malle-poste or diligence. Of course Olivier is one of the first visitors to her husband at Vert-Fontaine. There a scene takes place, and Olivier flies, as any true gentleman would do under the circumstances. He makes a confidant of his father, who allows him to return to Paris. There he in turn occupies his old abode, until one day he hears a voice singing a well remembered air. It is Henriette, who, like a true Frenchwoman, has followed him. She is capable of action now that the case is hopeless or intensely wrong. "Nay, she will now do that in sin which might have been sanctified by religion in the fulfilment of her own promises." The lovers are about to fly, when Henriette is smitten by the hand of illness, and she dies very prettily with her lover tending her, the husband arriving at the last moment, and being perfectly ignorant of the whole state of the case. We are thankful to the author for not having spiced his romance with the evil we feared would ensue. On the whole this is a healthy story.

Illicit love, intrigues, and dissipation, enter so generally into human civilised life, that perhaps it would be hard to write the truthful history of an individual, especially in French society, without dealing with such subjects; and though a book can scarcely be called moral which gives anything like a real narration of social events, and in which may be found the behind-scenes biography of any ordinary mortal, still it is to a certain extent a mere work of conventionality if it entirely avoid such subjects. The French adopt the other extreme. The "Nid d'Hirondelles" is a piece of sentimental absurdity beneath contempt; and as for "Les Saisons," *ballades* of M. Armand Barthet, we leave to our readers to fancy the rhapsody of a French novelist writing prose idylls about *les saisons*:—"Autumn, prodigal autumn, who pays the debts of spring." This is the refrain at the last of these precious *morceaux*.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

SUMMARY.

THE third quarter of the year is the dull season of German literature. Christmas has its gift-books for large and small children, Easter and Michaelmas have their Leipzig book fairs; but that time of the year which in this country witnesses the closing of Parliament and the long vacation, gives the Germans too something like a recess and long vacation, in which few books are read, and consequently few are published. The chief additions to their literature, at such periods, are made from ours; translators and publishers of translations work against time and the chances of sale, and fill the market at all seasons and in all weathers. Competition is extensive and brisk; books "done" into German from the English cannot afford to wait for Saints' days and Leipzig fairs. Hence the Germans have had translations innumerable of Dickens's "Bleak House;" and a bevy of adventurous publishers have fixed upon Warburton's "Darien" and Miss Kavanagh's "Women of Christianity;" and Laing's "Denmark," Colquhoun's "History of Magic and Witchcraft," and Kingsley's "Hypatia," are in the press, if not actually out, with many other works of less moment, the exact titles of which we forget.

It is not difficult to flatter authors and women. Hence, we can understand that our authors are alive to the distinction thus conferred upon them by a foreign nation, and that one too a nation which has by no means a small opinion of its own merits and literary productions. It was a proud moment, not for Sir Walter Scott only, but for this nation also, when the countrymen of Schiller and the contemporaries of Göthe first commenced translating the Waverley Novels. Nor was it a small feather in Sir Edward L. Bulwer's cap when philosophical Germany responded to his fashionable Radicalism. Dickens came next, but after him the Germans descended to James, Mrs. Trollope, and Ainsworth, and a host of other small and voluminous writers, until the honour of a translation into the language of our philosophical cousins has, to say the least, become an equivocal mark of distinction. If the Germans, standing on some proud eminence of their own, were to choose among our literature in the spirit of enlightened critics, if their selections showed their taste and discrimination; if they were content to skim the cream off our annual yield, rejecting anything like vapid trash and twaddling verbosity, then, indeed, the practice of translating our authors would be honourable to us and instructive to them. But alas! the picture they present to us is far different from the one we have drawn. If they enjoy a good work they enjoy a bad one likewise; they delight in Dickens and Thackeray, but they delight no less in a host of inferior novelists who shall be nameless. In the matter of literature they are gormandisers, not *gourmets*; they gulp down our skimmings, but they swallow our leavings with equal relish; and they seem just now bent upon transporting our literature bodily upon German soil. The effect of such indiscriminate voracity is a bad one for us and for them. It confirms our own writers in courses which from the first moment of our existence we have implored them to abandon; it nurses their public in mediocrity; and although our worst writers of polite literature are better than their best, it accustoms their young authors to a very low standard of excellence, and leads them into paths which they had better eschew.

There are just now in Germany nearly a dozen large and prosperous publishers who live and thrive on translations from the English. They sustain a breed of half-starved writers—*sweaters* in translations—who tremble at their frown, and live from the smile on their lips. And what a life! Five or six pounds is the average prize for the translation of a three-vol. novel; ten pounds is princely pay. Men must live,—even the poor wretches who sweat over Miss Kavanagh's "Women" and Reid's "Rifle Rangers," and they, too, in order to live, must deal in quantities and send forth copy by the hundred-weight. Attention to treatment or style is, of course, out of the question. To "do" the English author well would not and could not pay. And after all men must live! Some of our suc-

cessful novelists, we apprehend, would start back with horror if they could read their own most finished productions in a German garb. As they value their peace of mind, we would advise them to avoid the study of the German language.

The evil, of course, does not stop here. Works "done" from the English, right or wrong, inundate the shelves of our Teutonic cousins, to the vast detriment of their own literature. In this country we are just now being flooded with a deluge of American works which we get for next to nothing. Paper is cheap in spite of the duty, and the Jeremiads of Messrs. Chapman, Knight, and Chambers; and printing can be done at a very low figure, notwithstanding the Printers' Association. We are beset by Uncle Toms, Blithedale Romances, Scarlet Letters, and White Slaves. The Germans are very much in the same predicament. Their publishers have our novels for next to nothing, and they sell them for a little more than nothing too. Cheapness blunts criticism; the public read and admire, if not the work, at least the low figure at which it is sold; and the upshot is, that both publishers and authors combine to produce cheap works instead of good ones.

Such a state of things may be likely to last, but can never lead to a good end. Depravation of taste, and literary gluttony must be its inevitable consequences. The deterioration of German literature, of that literature which commenced with so much promise, is a fact which few critics of our time will deny. Turn it and twist it as we will, let us be ever so selfish, there is no concealing it, that deterioration will sooner or later have its effect upon us. The demagogues of the age are in the habit of declaiming about a *solidarity* of nations. There is certainly a solidarity in the matter of national taste; and it is our interest, as well as the interest of the Germans, to shut the translating shops, and put a stop to all kinds of literary piracy.

Steen Bille's Bericht über die Reise der Corvette "Galathea," um die Welt. Two vols. Leipsig: Lork. London: Williams and Norgate.

THIS is an account of the voyage of his Danish Majesty's corvette Galathea round the world. Denmark is a very small kingdom, even with the addition of the but lately debateable ground of Schleswig and Holstein; and the Danes themselves, who, as Mr. Worsaae *will* have it, peopled England, cannot at present boast of so large a population as that of London and Westminster. Still, there is no reason why small men and kingdoms should not do great things; and certainly the circumnavigation of the world, at a cost of 300,000 rix dollars in hard cash, is a great undertaking, at least for the Danes. Is it a matter for marvel that after accomplishing the feat they do their best to make much of it? Assuredly not; and we, of all others, will gladly assist them to that share of the "immortality of print" which they claim as a compensation for those 300,000 rix dollars of Danish money which Captain Steen Bille and his gallant crew disseminated over all the quarters of the globe.

Captain Bille, with 221 men under his command, after loading his corvette with smoked and salt beef and pork, philosophers and beer, painters, musicians, and water, weighed his anchor on the 24th of June, 1845, and sailed through the Kattegat and the Channel into the Spanish seas, and to Madeira, the East Indies, the coast of Coromandel, the Nicobar Islands, the Malacca Straits to Java, and from thence through the Gaspar Straits to the Philippines and the Chinese harbours. Then, again, to the Sandwich Islands and the Society Islands, to Valparaiso, and round Cape Horn to Monte Video and Rio de Janeiro, and back from thence to Copenhagen, where the Galathea arrived about the end of August, 1847, after an absence of more than two years. On this long voyage the gallant captain and his scientific companions saw many curious objects and scenes, of which a full and voluminous account was printed for the benefit of the Danes in the Danish language. An abridged edition, in two ponderous tomes, was made in German, and possibly measures are just now taking to bring the adventures of Captain Bille before the English public. In such a case, we trust that the edition will be still more abridged, for although the work contains many noticeable and interesting chapters, and parts of chapters, it can only gain by condensation, as those who peruse the edition it has been our lot to wade through, will find to their cost. Thus, for instance, it is very amusing, and possibly suggestive of instruction, to learn that the gallant Captain Bille put himself to great trouble and some expense in an attempt to communicate with the Chinese authorities, whom he sought to enlighten on Denmark and the Danes. Possibly, too, Mr. Meadows, the English interpreter, did his best for him, and it is truly gratifying to find that the Chinese for Bille is Pi-li, and for Galathea, Kia-la-ti-a, that the proper word for Danemark is Ta-ne-kroo, while the Chinese — poor benighted creatures as they are — will call it Kwang-kee-kroo, or the country of the yellow flag—a description against which Captain Pi-li indignantly protests, since the flag of his country is by no means yellow. We are deeply sensible of the pitiable ignorance which the omission of such information as that which we have just quoted would entail upon

the public of all nations, but we are not quite convinced of the necessity of conveying this information by means of an elaborate treatise on Chinese grammar and orthography. In a like manner we conceive but an indifferent idea of the efficiency of the newspaper press in Denmark, when we find Captain Bille chronicling the causes and events of all our colonial wars and squabbles for the last twenty years. Such excrescences of an uncultivated taste make the book in many parts unreadable, which is a pity, for of its containing passages worth knowing, and pleasant to know, our readers may judge by the following account of royalty in Honolulu, where the gallant captain had the honour of being presented to the King and Queen at the house of an Englishman, Mr. Judd, on which occasion the Queen astonished him by squirting the tea out of her mouth "with quite an explosion," and by pocketing large pieces of cake:—

I have already stated that civilization is a mere outward seeming in this country. Thus, for instance, I found that the King and Queen did not live in the palace which had been erected for their accommodation, but that they inhabited a wretched hut, and went about in very bad clothing, and not much of that either. The first officer whom I sent on shore in Honolulu, met the Queen and her ladies walking in the street, and chewing sugar-cane. One of our physicians had taken lodgings in the house of the Hawai Admiral, John Hall. Whenever this man mentioned his wife, he called her with great ceremony, "*Mistress* Hall." The lady, however, was not above doing the dirtiest work in the house; and the admiral came once to our friend with a large parcel, saying, "I have just been roasting a pig, and the best piece is wrapped up here. I am taking it to my friend, the King." Mr. Plum, of our ship, had engaged a man to wash his linen. On one occasion this man tore and dirtied the linen, and Mr. Plum told him he was a lazy scoundrel, and kicked him out of doors. A few hours afterwards, Mr. Plum went to the King, to take his Majesty's portrait, and he saw to his astonishment that the person who washed for him, and whom he had kicked out of doors, was playing at billiards with the King. One of our people being caught in a shower of rain, took refuge in the King's country house. His Majesty, who had a large party, received him with great kindness, and asked him to sit down on a mat. "Pray," added he, "excuse my bare feet; and, after all, this place is not wet." On the occasion of my taking leave, I had the honour of breakfasting with the royal family. The breakfast was in grand style, and after it we were surprised by the King, who, withdrawing to his bed-room, returned with the royal mantle wrapped round him. He had put it on that I might see and admire it.

Again, nothing can be more graphic than the captain's description of the crater, Kilal-Ea, near Wajakea, and of the burning lake at the bottom of the said crater. This he explored, at some danger to his life and limbs, and for the undoubted benefit of his readers:—

At length we reached the burning lake. How can I possibly describe it? Fancy a lake a quarter of a German mile in length and one-eighth of a mile in breadth, billowy and surging up, and this lake consisting not of water, but of fire—a vast furnace, in which the liquid metal moves to and fro in terrific waves. And on the banks of this fiery lake I stand on the towering lava blocks looking down upon this grand and awful spectacle. The distance is small which separates me from the brink, beneath which the fiery waves dash against the shore, surging up as the waves of the ocean breaking upon the stony beach. It wants but a stronger impetus, an additional movement in the depths of that great chasm, and the liquid overflows its banks and fills the valley, consuming all it meets on its path. Indeed, this may happen at any moment, and yet I remain within reach of the very breath of the danger, fascinated by the red flames that rise up against the clear, blue sky above. I feel as if chained to the black stone, and I behold with a shudder (especially near the banks where the violence of the element is greatest) the immense red-hot lava blocks yielding to the irresistible power of the waves; they tremble, move, and glide down into the lake which covers them. It is the noon of day, and yet that liquid lava is of a deep red as though the darkness of night weighed down upon it.

Here we leave Captain Bille, whose work we recommend, though but conditionally.

Russland's Industrielle und Commerzielle Verhältnisse. Von ALEXANDER STEINHAUS. Leipsig: Hinrichs. London: Williams and Norgate.

A HEAVY volume of Russian statistics. Its appearance is opportune, especially if it be true what has long been whispered in literary circles, namely, that an eminent London publisher proposes foisting the prejudices and partizanship of Baron Haxthausen's Russian travels upon our national literature. Most politicians want to know more about Russia than the little they do know. We have many books on the subject, but still we want *the* book. There is no end of special pleading, declamation, and fiction, for and against, but there is a most woful dearth of facts. The last German who undertook to correct the public ignorance on that score was Baron Reden, who in 1843, almost ten years ago, published a work on the "Cultur Verhältnisse," that is to say, on the essential and material condition of life and civilisation throughout the Russian Empire. The correctness of Baron Reden's statements was generally allowed at the time, but ten years make a vast difference in the aspect of human affairs, especially in this our time, and in the case of a country of such rapid growth as Russia undoubtedly is. There is no denying it that the account of 1843 wants checking and amplifying, but who can undertake the task? Clearly not Professor Steinhaus, for he is content to accept and republish the statements of a Russian financier, Gregor Nebolsin, who in 1850 published a statistical survey of the foreign trade of the Russian Empire. The translation which Professor Steinhaus has made of that work ought not by any means to be received as containing a true account of what Russia is. There are not many continental countries in which truth emanates from official sources, and Russian official truth, we apprehend, is an adulterated article. We recommend the work to sceptical readers.

Geschichte eines Mönchs und einer Nonne aus dem Dreissig Jährigen Kriege. Von W. MENZEL. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate.

HERR MENZEL is an old acquaintance of the British public. Some of his works have been translate

into English, and—a rare instance in the case of translations—they have had a tolerable sale. This piece of good fortune is not traceable to the elegance of his diction, nor, indeed, can it be ascribed to the commanding force of genius. His works lack either of the two qualities. Herr Menzel, a German publisher's hack, the oldest of a staff of writers whom the firm of Cotta and Co. called into existence and there maintains, has, these many years past, been in the habit of producing books, which were duly puffed by his patrons in return for similar services with respect to other favoured and distinguished *protegées* of the same publisher.

This fact alone accounts for that respectable degree of popularity which Herr Menzel enjoys among his countrymen, but cannot of course explain his success on this side of the Channel. The German frontier is the utmost limit of Herr Cotta's influence, and of the influence of the half-dozen newspapers, literary, political, and scientific, which, published under his auspices, ensure popularity to whatever works his presses vomit forth. England ignores these *dii minorum gentium*, and yet Herr Menzel has enjoyed an amount of favour among us which even some of our minor authors may now and then have some reason to envy.

This strange phenomenon admits of a simple explanation. Herr Menzel utters facts. They may be spurious, but they have a "mark and an image," and Englishmen, never too critical in the affairs of a foreign country, are content to take them for what they are offered. Hence Herr Menzel has been bought, and read, and quoted in this country, to the signal extension of his German influence.

At first sight it would appear that his last work strayed from the beaten track of the literature of facts, which has done so much for him, and for which, if the truth be told, he has done so little. The history of "a monk and a nun," with the addition that the said history is a romance of the thirty years' war; surely this is a promising title, opening a long vista of curious and thrilling incidents to the eyes of the reader. What martial forms in buff jackets and heavy boots, what visions of cowls and rosaries, earthy dungeons, secret passages, and narrow vaulted cells, does it not disclose to the mind's eye? But, alas! those who open this "romance of the thirty years' war" with any such high-flown expectations, will be wofully disappointed. Herr Menzel's work is is one of those philosophical and historical novels which some of the most ponderous of the Teutons delight in producing. As far as we can understand the author's aim—appreciation is out of the question—it was his object to show that religious disputes are very sad things indeed, and that the German religious wars especially did a great deal of mischief. He also proposed giving us a complete account of Germany and the Germans of those days. He has consequently been at great pains to read all the books which could enlighten him on the religious, political, social, and literary questions of the days of Hutten, Luther, and Wallenstein. He has, indeed, presented his readers with a great many curious extracts; but that is all. His attempt at connecting these extracts by the means of a romance, is wretched to the last degree. He spoils history by his novel, and his novel by history, and contrives to make either unpalatable to the taste and indigestible to the minds of his luckless readers.

Philine, Roman. Von E. Merk. Breslau: Kern. London: Williams and Norgate.

The young author of this work has sought to illustrate the "conflicts caused by the contempt of the sacred rights of love between man and woman," which conflicts, we are informed, lead to "suffering, error, and sin." This will suffice to enlighten our readers on the character of "Philine," the account of whose sad fate is extremely commonplace and immoral. The merits of such a case belong to the consideration of a very different tribunal. It might furnish its moral if tried in Westminster-hall.

Eine Pension am Genfersee; Zwei Romane in Einem Hause. Von Ida Von Duringsfeld. 2 vols. Breslau: Kern. London: Williams and Norgate.

Ida Duringsfeld was at one time the most promising lady novelist of Germany. She had great talents, and was liable to great faults. We have neither time nor patience to say what she *now* is, but we cannot record a harsher or juster judgment against her than we do by transcribing the following passage, taken at random from her last production:—

"Have you ever been in Italy, Gnädige Frau?"

"No, but I have heard a vast deal of rice with cheese."

"Do you call this rice with cheese?" asked Luitgard von Rochow.

The little pasties were excellent. Herr von Rochow ate them with his first glass of wine. When he had nearly emptied it he stopped drinking and tasted it. The Count knew him at once as a connoisseur, and, raising his own glass and tasting, he asked: "Excellent wine, isn't it?"

Herr von Rochow tasted and replied: "Yes."

The Count tasted and continued: "I like it better than good hock."

Herr von Rochow emptied his glass, put it down, and said: "It is milder."

"And yet it is more spirited and yet cool, as if it had been iced."

The gentlemen tasted again, and the longer they tasted the more they liked the wine.

Herr von Rochow said: "We ought really to get a cask of it."

"True, especially since it is so cheap," said the Count. "Only think, three batzens and a half, or four silbergroschen of our money."

"Will it keep?"

"Capitally. The landlord is in the habit of sending it to America. I really think of ordering some."

'The Baron said: "Well, you like it, I must say!"
Because I always empty your bottle after mine? But you don't drink it."
"Oh, dear! never mind, you're welcome! And here they bring our dear baked potatoes, our daily dish."

Here we stop—not out of charity to the Countess of Düringsfeld, for she deserves none, but out of mercy to our readers.

Weimar und Jena. Ein Tagebuch. Von A. STAHR. 2 vols. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Williams and Norgate.

HERR ADOLPH STAHR is deservedly a great favourite with the Germans, as he writes on topics on which that philosophical nation can read to the end of days. He is an expert flatterer and cajoler of their national weaknesses. He has produced novels on Italian subjects, and books of Italian and French travels. Hence he is exalted as a pleasant and amiable writer, and men and women are greedy for the productions of his pen. Thus much do we say in explanation of Herr Stahr's *German* reputation, lest the voice of criticism from that country should, on this side of the channel, introduce him to a public which cannot by any means appreciate whatever excellencies he may possess. His last work, "Weimar und Jena," in particular, is one on which the German will talk by the hour, while the hapless Englishman who is doomed to read it, experiences nothing but the weariness of extreme disgust. It appears Herr Stahr had new ideas (and what modern German has not?) on Göethe and Schiller, and the men of their time. He had also delivered himself of a criticism on Herr Wagner, the musical reformer of Germany, and that criticism had actually been published in the *feuilleton* of a daily paper. Hence the volume before us. It expatiates on Göethe and Schiller, and Herr Wagner, and is altogether as poor an attempt at book-making as it was ever our misfortune to see. The English public had better not meddle with this truly German author.

Die Alliirten der Reaction. Ein Roman. Von ISIDOR HELLER. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE "Allies of the Reaction" is one of the many political novels, the evil fruits of an evil political movement. It gives an account of the psychological development of a Radical youth, who loves and is crossed in love, and who straightway rushes into the toils of the Jesuits. That formidable brotherhood is, according to Herr Heller's account, a wretched association of dunces; for his hero, the Radical youth, though ensnared by them, succeeds in outwitting them. While he pretends to serve them, he makes them instrumental for his own purposes, and promotes the cause of the democratic revolution of Europe by means of the order of the Jesuits. The story is altogether absurd, and the characters impossible.

Die Königlichen Gärten zu Herrenhausen bei Hanover. Von H. WENDLAND. Hanover: Hahn. London: Williams and Norgate.

THERE are few parks and private and public gardens in Germany of which the reputation is so great and so general as the King of Hanover's gardens at Herrenhausen. Herr Wendland's little book contains an historical and technical account of these far-famed "parks," as our German cousins call those things, and will therefore be of interest to horticulturists. To the general reader the book is less satisfactory, for Herr Wendland is evidently more of a gardener than of a landscape-painter, and his technicalities must be understood to be properly appreciated.

Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache. Von JACOB GRIMM. Berlin: Dümler. London: Williams and Norgate.

A WORK from the pen of Jacob Grimm, however small that work may be—and the one before us is but a pamphlet—must needs change our position and influence our tone. In the presence of such an authority, we dwindle down from critics into reporters, and the tone of levity we consider ourselves entitled to assume, in discussing the productions of the majority of his countrymen, changes almost instinctively into accents of respect and veneration in the presence of this great German. Censure is out of the question, but even praise would seem impertinent where so much admiration is due.

The work before us is a short and lucid treatise on the origin of languages, read by Professor Grimm to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, and reprinted from the Transactions of that learned society. It is distinguished by that clear, impressive, and manly style which marks the literary productions of either of the two brothers Grimm. The subject had, near eighty years ago, been held up as an academical question, and in those days the prize was awarded to an essay by Herder. This essay was subsequently censured by Haman, and latterly, in 1851, the question was again mooted by Shelling, the rhetorician. It referred to the origin of language, and to the oldest, the original language of the human race. In his reply Jacob Grimm asserts that, of all other languages, the Indo-Germanic language is likely to furnish the best examples of, and to allow the most satisfactory conclusions as to the origin and general progress of human language. The possibility of a really satisfactory solution of the problem is, however, open to doubt, for the origin of language belongs to antehistorical times, and even the oldest monuments of

Sanscrit, Zend, or Hebrew, are severed by a gulf of many thousands of years from the origin of language, and the creation of the human race. There are two ways: either language was created in man, or it was revealed to him:—

Many considerations suggest the probability of a created, natural human language. If we reflect on its beauty, power, and variety, and its extension over the whole surface of the earth, it appears almost superhuman; not sprung from man, but rather despoiled and shorn of its perfection by his touch. Are not the generations of languages like unto the generations of plants, animals, and even of mankind, in the almost infinite manifoldness of their changing form? Does not language, under favourable circumstances spring up as a tree, whose growth nothing may obstruct, but which freely sends forth its branches in all directions? And is it not undeveloped, neglected and withering, like unto a plant which dried and withered from the want of light and from the barrenness of the soil? . . . . But let us approach the peculiar element of language. The whole of nature is full of voice and sound; how then should man, its noblest work, have lacked it in the hour of his creation? Do not animals commune among themselves with voices various as the language of man? Does not the song of the birds fill the air? Our fancy has gifted the animals with real language. The legend tells us that in the golden age all the animals conversed pleasantly with mankind, and that they have since restrained their powers of speech, but that their voice goes forth when their feelings are strongly excited; as in the instance of Balaam's ass, which spoke out when her master did her wrong, and when the angel of the Lord stood before her. She spoke in a human voice, and of other animals it is said they talk reasonably in their own language, in their Welsh or Latin, which becomes intelligible to the man who eats a white serpent or the heart of a dragon. Thus, Sigurd, after slaying Fafni and dipping his fingers in the blood, heard the birds in the trees singing and telling him what he must do next.

There is an essential difference between the language of animals and the human language. Language in the animal is innate, but it is also unmodifiable; but in man, only the natural sounds of joy, grief, and pain are innate. He must learn his language; it is affected by climate and the age; and hence Jacob Grimm concludes that language was not created in and with the human race.

Was language revealed to man? Scripture makes no mention of it, and the work before us gives many weighty reasons to disprove the assumption. Language, according to Jacob Grimm, is the natural consequence of *thought;* and the connection between language and thought, and thought and mankind, is evidenced by various expressions in the Indo-Germanic languages. What we are, and what distinguishes us from all the animals, is called in Sanscrit by the name "manudsha," and this name has descended to the German language. In Gothic it is "mannisks," in old high German "mannisco," and in new high German "mensch;" that is to say, "man," a *thinking* being, and one that not only thinks, but speaks, in contradistinction to the speechless *(ômælandi)* animals, the *bruta*, the *mutæ bestiæ*, the *mutum et turpe pecus;* while ἄλογος stands not only for "unspeaking," but also for "unthinking."

Thus far we have been able to follow Jacob Grimm's reasoning. More remains behind, but our space sets a limit to our pleasing task. We must refer our readers to the book itself, in which they will find much to instruct and surprise them, more clear, more forcibly told, and more convincing, than we can reproduce. But, before we conclude, we cannot abstain from transcribing a passage which concerns Englishmen especially. It is Jacob Grimm's opinion of our language. He says:—

There is one among the modern languages which, resigning and destroying all the old laws of sound, and discarding almost all flexions, has, by so doing, obtained greater strength and power. I mean the English language, which, by its not even teachable but only learnable fullness of medial sounds, has produced an essential power of expression such as never before was at the command of any human tongue. The whole of its supremely spiritual and marvellously finished plan and formation resulted from a surprising alliance of the two noblest languages of Europe, the German and the Romanic; and it is well known how exquisitely they are balanced in English, the former giving the material foundation while the latter provided the spiritual superstructure. Indeed, the English language which produced and sustained the greatest and most powerful poet of modern times in contrast to classic antiquity—that language which produced and sustained Shakespere—may justly be called a *world's language*, and like unto the English nation, it appears to be its destiny at some future period to exercise a still more powerful sway over all the countries of the earth, for in wealth, reason, and conciseness, there is none of the living tongues which can be compared to this English language; not even our own German, torn and divided as it is, like ourselves, and which must rid itself of many failings ere it can compete with this English language.

NEW QUARTERLY LIST

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE PAST QUARTER.

[THE BOOKS MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK WERE RECEIVED TOO LATE TO BE NOTICED IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography of William Jerdan. Vol. II. 5s.
Adventures and Recollections of Colonel Landmann. 2 Vols. £1 1s.
*Annals and Legends of Calais. By Robert Bell Calton. 5s.
*Israel of the Alps. By the Rev. Dr. A. Muston. 2s. 6d.
*Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirch.
Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia. By George Fowler. Vol. I. 10s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Pictures from St. Petersburg. By Edward Jerrman. 2s. 6d.
*Three Colonies of Australia. By Samuel Sydney. 6s.
Leaves from my Journal. By a Member of the late Parliament. 9s. 6d.
Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay in 1850—1851. By Peter C. Sutherland, M.D. Two Vols. £1 7s.
Western Himalaya and Thibet in 1847—1848. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. 15s.
Japan. By Charles Macfarlane. 12s.
Personal Adventures of "Our Own Correspondent" in Italy. By M. B. Honam. Two Vols. £1 13s.
*Narrative of a Visit to the Indian Archipelago. By Captain Hon. H. Keppel.
Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America. By Edward Sullivan. 12s.
*Walk into the North of Spain in 1851. By Lieutenant March. 10s. 6d
*Tramp to the Diggings. By John Shaw, M.D. 7s.
Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam. 10s. 6d.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

*Augustus Courtenay, and other Tales. By Lady Isabella St. John. Two Vols. £1 1s.
*Gabriella Witherington. By Mrs. Martin Lucas. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
Helen Talbot. By Miss Pennefather. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
Tide of Life. By Miss Laura Jewry. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d
Belle of the Village. By John Mills. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
*Cathal More; or Self-Love and Self-Control. By Arami. Two Vols. £1 1s. W. Shoberl.
Ivar; or the Skjuts-Boy. By Emilie Carlen. 2s. 6d.
Professions. By Floyd Tayleure. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
Hutspot, A Tale. By C. F. Trower. 7s. 6d.
Lost Inheritance. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Negro Life in the Slave States of America. By Harriet B. Stowe. Plates, 7s. 6d. Plain, 3s. 6d. Author's Edition.
Blythedale Romance. By N. Hawthorne. Two vols. £1 1s.
*Christabelle; or Angel-Footsteps. By Mrs. R. Cartwright. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
Forester of Altenheim. From the German. 7s. 6d.
Amy Paul. Two Vols. £1 1s.
*Baronet's Family. By Miss A. Beale. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
Money and Morals. By Lalor. 10s.
Beatrice. By Miss Sinclair.
Heir of Sherborne; or, the Attainder. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
Constance Tyrrell. Three Vols. £1 11s. 6d.
*Annette. Edited by Mr. Justice Talfourd.

POETRY.

Poems. By the Hon. Julian Fane. 4s. 6d.
Links in the Chain of Destiny.
Witchcraft. A Tragedy.
Specimens of Old Indian Poetry. By Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling. By the author of "Visiting my Relations." 6s.
Rural Chemistry. By Edward Solly.
Our Iron Roads. By Fred. S. Williams. 6s.
Hunt's Yachting Magazine for August and September. 1s.
Lectures on Church Difficulties of the Present Time. By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A. Cleaver. 6s.

INDEX.

Adrian; or, the Clouds of the Mind. By G. P. R. James and M. B. Field—Character of Adrian Brewerton—A Skirmish in the American Revolution, 278—The Death Struggle, 279—Character of the two Authors' Partnership Romance, 280.

Afghanistan (see Kaye), 18.

Agatha Beaufort; or, Family Pride—The Phantom, 188.

Agricultural Tenancies (Cooke, G. W.), 79.

Agriculture (English), see Caird, 374.

Alban, 62.

Albemarle (Earl of), Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries, 115—Lord Chatham—John, Duke of Bedford—The Duke of Newcastle—Lord Bute—The Duke of Grafton of Junius, 119—A Great Boroughmonger—Jeremiah Dyson—Sir James Lowther, 120—Charles James Fox at Home, 121.

Alison (A.), The Future; or, the Science of Politics, 148.

Amari (Michele), History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Earl of Ellesmere, 35.

Arthur Conway, 79.

Ashton (Capt.), The Pappenheimers, 78.

Aurelia; or, a Beauty's Life in Italy, 281.

Australia (Mundy), 268.

Balbo (Count Cesare), Life and Times of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Mrs. Bunbury, 164—Parentage of Dante—Love Passages, 165—Beatrice, 166—Introduction to the Divina Commedia, 167.

Beauty (The) of Amalfi: an Italian Tale—The Snow-harvest at Naples, 398.

Bell (Robert), Hearts and Altars—Ann Radcliffe-esn Properties, 181—An Adventure, 182.

Blondelle: a Story of the Day, 388—Ada, and her Daughter, 389—Sir Guy Trevethen and Mary Archer, 390.

Bonaparte (Prince Louis Napoleon), His Life, Captivity, and Escape from the Fortress of Ham, 74.

Bonnycastle (Sir R.) and Alexander (Sir J.), Canada as it was, is, and may be, 296.

Book Societies: their Literary Tendencies and Management, 352.

Boyhood: and other Poems. By Juvenis, 410.

Bridal Gift (The), 148.

British America (Moodie), 149—Great Canadian Railway, 296.

Brougham, Lord (Roebuck), 125.

Brown Bess and her Rivals, 238—Battles between England and France, 239—Qualities of Different Muskets, 240—Rifles, 241—Col. Colt's Fire-arms, 244.

Browne (R. W.), History of Classical Literature—Homer, 25—The Greek Comedy, 26—Herodotus, Thucydides, and Aristotle, 27.

Burbury (Mrs.), Florence Sackville; or, Self-Dependence, 59.

Burton (Lieut. R. F.), Scinde; or, the Unhappy Valley, 45—How to Behave in Scinde Society—A Visit of Ceremony, 48—The Belooch Robber, 49.

Caird (James), English Agriculture in 1850 and 1851, 374.

Caleb Field: a Tale of the Puritans—The Plague in London, 67—The Plague-Stricken, 68—The Death-Cart—The Wrong, 69.

California (Coke), 189—(Woods), 192—United States (see Retrospect for 1851), 7—(Tremenheere), 308.

Campbell (Ronald), Links in the Chain of Destiny, a Poem 409.

Canada (Bonnycastle), 296.

Carmichael-Smyth (Major), Employment of the People and the Capital of Great Britain in her own Colonies, 296.

Cecile; or, the Pervert, 62.

China—Ceremonial Usages of the Chinese (see Gingell), 386.

China (Gutzlaff), 192—(Fortune), 195.

Christian Student, 407.

Classes, 407.

Classical Literature (Browne), 25.

Cockburn (Lord), Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence, 231—Seven Men in Auld Reekie—Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Henry Brougham, Allen, Murray, Thomas Brown, Thomas Thomson, 232—Jeffrey's Youthful Career, 233—First Number of the *Edinburgh Review*—Letter from Sydney Smith to Constable, 237—Jeffrey's Criticisms, Literature, &c., 237.

Coke (Hon. Henry J.), A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to Oregon and California, 189—The Gambling House—Lynch Law, 190—Yankee Smartness, 191.

Collins's Atlas', Maps, &c., 152.

Colt's (Col.) Fire-arms (see Brown Bess), 238.

Cooke (G. Wingrove), A Treatise on the Law of Agricultural Tenancies, 79.

Copleston (W. J.), Memoir of Edward Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff—L'Allegro, a Poem, by John Milton, no Printer's Name, 29.

Coulton's (D. T.), Fortune, 274—The Usher and a Fête at Chiswick—The Usher's Task, 275—A Brilliant Career—Its Termination, 277.

Corner (Miss), History of England, 152.

Cramp (W.), Junius and his Works, 77.

Creasy (E. S.), The Invasions and Projected Invasions of England, from the Saxon Times, 153—Preparations

against the Spanish Invasion, 154—Prospects of the Success of a French Invasion—Our Means of Resistance on Land, 155—What the French would do—How the Invader should be met, 156.
Crosland (Mrs. Newton), Lydia, a Woman's Book, 288.
Cunningham (Peter), Memoirs of J. M. W. Turner, 356.
Curling (H.), The Hall of Chavenley, 78.
Curtis (G. W.), The Wanderer in Syria—Dream of the East—The Desert, 253—The Mid-Desert, Mohammed Alee, 254.
Daily Steps towards Heaven, 201.
Daniels (Mrs. Mackenzie), The Student's Wife, 289.
Dante (Balbo), 164.
Day (C. W.), Five Years' Residence in the West Indies, 264—Barbadoes, 265.
Day (Julia), The Old Engagement: a Spinster's Story, 61.
Democritus in London—The Ballad-Singer's Song, 303—Puck—Poor Haydon, 304.
Denmark and the Duchies (Laing), 255—(Hamilton), 258.
Disraeli (B.), Lord G. Bentinck: a Political Biography, 52—Character and Career of Lord George Bentinck, 53.
Douglas (Miss), Heir of Ardennan, 177.
Earle (Sullivan), Passages in the Life of Gilbert Arnold, 292.
Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England, 201.
Education, Works upon, 407.
Elmes (J.), Solomon's Temple, 384.
England and America, 406.
Euphranor: a Dialogue on Youth, 79.
Exhibition (Literature of), 12—German Account of, 219—(see Greely), 366.
Fair (The) Carew; or, Husbands and Wives, 60.
Falkenburg; a Tale of the Rhine, 65.
Family Almanac and Educational Register for 1852, 201.
Fane (Hon. Julian), Poems, 408—Ad Matrem, 409.
Farce of Life, by Lord B——, 179.
Felix Dolorosa: Memoirs of the Duchess of Angoulême. By Mrs. Romer, 309.
Field (Adrian), 278.
Fortune (R.), Visit to the Tea Districts of China and India, 295.
Fowler (G.), Lives of the Sovereigns of Russia, from Rurik to Nicholas, 381—Peter the Great, 382.
Francis (G. H.),Opinions and Policy of Viscount Palmerston 186.
Franklin (Sir J.), see Sutherland, 376.
Gingell (W. R.), Ceremonial Usages of the Chinese, B.C., 1121, as prescribed in the "Institutes of the Chow Dynasty, strung as Pearls," 386.
Great Canadian Railway, 296.
Greeley (Horace), Glances at Europe during the Summer of 1851, 366—Slavery, 367—The English, 368.
Greg (W. R.), The Creed of Christendom, its Foundations and Superstructure, 78.
Grenville Papers, 109—Correspondence of Earl Temple and Lady Hester Pitt—Earl Temple to Mr. Wilks, 113—Mr. C. Jenkinson to Mr. Grenville—Countess Temple to Earl Temple—Mr. Grenville to the High Bailiff of Buckingham, 114.
Griffith (R. T. H.), Specimens of old Indian Poetry, 383.
Gutzlaff (Rev. Chas.), Life of Taou Kwang, late Emperor of China, 192.
Gwynne (T.), The School for Fathers—The Insult—The Duel, 273—The Moral, 274.
Hall (H. B.) Brooklands, 291.
Hamilton (A.), Sixteen Months in the Danish Isles, 258.
Hardy (T. D.), Memoirs of Henry, Lord Langdale, 341.
Harry Brightside; or, the Young Traveller in Italy, 78.
Head of the Family, 54.
Head (Sir Francis), a Faggot of French Sticks, 49.
Henry VIII., Life of. From the French of M. Audin, by E. G. K. Browne—A Catholic Work upon the Reformation—Archbishop Cranmer, 146.
Heron's (Sir R.) Notes—Miss Edwards—The Honour of a King, 28—Soult and the *Quarterly*—Lady Lyndhurst—The late Lord Hertford—Paxton—Peel—Sharp Practice—The Octogenarian, 29.
Himalaya and Thibet (see Thomson), 380.
History of England and France under the House of Lancaster, with an Introductory View of the Early Reformation—John Wycliffe, 144—Wycliffe and Luther—Lollards and Lollardy, 145.
Hogg (Henry), Poems, 151.
Holland (Henry Richard, Lord), Memoirs of the Whig Party during his Time, 121—The Duel between Pitt and Tierney—Fox's Advice to a Young Peer—Grattan, 122.
Holmes (Oliver Wendell), Poetical Works of, 311.
Home Truths for Home Peace, 308.
House on the Rock, 78.
Howitt (Mary), Jacob Bendixen, the Jew, 59.
Hudson (J. W.), History of Adult Education, 407.
Hungary (Retrospect for 1851), 9—(Spenser), 44—(Pridham), 71, 72—(Thaly), 267—(Görgey), 330.
Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1852, 310.
Hunt's Yachting Magazine, 406.
Hymn to the Sun—Mala, 365.
Indian Poets, and their English Translators, 363.
Illustrated Journal of a Landscape Painter, 356.
India—The Trader Sovereign and the Hindù Slave (first article), 343—Campbell (G.), Modern India, 343—St. John (Horace), History of British Conquest in India, 343.
Invasion of England, considered in a Letter and Postscript to the *Times*, 153.
Invasions, or Intended Invasions, of England (Creasy, Addison, Napier), 153.
Italy and Vienna, Letters from, 262—Easter at Rome, 263.
Jackson (John), The Sinfulness of Little Sins, 310.
James (G. P. R.), Revenge, 70—Adrian, 278—Pequinillo, 280.
Jarmann (E.), Pictures from St. Petersburg, 383.
Jeffrey (Lord), Life of (Cockburn), 231.
Jerdan (W.), Autobiography of, 270—His Youth—Lord Chancellor Truro—The Temple Club—A Watch-house Adventure, 271—The Editor—A Reminiscence—Colonel Kirk on the Bench, 272—Second notice: Canning, Sheridan, 369—The Wages of Literature—A Review, 370—John Kemble, Allan Cunningham, 371—Elliston, Turner—How to get up a Journal, 372.
Jewry (Miss Laura), The Tide of Life, 393—John Perry, a Puritan Lover, 394—Oliver Wrenshaw, 395.
Kavanagh (Julia), Women of Christianity, 194—Madame de Chantal—Madame de Miramion, 195—Mrs. Godolphin, 196.
Kaye (J. W.), History of the War in Affghanistan—State of the Dourance Empire and of Indian Politics, 19—The Fall of Ghuznee, 20—The Outbreak at Caubul, 21—Progress of the Insurrection, 22—The Conference—The Capitulation—General Elphinstone, 23.
Kossuth: his Career, Character, and Companions, 71.
Kossuth (see Retrospect), 9, 71—(Pridham), 72—(Thaly), 266—(Görgey), 329.
Laing (S.), Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark, and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein in

1851, 255—A Farm in Sleswick, 256—The Danish Soldier—The Siege of Frederickstadt, 257.
Langdale (Lord), Law Reform, 341.
Landmann (Col.), Adventures and Recollections of—Extraordinary Sagacity of a Goat—An Exchange of Dreams, 402—Munificent Presents—Treatment of Prisoners, 403.
Latham (R. G.), Ethnology of the British Colonies and Dependencies, 158.
Latham (R. G.), The Germania of Tacitus, 158.
Lena; or, the Silent Woman, 281.
Letters from my Journal during the Summer of 1851. By a Member of the late Parliament, 372—Sleep and the Cabin of a Steam Packet—The Circulating Medium at Carlsbad, 373.
Lewis (Lady Theresa), Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, 135.
Lexicon, Analytical Greek, 147.
Life Assurance, 246—Tableaux of Life Assurance, 247—Business of Life Assurance, 248—The "Equitable Society," 249—The Scheme of Life Assurance, 249.
Life in Bombay and the Neighbouring Out-Stations, 147.
Lily of St. Paul's (The)—Wickliffe's Trial for Heresy, 284—The Violated Sanctuary, 285.
Longfellow (H. W.), The Golden Legend, 80.
Lost Inheritance (The), 398.
Lost Steamer (The), 309.
Lytton (Lady Bulwer), The School for Husbands; or Molière's Life and Times, 74.
Macgillivray (J.), Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Rattlesnake, during the Years 1846-50, 50.
Mackinnon (Capt.), Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches Afloat and Ashore—American Yachts—Howitzer Practice—Yankee Go-aheadism, 300.
Mahon (Lord), History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, Vols. V. and VI.—Specimens of the style, 17.
Mary Seaham, 291.
Mason (R. H.), Pictures of Life in Mexico, 160—An Arriero's Adventure, 161—A Forest and its Occupants—A Starving Indian, 162—Religion of the Mexicans—A Frightful Doom, 163—The Silver Mines, 164.
Maurice (Baron P. E.), On National Defences in England, 153.
M'Cabe (W. B.), Bertha, a Romance of the Dark Ages, 79.
Melly (G.), Khartoun and the Blue and White Niles—The Dragoman's Story—The Horrible Story, 41.
Melville (Herman), The Whale, 66—Moby Dick—The Final Catastrophe, 67.
Mexico (Mason), 160.
Militia Major (The), 178.
Mills (J.), The Belle of the Village—Tobias Woodbee, 391—Jacob Giles, 392—Doctor Starkie, 393.
Mitchell (Mr.), John Drayton: being the History of the Early Life and Development of a Liverpool Engineer, 61.
M'Kenzie (D.), A Brief Treatise on the Regulation of Human Teeth, 308.
Modern Taste in Art, 356.
Moir (D. M.), The Poetical Works of ("Delta"), 305.
Moodie (Susanna), Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada, 149—The Burning Home, 150.
Morell (J.), Analysis of Sentences Explained and Systematised, 306.
Mundy (Lieut.-Col.), Our Antipodes, 269—A Travelling Incident—Australian Country Seat—"Tame" Blacks, 269.
Murray's Modern Cookery Book—French Cooks and Cookery, 137—An Omelette, 141—Melted Butter—La Lièvre à la Suedoise, 142.
Napier (Sir W.), History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde—The Ameers, 45—Protection of Women—Abolition of Suttee—An Indian Sword-player—The Robber Chiefs, 46—The Attack upon Trukkee, 47.
Napier (Sir Charles James), A Letter on the Defence of England by Corps of Volunteers and Militia, 153—The Rifle Clubs at Work, 158.
Neale (F. A.), Eight Years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, from 1842 to 1850—The Modern Jerusalem, 42—The Jester's Retaliation on the Caliph, 43.
Nepaul (Smith and Oliphant), 258.
Newman (F. W.), Regal Rome: an Introduction to Roman History, 129.
Niebuhr (Barthold George), Life and Letters of; with Essays on his Character and Influence, 129—Niebuhr's Wooing, 121—His Opinion of the English, 133.
Nourse (J. D.), The Past and its Legacies, 148.
Oliphant (L.), A Journey to Nepaul, 258.
Ossoli (Margaret Fuller), Memoirs of—Learned Ladies, 168 George Sand at Home, 169—Carlyle's Dinner Party, 170.
Outlines of Geology—Outlines of Physical Geography. By Rosina M. Zornlin, 310.
Palmerston, Viscount (Francis), 136.
Pardoe (Miss), Life of Marie de Medicis, Queen of France—Marguerite de Valois—La Belle Gabrielle, 293—Madame d'Entragnes and her Market, 294—Marie de Medicis, 295.
Partridge (S. W.), Idea of a Christian, 311.
Payn (J.), Stories from Boccaccio, and other Poems, 82.
Peel (Capt. W.), A Ride through the Nubian Desert, 309.
Pennefather (Miss), Helen Talbot, 400.
Penny (Captain), see Sutherland, 376.
Penny Post (The), 201.
Pequinillo. By G. P. R. James, 280.
Perils of Fashion, 201.
Phillips (Watts), To Those about to Marry, 152.
Philosophy of Ragged Schools, 79.
Pisani (Madame), The Convent and the Harem—The Conflicts between the Pisans and the Genoese, 55.
Planché (J. R.), The Pursuivant of Arms; or, Heraldry Founded upon Facts, 76.
Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, with Explanatory Notes, 305.
Poetry of the Year, 13.
Practical Hints on the Art of Verse, 306.
Preservation and Restoration of Ancient Monuments, 201.
Pridham (C.), Kossuth and Magyar Land; or, Personal Adventures during the War in Hungary—Former Correspondent of the *Times*, 72—The Viennese—Interview with Kossuth, 73.
Prus (Madame), Residence in Algeria, 309.
Rambles in North and South America (See Sullivan), 403.
Reach (Angus B.), Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone—The Vineyards, 250—The Professional Vine-strippers, how they Eat and Sleep, 251—The Vintage—A Story of a Bear, 252—A Wolf, 253.
Reade (J. E.), Poetical Works of, 81.
Rebels of Glenfawn, 289.
Reichenbach (Baron Charles), Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Light, Crystallisation, and Chemism, in their Relations to Vital Force—Probability of a Sixth Sense, 31—Effects of Magnets upon the Human Body—Polar Attraction—Sulphur—The Crystalline Force, 32—Deduction from Experiments—Luminous Appearance at the Poles and Sides of Strong Magnets—Mdlle. Barbara Reichel, 33—Light from the Finger-points—Lights over Graves, 34—Retrospect, 35.
Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling, 311.

Retrospect of British Literature for 1851, page 1—Macaulay, Grote, Col. Mure, Miss Martineau, Sir F. Palgrave, Professor Creasy, Lord Mahon, Davis, 1, 2, 3—The Lexington Papers—Castlereagh Correspondence—Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences—Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Mason—Mr. M'Culloch and Mr. Porter, 3—Foss's Legal Biographies—Dixon's Life of Penn—Miss Strickland's Queens of England and Scotland—Mackay's Life and Times of Sir R. Peel—Carlyle's Biography of Sterling—Holland's Memorials of Sir F. Chantrey, 4, 5—Hartley Coleridge—Life of Wordsworth—Mrs. Bray's Life of Stothard—Cheever's Life in the Sandwich Islands—Forbes' Dahomey, 6, 7, 8—Works on the United States—Cunningham's History of the Sikhs—Lieut. Burton's Goa and Sindh—Travels in European Turkey—Recollections of a Ramble from Sydney to Southampton—Hoskins' Spain as it is—Works on Hungary, Austria, and Kossuth, 8, 9—Mrs. Trollope's Beauty and Intellect, and Mrs. Matthews, 10—Lady Bulwer Lytton's Miriam Sedley—Borrow's Lavengro—The Novels of the Day—Controversial Pamphlets, 11—Exhibition Literature, 11, 12—Wright's Sorcery and Magic, and Major Begbie's Supernatural Illusions—Yeast, and Alton Locke, by Mr. Kingsley—The Erne and its Tributaries—Grier's Quakerism—Mayhew's London Labour and the London Poor—Hertslet's Treatises—Turner's Domestic Architecture—Lord Maidstone's Abd-el-Kader—Ellis's Rhyme Book, Poetry of the Year, 13.

Retrospect of the Literature of the Quarter (April, 1852), 105. (July, 1852), 225. (October, 1852), 828.

Richards (A. Bate), Essays and Opinions—A Summer Memory, 77—The Spirit of the Age, 78—Poems, Essays, and Opinions, 305.

Rifle: Uses and Advantages of, 238.

Robertson (A.), Defects in the Practice of Life Assurance, 246.

Rockingham, Marquis of (Albemarle), 115.

Roebuck (J. A.), History of the Whig Ministry of 1830, to the passing of the Reform Bill, 124—Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, and William IV., 125—An Impossible Anecdote by Lord Brougham, 126—Mr. Roebuck's Judgment of the Whigs, 128.

Rowcroft (C.), Confessions of an Etonian, 290.

Russell (J. Rutherford), Homœopathy in 1851, 193.

Russia (see Fowler, G.), 381—(see Jarman, E.), 383.

Ruth Garnett, 272.

Scenes and Adventures in Central America—The Siege of the Blockhouse, 149.

Scinde (Napier and Burton), 45, 47—Bentinck, Lord George (Disraeli), 52.

Scoffern (J.), Projectile Weapons of War and Explosive Compounds, 238.

Shakespeare (Works of), the Text carefully restored, &c. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson (American), 301.

Shaw (W.), Golden Dreams and Waking Realities, 50—San Francisco—The Diggings—Fatal Epidemic—Skirmish with the Indians, 51—Bar-room in California, 52.

Shelley (Percy Bysshe), Letters of, 198—Letters from Shelley to Keats and Hookham, 199—Disputed Letters of Shelley and Byron—George Byron, 200.

Smith (Capt. Thos.), Five Years at Nepaul, 258—Nepaulese Tribes—Military Order of Nepaul—Nepaulese Highlanders, 259—A Battle with Shikar Bassa, 260—Ran Bahadur and the Doctors—Royalty a Pic-a-back—A Nepaulese Change of Ministry, 261.

Smith (Maria Priscilla), Castle Deloraine; or, the Ruined Peer, 285.

Spark (W.), Lectures on Church Music, 196.

Sparks (Jared), Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and Others on the Mode of Editing the Writings of Washington, 310.

Spencer's Cross Manor-house—The Deaf Girl, 283.

Spiritual Alchemy, 64—Sentiment—A Railway Crash, 65.

Steinberg (Madame), Oswald the Enthusiast, Caiaphus in London, and other Fugitive Pieces, 411.

Stephen (Sir J.), Lectures on the History of France—Design of the Lectures—France and Charlemagne, 15, 16.

Sullivan (E.), Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America—American Ladies—A False Prophet, 403—Yankee Steam-boat Accidents—Indian Sagacity, 404—An American Court of Justice—A Yankee Duel—A Cuban Audience, 405.

Sutherland (P. C.), Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay, &c., under command of Mr. W. Penny, in search of the Missing Crews of H.M. ships Erebus and Terror, 376—The Esquimaux, the Bears, Foxes, and Ducks, 377—Icebergs, 288—Traces (of Sir J. Franklin), 378—The Missing Ships at Beechey Island, 379.

Symons (J.), School Economy, 407.

Synge (Captain), Great Britain one Empire. On the Union of the Dominions of Great Britain by Intercommunication with the Pacific and the East, viâ British America, 296.

Syria (Curtis), 253.

Tayleure (Floyd), Professions, 396—Augustus Brown, 397.

Thaly (Col. Sigismund), The Fortress of Komarom, 266—Klapka (governor of the Fortress), 267—Haynau, 267.

Thomson (T.), Western Himalaya and Thibet—Importance of Simla—Valley of the Sutlej, 380—Kibar, 381.

Thring (Rev. E.), Elements of Grammar, 306.

Tremenheere (H. S.), Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and in Canada, 308.

Trollope (Mrs.), Mrs. Matthews; or, Family Mysteries, 57—Janet's Introduction to the Prices, 58.

Trower (C. F.), Hutspot: a Tale for the Nineteenth Century—Sketch of the Sportswoman—The Legal Millenium, 400

Truths Illustrated by great Authors, 307.

Turner (J. M. W.), see Cunningham, 356.

Tutor's Ward, 62—Scene on Board a Steam-boat—Vocation and Misfortunes of Poets, 63—Sketch of a Murderer, 64.

Two Families (The), 187.

Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam, 405.

Urquhart (W. P.), Life and Times of Francesco Sforza Duke of Milan, 292.

Wallace (A.), The Bible and the Working Classes, 310.

Walpole (Hon. F.), The Ansayrii and the Assassins, 37—The Origin of Tobacco—Mr. Layard at Work—An Arab Divorce—The Ansayrii, 38.

Warburton (Eliot), Darien—Paterson and Law, 171—Scottish Colony in Darien. An Auto-da-Fé, 173—The Burning Ship, 174—The First Night at Sea—The Wreck 175—The Princely Merchant—Origin of Banking, 176.

White (R.), Madeira; its Climate and Scenery, 50.

Wilkinson (H.), Observations on Muskets, Rifles, and Projectiles, 238.

Willasey (J.), Hints on Education, 407.

Wilson (F. A.) and Richards (Alfred B.), Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved, 296.

Woodard (Rev. N.), Public Schools for the Middle Classes, 407.

Woods (D. B.), Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings, 192.

Worsaae (J. J. A.), Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 142—London, 143.

Wynville; or, Clubs and Coteries, 185.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

American Literature, Retrospect of, 412.
Curtis, (G. W.), Lotus-Eating—Worship of Smoke—Young America, 417.
Everett (E.), Works of Daniel Webster, 415.
Greenwood (Grace), Greenwood Leaves, 416.
Hawthorne (N.), The Blithedale Romance—Zenobia, 413—A Moral, 414—A Modern Arcadia, 415.
Hudson (Rev. H. E.), Works of Shakespeare, 416.
Mathews (Cornelius), Witchcraft, a Tragedy, 417.
Stowe (Harriet Beecher), Uncle Tom's Cabin, 413.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Achard (Amédée), Chien et Chat, 214.
Affiches Rouges, 89.
Barthet (A.), Nouvelles, 427.
Bazancourt (De), de Montagnard, ou les deux Républiques, 91.
Blanc (Louis), Histoire de la Révolution Française, 205—The Duke of Orleans, 206—Les Dames de la Halle, 207—Confiscation of Church Property, 207.
Berthet (Elie) Le Réfractaire, 423.
Bourgoing (Baron Paul), Aperçus Nouveaux de Politique Internationale—The French Expedition to Rome, 313.
Cassagnac (A. Granier de), Histoire du Directoire, 90—Récit complet et authentique des Evénemens de Décembre, 203.
Castellane (le Comte), Souvenirs de la Vie Militaire en Afrique, 422.
Chevalier (D.), Chroniques de la Fronde, 422.
Cuvillier Fleury, Portraits Politiques et Révolutionnaires, 89.
D'Aurevilly (J. Barbey), l'Ensorcelée, ou la Messe de l'Abbé de la Croix-Jugan, 318—The Chouans, 320.
De La Rive (A.), A. P. De Candole, sa Vie et ses Travaux, 95.
Diane, 204.
D'Orsay (La Comtesse), l'Ombre du Bonheur—A Domestic Scene, 211—M. Saulnier's Declaration—The Sacrifice, 212.
Dumas (A.), Drama de Quatre-vingt-treize, 91—La Dame aux Camelias, 204—Mémoires d'Alexandre Dumas—The Father of Dumas, 208—Sketch of Bonaparte, 210—Conscience, 317.
Ferry (Gabriel), Le Coureur des Bois, 92.
Faudras (Marquis de), Madeleine Repentante, 324.
Figuier (Louis), Exposition et Histoire des Principales Découvertes Scientifiques Modernes, 89.
Galerie Historique et Biographique des Membres du Sénat, 421.
Gautier (T.), Caprices et Zigzags—Miserable Appearance of the Lower Orders in England, 425—The Future of London—Gold Worship, 426.
Geruzez (E.), Histoire de la Littérature, 422.
Gozlan (Leon), La Marquise de Belverano, 320.
Guizot (M.), Etudes sur les Beaux-Arts en Général, Méditations et Etudes Morales, 89—Shakespeare et son Temps—Corneille et son Temps, 325.
Histoire Hollandaise, 93.
Hugo (Victor), Napoleon le Petit—Portrait of the Man, 420—Massacre of the 4th December, 421.
Janin (Jules), Les Galetés Champêtres, 94.
Jobez (A.), La Femme et l'Enfant, 426.
Lamartine (A. de), Histoire de la Restauration, 86, and 202—History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France (translation)—Profession of Faith, 85—The Treaty of Fontainebleau, 86—Death of the Duke d'Enghien, 87.
L'Angleterre Comparée à la France, 90.
Louis de Gourdon, ou les Croquarts, 92.
Lucas (A.), Les Clubs et les Clubistes, 90.
Mayer (P.), l'Histoire du Deux Décembre, 203.
Mignet (M.), Histoire de Marie Stuart, 87.
Montepin (Xavier de), Génevière Galliot—La Reine de Saba, 322—Prince et Princesses de Lamballe, 323.
Niboyet (Paulin), La Chimère, 95.
Panot (Capitaine), Extrait du Cours sur les Armes à feu Portatives, 238.
Proudhon (M.), La Révolution Sociale Démontrée, 419.
Regnault (Elias), Histoire de Huit Ans. 1840—ed. 1848, 90.
Résumé of French Literature, 202, 312, 419.
Reybaud (L.), Athanase Robichon, 94.
Robert (Cyprien), Le Monde Slave, son Passé, son Etat Présent, et son Avenir, 83.
Saint Fargeau (Girault de), Histoire Littéraire, 422.
Sand (George), Le Chateau des Désertes, 92—Les Vacances de Pandolphe, 203—Confessions d'un Ouvrier, 91—Le Sceptre de Roseau, 214.
Schœlcher (Victor), Histoire des Crimes de deux Décembre, 421.
Sigalas (Paul P. de), Dante, 422.
Sue (Eugéne), Les Sept Péchés Capitaux—L'Avarice, 91—La Bonne Aventure, 92—L'Institutrice, 213.
Tegoborski (M. L. de), Etudes sur les Forces Productives de la Russie, 83.
Vaulabelle (M. de), Histoire des Deux Restaurations, 314—Louis Dixhuit, 315.
Viardot (Louis), Histoire des Arabes et des Mores d'Espagne, 89.
Voyage à ma Fenêtre, 94.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Arnd (E.), Geschichte der Französischen Revolution von 1789—1799, 331.
Bechstein (Ludwig), Die Manuscripte Peter Schlemihl's 334.
Brugsch (Dr. Heinrich), Die Adonis Klageuna das Linos Lied, 331.
Csengery (Herausgegeben A.), Ungern's Redner und Staats-Männer—Expedition against Gorbo Castle, 215.
Die Göthe Literatur in Deutschland, 221.
Düringsfeld (Ida von) Eine Pension am Genfersee, 432.
Ebeling (F. W.), Zehn Jahre im Zuckthaus Roman, 333.
Ebrard (Dr. August), Wo ist Babel, Sendschreiben an Ida, Gräfin Hahn-Hahn, 221.
Görgey (Arthur), Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn. Two vols. (Görgey and the Hungarian War), 329—Count Zichy, Kossuth, and Görgey, 330.
Grimm (J.). Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache, 433.
Gutzkow (Karl), Vergengene Tage, 216.—Der Königsleutnant. Lustspiel in vier Aufzügen, 220.
Hacklander (F. W.), Der Geheime Agent. Lustspiel in fünf Aufzügen, 216.
Heller (L), Die Alliirten der Reaction: eine Roman, 433.
Horn (Uffo), Aus drei Jahrhunderten, 334.
Lewald (Fanny), England und Schottland, 220—Dünen und Berg-Geschichten, 332.
Menzel (W.), Geschichte eines Mönchs und einer Nonne aus dem Dreissig Jährigen Kriege, 431.
Merk (J.), Philine, Roman, 432.
Pancritius (Albrecht), Hägringar: Reise durch Schweden Lappland, Norwegen, und Dänemark, im Jahre 1850, 217
Retrospect of German Literature, 96, 326.

Retrospect of British Literature for 1851, page 1—Macaulay, Grote, Col. Mure, Miss Martineau, Sir F. Palgrave, Professor Creasy, Lord Mahon, Davis, 1, 2, 3—The Lexington Papers—Castlereagh Correspondence—Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences—Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Mason—Mr. M'Culloch and Mr. Porter, 3—Foss's Legal Biographies—Dixon's Life of Penn—Miss Strickland's Queens of England and Scotland—Mackay's Life and Times of Sir R. Peel—Carlyle's Biography of Sterling—Holland's Memorials of Sir F. Chantrey, 4, 5—Hartley Coleridge—Life of Wordsworth—Mrs. Bray's Life of Stothard—Cheever's Life in the Sandwich Islands—Forbes' Dahomey, 6, 7, 8—Works on the United States—Cunningham's History of the Sikhs—Lieut. Burton's Goa and Sindh—Travels in European Turkey—Recollections of a Ramble from Sydney to Southampton—Hoskins' Spain as it is—Works on Hungary, Austria, and Kossuth, 8, 9—Mrs. Trollope's Beauty and Intellect, and Mrs. Matthews, 10—Lady Bulwer Lytton's Miriam Sedley—Borrow's Lavengro—The Novels of the Day—Controversial Pamphlets, 11—Exhibition Literature, 11, 12—Wright's Sorcery and Magic, and Major Begbie's Supernatural Illusions—Yeast, and Alton Locke, by Mr. Kingsley—The Erne and its Tributaries—Grier's Quakerism—Mayhew's London Labour and the London Poor—Hertslet's Treatises—Turner's Domestic Architecture—Lord Maidstone's Abd-el-Kader—Ellis's Rhyme Book, Poetry of the Year, 13.

Retrospect of the Literature of the Quarter (April, 1852), 105. (July, 1852), 225. (October, 1852), 838.

Richards (A. Bate), Essays and Opinions—A Summer Memory, 77—The Spirit of the Age, 78—Poems, Essays, and Opinions, 305.

Rifle: Uses and Advantages of, 238.

Robertson (A.), Defects in the Practice of Life Assurance, 246.

Rockingham, Marquis of (Albemarle), 115.

Roebuck (J. A.), History of the Whig Ministry of 1830, to the passing of the Reform Bill, 124—Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, and William IV., 125—An Impossible Anecdote by Lord Brougham, 126—Mr. Roebuck's Judgment of the Whigs, 128.

Rowcroft (C.), Confessions of an Etonian, 290.

Russell (J. Rutherford), Homœopathy in 1851, 193.

Russia (see Fowler, G.), 381—(see Jarman, E.), 383.

Ruth Garnett, 272.

Scenes and Adventures in Central America—The Siege of the Blockhouse, 149.

Scinde (Napier and Burton), 45, 47—Bentinck, Lord George (Disraeli), 52.

Scoffern (J.), Projectile Weapons of War and Explosive Compounds, 238.

Shakespeare (Works of), the Text carefully restored, &c. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson (American), 301.

Shaw (W.), Golden Dreams and Waking Realities, 50—San Francisco—The Diggings—Fatal Epidemic—Skirmish with the Indians, 51—Bar-room in California, 52.

Shelley (Percy Bysshe), Letters of, 198—Letters from Shelley to Keats and Hookham, 199—Disputed Letters of Shelley and Byron—George Byron, 200.

Smith (Capt. Thos.), Five Years at Nepaul, 238—Nepaulese Tribes—Military Order of Nepaul—Nepaulese Highlanders, 259—A Battle with Shikar Bazs, 260—Run Bahadur and the Doctors—Royalty a Pic-a-back—A Nepaulese Change of Ministry, 261.

Smith (Maria Priscilla), Castle Deloraine; or, the Ruined Peer, 285.

Spark (W.), Lectures on Church Music, 196.

Sparks (Jared), Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and Others on the Mode of Editing the Writings of Washington, 310.

Spencer's Cross Manor-house—The Deaf Girl, 283.

Spiritual Alchemy, 64—Sentiment—A Railway Crash, 65.

Steinberg (Madame), Oswald the Enthusiast, Caiaphus in London, and other Fugitive Pieces, 411.

Stephen (Sir J.), Lectures on the History of France—Design of the Lectures—France and Charlemagne, 15, 16.

Sullivan (E.), Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America—American Ladies—A False Prophet, 403—Yankee Steam-boat Accidents—Indian Sagacity, 404—An American Court of Justice—A Yankee Duel—A Cuban Audience, 405.

Sutherland (P. C.), Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay, &c., under command of Mr. W. Penny, in search of the Missing Crews of H.M. ships Erebus and Terror, 376—The Esquimaux, the Bears, Foxes, and Ducks, 377—Icebergs, 288—Traces (of Sir J. Franklin), 378—The Missing Ships at Beechey Island, 379.

Symons (J.), School Economy, 407.

Synge (Captain), Great Britain one Empire. On the Union of the Dominions of Great Britain by Intercommunication with the Pacific and the East, viâ British America, 296.

Syria (Curtis), 253.

Tayleure (Floyd), Professions, 396—Augustus Brown, 397.

Thaly (Col. Sigismund), The Fortress of Komarom, 266—Klapka (governor of the Fortress), 267—Haynau, 267.

Thomson (T.), Western Himalaya and Thibet—Importance of Simla—Valley of the Sutlej, 380—Kibar, 381.

Thring (Rev. E.), Elements of Grammar, 306.

Tremenheere (H.S.), Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and in Canada, 308.

Trollope (Mrs.), Mrs. Matthews; or, Family Mysteries, 57—Janet's Introduction to the Prices, 58.

Trower (C. F.), Hutspot: a Tale for the Nineteenth Century—Sketch of the Sportswoman—The Legal Millenium, 400

Truths Illustrated by great Authors, 307.

Turner (J. M. W.), see Cunningham, 356.

Tutor's Ward, 62—Scene on Board a Steam-boat—Vocation and Misfortunes of Poets, 63—Sketch of a Murderer, 64.

Two Families (The), 187.

Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam, 405.

Urquhart (W. P.), Life and Times of Francesco Sforza Duke of Milan, 292.

Wallace (A.), The Bible and the Working Classes, 310.

Walpole (Hon. F.), The Ansayrii and the Assassins, 37—The Origin of Tobacco—Mr. Layard at Work—An Arab Divorce—The Ansayrii, 38.

Warburton (Eliot), Darien—Paterson and Law, 171—Scottish Colony in Darien. An Auto-da-Fé, 173—The Burning Ship, 174—The First Night at Sea—The Wreck 175—The Princely Merchant—Origin of Banking, 176.

White (R.), Madeira; its Climate and Scenery, 50.

Wilkinson (H.), Observations on Muskets, Rifles, and Projectiles, 238.

Willasey (J.), Hints on Education, 407.

Wilson (F. A.) and Richards (Alfred B.), Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved, 296.

Woodard (Rev. N.), Public Schools for the Middle Classes, 407.

Woods (D. B.), Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings, 192.

Worsaae (J. J. A.), Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 142—London, 143.

Wynville; or, Clubs and Coteries, 185.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

American Literature, Retrospect of, 412.
Curtis, (G. W.), Lotus-Eating—Worship of Smoke—Young America, 417.
Everett (E.), Works of Daniel Webster, 415.
Greenwood (Grace), Greenwood Leaves, 416.
Hawthorne (N.), The Blithedale Romance—Zenobia, 413—A Moral, 414—A Modern Arcadia, 415.
Hudson (Rev. H. E.), Works of Shakespeare, 416.
Mathews (Cornelius), Witchcraft, a Tragedy, 417.
Stowe (Harriet Beecher), Uncle Tom's Cabin, 413.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Achard (Amédée), Chien et Chat, 214.
Affiches Rouges, 89.
Barthet (A.), Nouvelles, 427.
Bazancourt (De), de Montagnard, ou les deux Républiques, 91.
Blanc (Louis), Histoire de la Révolution Française, 205—The Duke of Orleans, 206—Les Dames de la Halle, 207—Confiscation of Church Property, 207.
Berthet (Elie) Le Réfractaire, 423.
Bourgoing (Baron Paul), Aperçus Nouveaux de Politique Internationale—The French Expedition to Rome, 313.
Cassagnac (A. Granier de), Histoire du Directoire, 90—Récit complet et authentique des Evénemens de Décembre, 203.
Castellane (le Comte), Souvenirs de la Vie Militaire en Afrique, 422.
Chevalier (D.), Chroniques de la Fronde, 422.
Cuvillier Fleury, Portraits Politiques et Révolutionnaires, 89.
D'Aurevilly (J. Barbey), l'Ensorcelée, ou la Messe de l'Abbé de la Croix-Jugan, 318—The Chouans, 320.
De La Rive (A.), A. P. De Candole, sa Vie et ses Travaux, 95.
Diane, 204.
D'Orsay (La Comtesse), l'Ombre du Bonheur—A Domestic Scene, 211—M. Saulnier's Declaration—The Sacrifice, 212.
Dumas (A.), Drama de Quatre-vingt-treize, 91—La Dame aux Camelias, 204—Mémoires d'Alexandre Dumas—The Father of Dumas, 208—Sketch of Bonaparte, 210—Conscience, 317.
Ferry (Gabriel), Le Coureur des Bois, 92.
Faudras (Marquis de), Madeleine Repentante, 324.
Figuier (Louis), Exposition et Histoire des Principales Découvertes Scientifiques Modernes, 89.
Galerie Historique et Biographique des Membres du Sénat, 421.
Gautier (T.), Caprices et Zigzags—Miserable Appearance of the Lower Orders in England, 425—The Future of London—Gold Worship, 426.
Geruzez (E.), Histoire de la Littérature, 422.
Gozlan (Leon), La Marquise de Belverano, 320.
Guizot (M.), Etudes sur les Beaux-Arts en Général, Méditations et Etudes Morales, 89—Shakespeare et son Temps—Corneille et son Temps, 325.
Histoire Hollandaise, 93.
Hugo (Victor), Napoleon le Petit—Portrait of the Man, 420—Massacre of the 4th December, 421.
Janin (Jules), Les Galetés Champêtres, 94.
Jobez (A.), La Femme et l'Enfant, 426.
Lamartine (A. de), Histoire de la Restauration, 86, and 202—History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France (translation)—Profession of Faith, 85—The Treaty of Fontainebleau, 86—Death of the Duke d'Enghien, 87.
L'Angleterre Comparée à la France, 90.
Louis de Gourdon, ou les Croquarts, 92.
Lucas (A.), Les Clubs et les Clubistes, 90.
Mayer (P.), l'Histoire du Deux Décembre, 203.
Mignet (M.), Histoire de Marie Stuart, 87.
Montepin (Xavier de), Geneviève Galliot—La Reine de Saba, 322—Prince et Princesses de Lamballe, 323.
Niboyet (Paulin), La Chimère, 95.
Panot (Capitaine), Extrait du Cours sur les Armes à feu Portatives, 238.
Proudhon (M.), La Révolution Sociale Démontrée, 419.
Regnault (Elias), Histoire de Huit Ans. 1840—ed. 1848, 90.
Résumé of French Literature, 202, 312, 419.
Reybaud (L.), Athanase Robichon, 94.
Robert (Cyprien), Le Monde Slave, son Passé, son Etat Présent, et son Avenir, 83.
Saint Fargeau (Girault de), Histoire Littéraire, 422.
Sand (George), Le Chateau des Désertes, 92—Les Vacances de Pandolphe, 203—Confessions d'un Ouvrier, 91—Le Sceptre de Roseau, 214.
Schœlcher (Victor), Histoire des Crimes de deux Décembre, 421.
Sigalas (Paul P. de), Dante, 422.
Sue (Eugéne), Les Sept Péchés Capitaux—L'Avarice, 91—La Bonne Aventure, 92—L'Institutrice, 213.
Tegoborski (M. L. de), Etudes sur les Forces Productives de la Russie, 83.
Vaulabelle (M. de), Histoire des Deux Restaurations, 314—Louis Dixhuit, 315.
Viardot (Louis), Histoire des Arabes et des Mores d'Espagne, 89.
Voyage à ma Fenêtre, 94.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Arnd (E.), Geschichte der Französischen Revolution von 1789—1799, 331.
Bechstein (Ludwig), Die Manuscripte Peter Schlemihl's 334.
Brugsch (Dr. Heinrich), Die Adonis Klageuna das Linos Lied, 331.
Csengery (Herausgegeben A.), Ungern's Redner und Staats-Männer—Expedition against Gorbo Castle, 215.
Die Göthe Literatur in Deutschland, 221.
Düringsfeld (Ida von) Eine Pension am Genfersee, 432.
Ebeling (F. W.), Zehn Jahre im Zuckthaus Roman, 333.
Ebrard (Dr. August), Wo ist Babel, Sendschreiben an Ida, Gräfin Hahn-Hahn, 221.
Görgey (Arthur), Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn. Two vols. (Görgey and the Hungarian War), 329—Count Zichy, Kossuth, and Görgey, 330.
Grimm (J.). Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache, 433.
Gutzkow (Karl), Vergengene Tage, 216.—Der Königsleutnant. Lustspiel in vier Aufzügen, 220.
Hacklander (F. W.), Der Geheime Agent. Lustspiel in fünf Aufzügen, 216.
Heller (I.), Die Alliirten der Reaction: eine Roman, 433.
Horn (Uffo), Aus drei Jahrhunderten, 334.
Lewald (Fanny), England und Schottland, 220—Dünen und Berg-Geschichten, 332.
Menzel (W.), Geschichte eines Mönchs und einer Nonne aus dem Dreissig Jährigen Kriege, 431.
Merk (J.), Philine, Roman, 432.
Pancritius (Albrecht), Hägringar: Reise durch Schweden Lappland, Norwegen, und Dänemark, im Jahre 1850, 217
Retrospect of German Literature, 96, 326.

Schlesinger (Max), Wanderungen durch London, 218—Opening Scene in England—The Great Exhibition and Queen Victoria, 212.
Schmidt (Eliza), Judas Iscariot: Ein Dramatisches Gedicht in fünf Abtheilungen, 332.
Stahr (A.), Weimar und Jena, 433.
Steen Bille's Bericht über die Reise der Corvette "Galathea," um die Welt, 430—Honolulu, 431.
Steinhaus (A.), Russland's Industrielle und Commerzielle Verhältnisse, 431.
Storch (Ludwig), Das Pfarrhaus zu Hallungen, 333.
Thiele (J. M.), Thorwaldsen's Leben, 334.
Weinhold (Karl), Die Deutschen Frauen in dem Mittelalter—Our Ancient Ages, 217.
Wendland (Von H.), Die Königlichen Gärten zu Herrenhausen bei Hanover, 433.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. TAYLOR, GEORGE-YARD, DRURY-LANE, STRAND.